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HE VEIL OF HAPPINESS" FROM THE DRAWING BY GEORGES CLAIRIN

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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VOL. II

NO. 7

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(Essanay)

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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A magazine of Picture Plays,
Done in stories in pleasing ways;
Its purpose neither slight nor vain,
To charm, instruct and entertain.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business, No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. J. Stuart Blackton, President; D. R. Shafer, Vice-President; Eugene V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. and Editor; Montanye Perry, and Edwin M. La Roche, Ass't Editors. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba and Mexico; in Canada, and in other foreign countries, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. All manufacturers of Motion Pictures are invited to submit Scenarios and photos, which, if accepted, will be paid for at usual rates. The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff, who write all stories that appear in this magazine.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GALLERY OF PHOTOPLAYERS

MRS. B. F. CLINTON
(Vitagraph)

MISS FLORA FINCH
(Vitagraph)

ARTHUR V. JOHNSON. (Lubin)

MISS MABEL TRUNNELLE. (Edison)

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(KALEM, IN IRELAND)

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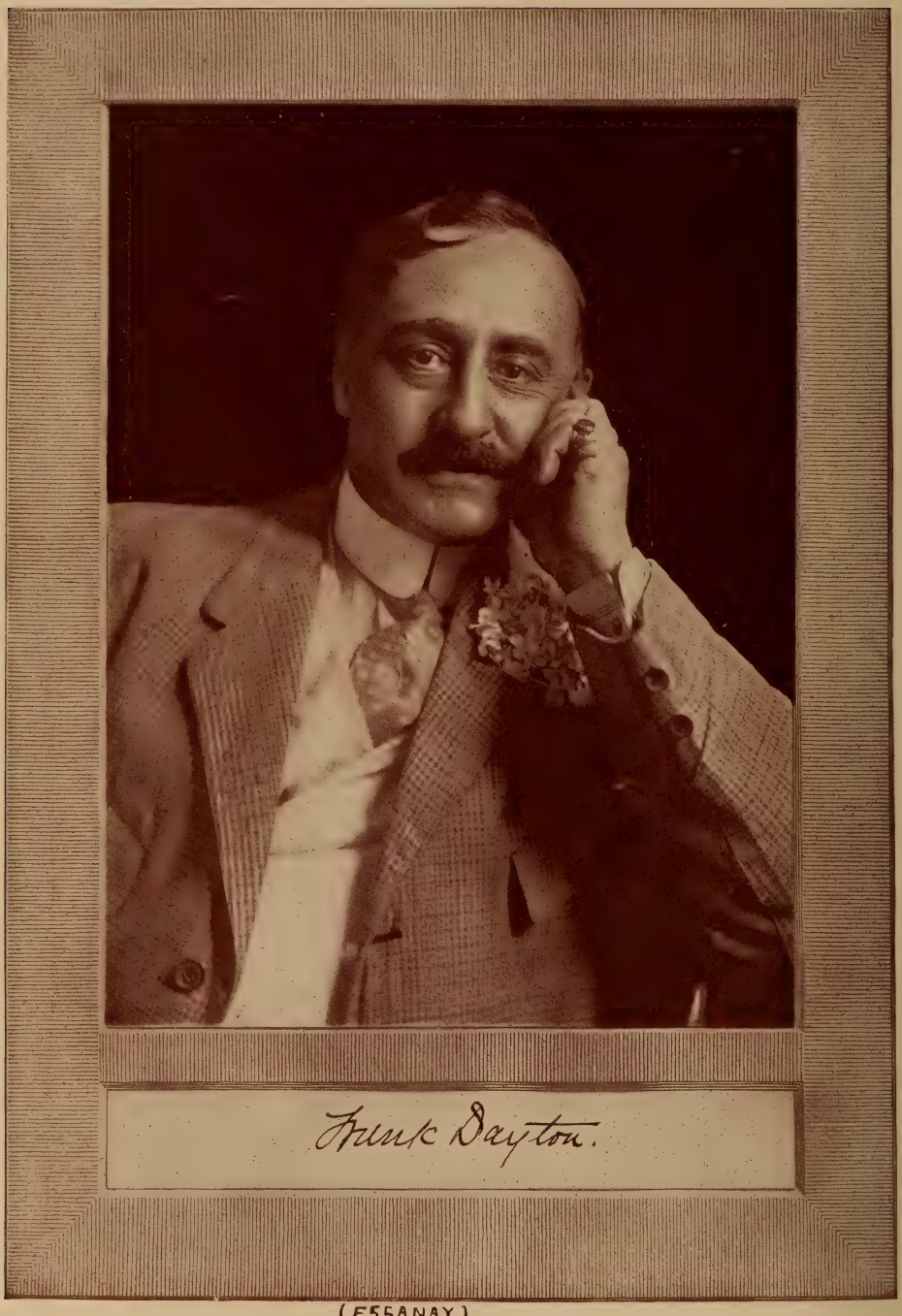


Frank Dayton.

(ESSANAY)

MISS ALICE JOYCE AS MOLLY FINNEY. (Kalem)

MISS FLORENCE LAWRENCE
(LUBIN)

WILLIAM WEST
(EDISON)

BEN COOPER—MISS MILDRED BRACKEN—MISS FANNY MIDGELEY
(Melies)

Aug 30 1911

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. II AUGUST No. 7

The Veil of Happiness

(Pathé Frères)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

From the scenario of Georges Clemenceau, former Premier of France

THE interesting questions, "Why are we here?" and "What are we here for?" supplied the great Chinese mandarin, Chang, with a favorite subject of thought, on which he dwelt with unceasing delight during his waking hours. He was enough of a poet to be fond of communion with Nature in her various moods, resigning himself to her influences and giving free rein to his imagination while listening to murmurs of the breeze, while smelling the fragrant exhalations of plants and flowers, while feeling the sun's warmth, but he was denied the charms of color and form. Chang was blind.

His secretary had drawn Chang's attention to the invasion of Christian missionaries and had explained their purposes and many-colored beliefs in his own way. Chang understood the tendency of man toward the worship of Nature. It was but recognition of an unknown, invisible and irresistible power and led up to the personification of a deity known in China as "The Old Man in the Sky." That was all very pretty and very simple; the disturbing element was the antagonism of doctrines. Only one *could* be right, hence the rest *must* be wrong, and this might provoke quarrels among his cheerful people. Anger, above all things, was to be avoided. Life should be made comfortable. What comfort was there in believing that we are two things at war with each other, a body getting along the best it can and a soul always grumbling and dissatisfied? According to Confucius, the breath dissolves in air and the body reverts to dust, both returning to the sources from which they came, so it was only irritating to think of "souls," and quite distressing to find that some men are born saints while the rest are only mortals. It might be pleasant to imagine, Chang admitted, that we were sure to live again after death, but he had yet to find an atom of evidence in the history of Christianity that this was more than an opium dream. So it came about that the blind mandarin conceived the idea of enlightening poor, deluded humanity on this subject by sending Chinese missionaries into all Christian countries. This necessity appeared to be more imperative when he came to fully realize that Christian forms of belief were mutually exclusive, whereas a Chinaman could be Confucianist, Buddhist and Maorist, individually or collectively, with no detriment to his moral character or social standing. Then, true reverence for a deity should not imply offense on his part if an humble creature of earth failed to select the right doctrine.

While Chang was convinced that Christianity was all wrong, he was too polite to enforce his conclusions rudely. He set about devising some way of teaching Christians gentle tol-

THE MANDARIN DISCOVERS HIS SON AND TUTOR MOCKING HIM

erance in a manner inoffensive. In China it is customary to keep back bad news as long as possible. During his hours of reverie it occurred to Chang that much that men do in a philanthropic way may proceed from low motives if their activities are directed toward attaining publicity, whereas influences exerted in a simple manner, not disagreeing with real character, are honest and more effective. He became personally sweet to all within his sphere, radiating kindness upon wife, son and servants; breathing a moral atmosphere upon his household and neighbors.

While Chang's secretary supplied him with material for reverie and contributed to the happy abstraction of a mind contemplating lofty ideals, he failed to tell the mandarin how his benefactions were received. This concealment might have resulted from a lack of sincerity, combined with the universal dread of giving offense, but silence on this subject was never broken. It was just as well that the truth was not told to beaming and ever-joyous Chang. He was supremely happy in the supposed devotion of his wife, child and servants, and plainly believed that they loved him as he loved all humankind.

In truth, the ceremonial politeness with which the mighty mandarin was treated, while as comforting as an air cushion, had really nothing in it.

One day a rumor reached Chang's keen ears that a famous sorcerer had arrived in the neighborhood and was creating a sensation by relieving the woes of supposed incurables. The mandarin secreted a purse in the ample folds of his gown, called his secretary and went forth to walk among his people. After reaching an isolated

spot, he made known his desire to interview the sorcerer. This was readily accomplished, and the meeting was held where no one would witness the association of an illustrious mandarin with a sorcerer. The latter was, however, fully informed as to the character of his patient, and prepared for extraordinary treatment of his affliction. He produced a small vial of powerful nerve stimulant, and carefully measured a few drops for application, stating that double the amount would act in reverse and cause hopeless loss of sight. The application was painful, causing the mandarin intense suffering while the remedy was taking effect, but the result was miraculous. Chang saw things as they were. In a burst of enthusiasm, and, to help others who might be suffering from blindness, the mandarin purchased the sorcerer's visible supply of the wondrous remedy. He was again cautioned as to its employment in exact proportion, and he, in his turn, warned both his secretary and the sorcerer to keep the sudden restoration of vision a profound secret until the joyous news could be proclaimed with becoming ceremony. Devotion to precedent imposed silence on all three, and Chang returned to his home with delight in his heart so great that it could only be shared piecemeal with members of his household.

One glorious result of this physical transformation was freedom of movement. Chang had scarcely been left alone by his secretary before an irresistible impulse to try his newly acquired sense led him to tiptoe about the rooms of his palace, and directed his steps to the throne room. His silent approach was not noted by his son and the latter's tutor while they were engaged in a mimicry of the daily lesson, which caused Chang no little perplexity. The boy was imitating the teacher's voice, while the latter repeated in droning monotone:

"He who violates propriety is deficient in filial piety."

"He who neglects his duties is deficient in filial piety."

"He who lacks courage is deficient in filial piety."

These were recited ironically by the boy and echoed with sneering emphasis by the tutor until both were unable to proceed because of laughter.

Chang glanced into the room.

THE MANDARIN RETURNS TO BLINDNESS

THE DOCTOR ADMINISTERS THE POTION

His dutiful son, usually respectful and polite to an extreme degree, was seated on the throne with Chang's ivory scepter in hand and the mandarin's cap tilted over one eye, mocking his blind father. The tutor was kneeling before the throne in derisive humility, rolling his eyes and praising Chang's noble character in exaggerated terms. Chang's breast heaved with indignation; his right hand flew to his sword; he would not only have been justified in beheading both hypocrites, but Chinese law and custom approved of such an act. There had, however, grown up in the heart of the blind man a tolerance beyond his teachings. His hand dropped to his side; his head drooped on his bosom, and he staggered away to his private rooms to weep in silence.

It was evening when Chang rose, wan and worn from mental anguish, looked forth upon his moonlit garden, and idly watched the shadows creeping there. He was sore at heart, realizing fully that his only son had returned unfaith for sincere trust, disrespect for unfailing kindness, ridicule for tender love. Chang sighed heavily. There was no one now on whom he could lean but her whose lips had ever been responsive to his kiss, whose caressing hands had softened his darkest moods—his wife. She was there, in the garden, in the semi-darkness. He rose wearily and followed out into the enchanted ground of flowerdom.

From long habit, he proceeded cautiously among the shadows, guided more by his sense of hearing than his new-born power of vision, following the tones of his loved one's voice until he reached a point where her utterances could be distinguished in detail.

She was engaged in the only recreation accorded women in China and somewhat enjoyed by those of other nations—she was gossiping.

The mandarin smiled to himself. Appreciation of human society was keen among the women of his race, and was the secret of their cheerfulness.

His wife was saying: "I hate the

sight of him. He bores me more than you can understand. He is forever preaching and giving advice, while I long for one who will understand me and exchange sweet thoughts that I love. I am tired of his vulgar habits; the very expression of his face, after he has eaten his fill, his expression of egotistical satisfaction, gets on my nerves. I am sick of petting him and pretending an affection I do not feel. He nauseates me, but I must keep up the farce, lest the others should suspect, and wait for the few sweet moments when I can be with you."

Chang peered out from concealment and beheld the woman who had his honor in her small hands reclining in the arms of a handsome lover. Her cheeks were aglow with new-found love and her eyes and lips were telling the story of a passion her husband had not dreamed she could ever assume.

"Listen!" the lover whispered. "Somebody is coming!"

The wife held herself rigid for a moment.

"You are mistaken," she breathed in relief. "No one would dare to enter the mandarin's private garden."

There was an ominous silence.

Not far away, Chang stepped into view and stood trembling, his mighty frame convulsed with some racking emotion. There was foam on his lips; his face was drawn by a conflict of rage and fierce will; his eyes rolled like those of a man on the verge of complete mental dissolution. His sword hand hovered with vacillating purpose over his weapon until his nails dug deep in the flesh; then his snarling teeth set in desperate resolution and he staggered into the house.

"If he had seen us!" the lover gasped.

"No danger!" she sneered, "tho that is the first time I ever saw him tormented with suspicion."

"He may have heard!" the lover shuddered.

"Our heads are safe," she assured him. Then, pouting, "Don't you think my hair is too pretty to be cut that way?"

A terrible cry rang out from the house, and the lover escaped just as lights appeared in the windows.

The mandarin's son came running into the garden.

"What is the matter?" she asked with mild concern.

The boy dragged her into the house, panting: "He was rolling on the floor! He was screaming with pain! He was tearing at his eyes! It is terrible!"

They found great Chang seated in his chair, half-supported by servants.

The wife went to his side and caressed his cheeks.

The boy kneeled at his feet.

The mandarin placed his right hand on the boy's head in tender reassurance and turned a smiling face to his wife.

She started back in horror.

The flesh in both of the mandarin's eye-sockets was burned to a crisp, leaving nothing but two dark caverns.

Clenched in the mighty Chang's left hand was the vial the sorcerer had given him—empty!

It's His Business

By JOHN S. GREY

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day!"
Of course! He's doing it for pay—
Works in the Moving Picture play!

TOM IS CONGRATULATED BY MR. WARING FOR WINNING THE SWIMMING CONTEST

The Badge of Courage

(Kalem)

By MALCOLM CAMPBELL

THE earliest incident of his life which Tom Waring could recall was waking, screaming with terror, scarce freed, even when wide awake and close held in his mother's arms, from the agony of a dream—a dream of sunlit, sparkling water, which to all others seemed gay and harmless, but which revealed to him a nameless horror which lurked beneath the gleaming surface, as tho Death smiled with the face of a beautiful woman, and reached out, from bright, silken garments, skeleton fingers to clutch him by the throat. He did not tell the nature of the dream that had frightened him, and presently went to sleep again, close held in his mother's arms, but even in his sleep he would start and shudder, and a cold dampness break out on his white forehead.

It was some years later, when Tom had grown into a merry, well-liked and sturdy chap of seven, that he first visited the seashore. At the first sight of the sunlit, dancing waves, and at the sound of the low purr of the spent breakers crawling up the white sand, the lad lived again the agony of that dream. With the sensitiveness of a child, fearing the ridicule of those other children who played so unconcernedly on the sand, he fought with his terror.

"Go on, Tom, and wade with the others," his father said, and gave him a playful push. "Don't be bashful—a great big chap like you!"

With white face and set teeth, the child took a step forward, just as a wave raised itself in a green concave, and he saw, down beneath the sunlight, the Terror. With a cry he sprang back, clutching and clinging to his father's arm, his frame shaken with sobs.

"Why, I believe he is *afraid* of the water!" his father exclaimed, turning toward Mrs. Waring. In a moment she had dropped upon her knees, and Tom was held closely against her breast.

"I don't like it, Mary; I don't like it at all," Mr. Waring said impatiently, later in the evening, when Tom had been put safely to bed. "The boy is a perfectly healthy specimen, and I have never before seen any indication of an unreasoning fear. Why, he acted like an absolute coward!" he continued, with growing displeasure.

The mother regarded him with troubled eyes.

"Perhaps there was something we didn't quite understand," she suggested. "I—I would not like to think my boy a coward," she said, appealingly.

"Well, we will see to-morrow what the trouble is," Mr. Waring said decisively.

"You—you will be gentle with him, John? He is such a little fellow, after all," the mother whispered.

"Of course I will be gentle with him. I shall simply prove to him that there is nothing to fear—that every one else has a lot of fun in the water," he responded as he rose to retire.

The day following Tom and his father, clad in bathing suits, appeared upon the beach, and for some time watched the bathers in the surf. At last Mr. Waring picked the child up in his arms, and talking merrily, started to walk out into the water.

"Don't put me down, papa! Oh, *please* take me back!" Tom pled, his small arms gripping tightly about his father's neck.

"Nonsense, Tom! Don't be a baby! You will think it fine as soon as you get used to it," Mr. Waring said, and allowed him to slip down just as a wave broke about them in a knee-deep smother of foam. One cry burst

TOMMY REFUSES TO BATHE IN THE SURF

from the child as the water touched him, and he tore himself from his father's grasp. Running and stumbling, he fled back to the beach, and pitched in a dead faint at his mother's feet.

Curiously enough, still water in lakes and rivers had no terrors for Tom, and, as he grew up, he evinced a decided fondness for swimming. In the course of his college life he established several amateur records, and was the winner of several medals for victories in still-water swimming contests. These bits of gold he valued highly, because, after each had been attained, a girl had greeted him with shining eyes and thrilling handclasp as she whispered:

"I'm glad, Tom! I *knew* you would win."

That was what made victory really desirable—Jane Mayfield's joy in his triumph. It was to win her praise that he had carried off honors in examinations as well as in athletics; that caused him to buckle down to business, working like a galley slave, after his graduation. When, alone, he swung his first successful "deal," it was to Jane Mayfield that he had gone for his first congratulations.

"*Of course* you are going to succeed, every time. I couldn't dream of your failing in anything," she told him. Then, with sudden, maternal solicitude, she looked closely into his face.

"But you are not to work too hard," she warned; " 'specially while I am not here to look after you, sir. In fact, you are to drop everything, instantly, when I send you word, and come down to Bayside and play with me."

"Oh, I wouldn't fail to come when you called, if you had managed to climb up into the moon!" he laughed, but back of the laugh was a note that thrilled the girl.

The command to come and play came in August, and Tom promptly obeyed the summons. He found the grounds of the Mayfield cottage decorated for a garden party, and a number of merry guests already assembled. The banker and Mrs. Mayfield greeted him warmly, but an outsider

would have seen nothing more than casual friendliness in the smile that came to Jane's face. It was some time before Tom succeeded in detaching the girl from the laughing crowd—a move which she had several times blocked with a teasing light in her eyes—but at last it was accomplished, and they strolled away to a pretty and secluded nook.

"I—er—I have something to say to you, Jane," Tom said formally, and swallowed hard.

"Good gracious! I hope so. I do hate to do all the talking!" the girl laughed merrily. "But, then, you almost always have something to say—more or less—so why mention it?"

Tom gulped and awkwardly took her hand in his.

"Why, you know, Jane, of course—that is, you have always understood—when I was really established in business, and all that sort of thing—and I am doing all right now, so I guess it isn't necessary to say anything more, is it, dear?" he stammered, and fumblingly took from his pocket a ring that sparkled brilliantly.

A soft light came into her eyes, and she gently smoothed back the hair that tumbled over his forehead.

"No, it isn't necessary to say anything more, Tom; I understand. But I *wish* you to say it, dear; the pretty things, and the sweet things, and the foolish things—all the things that a girl will never forget, when they have been told to her by the man she loves, Tom. You haven't even said you loved me — you haven't kist me once!"

And thereupon his shyness fell away like a garment, and with a joyous little cry he caught her to his breast, and whispered on her lips all the sweet, foolish things that lovers have whispered since the world was young.

Presently Jane suddenly remembered her guests, and hurried Tom along with her to where the young people were grouped.

"We've taken a vote, and the ma-

AFTER THE GARDEN PARTY

jority has declared for a plunge," Jimmy Stetson informed her. "I'm running things now," he casually added. "Hostess runs off and hides in the garden, and *somebody* had to take charge."

"And you did, of course. I knew you would—that's why I ran off, just to give you a chance to assert yourself," Jane retorted. "All right, majority rules. Come on, Tom, let's go and dance in the sunshine with the little waves."

But Tom did not respond to her banter. A sudden cloud came over his face, and he fumbled with his watch.

"Er—really, I'm afraid I haven't time—got an appointment—very important—with a man—at the hotel," he stammered.

Jane looked at him curiously. Then she rested her hand shyly on his arm.

"Come on, Tom, I want you," she said softly.

For a moment he hesitated, and a curious grayness crept over his cheek. Then he nodded stiffly, and they followed the others to where two large automobiles waited.

Tho he accompanied them to the beach, Tom could not be induced to don a bathing suit. The others were soon laughing and shouting amid the breakers, working their way out, and were a considerable distance from shore when Jane gave up her attempt to induce Tom to come into the water. With a laugh, she scooped up a handful of the brine, threw it toward him and plunged into the waves, striking out with accustomed strokes across the deep spot which separated her from the shoal on which the rest of the party were now resting. Suddenly they heard her cry out, an anguished appeal for help, and then the water closed over her. Tom sprang to his feet, and with his face curiously drawn and twisted, ran toward the surf-line. The other bathers were already moving with utmost speed, but they were much further from the struggling girl, who had fought her way to the surface, than was Tom, and it was to Tom that she turned her eyes. She was silent now, fighting grimly with the cramp that gripped her and the current that dragged her down. A wave reared upward, making a deep green cavern at its base, and another, breaking, curled about Tom's legs, whispering softly on the sand. In the green cavern he saw a grinning, nameless Thing, and with his hands covering his eyes, he staggered backward to the dry sand.

"Oh, God! I cannot!" he moaned, and turning, fled as tho the very spirit of Fear strode at his heels.

The other bathers reached Jane in time, and presently, pale but unhurt, she lay upon the warm sand. Tom approached slowly, and silently stood where she might see him. Not one of the others broke the silence, tho each condemned him with chilling eyes.

At last Jane spoke, her voice low and tense:

"Winner of swimming medals—*coward*—go!"

Silent, with hanging head, he turned and left them.

Just as it was only for Jane's sake that he had cared for his college prizes, it was only of her that Tom thought in the shame that had come upon him. Old friends turned their backs when he approached, but, absorbed in his agony of spirit, he did not see their slights, nor would he have cared. All things else were blotted out by the one great sorrow. At last he realized that his mind would give way unless he took some decisive action, and he nerved himself to seek the girl at her home.

"They will probably have the servants kick me from the door," he muttered, "and it would be right. But no!" he raged in fury, "it is something outside of me—some curse laid on me at birth—it is not *I* that is afraid. My God, how cheerfully would I die for her sake! To die—that is nothing! But that other Thing!"

Shaking, he wiped the cold dampness from his face.

A short time before Jane had left her home, intending to visit her father's office, and informing her

maid of her destination. When Tom arrived, he was spared the pain of her refusal to see him, as would most certainly have occurred had she been at home.

"I—I think I will write and leave a note for your mistress," he said, and the maid showed him to a desk, at which he seated himself wearily.

Upon arriving at the office, Jane found that her father was out, a single clerk being on duty at the time. As Mr. Mayfield was expected to return at any moment, Jane decided to wait.

The clerk answered the call of the telephone, then turned to the girl.

"If you intend to remain here, Miss Mayfield, I will run down to the bank," he said; "there seems to be a matter which requires explanation. I will return in fifteen minutes, even if Mr. Mayfield is not in by that time."

"Go on, certainly," she replied, and the clerk hurried away.

Jane was aroused from the sad reverie into which she had fallen by a curious feeling that all was not well. Nervously she rose, crossed the room and threw open the door leading to the corridor, to be instantly driven back by a cloud of strangling smoke. Swiftly she crossed to the window, but no hope of escape lay there—there was a sheer drop of four stories to the pavement below. The smoke pouring from the windows showed her that the fire was on the floor immediately below that on which she stood. For a moment she stood still, her senses paralyzed; then, with a little moan of hope, she sprang to the telephone.

For half an hour Tom Waring sat at the desk, his aching head supported by his hand. A dozen times he dipped his pen, and each time the ink dried before he could determine upon the first word to place upon the paper. How could he explain what he himself did not understand? Several times

"WINNER OF SWIMMING MEDALS—COWARD—GO!" CRIED JANE

the maid came to the door, observed his preoccupation, and went away without disturbing him. Then the telephone at his elbow rang sharply, insistently. Instinctively his hand went out; then, remembering that he was in another's house, he waited for the maid to answer the call, but she did not appear. Again the bell shrilled with such a continued call that Tom lifted the receiver.

"It might be something urgent," he muttered.

"This is Central," an excited voice spoke in his ear. "The Standard Building is on fire. Miss Mayfield is cut off in Mr. Mayfield's office. I have told the fire department, but thought some one at her home——"

Tom dropped the instrument and sprang to his feet with an exclamation of horror. A moment later he had plunged down the front steps. A motorcycle stood at the curb, and heedless of the owner's shouts, Tom sprang upon it and sped away.

Already the police had driven back the crowd and established fire lines when Tom reached the big building, from the upper windows of which the smoke was pouring blackly. An officer caught his coat as he plunged thru the line, but the cloth gave way as he lunged forward, and an instant later he was inside the building. As he entered the ground floor corridor, one of the big electric elevators dropped down the shaft, and a fireman, scorched and blackened, stumbled out.

"It can't be done!" he gasped, as his comrades caught his reeling figure. "You could shoot the car thru, but any man would be dead before it reached the top floor." Even in his pain the man cast a look of pity toward Mayfield, who crouched, white and trembling, against the wall. Tom sprang into the car.

"Stop that man — it's certain death!" the fire chief shouted, but Tom had already thrown the lever, and the car shot upward. Above, the shaft was filled with leaping flame at the level of the fourth floor, but almost before he had time to realize its fury, the car was in its midst. For an instant his brain reeled as his skin cracked in the fierce heat. Then Tom was conscious that the car was standing still—was thru the flames and had been stopped by the automatic brakes at the top floor. Thru the stifling smoke he stumbled to the door of Mayfield's office, realizing that but seconds remained before the flames would burn thru the floor of the elevator car and cut off the only retreat. The door gave way before his lunge, and he stumbled over a form that had fallen to the floor. With the swiftness of desperation he rolled Jane in the heavy rug, caught her up and staggered back into the corridor. He seemed lost in a world of swirling smoke thru which for years he had gasped and fought, and consciousness was fast slipping away.

"I must! I *must!*" some other voice seemed to be whispering, and at last he stumbled against the hot grating of the elevator shaft, then into the car. With the last flicker of light in his mind, he pulled the lever over, and the car dropped downward thru the red flames.

Two weeks later Tom was discharged from the hospital, quite recovered from the effects of the fire, except for a shortage of hair and eyebrows. On the sidewalk he paused uncertainly, then with sudden determination walked rapidly away.

On the shaded porch of her home he found Jane, and to him her pale face, into which the color was just beginning to return, seemed even fairer than when he had seen it aglow with rioting health. Without a word, he stood before her.

Slowly, yearningly, she held out her arms, while a tender smile came to her lips.

Indian Brothers

(Biograph)

By LOUIS REEVES

GREEN the heaving breast of nature, where the hills rose in billows, with occasional sharp crests, to the far-distant, haze-softened divide that stood sharply defined against the sky's unbroken blue. Down in the valley, where the willows clustered and the cottonwoods trembled, there was a shimmer of flowing water, coolness and shade. Cradled in soft embrace between the two, Lone Pine, last great chieftain of his tribe, was in conference with his successor and only brother, known as The Whirlwind. Sick to death with thoughts that came like a blight upon his unfettered spirit, the venerable chief was yielding slowly, yet not faltering, to the inevitable. Earth had given him birth, had nourished him and had claimed his service; to earth he would return. To this fate he was reconciled, but he complained to Whirlwind:

"I sorrow for my people. We belong to the woods and the hills. By blood and birth we are theirs and they are ours, but there are few of us left to-day, and there will be fewer as we fall like red leaves before the white blast. How can we live? Gone the brown buffaloes from the plains, the yellow antelope from the hills, the broad-winged eagle from the skies. Those of us who still stand erect must soon take a last look at the great country we have lost, or cringe in shame like dogs and renegades."

LONE PINE ILL, HIS BROTHER STARTS ON A HUNTING TRIP ALONE

WHIRLWIND CONSULTS THE SNAKE WOMAN

Whirlwind made no reply, but went to Meda, the snake woman, who laughed foolishly and said wise things.

"Lone Pine's stomach is crying for food," she sneered. "We sold what we had and spent what we got; now we want more in the same easy way. Go to the shadows of the forest, to the hush of the woods, and hunt as our fathers did for what is needed."

Whirlwind cast aside his blanket of sorrow like the strong and whole man that he was and set forth new-souled, his blood once more warmed by his youth's dawn, but none followed him. The tribe horses, herded carelessly by boys, wandered almost at will over the bordering hills and vales; white-haired old men drew their robes as closely about them as if it was winter and chattered ceaselessly; young braves painted their faces and plaited their hair listlessly, while a few of

their number stood motionless, sentinels from habit, watching whatever moved in the distance. The women were busy tanning hides, drying meat and pounding pemmican, while young girls wandered down to where the willows bent to the stream to watch the silken stems sway in the rippling waters.

Lone Pine was left to his bitter thoughts.

Like a gray rock of silence and solitude, the great chief had breasted the white storm o'erspreading the land, until he realized in dumb anguish that many of his own people had sunk to the degradation of renouncing kindred to beg at the doors where they had sold their birthright. Stone by stone cities rose on plain and hill, bound together by steel strands of traffic and intercommunication, until the mighty empire stretching from ocean to ocean had become an entangling network from which there was no escape for the nobler spirits of his race. It was of no avail to resist the cloud of snowflakes that came falling by millions to cover the land and its decaying red leaves, but there was a hate in his heart for the sneaking thieves and outcasts of his tribe, who had traded their very souls to the same unscrupulous element among the white invaders. His sad forecast of tribal elimination was embittered by the realization of treacherous betrayal.

Such was Lone Pine's mood when a drink-crazed outcast, who had crept into camp, was brought before him, begging food and shelter. The old chief listened in grim silence to the artful pleadings of the prodigal and nodded assent when he begged to be taken in as one of the tribe.

"We have little food to spare," said the chief, "but always some to share. Go sit with the women."

The chief scornfully offered the renegade a squaw's dress.

The man recoiled with an expression of deadly hate in his face and ran away, followed by the jeers of the braves. He fled so precipitately that they thought he had gone for good,

LONE PINE SCORNFULLY OFFERS THE RENEGADE A SQUAW'S DRESS

but he circled and crawled back as soon as they left sick Lone Pine to his sad meditations. Inch by inch the renegade wormed his way until within reach of Lone Pine, then he lifted the old chief's left arm and stabbed him to the heart.

Lone Pine fell back with a soft sigh of relief, not knowing who had killed him. There he was found when pursuit of the murderer seemed out of the question, but there was a rush to don war-clothes and head-dress, to secure weapons and mount horses, to send scouts afoot in every trail leading into the valleys or over the hills. There was no methodical attempt to find the renegade, the death of Lone Pine and the absence of Whirlwind leaving no one in command.

It was Meda, the snake woman, who first thought of drawing the absent brother's attention. A smoke fire was built by the squaws where it could be

THUS THEY SIGNAL TO LONE PINE'S BROTHER

THE RENEGADE IN FLIGHT

seen from a far sweep of hills, and the women smothered it at intervals with a blanket, releasing it suddenly in sharp columns, according to a simple code which summoned stragglers or hunting parties in a moment of extreme peril.

On a hill to the west of the lodge Whirlwind was stalking game when his eyes fell upon the figure of the outcast running in and out of a stream down in the valley, and the chief's brother understood. The renegade was coming from the direction of the lodge and was trying to balk pursuit; therefore there must be pursuers from that direction. Where were they? Whirlwind gathered some fagots and mounted to the top of the hill. Turning his eyes toward the

WHIRLWIND KINDLES A FIRE IN ANSWER TO THE SIGNAL

camp, he saw the signal. He lighted a fire and answered. Presently a party of his braves came up, acclaiming him chief and relating the manner of Lone Pine's tragic death. Whirlwind received the news with impassive countenance, stood silent for some moments, then commanded the braves to return.

"Bury Lone Pine," he instructed. "I will bring something to plant at the foot of his grave that his spirit may be vexed no more. He was more to me than chief. His blanket wrapped me in kindness and shielded me from the winds when I was a boy.

THE RENEGADE IS MORE CRAFTY IN MURDER THAN IN THEFT

His strong hand held my weak one whenever I fell. Kindness such as his I have never known. Lone Pine was a chief. Lone Pine was a brave. Lone Pine was a friend. Lone Pine was a brother. No one of us is more."

The braves returned to their sad duty, while Whirlwind set his face to the east and pursued the outcast alone.

Ever active and in constant training, Whirlwind was bound to come up with the fugitive if the chase continued on foot, for he followed like a dog trailing a scent, and there was a friendly lodge up the stream which the renegade would have to skirt, but the man he was following was cunning, and he knew that he must take to horse to escape. He proved to be more crafty in murder than in theft, for he was caught in the act of trying to cut out one of the animals in the

WHIRLWIND IN PURSUIT OF THE RENEGADE

herd and was captured by a small band. When Whirlwind came up, the man was as safe from his vengeance as if he had been a thousand miles away. He had been taken as a horse thief and was the property of his captors. Whirlwind pleaded hard for possession of the prisoner, going to the length of claiming him as a member of his own tribe. He coaxed with bribes and teased with taunts, using all the arts of persuasion at his command, but the chief captor would not relinquish his prey. Other inducements failing, Whirlwind threw aside all weapons but his knife and offered to fight a duel for what he so earnestly desired. The light of battle shone in the eyes of the chief captor, and his knife flashed forth in glad defiance. The others, including the prisoner, looked on with all the interest shown by Romans in gladiatorial contests, while brave faced brave in what might prove to be deadly conflict. They threatened and they enticed; they lunged without compassion and defended without terror; they fought with equal skill and courage until the hand of one ran crimson and he dropped his weapon with a woebegone expression.

WHIRLWIND PLEADS FOR POSSESSION OF THE PRISONER

Whirlwind had won!

The renegade was at first profuse in his cringing thanks and protestations of false friendship, but quivered with fear when Whirlwind took up his weapons and bade him march toward the lodge where Lone Pine had met ignominious death.

The last splendors of day had died over the mountains, and the first stars were peeping forth when Whirlwind reached the end of his hard journey. He brought his captive to a rough tomb of boughs, on which lay the mortal remains of great Lone Pine. One glance at the face of his victim made the murderer cower, and he shuddered from head to foot when the squaws began a death chant. Whirlwind watched him in stoical silence for a while, then drew his attention to the last light of the sun.

"YOU SHALL NOT DIE LIKE THAT!" CRIED WHIRLWIND

"You shall not die like the sun," he whispered, "for it rises again and sheds new light on us all. You will go down into the valley of the shadow; you will climb the peak; you will plunge into the ravine. You will fall until you are rent in pieces, and

WHIRLWIND VICTORIOUS, BUT THE RENEGADE'S JOY IS SHORT-LIVED

all that is left of you shall be scattered to the winds. The wolves shall pick your bones like those of a dog. Die, renegade!"

Absorbed and tormented until he had consummated his vengeance, Whirlwind became suddenly elevated and transfigured. The others departed one by one, but he stood there with outstretched arms, his robust frame subject to wondrous tension, appealing to the spirits of the air and the stars to bear his brother's spirit gently away to where it should be vexed no more.

There he stood as the night gathered, his powerful nerves supporting the weight of a valorous soul, a creature of vain ideals, of aspirations unrealized, of painful struggle without adequate victory—a man.

WHIRLWIND BECOMES SUDDENLY ELEVATED AND TRANSFIGURED

Shadows, All

By PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

From what sphere
Float these phantoms flickering here?
From what mystic circle cast
In the dim, Æonian past?
Many voices make reply,
But they only rise to die
Down the midnight mystery,
While earth's mocking voices call,
Shadows, shadows, shadows, all!

Shadows, all!
From the birth robe to the pall,
In this travesty of life,
Hollow calm and fruitless strife,
Whatsoe'er the actors seem,
They are posturing in a dream;
Fates may rise and fates may fall,
Shadows are they, shadows all!

SCENES FROM "THE QUEST OF GOLD" (VITAGRAPH)

SCENES FROM "THE QUEST OF GOLD" (VITAGRAPH)

In the Right of Way

(Melies)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

SPRING had opened early in all the grassy country of the Guadalupe. The upland prairie, unsoiled by the touch of man, unfolded its broad reaches of lush pasture, swelling gently to the ranges of vision. Scattered here and there, like driftwood on the sea, patches of cultivated grain and fruit marked the inroad of the settler; fields of waving wheat and oats, pale green young corn; slender orchards of peaches, plums and figs. On the banks of the clear flowing Cibolo young vineyards, too, were putting out their first shoots in the mellow air. The virgin country, gently harnessed to the yoke of man, was giving up its first-born to the call of the pioneer.

On the trail from San Antonio to Fort Inge, where the outskirts of the town were dotted feebly on the vega, a wagon train was forming for its creaking passage across the prairie. It comprised some forty vehicles in all, a motley caravan. In the van a few weather-worn Government service wagons and a string of seasoned mustangs bore witness of an official escort. Then followed some dingy "schooners" of cattle and sheep traders, seeking a golden harvest on the Pacific Coast. The rear was made up of colonizers, some twenty wagons, white-topped, gayly painted, teeming with household litter and farm gear. One or two, curiously boxed and top-heavy, were built at the thriving German settlement of New Braunfels, nearby.

Drawn up apart from the train was a mud-crusted, weary wagon, with its sheet yellowed and dim from the buffets of the plains, showing plainly that it was an old traveler, tarrying its ceaseless wheels by force of circumstance. In fact, John and Mary Walsh had been in San Antonio but a few days, awaiting the make-up of the emigrant train with its endless delays.

They had left forever the heavy timber of Leon county a fortnight ago, and had made the first welcome stage of the long journey westward. Many pulling things had broken the home ties and driven Walsh to do it. He was a left-over from father to son of the old type of hunter and trapper, and held the encroaching, stolid farmers and planters in silent contempt. First the railroads, then the timber-cutters and settlers and finally the failing game had driven him from his covert. The rich land of the grazers that he had passed thru, open to all, held for him only an easy passage, and now he had come to the confines of civilization and paused on the edge of the unknown.

The Germans, Alsatians, French and Louisianians in the train, seduced by the whisperings of Mexican drifters in Bexar and Guadalupe, were making for the fabulous fruit valley of El Paso, alluvial, teeming with ancient Spanish gardens. Walsh, too, had heard of mountains covered with timber and unsought game and had silently joined them, to draw off as quietly when his road differed from theirs.

At last the wished-for day arrived. The argosy wagons were hitched and sheeted and the stock driven in from the plains. Preceded by a grizzled scout and a few troopers, the long, slow chain climbed and dropped with the rolling slopes, swelling away from the town of dazzling white and the brown squat missions along the winding river.

And now the sentinels of the silent country posted the unsettled land. Mesquite and cactus lined the trail and stood thorny duty across the unbroken plains. For uncounted days and still nights they wound snake-

like thru the sterile land; an occasional swift-flowing stream, the glimpse of far-distant majestic mountains, the rest an unbroken sea of impenetrable, stunted chaparral.

Of their suffering and losses in the deserts of Pecos and Presidio we cannot stop to take the toll. There is an old Spanish saying that the three fates of the treeless plain—thirst, heat and hunger—must needs collect their dues.

Somewhat less in numbers, parched brown, and thin, with a following of scraggy stock, they came out upon the valley land of the Grande del Norte. Beholding its canopy of leafy cottonwood and tornillo, and its carpet of wild grasses, they grew glad and knew that the grim passage was drawing to a close.

As they neared Ysleta, the land of promise redeemed itself on every side. Fat cattle grazed knee deep in the rank pastures. Osage orange blossomed and hedged the orchards of pear, damson and apple. Here and there, guarded by walls of mesquite and cat's-claw, ancient, luscious vineyards were tended by the seventh generation of vine-dressers, as their forebears had tended them in the sunny vales of Spain.

Where the Guadalupe Pass crosses the river, Walsh and Mary bid the settlers good-bye and wished them a fruitful planting; then, turning northward, they set their faces toward the mountains, the home of the whispering pines and of the unsought antelope.

In a narrow mountain valley, near the edge of an arroyo, and sheltered by towering timber, Walsh built his shack of native woods. The chimney he fashioned from a yellowish, flat outcropping of stone in the slender soil, and the flooring and sheathing he hewed and broad-axed from the sheltering evergreen. It was a rough, substantial home, and when the slender furniture was installed, their new life really began.

Summer passed away in their cool fastness, and when autumn came, the deer began to frequent the woods and to seek the forest streams. It was then that Walsh was up before daylight and off to the runways, exulting in his mastery of the solitude. At the foot of streams he noticed buffalo wallows, too, and he relished the first herd that would come in from the plains.

One day, at twilight, returning with a doe across his shoulders, he was astonished to hear a faint shot far up the arroyo. With the exception of Mary's gentle voice, it was the first manifestation of mankind he had heard in his silent kingdom. No Indian reservation was nearer than the Brazos, that of the pacified Comanches, and no hostile tribes ever crossed the mountains.

Walsh swayed homeward with his burden, in great perplexity from the warning shot. He dropped the doe just outside the clearing, and, bent double, with Winchester cocked and trailing, he worked noiselessly thru the forest. Coming to the brink of the arroyo, he crawled to the edge and conned its narrow horizon with a hunter's all-seeing glance. Nothing disturbing met his gaze. The confines of the gully were deserted.

He repeated this operation several times, each time commanding a new reach of the arroyo. On his fourth survey, his search was rewarded; the snapped branches and torn leaves of a screw-bean showed him where some heavy object had stood on the edge of the gully and grasped the delicate foliage.

In a flash he saw what had happened. Some one or something had unknowingly reached the edge of the treacherous arroyo and had toppled off, with an unavailing clutch at the bush in descending.

Walsh got up quickly and, holding fast to the heavy-rooted bush, peered down into the arroyo. Bits of torn grass and loosened gravel on its almost sheer side seemed to prove his suspicions, and far below its shadowy bed baffled his straining vision.

Whoever had gone over this murderous crack deserved the priest more than him, and Walsh turned back,

WALSH LEAVING HOME

with the hunter's instinct transformed to pity and a lump in his throat at such an unfair chance for life that some one must have had.

Making a long detour, he came out upon the gully's brink at a place where the wall sloped down at a less sharp angle, and with many hazardous toe-holds and prone-sliding, he accomplished its descent. Walsh ran panting back to the spot under the broken screw-bean, and his eyes fastened on a lump of a man fallen face upward in the bed of the arroyo. He was white, young and dressed in the hunting clothes of a city man. One arm lay curiously bent under his body, and Walsh lost no time in lifting the apparently lifeless man and in ordering his twisted arm. In his rush over the gravel, the face had been deeply scarred, and blood welled from an ugly wound on his forehead. The hunter stanched the bloody flow with knowing fingers and a strip from his woolen shirt. Then, lifting his limp burden, he carried him lightly down the gloomy reaches of the gully. A mile or two to the south, the arroyo ended in an arm of his valley, and to this point Walsh carried the hapless hunter ere he laid him down. At this egress he knew of a pool of mountain water, and there, with rough but kindly hands, he washed the grit and caked blood from the man's face, and waited for the faint heart-beats to gather strength or to cease.

At length the eyelids in the ruined face fluttered faintly, and Walsh knew that life was pausing in its flight—for a time, at least. Again picking up his burden, and hooking the uninjured arm around his neck, by painful stages he at last made the clearing.

Mary met them at the opened door, and together they carried him to the only bed, a relic from home, and eased his weight into the soft feathers. Again the imperceptible fluttering of the eyelids and then a faint intake of breath. Life had folded its wings, unwilling to soar away.

Walsh stood up, and, reaching high, stretched the taut muscles of his aching back. He felt confidently that, with Mary's backing, they could coax back health to the battered intruder. Mary had won stricken men who had been in worse passes than this, and Walsh exulted in her tenderness that

NURSING THE WOUNDED MAN

knew no walls of prejudice or fear. He went out, and returning with an armful of pine boughs, heaped them in a corner and threw himself upon them in a heavy, untroubled sleep.

The gray day dawned, and with it consciousness to the stranger, who opened his eyes wide and whispered for water. Mary, sleepless, watching for a first symptom, held a cool pitcher to his lips, and the deep drink seemed to quench his inward fires. During the day, with nimble fingers, she splinted and bandaged his useless arm, and at nightfall she allowed him a bowl of delicious gruel, altho she afterward admitted it was mainly water. That night he told them that his name was Burton, that he was a civil engineer, but spent most of his time hunting. He had started out from El Paso with an Indian guide, a Lipanos, but had discharged him for drinking, down by the Guadalupe Pass. Pushing into the mountains alone, he had found traces of deer, and had drawn a bead on a fine buck just as he hurtled into Walsh's arroyo.

Day followed day in the changeless forest, and Burton, propped up out of doors, watched Walsh jerk his winter's supply of venison, or else, alone, would speculate on Walsh's return, laden with a deer or empty-handed. He felt the life blood ebbing back thru his frame, and could even make scarecrow gestures with his bandaged arm.

It was in December, when the cool, balsamic breezes bathed his forehead like an anointed bandage, that Burton decided to leave. Walsh had been away three days, after the early geese on the river, and on returning with a fine string of gray fowl, he found his guest prepared to bid him good-bye. The mountaineer had brought back a young Mescaleros pack-carrier with him, and it was decided that Burton, who was none too strong, should leave on the following day under the Indian's guidance.

Mary spent a busy evening preparing for Burton's departure. She packed an old carpet bag with jerked venison, a pair of roast geese and a mess of pone cakes. And long after Burton had turned in, she was fussing around the roaring wood stove with "so'thin' myster'ous," that he had not been permitted to see.

A gray light filtered thru the chinks of the shack's rough sides, and Burton arose and walked out into the sweet air of early morning. His eyes slowly covered the sweep of the restful valley, evergreen, primeval. A pinkish light tinged the firs on the eastern slope and imperceptibly crept down into the valley. He drew a deep, cool breath and felt as if the delicate glow was bathing his dusty soul.

The young Mescaleros, too, had risen, and, silently facing the east, seemed to invoke the sundawn. As the edge of the winter disk peeped over the mountains, Burton turned to find Walsh and Mary standing on the threshold of their shack. Their far-seeing look and simple unity made them a part of the majestic prelude, and had they not turned toward him smiling, he would have liked to have gone away as from a finished picture.

Walsh's big hand closed on his like an otter trap, and, as he freed his, Mary held out both of hers to him.

Burton had taken a few homeward steps, when he heard Mary calling, and turning, he saw her running toward him with a packet.

"I almos' forgot it," she panted, "an' I know you set a powerful store by goodies."

She thrust the labors of the night, a big raisin cake, into his hands and took his thanks with the conscious pride of a successful cook.

As Burton grew smaller in the distance, working down the valley with vigorous strides, the pride of the nurse, who has won a fight with death, shone in Mary's eyes. But this is a maternal instinct with the childless, who continue sweet, so perhaps she does not deserve too much credit.

Countless winter suns have risen and set across the mountain valley,

BURTON BIDDING THE WALSHES GOOD-BYE

twenty fruit-bearing seasons have waxed and waned in the gardens of the Grande del Norte. Sheltered from storm and tornado, taming pest and drought, the settlers have prospered. The call has gone out to the stranger. Irrigation has broadened the fructescence of the valley. Towns have sprung up along the river banks. But, like an iron pot, which belies its sweet contents, the barrier of the mountains resisted further encroachment. To the north all was yet a bleak desert; the uncut firs covered the slopes like primordial hair on the body of man.

But a change, nascent, upheaving, was coming over the land. The wooden shutters and batten door of Walsh's shack were closed and fastened. Nailed to the door a tattered notice fluttered in the breeze to all who could read:

"STATE OF TEXAS,
County of El Paso.

SOUTHWESTERN R. R.,
Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN WALSH,
Defendant.
} Order.

"SHERIFF OF EL PASO COUNTY:

"You are hereby ordered to take possession of the property of John Walsh, hereinafter described, for the benefit of the Southwestern Railroad, Plaintiff in the above entitled cause."

A day's journey to the north, a busy gang of men, like pestiferous ants, were running out chains and driving little painted stakes into the prairie. The great white sword of civilization was about to lunge into the mountains to touch the settlements on the river.

Walsh had been gone several months, far to the northwestern Hueços, after the vanishing antelope.

Each succeeding winter the now grizzled hunter had made a longer and more protracted trip from his cabin, to return with the opening of spring. Except for Nature's stamp, furrows and a gray beard, he was as straight-standing and far-seeing as in the days of Burton's sojourn in the time of the early settlers.

One compelling thing turned his trail ever backward to the closed and weather-worn shack. It was Mary's grave. She had passed away peacefully some ten years back, like a mountain flower that had bloomed for him alone, and he had buried her alone in the narrow valley.

He took the last few steps that brought him to the deserted shack, and the stained order caught his eye. Slowly he took it down, and in the gathering dusk spelled out the few menacing words. So they were coming after him, after all these years! He could listen unwillingly to the panting mechanism climbing the grades into his virgin valley, and its drawn-out, derisive shriek as it passed thru. The hounded man dropped the paper on his doorstep and turned off into the forest.

The first light of morning found him, gun in hand, posted on a little rise of cleared ground which commanded the sweep of the valley to the north. The hunter's instinct told him that from there he would catch a first glimpse of his enemy.

He had not long to wait. The sun had barely silvered the tops of the pines, when he heard the sharp sounds of shod hoofs striking hard against stones, and a mounted man climbed slowly into the head of the valley.

The blue-shirted horseman dismounted and taking a curious instrument, like an enormous open-faced watch, from his saddlebag, fastened it cautiously to a nearby tree. Walsh could see its glass glistening in the young light. It seemed to be calling out "Time for you to quit!" and an uncontrollable longing came over him to draw a bead and shatter the menacing aneroid.

The engineer turned and rode out of the valley. This miniature invasion was but the advance guard of a real one. Much hallooing and shouting, with the creak of heavy wagon wheels, proclaimed the coming of the outfit.

Three ponderous wagons, piled high with duffel, worked into the flat of the valley and, as if by magic, a little tent city began springing up. A sheet-iron stove was set up, and resinous smoke floated along the skyline.

Walsh watched the pitching of the camp with a sinking heart. As the instruments were lifted down and the heavy transit set up and adjusted in his direction, it seemed like a menacing rifle, beyond his ken of range or mechanism.

A broad-shouldered man poised himself near the transit and deftly threw out a long length of slender, flexible chain. Two others, carrying a bundle of stakes, walked along its length, looking for kinks. Coming to its end, one waved his hand, and, seizing the seeming fragile thing, pulled it taut with straining muscles and stiffened back. With much shouting and waving from the transit man, the first length was "lined in" and a first stake driven.

All thru the long morning this process was repeated, the line of stakes gradually working up the valley, and the insect men taking a huge delight in their work.

Gradually it dawned upon Walsh that the merciless line was making straight as an arrow for his clearing. It might even bring the steel rails and moving havoc within a few feet of his shack. As he thought of his coming banishment and the impending desecration of Mary's home, the latent savage in the man swelled with a rush of blind fury.

Shouldering his antiquated Winchester, he swung off into the forest; anything to get away from the sight and sounds of man.

The work of the location crew went on thru the valley with taunting regularity. The chain, that silent serpent of advancement, had crept to a spot

WALSH PREPARING FOR THE DEFENSE

known by engineers as the "hub." It was almost on the gentle lift of ground leading to Walsh's clearing. Just here a low rustic fence made a little enclosure. Within it a simple board seat, and a headstone made from a stake and crossed board, was all that indicated Mary's resting place. It was a reservation such as a busy man might pass by many times and not notice its significance, but to Walsh it was the sacred bourne of his wife's life and the one tie that held him in the valley.

The chief engineer paused in front of it hurriedly and signed to one of the axmen to demolish the slender paling. With a few strokes the encumbrance came down, and the chainmen started the second run across the little plot.

They were driving a painted stake into the thin soil of the enclosure, when Walsh appeared, moving swiftly across the clearing. His eyes were fixed and staring like a maniac's, and he gripped the barrel of his rifle with tense fingers.

The location crew, scattered about the clearing, paused in their ant-like activity at sight of the grim apparition and awaited his oncoming. The mountaineer did not hesitate. With swift, still strides he approached to within a few paces of the chainmen and with an abrupt motion brought his rifle to his shoulder and covered the now thoroly frightened men.

"Keep off!" he shouted, hoarsely. "The next fool thet drives a stake on my property I'll drop in his tracks!"

There was nothing to do but go. The chief engineer had climbed the slope to search for possible pockets, and the weapons were back in camp. With some show of dignity, they picked up their tools and belongings and retreated out of the clearing.

Walsh reached the former enclosure and jolted the surveyor's stake loose

with his rifle butt. Pulling it from the ground, he hurled it after the disappearing crew. He knew that he had not seen the end of them, and that the first tame conclusion was but the comic prelude to a struggle.

All that afternoon he waited, with cocked rifle slung across his knees, behind the chink of his cabin door, but no one further trespassed on his clearing. The continual shouting, the crashing thru the woods and the stake-driving had ceased, and the former stillness reigned in the evergreens.

Walsh did not know what to make of the absolute cessation of hostility, but if there was an attack preparing he was not going to be caught unprepared.

What had actually happened was this. During the morning a messenger had arrived at the camp with a bag of letters for the chief. He had glanced hurriedly thru them until one, postmarked "Ysleta," held his glance. Its terse contents ran thus:

"Mr. John Graham, in charge of location party, Southwestern R. R.:
"Dear Sir—Push work on Lariat Branch as hard as possible. Expect to be out to examine work myself soon.
"Burton,
"President."

Graham was by nature a driver, and he had pushed his crew across the prairie at the speed-limit consistent with accuracy. He stared at the letter in moody silence. Did Burton expect him to take the mountains in a flying leap and land in the bottoms without a curve or gradient?

He spent the rest of the morning in ill-concealed wrath. When a chainman climbed the western wall of the valley and found him, field glasses in hand, sweeping the southward outlet, he was prepared for trouble of some kind. Trouble regularly hangs around a location camp. On hearing the recital of Walsh's attack and the retreat of his men, his pent-up wrath uncorked and he literally swore his way down the slopes and into the office tent.

That afternoon a teamster was sent post haste on the trail that joins the road to Ysleta with the following message:

"Sheriff of El Paso County:
"Try to arrive to-morrow with posse. Armed resistance to location work of Southwestern R. R.
"Graham.
"Chief of Location."

Toward sundown of the following day, when the hard-riding horsemen arrived at his camp, he knew that the urgent message had struck home. It was too late, however, for the arm of the law to take action that day, and he invited the weary sheriff into his tent to slick up and talk over the situation.

The second morning after the rout of the chainmen dawned sharp and clear, and the usual noisy activity started in the cook's tent. That popular gentleman of color had a dozen extra men to feed, and the four-holed stove groaned under the weight of extra logs and pots. It had been decided that the attack should be made by two parties, the engineer and his crew surrounding the rear of the house and clearing and the sheriff's men making a direct attack in front. It was necessary to completely surround the old woodsman, or else, in case of escape, he would attack them from unknown angles.

Breakfast over, the two groups were formed and, taking separate ways, a devious march started toward Walsh's cabin.

The sheriff's posse arrived at the edge of the clearing first and, taking cover, awaited the prearranged signal shot from the engineer's crew.

On first sight the shack seemed entirely deserted. The shutters were drawn, the door fastened, and no smoke came from the chimney. There were two evidences of habitation, however, one of them hostile. Faint gleams of candlelight strayed thru several chinks, and a hole large enough to contain a rifle barrel had been cut thru the inhospitable door.

A piece of dirty paper fluttered

from a tree trunk, and the sheriff dodged gingerly across to see what it meant. He read and digested a few printed characters as follows:

"Warnin—anibody coamin in range of John Walsh's rifle will be shot without notis."

Without pondering on the spelling or the contradiction of the message, the sheriff glanced about to see if the range was possible, and then retreated to a better cover. Walsh's orthography might not be official in the county, but his shooting was.

A shot rang out from the rear of the building, and the sheriff's men immediately opened up a sharp fire. They were armed with repeating Springfields of approved model, and were told to concentrate their fire on the door and windows. As a result, after a few minutes' firing, these closed apertures were a mass of splinters, having been punctured like sieves. The old fighter had evidently been cowed and driven to cover.

During a lull in the firing, an explosion of the old Winchester sounded, and a tiny patch of smoke lifted from an upper corner of the shack. A deputy in the posse gave a sharp cry and dropped behind his covering tree with a winged arm. John Walsh had finally given notice!

The posse covered the offensive corner of the shack, and almost knocked it down with a steady shower of lead. Without warning, the concealed Winchester spoke again—this time from the lower opposite corner—and a sheriff's man dropped with a shattered leg. The sheriff cursed, as the most important functionary in the county is entitled to, cursed loud, deep and with endless variety.

"Break cover, you bunch of lop-eared mavericks!" he bellowed, "and rake the cursed shack from every direction under the rotten sun!"

The posse crawled back into thicker timber and worked back to the clearing, so as to surround it on three sides.

Again the firing started, this time a cross-fire, dangerous alike to besieg-

WALSH ORDERS THE SHERIFF FROM HIS SHACK

ers and besieged. A dismal howl came from the circle of fire, and the sheriff clapped a brown hand over its fellow, now maimed and bleeding. It looked as if the old cloth-covered bullets would pick them off one by one.

The Springfields sang mercilessly, and the leaden insects fairly ate holes in the grim cabin. A dull thud, as if a heavy piece of furniture had fallen, came from the building, and the depleted posse held fire to pick up its meaning.

"The old coyote's winged!" the exultant sheriff shouted, "and has fallen from the rafters. Beat in the door, boys, and drag the singed painter out!"

A rush was made for the shack, and this time the unerring Winchester was silent. With heavy butt strokes the door was dashed open, and the crowd tumbled headlong in. The old woodsman was lying on his side by an overturned table and was feebly trying to level his weapon. The sheriff wrenched it from him with his whole hand, and beckoned a pair of deputies to lift the prostrate man. With a grip under either armpit, he was raised, and half dragged, half carried, from the wrecked building.

Then the posse and surveying crew, joining forces, wreaked their spite on the hapless furniture. Chairs, tables and cupboards were carried out of

THE RAILROAD PRESIDENT APPEARS

doors and axed to splinters by the willing workers. Several brought pine brush and heaped a pile against the captured place, ready to fire it when the wrecking was completed.

Walsh, with a tiny hole thru his shoulder, was held up, swaying, and watched with an inscrutable face.

Just then a middle-aged, slim man, in spick Eastern clothes, walked rapidly out into the clearing and stared for a moment with slack jaw at the battered shack. The group, with the limp woodsman in their midst, next fascinated him equally, and then with a few leaps he fronted them.

"Don't drop that man!" he shouted authoritatively, "and don't move another thing from his shack." "Walsh," he continued, "don't you know me? I'm Burton, your old arroyo leaper, back to see how you and Mary are getting on."

Walsh trembled violently, and his gray eyes seemed to bore thru Burton with their searching gaze.

"I reckon it air you," he said, almost reluctantly, and hesitated as if he could not fit the mixing events together.

At a sign from Burton, the old man was placed sitting on the doorstep, and the man of affairs placed a supporting arm across his back. With a sharp gesture, he bade the rest withdraw. And now, Walsh, making sense of the queer things, with sundry mutterings, told him the story of his fight for the remnants of his home.

When he had finished, Burton patted his back gently, in silent sympathy, and turning toward him, asked him where Mary was.

The wounded mountaineer did not answer, but clutching the door frame, drew himself slowly to his feet.

"Walk with me out yonder," he drawled finally, "and I'll show you where Mary's been keepin' for a right long spell—if the d—— railroaders haven't frightened her away!" he added, as they slowly walked to where the last stake had been driven.

Burton looked keenly at the splintered fence, the pulled-up, numbered stake and the little crossed board in

BURTON MAKES REPARATION

the former enclosure, and the story told itself without further words.

"Walsh," he said quietly, "you love the old home, don't you? and I needn't ask you any reasons why."

He thought for a moment intently and gave a low shout, which was answered in kind by Graham from the edge of the clearing.

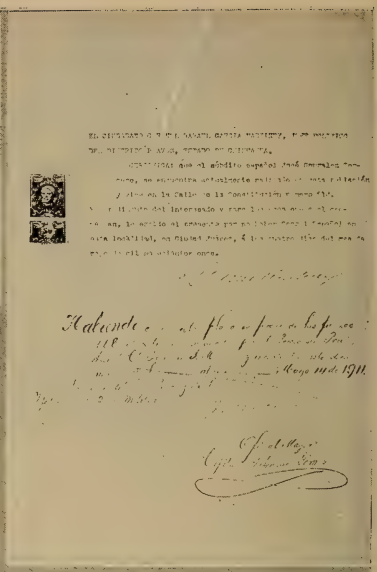
"Mr. Graham," he said, when the chief had approached, "let me look over your field notes, please; I may alter them a trifle."

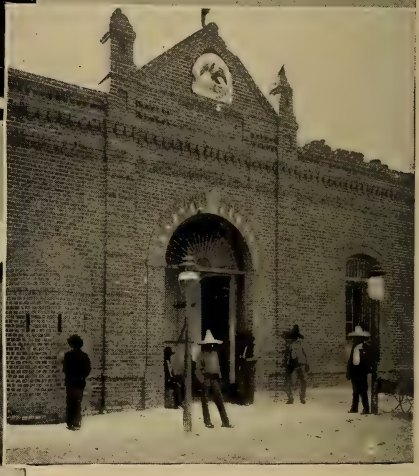
He studied them for a moment and, looking up, said sharply: "You will destroy these back to the second hub, and make a new location, where a cross valley meets this one some two miles to the east."

Graham stared at him as if he was beyond comprehension. Then, as the president's eyes flashed, he made an expressive gesture, which seemed to say, "Yours be the cost," and ripped out the offending pages.

Burton gripped them, and with an impulsive gesture pressed them into Walsh's loose hand.

"It isn't strictly legal, John," he laughed, "but this is about the best title I can give you on the moment. The Southwestern Railroad can't take your grades any better than I did when you first found me! Do you remember?"





SCENES FROM KALEM MOTION PICTURES OF THE LATE MEXICAN INSURRECTION (JUAREZ)

1.—Custom-house Headquarters of Madero and Provisional Government. Place where President Taft and Diaz Shook Hands.

2.—Barricade over Commercial Street, Showing Effect of Machine-gun Fire.

3.—Barricade Across Streets.

4.—First Point of Attack by Insurrectionists.

5.—First Document Signed with a Seal of the Provisional Government under Madero.

6.—After the Battle. Last Stand of Navarro Before Surrender.

The Hair Restorer and the Indians

(Edison)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

HAVING finally connected with the chuck wagon that afternoon, we lay contentedly about the fire on the edge of the little plateau and lazily blinked at the stars beginning to twinkle overhead. A half-mile away the close-herded cattle loomed darkly. Happy Joe poured out his sentimental soul thru his mouth-organ. Dave Wheeler started to tell again his adventures in Chicago, and some one mustered energy enough to smother him with a saddle blanket. It was very peaceful. The Kid had wandered away to the little Indian camp over the ridge, with the reprehensible intention of beguiling from young Spotted Cow a certain bridle of braided rawhide. Suddenly the Kid rejoined us, his mouth and eyes round with excitement.

"Say, what you reckon I saw over in old Lame Dog's tepee?" he demanded.

"Soap?" Texas Pete lazily suggested, and the bunch grinned appreciatively.

"Scalps — women's scalps!" the Kid whispered, tensely.

"Aw, rats!" Texas commented, unkindly.

"If you think that's a joke——" the Kid began hotly, but the Old Man interrupted, soothingly:

"That's all right, Kid; I know old Lame Dog has got a bunch of scalps. Know when he took 'em. An' yet this here Texas maverick has, as the poet feller said, come tolerable close to tellin' the truth when he was a-jokin'. That's the only way Texas would come near tellin' the truth—when he was a-jokin'," he added, quizzically.

"Why, old Lame Dog wouldn't hurt a jack rabbit—he won't even scratch for fear of hurtin' a flea!" Texas retorted, disdaining to reply to the aspersion on his veracity.

The Old Man shook his head sadly.

" 'Pears like you shorthorns don't know nothin'," he sighed. "Honest, now, didn't youall never hear of the Bunion Massacre?"

There was prompt denial. Happy Joe put his mouth-organ in his pocket, and all turned toward the Old Man, who finally coaxed the pipeful of wet plug into burning, and told the sad story of the passing of the Flake and Drake Dramatic Company. Shorn of the quaint turns of speech, and the soft drawl, of which imitation is impossible, and decked with certain flowers of fancy added by the present narrator, the tale ran thus:

The Flake and Drake Dramatic Company was stranded. Two thousand miles from the cheerful lights of Broadway, it sat upon its trunks in the miserable little town of Yellow Sky, where no free lunch was attached to the bars. Grayson, the manager, was out scouting, and tho they had seen this inventive genius prove equal to some decidedly bad situations since they had foolishly put the Mississippi behind them, the present prospect offered little encouragement.

"I wonder do we eat to-day?" the Leading Lady sighed, and thru force of habit dabbed at her nose with a bit of chamois, taken from a particularly flat purse.

"And to think," sighed Mr. Reginald Wentworth Tracy, romantic leads, "that this time, one year ago, they were bein' turned away when I was playin' in Blackberry Crossing, Vermont!" He sighed soulfully and passed a handkerchief over the smooth expanse exposed when he removed his jaunty little hat.

"I dreamed last night," the Funny Man said reflectively, "I dreamed that I bit Tracy."

"Bit Reggy? Whuffor?" the Leading Lady demanded.

"I thought he was a ham," the Funny Man explained.

Mr. Reginald Wentworth Tracy expanded his chest a full inch, and was preparing to deliver a retort which should crush the Funny Man into the alkali dust, when Grayson appeared, driving a wagon. The perspiration streamed from his face, but in his eyes was the light of inspiration.

"Folks," he announced cheerfully, "I got it!"

"I thought it proper to say *them*," the Funny Man muttered, his eyes wandering significantly from Grayson's flaming nose to a pocket which showed the unmistakable outlines of a flask.

"We got in wrong in this section," Grayson continued, cheerfully. "These here yaps ain't educated up to paying to see a first-class dramatic production, an aggregation of stars of the first magnitude, with three carloads of magnificent scenery, offering that wonderful and heart-touching drama, 'Bertha, the——' "

"Say, old man, you'll be getting that off in your sleep if you ain't careful," the Leading Lady interrupted kindly.

"Er, sure!" Grayson responded, absently. "What I was about to say was, that as long as these cow dry-nurses won't pay to see our show, we'll have to give free shows."

"Ain't he the kind-hearted thing!" the Soubrette giggled, but the others only stared and waited.

"Medicine show," Grayson elucidated, cheerfully.

"What!" thundered Mr. Reginald Wentworth Tracy, with a look of anguish upon his classic face.

"Oh, cut it out, Reggy! We really gotter eat some time," the Leading Lady remarked impatiently. "What's the scheme, Billy?"

"This, ladies an' gen'lemen," Grayson announced, suddenly whipping out the flask from his coat pocket, "this is the justly celebrated, famous and never-failing Doctor Bunion's Hair Restorer! It has never failed——"

"What am it, Mister Grayson, dat no one eber wishes to get, but neber wishes to lose when he am got hit?" the Funny Man demanded.

Gripped by the force of ancient habit, Mr. Grayson bowed politely.

"Let me understand you correctly, Mr. Wheaton. You ask, 'What is it that no one ever wishes to acquire, but which, having attained, no one ever desires to dispense with?' What is it, Mr. Wheaton, that no one desires to have, yet is not willing to part with?"

"A bald head — hay-ha!" Mr. Wheaton explained, and in the absence of a tambourine, brought a convenient cigar-box down upon Mr. Tracy's crown with considerable energy.

"For the love of grease paint!" the Leading Lady sighed wearily. "If you try to work off that ancient one, we will be lynched, sure! What you got in the dope, Bill? Don't believe it would be safe to try and work any red-ink-and-water game."

Mr. Grayson appeared hurt.

"This wonderful remedy, Miss Neviene," he said solemnly, "contains —er—absolutely pure ingredients and twenty per cent. alcohol. It *might* be good for the hair, you know," he added, with a cheerful grin. "Come on."

The Doctor Bunion Hair Restorer Company was soon in active operation and did what the dramatic offering had never done—drew a crowd. At the very first performance the tent was well filled, and the audience was willing to applaud, even tho their long and untrimmed locks argued a poor market for the restorer. In the very front row an Indian sat and with unruffled gravity watched the antics of the Funny Man, whose most successful stunt was to slip up behind the dignified Mr. Tracy and produce from him a well-simulated yell of agony by a sharp tug at his luxuriant locks.

"Be careful or you will pull the thing off!" Mr. Tracy was forced to hiss after a particularly energetic tug. Certainly the restorer appeared to have worked wonders for the members of the company, for not since Samson's day had more abundant

"SMELL IT, TASTE IT, TRY IT!" HE URGED

shocks and tresses decked human heads. Mr. Grayson uncorked a flask of the remedy and passed it out to the audience.

"Smell it, gentlemen! Taste it! Try it!" he urged. "Perfectly harmless, yet guaranteed effective!"

The Indian in the front row received the bottle gravely, sniffed, grunted, grasped the flask tightly, placed a quarter in Grayson's willing palm and stalked from the tent. Outside, the red man grunted again, tipped the flask skyward, and allowed half the contents to flow down his appreciative throat.

"Ugh! Medicine heap good firewater!" he muttered, and gravely communicated the glad tidings to a group of tribesmen nearby. The Indian agent was strict and clever; not even red ink, to say nothing of the more desirable "Pain Killer," had poor Lo been able to obtain for many moons. This was an opportunity not to be neglected, and yet, lest the watchful agent spoil it all, they must act with caution. They trooped into the tent. Lame Dog pointed admiringly to Mr. Tracy's tumbled locks, while the others gave grunts of admiration as the Leading Lady allowed her hair to fall in a rippling cascade which almost reached her knees.

"Heap much fine hair! Indian like fine hair, too! Buy big medicine! Wah!" Lame Dog grunted, and following his lead, each blanketed warrior possessed himself of as many flasks as his supply of silver would purchase.

"Say, what do you think of your Uncle Bill—what?" Grayson later demanded, when the entire supply of restorer had been disposed of. He jingled a handful of silver. "Us for the next town with this game—yes? Right onto the wagon!"

The Doctor Bunion Hair Restorer Company thereupon, and very cheer-

fully, shook the dust of Yellow Sky from its feet and took the road which would eventually bring them to Three Tanks, from whence the rails drew parallel lines even unto far-off Broadway.

But between Yellow Sky and Three Tanks there was space enough for many things to happen, and some things were already taking place. Just off the road lay the camp of Lame Dog and his people, and they were "making medicine." Amid joyous whoopings, the bottles of Doctor Bunion's Hair Restorer circulated rapidly. It was certainly a glad occasion—until the supply of restorer ran out. At this depressing moment a cloud of dust appeared on the road, and the eyes of Lame Dog were still sharp, tho his legs were uncertain. He recognized those flowing locks.

"Wah! More big medicine! Heap much, we catch 'em wagon!" he shouted, and a moment later the camp seemed desolate, with not an Indian in sight. The wagon came bumping cheerfully on. Suddenly the horses stopped and reared, snorting with terror as a painted form caught at their bridles. The Leading Lady shrieked and clung to the trembling Funny Man, as a whooping band of savages surrounded the wagon.

"Fire-water! Heap much fire-water!" Lame Dog yelled and waved his knife fiercely. "Fire-water! Fire-water!" the other repeated, leaping wildly into the air.

"There ain't a drop, old man—honest there ain't!" Grayson shouted, as several of the warriors began to tumble the trunks from the wagon. His tone carried conviction, and Lame Dog gave an ear-splitting yell of disappointment and fury.

"No fire-water, then heap much scalp!" he screamed, and twisted his hand into the Leading Lady's glorious tresses, while his knife whirled about her head. With a cry of terror, the Leading Lady sprang from him and sped down the road, her bald head bare to the world, while Lame Dog, too drunk to realize that the scalp had required no knife for its severance, gave yell after yell of victory. Every other member of the company had suffered a fate similar to that of the Leading Lady, for every

THE HAIR RESTORER IS APPLIED INTERNALLY

SCALPING MADE EASY

member was in fact bald and the wearer of a wig. Fortunately, in each case the warrior had taken a firm grip of the victim's hair only, and the victim had straightway departed, leaving the hair behind. When, badly winded, the members of Doctor Bunion's Hair Restorer Company paused on an elevation a mile away and glanced fearfully over their shoulders, a column of smoke told the fate of their trunks and boxes.

Sadly they took up their weary way toward Three Tanks, where they would find the parallel rails that led on and on, even to Broadway, two thousand miles away. The Leading Lady sobbed and tried to fashion a completely concealing cap from the handkerchief that Grayson had given her. The Funny Man, with a queerly tender smile on his lips, put his hand on her arm and detained her until the others had gone on a little way.

"Don't you worry, kid," he whispered. "Honest, you don't look any more funny to me than my jokes sound. And say, kiddie, how would you like for me to buy 'em for you hereafter?"

"All right—if you'll get me a yellow one!" she said, and hid her face against his shoulder.

"What became of the bunch?" the Kid asked, when the Old Man had apparently concluded.

"Oh, they beat it back East, finally—all except Grayson. He took a liking to the cattle country, an' stuck around."

Texas was regarding him suspiciously.

"How you come to know all the details and dialog of this here remarkable narrative?" he demanded.

The Old Man smiled slowly and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Oh, my shore-enough name ain't 'Old Man,' you know; it's Grayson," he said.

"He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas."—*Ruskin, Modern Painters.*

SCENE FROM "CHERRY BLOSSOMS." (Vitagraph)

Memories of the Past

(Pathé Frères)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

His eyes, as dark as a starless night, were those of a dreamer, who sought not to break the silence of the future, but who could sit alone with a flame barely penetrating the gloom and see far-off things in the lives he had lived of yore. David Waldemar could recall a song heard when a child and flash a picture on memory's screen of every detail associated with the singer.

"I remember," he said to his nephew, Rolfe, "when, like you, I had barely crossed the threshold of manhood. I was little concerned about what was to come and unimpressed by the vain struggle men were making to exceed their limitations. I recognized that I was a mere sum of those congenial and exterior influences which form the character of each individual, a creature of inherited tendencies and acquired habits tossed here and there by the lawless element of luck, a helpless entity with ancestors and environment forechosen, merely a battle-ground of faithless instinct and impotent aspiration."

"If we cannot help ourselves," Rolfe argued, "we cannot be blamed for what we do."

"You are not alone in the world," Waldemar retorted. "You cannot settle your responsibility to yourself in accord with your own conscience because you are helped by others from the cradle to the grave. You must make return of some kind for what you have received. You say that you love this young girl. The most powerful desire that ever thrilled the heart of man is the one you feel, but consider its selfishness. You hunger for the affection and companionship she has to bestow; you long to possess all she has to give, and you are perfectly aware that she will have to carry heavy burdens as a wife. What do you purpose doing in exchange? You have not shown ambition enough to support yourself, because you have been assured of happiness in the house I provided when you came here a penniless orphan. You ride your horse forth in the forests, accept Nature's generous response to your requirements, and come upon an exquisite product of God's divine agent. 'Will you be mine?' you say to her. She answers according to the habits of thousands who preceded her, and you think that settles it. You have an endowment of health and some training, but so far you have contributed almost nothing to your own welfare. What could you do for those who must depend on you? What of value have you ever done for others?"

"You make me feel very small," said the nephew, "but it is hardly fair, when I have been molded by your hands, to reproach me for what I am."

"I have prepared you to be a man," the uncle commanded. "Go out into the world and demonstrate that you are one."

"No," Rolfe answered, "I would only prove that you have unfitted me, instead of preparing me, for a struggle against odds."

There was a pause. The two men were facing each other in a luxuriously furnished library, the dreamer musing, his more material nephew watching with vague uneasiness.

"What sort of a girl is she?" the elder asked.

"Warm, sympathetic and generous——" the younger began.

"Bad as that, eh?" Waldemar smiled.

"With a heart big enough——" Rolfe started.

"They all keep a guest room," the uncle cut in. "Rare lover, he who

appeals to more than half of woman's two-sided nature, hence the eternal triangle."

"That is not fair," the nephew retorted hotly. "You are not acquainted with *all* womankind, yet you judge the entire sex by a few. Perhaps——"

"Perhaps?" Waldemar aided him.

"You were bitterly disappointed in love," Rolfe blurted out, "and have been sore ever since."

Waldemar paled, suppressed an angry rejoinder and turned away.

"Forgive me," the nephew begged. "I have touched a tender spot, but the discovery has helped me to understand you. I have often wondered why a man like you, with everything to make you happy, should sit and brood for hours as if nursing a secret pain, and I have wished I could do something to ease your sorrow. I do wish I could."

Waldemar's eyes turned soft. He sat down, sighed gently and said:

"I have doubtless had the appearance of brooding because I have loved to trace my soul's wanderings back to the moment it was first bound to servitude on earth. Always when night descends on my spirit's prison I hear the rushing wings of old memories; my eyes sweep the vast expanse of centuries and review the shades of a thousand deaths I have died. I have looked far back of all known periods to the fierce moment when, as a savage, I struggled to convert the guttural sounds coming from my throat into a medium of thought transference. So it happens. Others dream and forget, while I dream and remember."

"Come out into the sunshine," Rolfe begged with youthful enthusiasm; "this is summer-time."

"I love the season of slow fading flame," Waldemar sighed, "when the fields are garnered, and dropping leaves cause dark branches to stretch heavenward in dumb appeal. I have nothing to live for but the bygone summers; they, only, remind me of—" He paused, smiled and continued, "—of baffled ambition. Now let us consider your proposition. Has she money?"

"None," Rolfe sighed, "and no prospects."

"Therefore you come to me," his uncle observed; "not so much for my consent as for what it would imply. I will think the matter over and let you know very soon."

"Thank you," Rolfe bowed.

"Not yet," commanded Waldemar, indicating that he wished to be alone, "nor at all. Gratitude expressed in words suggests a delighted anticipation of further favors."

Rolfe saluted in silence and started to leave by a door on a line with the west wall near which his uncle was sitting. On the threshold the nephew glanced back and saw Waldemar gazing intently at the wall, as if he saw something there beyond the vision of ordinary mortals. There was nothing unusual about his dreamy attitude itself, but it invariably came upon him when his attention was fixed upon this particular spot.

Rolfe mounted his horse and rode to a forest, where Marjorie Norman was painting trees, flowers and grass; where the sunlight slanted thru the leaves and wove fantastic patterns on the green carpet below. Marjorie was in an appropriate setting, herself a freshly blossomed lily, swaying with the other flowers, laughing with them when she was not crooning to the stream that babbled by, or answering a far-off thrush with a piping whistle, to let every one know that she, too, lived in joy-land. She was simply a young girl who painted an occasional canvas and spent most of the rest of her waking hours laughing and wondering why.

"So nice of papa and mamma!" she giggled when Rolfe rode up and dismounted. "They stole away as soon as they saw you coming, not *too* far away, but just enough not to overhear."

"I've just told uncle," Rolfe informed her in low tones. "Go on painting and I'll help."

He helped by handing her unnecessary brushes.

HE HELPED BY HANDING HER UNNECESSARY BRUSHES

Marjorie looked up and begged: "What did he say?"

"Very little," Rolfe sighed. "I started to tell him that I loved a young girl, when he cut me short and made a few observations calculated to show me where I stand and to dispense with full confession. It does not matter who you are or what you are with a man like uncle. He will simply decide if it is best for me to marry now, and will either assure our happiness beyond any question or he will ask me to wait until I can prove my case. There never was a man more noble and just, but he has lived so long in his memories of the past that this summer-world of ours is autumn for him. He has a secret."

"I saw him once thru the hedge," Marjorie whispered in awe. "His sad eyes and sweet face told *me* the secret. He needs to be loved."

Marjorie bent low over her work, and presently there stood a blossom ivory-white amid the shimmer of gold and green, bending its head sunward, yet drooping in pain as if light had failed to come its way.

Rolfe watched and understood.

"May I have the picture?" he pleaded.

"It is for him," she smiled assent.

She was about to give Rolfe the canvas when he restrained her.

"Your name," he suggested.

She wrote Marjorie Roy Norman in the corner, and the paint had time to dry while they talked at long intervals, between stolen kisses and quivering handclasps, not of Uncle Waldemar's secret, but of their own, which was none at all.

Evening had fallen when Rolfe returned, picture in hand, to his uncle's library. He listened at the door. Waldemar was talking aloud in self-communion.

"So tired! I cannot wait for the end of my dreary days to come and give my soul the peace it has never known. There is no joy; there is

"I SAW CLEARLY THE FIRST NIGHT THAT HE WAS INTRODUCED"

nothing but the shadow of what has been."

Rolfe knocked and entered. Waldemar bowed his head in gentle consent.

"I will provide for the safety and happiness of your bride," he said. "Nothing stands between you and your fondest desire except assurance that you are as truly loved as you love."

Rolfe brightened and showed his uncle Marjorie's gift.

Waldemar instantly caught the significance of the lone flower bending toward the sun and, at first, smiled fondly. Then he started, and his white face was drawn out of its natural sweetness by a wild riot of emotion, with hate and fear struggling for domination. He thrust the painting aside, turned away and covered his face with his hands.

"Uncle!" Rolfe protested, "you cannot possibly know Marjorie. She is not long out of a convent, and but recently joined her parents at a small house over the hill, where they came to settle down in a modest way after a protracted stay in southern Italy."

Waldemar shook his head to indicate that he had heard enough, and Rolfe waited in perplexed silence for an explanation of the sudden change.

"Sit down," said Waldemar, after a nervous period of suffering. He took a place near his nephew and continued painfully:

"They came here from Italy because they had exhausted all other resources. The father is an intermittent genius, given to prolonged sprees, or he could support his wife. I never knew that there was a child. I helped the wife secretly whenever she wrote for aid, but I have not seen her for twenty years. She was to have been my bride shortly before Roy Norman arrived to play the rôle of villain in the eternal triangle. I was not a fool. I saw clearly the first night he was introduced to my intended at a fancy dress ball that he was one of those gentlemen who come along at the eleventh hour to steal what another has earned. *My* sweetheart, as dear and true as yours can ever be, was dressed in the costume of Janice Meredith, and I in court style to suit. We were as happy

as two children, having grown fonder of each other every year since she was a mere breath of spring, with a smile like its flowering. Your joy is as light as thistledown in comparison to the deep happiness that had become strongly rooted in my heart. I had lived long years in her company, until all our tastes merged like our souls in delightful harmony. For her I had overcome all the difficulties that usually beset lovers; I had prospered and built this house for our life occupancy. Not an essential to its beauty has been changed since we selected and arranged it together. Together we gained parental consent. It was not one of our difficulties, for her widowed father was almost *too* good-natured—a man of sunny temper and unsuspicious of evil. It was he who brought the snake to our nest and warmed him there. Norman was an artist, and he furthered his ends by seeking to paint the portrait of my bride-elect. Her father consented. I pointed out to him the character of the attention his daughter was receiving—the artist's real purpose was obvious—but parental pride had been aroused, and that, coupled with pleadings not easy to resist, quieted my misgivings. A life-sized portrait was painted, and it turned out to be a veritable work of art, but the end of the sittings found the artist weeping in despair and his model in a condition of mingled vanity and pity that resulted in their elopement. I went down into the valley of the shadow, under the menace of hollow years to come, and I there remained for long months, with tearless eyes and aching heart, challenging death to come and take me."

Waldemar paused. It seemed for a moment that he would break down under emotional excitement, but he mastered his intense feelings from settled habits of self-discipline and said coldly:

"The daughter of Roy Norman may be superior to her parents—the sum of their finer qualities—but it is out of the question for me to reward her father's treachery and her mother's breach of faith by endowing their issue. Their presence in this neighborhood is an offense inexcusable and

"THE ARTIST'S REAL PURPOSE WAS OBVIOUS"

not at all accidental. I do not forbid you to see the daughter, nor even to marry her, but you may count me out of any arrangements you may make where she is concerned.''

''You certainly have been deeply wronged——'' Rolfe began.

''Say no more,'' Waldemar commanded. ''My decision is final.''

Rolfe sighed heavily and walked out of the room, but he had taken only a few steps, when he was halted by a sound of weeping, and he returned under a sympathetic impulse. His uncle was crying and was so blinded by his tears that the return of his nephew was unnoticed. His hand was engaged in groping beneath a picture on the west wall, and, presently, the wall, itself a door, slid noiselessly aside and revealed the shrine at which Waldemar worshiped.

David Waldemar had exhibited a wondrous knowledge of the influences controlling our careers when he described himself as a creature of inherited tendencies and acquired habits, tossed here and there by the lawless element of luck, but he had not taken into consideration another great power exerted in shaping human affairs. Rolfe flew on the wings of love to sweet Marjorie and related all that had happened, including the accidental revelation of his uncle's secret. Marjorie was not a deep schemer, but she and Rolfe entered into a conspiracy with her father and mother, the treacherous artist and faithless bride-elect of bygone days, intended to upset the final decision of the injured Waldemar. A visit to the old home of Marjorie's mother, including a garret expedition and much ransacking of trunks, brought to light facts contributory to Waldemar's life problem and helpful in solving that of the lovers.

Waldemar was allowed to dream

''PLEADINGS NOT EASY TO RESIST''

over fading memories and live over past scenes, even to project his imagination into the dark ages of our primeval ancestors, undisturbed, until one evening when he was confronted with a live issue. When all was prepared, Rolfe led his uncle from the garden to his library and there made an address. It was awkwardly delivered and faultily phrased, but the idea was there and left its impress. It was to the effect that Waldemar was going contrary to his own advice in settling his responsibility to himself in accord with his own conscience. He was living in a graveyard of past hopes, his thoughts wandering in shadowland, with no greater result than the prolongation of a sorrow that should have healed long ago. Worst of all, he was paying his debt to past generations by hurting, not helping, the future ones. There was more to the speech, but Rolfe became agitated on seeing how it affected his uncle, and promptly forgot the rest. He nervously pressed the button concealed behind a hanging picture on the west wall and Mistress Marjorie was revealed in the garb of Janice Meredith, the same her mother had worn a score of years before. Marjorie was to have said something poetic, but Rolfe's false cue had scattered her lines, and the best she could do was to extend her white arms and breathe: "I am only Marjorie!"

She had taken the place of the life-sized portrait her father had painted while falling in love with her mother, which had ever since been Waldemar's shrine, hallowed by the seeming presence of his lost love.

The effect on Waldemar was at first terrible, then pitiful to behold. He instantly grasped both the deception practiced and its object, and shrank back in convulsive horror.

But the living Marjorie was far sweeter than the picture she had displaced. Instead of a lifeless representation of what had been, what had only served to waken dim sorrow and old pain, she stood forth, pulsing with warm blood, her rose lips opening with promise of eternal laughter and song, her tender eyes brimming with sympathy, her young breasts rising with quickened breath, her whole appeal striking a chord responsive in the breast of him whose heart-cry had been none less fervid than her own, if all in vain.

Waldemar softened.

Marjorie advanced to him timidly and, as he enfolded her in his arms, breathed softly: "Take me for your niece, and I will love you so much in years to come that you will forget the unhappy ones gone by."

So it came that a lily grew where a faded rose had been.

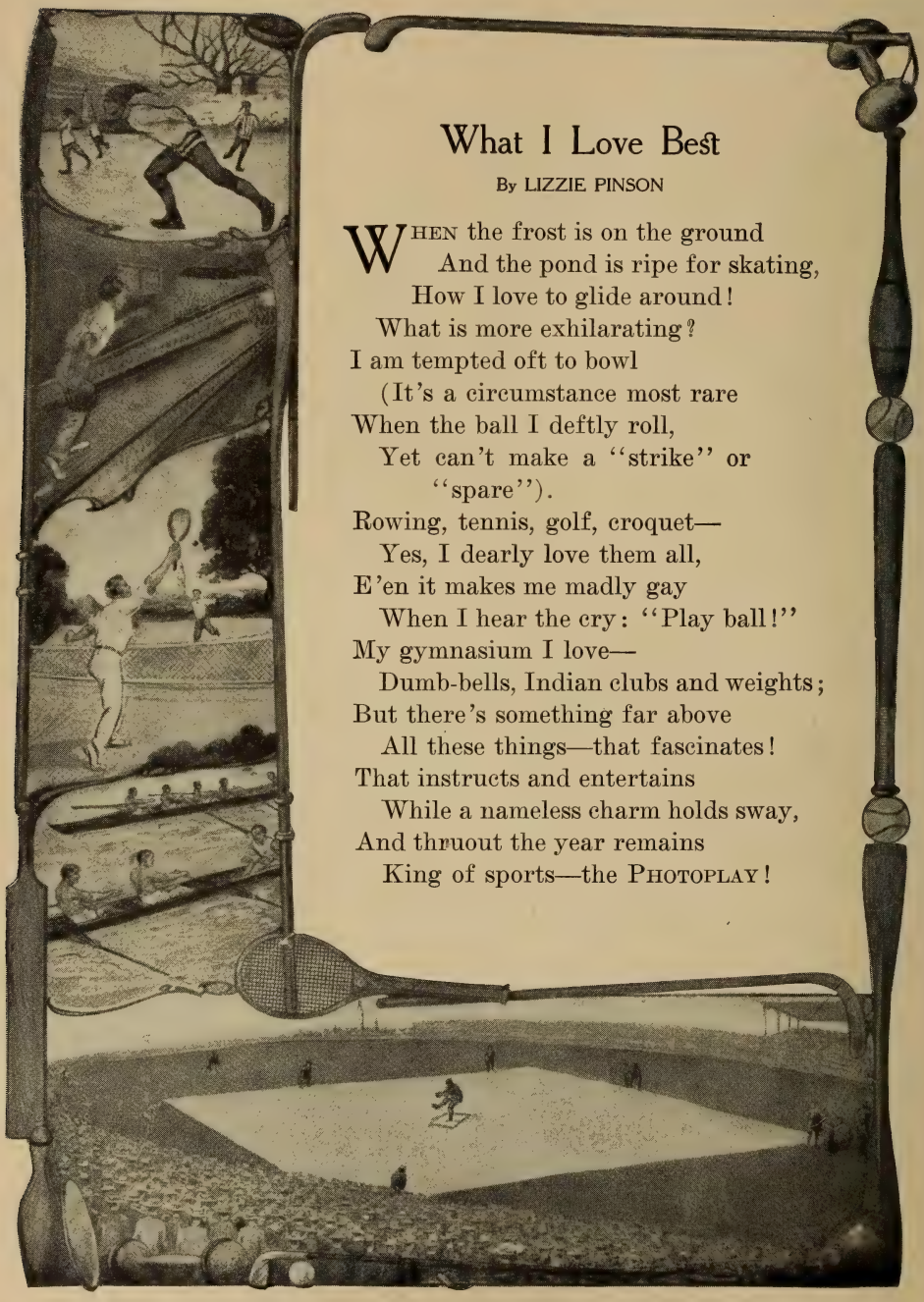
Rather Expensive

In the old days when Moving Pictures were confined principally to church entertainments, a company of exhibitors was giving an evening's enjoyment to a small congregation at one of the many little chapels just outside of Baltimore. Among the pictures shown was a particularly interesting one, quite exciting with the sound effects, entitled "Life of a Fireman," in which, after a thrilling run from the engine house, one of the brave fire laddies climbs to the third-story window of a burning building, smashes some large windows with an ax and rescues a little child.

"Don't you find it quite expensive to present that picture?" asked an old man at the end of the performance.

"Why so?" asked the proprietor.

"Well," returned the old man, "it appears to me it must cost a lot of money to put new panes of glass in those big windows after every performance."—*Harry Lewy.*



What I Love Best

By LIZZIE PINSON

WHEN the frost is on the ground
And the pond is ripe for skating,
How I love to glide around!
What is more exhilarating?
I am tempted oft to bowl
(It's a circumstance most rare
When the ball I deftly roll,
Yet can't make a "strike" or
"spare").
Rowing, tennis, golf, croquet—
Yes, I dearly love them all,
E'en it makes me madly gay
When I hear the cry: "Play ball!"
My gymnasium I love—
Dumb-bells, Indian clubs and weights;
But there's something far above
All these things—that fascinates!
That instructs and entertains
While a nameless charm holds sway,
And thruout the year remains
King of sports—the PHOTOPLAY!

Bob and Rowdy

(Edison)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

THERE is something irresistibly fascinating to me in a house with its shades left up in the evening, the bright light streaming out upon the passerby.

I love the little glimpses one gets of a blazing hearth, with the family grouped about it; of a ladened dinner-table, lined with merry faces; of a broad stairway leading up to flower-papered, chintz-becurtained rooms above.

I passed such a house the other evening. The wide front door was thrown open to the soft summer breeze. Upon the great rug, in the middle of the hallway, a collie pet lay contentedly stretched out, his eyes following closely his young master and mistress, who were chasing each other around the hall. The sister seemed to have a letter which the brother was trying to get.

The collie watched them in all sympathy. He would have enjoyed racing around with them, too, but his shaggy coat felt rather warm that night.

As I watched, the mother came and stood between the portières in the library doorway. She seemed to remind the daughter of the hour. There was smiling sympathy in her eyes and quiet command.

The girl was half-way up the stairs, looking back laughingly at her brother, who was leaning against the newel-post, his arms stretched up over the balustrade, reaching for the letter.

"All right, mother," I heard the girlish voice sing out as she quietly came down the steps; and the brother gathered letter and sister, both, into a manly good-night embrace.

Is there anything more charmingly artistic than a kiss over the stairs? Were I a dramatist, I know how all my plays would end!

I do not think that my stopping to watch the little scene in the hallway that night would have been censured. Often it is not so much what we do as the manner in which we do it, that causes misinterpretation; and I know that my feeling was sympathy—if not comparable with the mother's, at least equal to that of the collie.

As I walked on, the thought came to me that it is in the houses where there are children that the shades are most often left up—children, or those with the hearts of children. Can it be because then it is that people are less conscious of self?

Oh, how nice it would be if all houses only had fronts that opened, like the fronts of our dollhouses! What fun! Oh, what fun!

"But they haven't," you say.

No, but let's pretend.

Let's pretend that we can open the house of Bob, our hero, just as we used to open Rose Cottage, where our china dolls lived. Let's pretend that there's an unseen Hand behind, which makes everybody move, just as our big brother used to pull the strings behind the scenes when he gave Cinderella in our paper-doll theater.

"Oh, what a dear little boy that is, playing outside of that house!" did you say?

That's Bob, and he's just as dear in character as he is in looks. The dog he is playing with is named Rowdy, and they are inseparable chums. Rowdy is so called because he is so noisy and lively. He's always ready for a game and so is Bob, so you can see why they love to play together.

That queer noise? Why, that's the front of the house, opening. Don't you remember how the top hinge always squeaked, and what a noise the front made when it was pushed back as far as it would go? Of course you do. I was sure you would remember.

Bob's room is the one which the

ROWDY SOILS THE COUNTERPANE

maid has just left. She has a hard time keeping it in order, because Bobbie never wants to play the same game for more than five minutes at a time, and he *will* sit on the bed, and Rowdy pulls everything out of the play-box and tears all over the room with them.

That sounds like Rowdy pattering up the stairs now, and he's going right for Bob's room, of course. Oh, he's jumped up on the bed! Rowdy, get off, quickly. You'll ruin the spread with your muddy paws, and Bob will get a scolding, and you will be in disgrace. Quick, Rowdy, quick! Here comes Bob and his mother.

Dogs are the most exasperating creatures. But, somehow, one always forgives them. They have such an irresistible way of bobbing up serenely after they have been punished. It doesn't look as tho Bob's mother is going to forgive Rowdy, however, for she has chased him out of the room, and, in spite of Bob's pleading, says he must be sent away.

Let's see where he has escaped to. The kitchen, of course. Dogs always like the kitchen, especially if the cook is kind to them.

Doesn't the pie she is making look good? I used to have *my* cook make flannel cakes all the time. Real flannel cakes they were, too, cut out of some yellow flannel I found in the piece drawer. I made them nice and round by marking them off with the bottom of a thimble. They lasted a long time.

Mercy, what a scream! Why, look at the cook and Rowdy! He has frightened her by jumping up on the table and has made her spill the flour, and they are both simply covered with it. Did you ever see anything so funny? Oh, dear! Here comes the mistress. Now there *will* be trouble. If Rowdy would only be more careful.

Now he's off again—into Bob's sister's room this time. There's a hat on the chair. He'll get it! I know he will. Yes, there he goes, tearing it all to pieces! And here comes its owner and her mother. Rowdy, I'm afraid this settles you, for Bobbie has

gone to school and there's no one to plead for you now.

But I tell you, I wouldn't send him away if *I* owned him. I believe that children ought to have pets to play with. It develops a certain side of their character as nothing else can. When I was a wee baby, we had a dog, and one day he was found, with both of his front paws resting on the side of the bed, watching me. My mother was exceedingly frightened, and sent him away at once, and we've never had a pet animal of any kind around the house since. I'm sure that the little fellow didn't intend any harm. He just wanted to see what kind of a human being there could be, no bigger than himself.

Hello! Here comes the milkman. He and Bobbie's mother seem to have a great deal to say about that bill she is paying. Why, they are giving him the dog! Oh, I hope he'll be kind to poor Rowdy!

Gracious! Such barking! The whole neighborhood is rushing out to see what the trouble is, and the little girl next door looks quite distressed. Poor Bobbie! He is on his way back from school now, whistling for Rowdy. Into the hall he goes—no Rowdy. Upstairs—no Rowdy. Outside he comes, still whistling, but his beloved companion does not respond. Ah, Bobbie, I'm afraid that all your whistling cannot bring back your old friend!

But the little girl next door—she hears you, she knows whom you are calling, and she it is who tells you the cruel news that the milkman has taken Rowdy away.

The milkman! How will he find out where he lives? Into the kitchen he goes. He sees the receipted bill. (Ah, who shall say that we are not guided in our actions by an all-wise Hand?) Now he has the address safe in his pocket. But what is that which he is taking out—a bank? Sure enough, it is his little dime savings

ROWDY SPILLS THE FLOUR

ROWDY CHEWS UP A HAT

bank! It only takes a moment to break it open, pocket the money and start bravely down the street.

He will not have a hard time in finding where the milkman lives, for he is going to the rescue of a friend, and all roads are waiting; besides, there is the unseen Hand. He still keeps up his whistling—courage and whistling are so inseparable!

At length he reaches the gate. He compares the number with the address on the bill, to make sure. Then he whistles, whistles with all his might.

And where is Rowdy? Tied to the barn, but he hears the familiar call. He barks, he jumps, he howls and with a frantic effort breaks the rope.

Oh, such a greeting! Such excited yelps, such demonstrations by muddy paws, such affectionate licking, such huggings by boyish arms! Ah, what friend is like unto this one?

Now, Bob, you can go home, happy once more. But, no, he is going on. What *is* the boy going to do?

There is a little country post-office ahead, which he enters. What can he want in there? He buys a postal card, and on it puts a special delivery stamp.

What next?

Let us look over his shoulder while he writes:

"Dere Foks: I found Rowdy. You dont lik us. We has gone to the Roky Mountains to ketch bares for the zoo. BOBBIE."

Oh, Bobbie, would you do it really? Think of mother, of the comfortable nursery bed. Don't you know that it is a long way to the Rocky Mountains, and that the bears might "ketch you ef you don't watch out"?

But Bobbie doesn't think of that—only of the fact that "Nobody loves us."

Yet somebody does love him. Four people are frantically searching the house for him. Four frightened voices are calling him. Perhaps if they whistled they might have courage enough to find him. But they are all females—mother, sister, maid and cook—and none of them can whistle. Ah, here comes somebody who can—father. *He* will whistle until he finds him.

The directing Hand is sending a messenger boy up the street, as fast as he can trot, to deliver a curious-looking postal card, with a special delivery stamp upon it.

Hooray! The postmark is a clue. Pleasantdale! Not far, thank goodness!

Into the waiting automobile mother and father jump. Never mind the speed laws! They must find Bob before he boards a train!

But Bobbie has no intention of going by train. All the adventures of his book-friends have always been on foot, and "bares" can best be found in lonely mountain passes. The road's the thing; and he tramps on past farms, orchards and chicken-yards, meadows and babbling brooks. The mountains are much farther off than he had thought, but there are trees ahead, and a shady bank beside the road. He and Rowdy will rest there, and Rowdy will be his pillow, as on winter nights when they used to lie before the open hearth and watch the pictures in the fire.

Meanwhile the auto has reached the little country post-office, and the kindly postmaster, awkwardly pushing his

spectacles up on his forehead, has come all the way out of his box to show them which way the sturdy little lad had gone.

On the great car speeds. What's that dark heap on the bank by the roadside ahead? It must be—yes, it is—Bobbie!

Bobbie is not loath to be lifted into the auto. But when they start off without his good friend, Rowdy, his ire is roused, and the West with Rowdy once more grows attractive. But mother quickly dispels that illusion by taking Rowdy into the automobile, too. And soon they are home, where many waiting arms convince Bobbie that his lot can never be quite loveless.

THE POSTMARK IS A CLUE

"It's over," you sigh.

Yes, it's over. But wasn't it fun? And isn't it nice to know that you *can* open a house-front, and that if you only try hard enough, you can pretend—*anything?*

The Picture Show

By MINNA IRVING

Oh! I have always longed to see
  Strange countries far from home,
The gardens of the Bosphorus,
  The palaces of Rome,
The snowy splendors of the Alps,
  The wonders of the Pole,
And summer islands where the blue
  Pacific billows roll.
But I was born to tread a round
  Of toil from sun to sun;
I march in Labor's crowded ranks,
  My work is never done;
And tho I try to scrimp and save,
  Yet all my little store
Would never take me fifty miles
  Beyond my humble door.
But yesternight I gazed upon
  The lands I yearned to view:
The castled Rhine, the Matterhorn,
  The Bay of Naples, too,
The glories of the Golden Horn,
  The shores of Greece, and lo!
It cost me but a single dime!
  'Twas in a picture show.

POEM

ROBBIE'S CHOICE

By KENNETH S. CLARK

Said Robbie, in his adult way,
"I had a party yesterday;
For I was ten years old, you see,
And when my mother said to me,
'I'll get some lovely things to eat,
For my big Robbie's birthday treat,'
Said I, 'If it's the same to you,
There's something else I'd like to do;
That is, I'd dearly love to go
To see a Moving Picture show.'
And so we went, at half-past three—
The 'party' was mamma and me.
I guess my eyes just opened wide
To see the way those cowboys ride;
And when the giant, fierce and tall,
Was turned into a dwarf, quite small,
I hardly could believe my eyes,
So I just shouted with surprise;
But when some lady came to die,
I felt so bad I had to cry,
And if they'd turned up all the light
My eyes would then have been a sight.
So I was glad when, after that,
A man went chasing for his hat,
At which I laughed till I was sore.
And so, when we had reached the door,
My mother said, 'Well, you've had fun!
What did you think of it, my son?'
To which I answered, 'Mother dear,
Those pictures made one thing quite clear:
The good man is the one who wins,
The bad man suffers for his sins.
So you just wait, and you shall see
I'll be as good as good can be!'"

Fighting Blood

(Biograph)

By FRANK J. EARLE

"TAKE aim!"

"Fire!"

A simultaneous report, as nine bullets from the same number of army muskets crashed into a target one hundred yards distant; the shouts of an old man, dressed in a faded blue uniform; an echo that was carried from side to side in the usually quiet valley—these were the sounds heard at sunrise.

"Good! At them again!" the old man cried. "Reload!"

With the swiftness of veterans trained in war the nine muskets were reloaded. Again bullets crashed into the target and then the command rang out: "Shoulder arms! Carry arms! Parade rest!"

As the bearers of the muskets rested on their arms the Stars and Stripes were slowly raised to the top of a pole on the hilltop above, and when the mild breeze caught the folds of the flag the same voice ordered: "Break ranks!"

It was a novel and interesting sight, a sight that was repeated each day as the sun rose over the eastern hills. Back of where the amateur soldiers—for such they were—stood was a one-story log cabin, roughly but strongly built, on the four sides of which were a dozen round holes, each one just large enough to push thru the barrel of a musket. This was the home of the Rankin family, father and mother and seven children, the oldest, Bill, a boy of nineteen, three younger boys and three girls.

"That's the best drill we've had for a week," said the elder Rankin as he took his wife's arm and led the way to the cabin.

Bill Rankin, as he was known for miles around, was one of the earlier pioneers of a peaceful valley in the Indian Territory. When the war had broken out he had been one of the first to answer President Lincoln's call for troops. Leaving his wife and little ones, he had joined General Grant's command, fought bravely thruout the bloody conflict, and, in 1865, rejoined his family.

It had been a severe struggle for Mrs. Rankin to exist during the long years that her husband had fought for his country. The meager crops that she and her children had been able to raise on their few cleared acres had barely kept the wolf from the door.

Rankin could never forget the day when he returned to his home after the long absence. After a four-day trip he had arrived at the top of the hill, worn and exhausted, and halted his jaded horse for a moment while he gazed anxiously down at the scene below. There stood the little cabin which for four long years he had seen only in his dreams, the home scene which had flashed before his eyes in every crisis of danger, strengthening his hand and steadying his nerve. Yes, it was the same little home and his loved ones were all safe, for there sat the sweet-faced wife in the doorway, quietly knitting, while the children played in the copse near by. Such a sight was recompense for the years of privation and danger thru which he had passed, and it was at this moment that he had determined to keep green the memory of the victorious Union army and to teach his family to love and to honor their country's flag.

"I'll raise the flag each day at sunrise," he had said to himself, as he picked his way down the hillside. "I'll teach the children to handle muskets. Who knows when they will be useful?"

Making his way down the bridle path, Rankin had thought to surprise the little group. Riding around to

SALUTING THE FLAG

the rear of the cabin, shielded by a nearby tree, he had watched his wife for a moment, without being seen. He had noticed that the hair about her temples was grayer, that a sad, anxious look crept at times into her eyes, that her glance was often directed to the bridle path on the opposite side of the hill, the one he usually took when descending into the valley. Was she thinking of him? Did she yearn for the return of her husband? Had the children missed him? These had been his thoughts when Bill, the eldest son, caught sight of his father and with a glad cry rushed toward him. Gently pushing the boy aside, after a hasty but affectionate greeting, Rankin hurried to his wife's side. When their first joyful greeting was over and the excitement of the happy children had been partially calmed, Mrs. Rankin had noticed for the first time that her husband's left coat-sleeve was empty.

"A rebel bullet," he had said simply, noting his wife's surprise; "it happened at Gettysburg." Suppressing a sigh, Mrs. Rankin had gathered her husband again in her arms and led him into the cabin. As the old familiar objects met his gaze, the old soldier had drawn a deep breath of satisfaction. In one corner was his great bearskin coat and in another, placed by the fireside as if awaiting his coming, were his slippers, and, dearest sight of all, there on the mantel were his pipe and a paper of tobacco.

"Dear wife, how good of you," he had whispered. "Did you miss me?"

"Miss you, Bill—more than you will ever know!"

"Don't fear. I will never go away again."

"Oh, you will never know how long the time has seemed. Sometimes I thought we should never see you again."

It was a happy family. Each day at the noon hour, or when rain prevented work in the fields, the boys and girls, each of whom played a different instrument, made the valley ring with patriotic music. For an hour after sundown, too, the father gathered the big and little ones about him and filled

their willing ears with war stories, until the younger ones fell asleep. "Taps" were sounded each night, lights put out with military precision in the "camp" and soon after that the "soldiers" were in the Land of Nod. This was the routine established after the old soldier's return, and faithfully observed.

Six months passed quickly, filled with hard work and simple pleasures. The old veteran persisted in his efforts to make the children thoroly conversant with military tactics, and each morning at sunrise the drill and salute of the flag were performed with scrupulous attention to detail, and similar military drills were carried out at sunset when the flag was lowered.

But during this time something was going on which was destined to play an important part in the life of the Rankin family. Young Bill had fallen in love. The favored one was pretty Grace Bates, the daughter of a wealthy rancher who lived four miles from the Rankin cabin, but the secret had been carefully guarded by the two young lovers. Only the tall oaks in the woods where the young couple held their clandestine meetings knew; only the soft autumn wind shared the cheek of the youthful Grace with the pioneer's son.

The first meeting of the lovers had been accidental. Sent by his father upon an errand to the Bates ranch, Bill had come upon Grace perched in the low, pink and white branches of a huge apple tree, reading a magazine. She was dressed all in white, with low, white shoes, the tiny points of which were just visible beneath her lacy skirts. Her shining hair was curled about her brow in a different mode than Bill had ever seen, and the ringlets which escaped blew about her forehead in distractingly pretty confusion. Altogether, she was quite unlike any other girl whom Bill had ever met, and when he learnt that she had just returned from a fashionable boarding school in the East he knew the reason. It was not strange that the admiration was mutual, for Bill Rankin, Jr., was a superior type of young backwoodsman—tall, well knit

DRILLING THE CHILDREN

RAISING THE FLAG

and comely, with dark hair and eyes and all the rough, sturdy manliness which makes a pioneer picturesque and attractive.

After the first visit came a second, then a third, and soon the two young people became inseparable. At first Bill called on Grace at her father's ranch, then they met at an appointed place midway between their homes, and finally Grace did not hesitate to ride to the top of the hill and signal to her lover in the valley below. The two friends soon became lovers, but they were careful to conceal it, for the elder Rankin, tho kind-hearted, was a hard taskmaster, and Bill and Grace were in constant dread of the consequences should the old veteran learn their secret. It was noticed by all that he had become morose of late and had little to say. He had fallen into a habit of pacing up and down before his little cabin, smoking furiously the while, and his pleasures appeared to be growing fewer. He did not lose his temper often, but when he did, everybody had learned the unwisdom of trying to pacify him.

Mrs. Rankin watched the gradually changing disposition of her husband, trying in vain to learn the cause of it. She feared that it would be useless to ask him, but, unable to solve the mystery and impatient to learn the truth, she decided to try.

"I want to ask you a question, husband, and I want you to answer it," she said to him abruptly one evening after the drill was over; "what's worrying you?"

"Worryin' me? Nothin's worryin' me, wife," retorted Rankin, sullenly.

"Yes, there is, too, and I want to know what it is. I can't stand it any longer," cried the wife, confronting him boldly.

Rankin puffed vigorously at his pipe for a moment, looking down at the dirt that he was piling up with his heel; then, giving the little pile a vigorous kick, turned and looked his wife in the eye.

"You want to know, do you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered firmly.

"Well, it's Indians."

"An uprising?" asked Mrs. Rankin in alarm.

"Yes, I'm afeered so."

"Where?"

"Way in the Southwest. I heard the news at the tradin' post a while ago, and I've been expectin' it every day."

"But you don't think they will

BILL ON HIS WAY TO THE BATES RANCH

come as far North as this, do you?'' asked Mrs. Rankin fearfully, glancing at the group of children who were playing near.

''No tellin'; I wouldn't trust the critters, nohow. But don't let on to the children; no use scarin' them.''

''And this is why you have been so strict and cross lately? Poor man! But I wouldn't worry this way. The children are all getting afeered of you, and I'm so sorry, 'cause now I know the reason for it,'' said Mrs. Rankin, soothingly.

''Well, if the Indians come, let 'em come. I guess they'll get all that's comin' to 'em down here. I've got you all trained now so that we can hold the fort for a long time, and keep pepperin' 'em till they'll be pretty well thinned out.''

Little did the old soldier think when he said these words that the truth of them was so soon to be tested. It was time for ''taps,'' and soon the household had gone thru the last military ceremony of the evening. Then, as the little ones prepared for bed, the eldest son arose.

''I'm going out for a ride, father,'' he said. ''I'll be back in an hour or so.''

''No, you're not,'' returned the father, sharply. ''You stay right here. It's dark, and I won't have you out alone.''

Bill stood in amazement. True, he usually retired with the younger children, but on the few occasions before this, when he had wished to go out, there had been no such strenuous objection.

''Don't stand there starin' at me,'' commanded the old soldier, angrily. ''Get to bed right now.''

Poor Bill! He did not know the anxiety that was tearing at his father's heart; he saw only unreasonableness in this curt order, and his quick temper began to rise.

''Why should I be ordered to bed like a child?'' he asked. ''I'm nearly twenty years old, and I ought to be able to take care of myself after dark.''

The restraint which the veteran had put upon his tense, overburdened nerves for many days snapped. With

''GIT OUT OF THAT DOOR, AN' FER GOOD!'' ROARED THE FATHER

a fierce stride he crossed the room to his defiant son and struck him a sharp blow upon the cheek.

"There'll be no insubordination in this camp while I'm commandin' it!" he roared. "Go out of that door to-night and you go for good."

The boy's anger was at white heat now. A blow from his father, who had never struck him before! He faced the angry man with blazing eyes.

"Yes, I'll go," he declared, "and I wouldn't come back if you begged me on your knees."

Unheeding his mother's frightened sobs, Bill flung himself thru the doorway and, with the quickness of long practice, threw the saddle on his horse. Mounting, he dug the spurs into the animal's flanks and in five minutes was at the top of the hill overlooking the cabin. Then he slackened speed, and without even one backward glance toward the home which had sheltered him since birth, he rode steadily along the trail which led to the Bates ranch.

It was a sad meeting between the boy and his sweetheart that evening beneath the old apple tree. Her quick woman's wit divined at once that Bill was in trouble, and he soon told her the whole story.

"You must go back at once, dear, and ask your father to forgive you," she said after a moment's thought.

"After that blow? Never!" exclaimed Bill, his face, which had softened under the influence of her presence, becoming hard and set again.

"But your mother! Think of her. And your father is a good man and has always treated you well before. Perhaps he has trouble of which you know nothing. He is old. You must do what is right. Go back for my sake and try to make peace."

There was a long argument, but in the end Grace's tender counsel prevailed, and the boy rode back over the trail to his father's door, only to find it bolted against him. He rapped, but no one answered, tho he could hear his mother sobbing softly, and once his father's stern voice spoke to her in a vain effort to quiet her weeping. Slowly, his heart filled with sorrow rather than anger now, Bill remounted his horse and rode away again, up the bridle path, unheeding where he went.

Dawn broke bright and clear over the hilltops. All around Bill, as he sat on his horse, far up the hill above his father's cabin, wild birds fluttered and sang merrily. Occasionally the whir of a partridge was heard or the chatter of some saucy squirrel, industriously hunting the fallen leaves for nuts. But Bill was unmindful of the beauties of Nature. He was thinking seriously of his future. Away from Grace's tender pleadings, his heart had hardened against his father again, and his thoughts were bitter.

"I'll go further West," he said aloud at last, speaking to the horse which had stood patiently awaiting his command. "I can get work on a ranch, and sometime I shall have enough money to come back for Grace. She promised to wait for me, and she will keep her word."

Shifting his glance from the valley, he looked far out over the plain, at first carelessly, then he bent forward, his eyes alight with sudden interest. To the ordinary eye the little puff of dust, eight, or possibly ten, miles distant, would have meant nothing but a flurry of wind. But to the eye of the trained woodsman it meant something vitally different. Shading his eyes with his hands, he gazed long and steadily. The dust was caused by horsemen, not the ordinary riders accustomed to pass that way, but so different in formation and manner of riding that Bill at once decided they were Indians.

"An Indian raid!" he cried, gathering the rein, which had been lying on the horse's neck, "and they are pointed straight toward the Bates ranch!"

Probably never before nor since have the miles between that hilltop and the Bates ranch been traveled in so short a time. Bill, taking his own life in his hands, galloped over the

THE DEFENSE

rough trail at a pace that caused his horse, usually permitted to jog comfortably, no little wonderment. When within two hundred feet of the ranch, Bill shouted at the top of his voice at Grace, whom he could see sitting upon the broad piazza.

"Where's your father and mother?" he cried in a voice which caused her to start up in surprise.

"Gone to the trading station."

"And the men?"

"All gone with them. Why? Is anything wrong?"

"Quick! Don't wait an instant. Get up behind me, so," and he aided Grace to a seat behind him. "Now, Mollie, old girl, run for your life and ours, too!"

Mollie responded nobly, seeming to understand what was required of her. Two miles were traversed before Bill drew rein at a little hut, hidden by the brush, which had often been used by him when on hunting trips. Here he dismounted and hurriedly helped the trembling girl to the ground.

"Go in there," he directed, pointing to the door; "keep perfectly quiet, and don't stir until I come for you, no matter how long it is. Do you understand?"

"But, Bill, I don't——"

"There's no time for explanations," interrupted Bill; "just trust me, Grace, and do as I tell you." He bent for one kiss and was off like the wind, murmuring as he went, "God keep you, little girl."

At the trading station Bill knew that he would find a small detachment of United States soldiers. Rancher Bates and his men would be there also. He had no hope of reaching them in time to save the Bates ranch, but his father's cabin, his father, mother and the little ones—could he bring relief in time to save their lives?

"Faster, Mollie, faster!" the boy urged, and the sturdy little beast flew over the road, while the lad's heart throbbed and his brain whirled. The sun was blazing fiercely now; clouds of dust from the horse's hoofs rose in his face, choking and blinding him. Excitement and lack of sleep were telling upon his nerves, but he pushed on—in his heart a vision of a tiny cabin, on his lips a prayer: "Let me save them all, O God; let me be in time!"

Bill Rankin, senior, was at work in the fields with the older children when he glanced up and noticed smoke rising in the vicinity of the Bates ranch. The mind of the experienced woods-

HIDING UNDER THE BED DURING THE ATTACK

THE SOLDIERS COME TO THE RESCUE

man moves as quickly as the lightning's flash.

"It may be nothin', but it's best to take no chances," he said to himself, as he called to the children to join their mother in the cabin. Old Bill Rankin knew well the ways of the Indians. If they had visited the Bates ranch and set fire to the place, it would be only a short time until they paid him a visit.

His predictions were correct. Hardly had he closed and barred the door and windows when war-whoops were heard in the distance.

"They're here, wife!" cried Rankin. "Now come, children, let me see what my training has done for you. Quick, your muskets!"

The ends of the muskets were placed in the holes facing the hilltop occupied by the group of Indians. In a moment they started down the trail, yelling wildly. There was a sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and the foremost of the group tumbled from the saddle.

"That's a good beginning!" cried old Bill Rankin, who, now that danger was to be faced, was as cool and intrepid as when he faced the foe at Gettysburg. "Quick, children! You little ones load while we pick 'em off!"

With howls of rage the other Indians dashed down the trail toward the cabin, from the interior of which came such a fusillade of bullets that the redskins thought they were pitted against a large number of defenders. The old soldier's voice rang out, urging his little garrison to greater efforts.

"Up and at 'em, boys!" he cried. "Take aim! Fire!"

It was at this time of great danger that the nightly drill thru which Bill had put his family proved its value. Crack, crack! More bullets whistled thru the air. A number of the redskins had fallen now, and the others drew off into the woods and consulted. They had thought to surprise the occupants of this cabin. Now this sturdy and unexpected defense puzzled them, and they resorted to the Indian's chief mode of attack—strategy. Rankin had neglected to guard the rear of the cabin, so intent was he on protecting the front, but one of the younger children, peeping from a knot-hole, discovered a redskin about to set fire to a pile of dry grass which he had heaped against the rear wall. Crack! went a musket, a bullet crashed into the Indian's skull, and that mode of attack was abandoned.

"There is only one thing I fear, wife," said Rankin, during a lull in the firing; "we can hold the pesky devils at bay easy enough to-day, but to-night, when we can't see 'em, they can fire the cabin and burn us like rats in a trap."

"Perhaps some help will come before night," said Mrs. Rankin, bravely.

"Where would it come from?" asked Bill. "No one knows our danger. The Bateses must have all been killed."

Mrs. Rankin shuddered, and thru her mind flashed the thought of her eldest son. Where was he? Perhaps he had been killed. Must she die without seeing him again? But she said nothing and returned to her task of cheering the little ones.

It was now five o'clock and the shadows were lengthening. Rankin paced the floor, puffing furiously at his pipe. Despair was on his face. Was there no way to escape? Must he simply await the dark and its dread developments in helplessness? With almost lightning speed, it appeared to the waiting ones, the hands of the clock reached six. Bill looked down at the children, huddled around their brave, quiet mother, and groaned aloud.

Suddenly the despairing veteran sprang forward. His ears, always alert to the slightest sound, had caught something which was not distinguishable to the rest of the watchers, but which to him meant everything—life, rescue, the safety of his home, the possession of his dear ones!

"Wife, it's a bugle! We're saved! I tell you we're saved! Hear! There it goes again! Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!"

Even as he spoke the bugle sounded again, so clear and loud this time that all the little family heard and sent up cries of joy. The clatter of horses' hoofs rang out, and upon the hilltop appeared the riders—fifty soldiers of the United States cavalry.

One glimpse of the rescuing party was enough for the redskins. With fiendish yells they fled to the hills, pursued by most of the soldiers, while the commander of the troop, with a few men, came down the trail to see how the cabin's inmates had fared.

AND STILL THE FATHER REFUSES TO FORGIVE

With the commander came young Bill, wan and tired, so white with dust that he looked ghostly in the gathering shadows, but radiantly happy. The mother rushed forward with a cry of joy, but the stern old soldier, discipline still uppermost in his mind, held her back for a moment.

"How came you here?" he demanded of the boy. "Didn't I order you to keep away from here?"

But the commander interposed before young Bill could answer.

"Man alive, the boy saved you all at the peril of his own life. It was he who rode all those miles to bring us. Shake hands with your son and be proud of him. He has proved himself a man and a brave one!"

There was no talk of wrong or forgiveness then. Father and son clasped hands in mutual love and respect, while all the pain and anger were blotted out with tears of rejoicing.

Soon Bill went to the little hut, and finding Grace safe, brought her to the cabin, where he told his father the whole story of their love. Grace blushed, as the old man eyed her keenly for a few minutes, and then he turned to his son and put his hands lovingly upon his shoulders.

"All right, boy, if you have her father's consent you can have mine," he said. "You have proved yourself a man to-day. You have shown your fighting blood."

The Ruined Picture

By L. CASE RUSSELL

Out in the Bronx deserted, one bitter winter day,
I took a constitutional, my plumpness to allay;
For I am full of romance, and since I was a boy
The tales of bygone chivalry have filled my soul with joy.
But somehow, fat and romance seem never to agree,
So daily walks to make me thin are strictly up to me.
The while I strode on briskly I cursed the cruel fate
That sent to earth my spirit several centuries too late.
For in this age prosaic what earthly chance had I
To rescue beauteous damosels, or for their sakes to die?
But even as I murmured, a strange sight caught my eye,
And as I stopped in wonderment I heard a sudden cry.
A slim and fragile maiden, her rags whipped by the blast,
Was humbly offering posies to those who hurried past.
Before I'd more than wondered whence came the hurrying throng,
The quiet Bronx was startled by a shriek both loud and long.
A swarthy-looking villain had seized the maiden slim,
And tho she screamed and struggled, no one even heeded him.
Then up there rose within me all the instincts of the knight,
And I dashed across the asphalt, fairly panting for the fight.
Upon that low-browed villain I landed with a thud,
And, first punching him adroitly, cast him in the mud;
Then in knight-errant fashion for my meed of praise I turned
To the damsel fair and ragged, but her eyes with anger burned.
And her voice was sharp and caustic, as these cruel words she spake,
"For a plain case of 'butt-in,' sir, you surely take the cake.
Go off and think it over—your place is with the freaks;
You've spoiled the finest film we've had in twenty weeks."

Always a Way

(Lubin)

By DOROTHY HARPUR

It was a June evening, warm and fragrant, and the gray rectory reared its shadowy head over the waving willows amid numerous nodding rose bushes. Thru the twilight hush a belated feathered wanderer chirped sweetly to his sleepy spouse and love lurked everywhere.

Comfortably seated on the porch the Rev. John Craven, ensconced in a fat cushioned rocker, which creaked at dreary intervals, was holding forth to his maiden aunt, Eleanor, about the unfortunate love affair of his misguided sister Flora.

Miss Eleanor, as she was lovingly called by the parish, calmly resumed the creation of an elaborate altar cloth before responding to her nephew's monotonous drawl.

"You think that Flo would be unhappy, John?" she questioned tentatively, her faded brown eyes watching a pink gown at the farthest corner of the nearby orchard.

Memories of a certain broad-shouldered lover, with a dusty uniform, made the slow tears come, but her white, drooping curls hid them from the unsympathetic gaze of the Rev. John Craven. Again she glanced at the youthful figure in the shadow of the vines and sighed gently. Eleanor, too, had loved once, and this evening her heart beat sympathetically for the young lovers. Slowly she folded the cover and patiently interlaced her long, white fingers.

"Why don't you approve of Harry Acker?" she ventured, after a prolonged silence.

"He is not Flo's type," drawled the minister. "He is too worldly and pleasure-loving for our innocent charge. She requires a firm voice to guide her and steady hands on her frivolous shoulders. Youth is ever frivolous."

Eleanor smiled indulgently as she recalled those beautiful shoulders, round, white, and with a penchant for most distracting little shrugs. Those shoulders, which she could see even now, looked anything but frivolous and quite able to take care of themselves.

"Yes," she acquiesced, "I admit that Flo needs a firm hand, as you say, John, but Harry loves her, and he— —"

"She shall not marry that young profligate!" interrupted the Rev. John, heatedly.

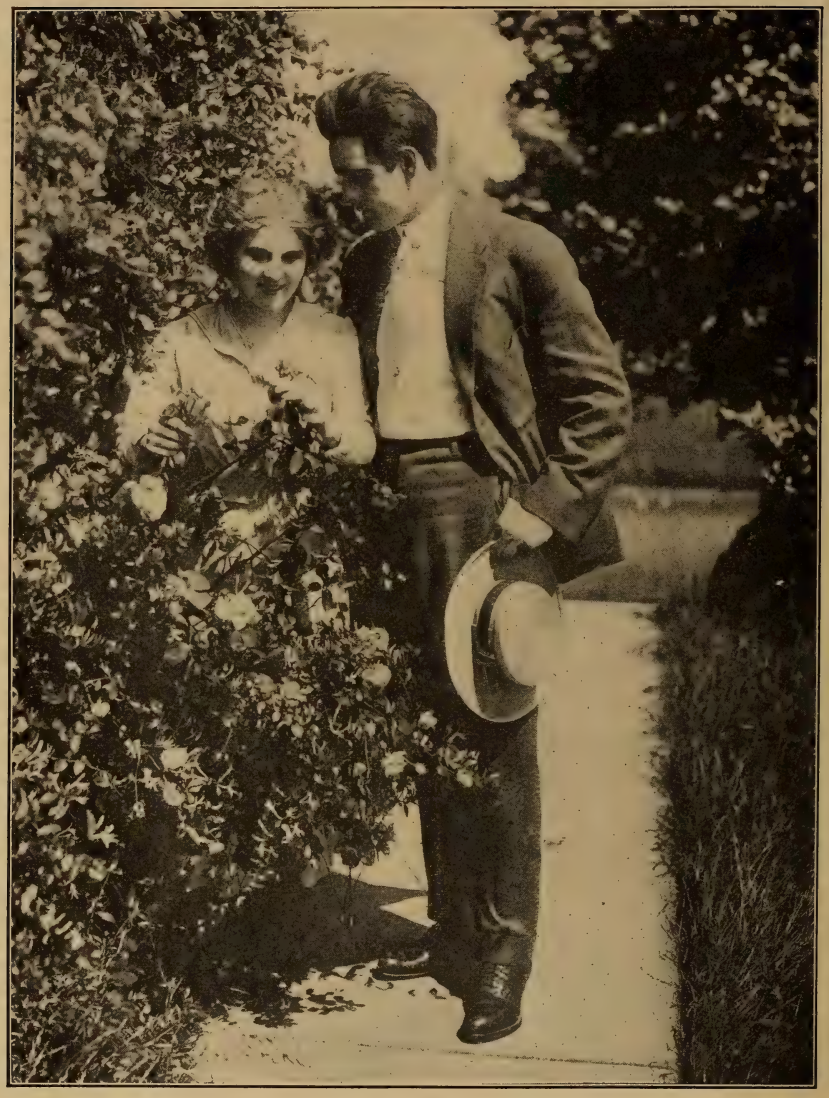
"Just as you say, nephew," said Miss Eleanor, with an enigmatical smile, and she trailed her pale lavender gown across the wide portico, stopping on the threshold. She looked back. The first faint rays of the baby moon touched her hair with a silvery halo. Across the downs a light breeze brought a message to her from afar and stirred the romance of her nature. She thought of the Man Who Never Returned and gazed sadly at the Rev. John Craven, who was wearing his most ministerial air, with his arms rigidly folded.

"Try not to be too hard on them, John," she pleaded softly. "Good night, and don't forget that while there's life there's love."

"Call Flo in before you retire, Miss Eleanor," said the preacher, looking up from his gloomy reverie; "it is time all young folks were in bed."

"Yes, John," replied the maiden lady, and thereupon she proceeded to a distant part of the garden, which she knew was where Flo was not.

A girl stood leaning over a rustic gate that separated the hedge from the garden beyond. Her arms were dimpled and the bronze of her wavy hair gleamed in the faint light, as the surrounding blossoms bent submissively to the wooing night wind.



"DEAREST DEAR," HE MURMURED

Dreamily her blue eyes gazed down the road toward Glen Meade Farms, the home of Harry Acker, the man she loved, and whom her brother, the Reverend John Craven, so disliked.

Flo Craven's full red lips assumed a mutinous curve when she remembered that last violent scene. She had prevailed upon Harry to try to conciliate her brother and to ask his consent to their immediate marriage, but the minister, after prohibiting further meetings with Flo, had haughtily dismissed the young man, who left in a passion, vowing vengeance. Flo remembered all as she beat an impatient tattoo on the gate. Suddenly she saw a gray-flanneled form stealing quietly along the hedge. A soft whistle, a leap and she was in his arms.

"Dearest dear," he murmured, "how long it has been since I last saw you!"

"Not since this afternoon," she exclaimed, being just eighteen, when

lovers' hours are centuries if not in each other's company.

"Never mind, Flo, the worst is yet to come," gayly predicted Harry, but the confident smile was abruptly eliminated, for there, in the secluded path, stood the Reverend John Craven.

The minister's face was white with anger as he advanced toward the guilty pair. Taking Flo by the arm, he drew her aside and shook his cane threateningly at her handsome suitor.

"Is this how you violate the innocent trust of a credulous child like my sister—meeting her clandestinely?"

"I love her, and no one shall keep us apart!" cried Harry Acker defiantly. "You're mine, Flo—tell him that you are!"

But the minister had other views and he promptly marched the "credulous child" thru the moonlit garden into the house.

"Your 'dearest dear' will be locked in seclusion for some time to come," he shouted as he closed the heavy doors and glared at Harry furiously and with an air of finality.

Harry Acker rushed down the lane blindly, not knowing what to do next. Turning a bend of the road, he was hailed by a stifled voice, which emanated from beneath a big red motor car.

"Hey!" called the hidden one, "I'm not keen on this centipede act, and, say, can't you help some?"

"Sure thing!" answered Harry, ascending from the depths, "and I'll talk horse—pardon—motor sense to you."

Whereupon the much-flattened individual crawled from beneath his car with an undignified smut on his aristocratic nose and softly muttered a few epithets. Holding out a blackened hand, he scanned the face of his friend in need.

"Harry Acker!" he yelled, delightedly. "Don't you remember your chum at Princeton—Al Pierce? Just in time to help me, old man!"

"Glad to see you, old chap!" cried Harry, seizing his friend's hand cautiously and shaking it vigorously. "You can ease *my* troubles, too, Al, if you will, but get the car in order first. Andy Adams, the town constable, lives right across this field, and I'll bring him here at once—wait, Al." And his long limbs disappeared over the rail fence. Finally he returned with the fat, perspiring constable, and the three soon had the car in commission. Harry then told his friend of Flora's imprisonment, and down the shady country road the machine sped, while Love gave a triumphant chuckle from the friendly thicket.

"Heigho!" mourned Flo Craven from her prison room on the second floor of the rectory. "I wish that I didn't possess a single relative; they're always spoiling a girl's plans, as if one's own mind and heart were a mere bagatelle. If I could only jump, but I'm such an arrant little coward!"

Going over to the window and looking out upon the lawn, she gave a little smothered cry, for there stood Harry behind the magnolias, pointing wildly at a forgotten open window. Then she laughed hysterically and waved him back, for she espied Eleanor and her nephew, who had just stepped off the side porch on their way to evening services.

Harry waited a while and then hurriedly entered the open window. Quickly running up the stairs, he grasped Flora in his strong arms and carried her bodily to the front door. But before they could open it, a key turned in the lock and Flora's ministerial brother darkened the open doorway. He had forgotten his prayer book.

Rage rendered him momentarily speechless, so, quite forgetting his ecclesiastical dignity, he grappled with Harry.

Flora was quick to take advantage of the encounter, and her pretty feet fairly flew over the velvety lawn. Breathlessly she took refuge back of a huge oak tree near the motor car, where the darkness screened her.

Harry, in the meantime, eluded the clutch of the minister's tenacious fin-

gers and made his escape thru the window. But Flora's incensed relative was not thus to be tricked.

"Miss Eleanor! Miss Eleanor!" he shouted loudly, "quick—summon the police!"

Down the path ran the agitated maiden lady, her ivory cheeks flushing pink with undue excitement and her high heels clicking on the gravel. Flora knew the footsteps and, hurriedly telling Al Pierce what to do, she vanished once more into the shrubbery to await the outcome.

As Albert Pierce strode down the gravel path in answer to the call for "police!" Miss Eleanor was no less surprised than was the preacher at the promptness of the answer. In the meantime Harry had seen Flora and learnt the plan, and when he appeared before the august and excited assembly, he was promptly put under arrest by his friend Al.

"Dangerous party," commented Al, with a brief but portentous wink at his prisoner, who assumed an injured air and started to expostulate.

"Officer, do your duty," commanded the minister.

"Come quietly—you!" Al's face was an expressionless mask.

Rudely the officer hustled the prisoner into the convenient car, which was now chug-chugging importantly, and the party started toward town. But, as the minister slammed the door with animated satisfaction, he did not observe a girlish figure being lifted from the other side into the car and an upturned, lovely face in the caressing moonlight!

John Craven sighed as the car started away. Perhaps he was repenting his anger and the harsh treatment he had given his sister's lover.

Albert Pierce's motor car sped merrily on, past fields that hailed the conspirators with feathery fingers and cast ghostly shapes in the moonlight; past rows of maples that made leafy obeisance; whizzing by lamp-posts whose sallow flames flashed mystery in Flo's dazed eyes.

Where were they going? To the police station? No. That uninviting place lay in another direction. In the meantime Al and Harry were whispering excitedly, and Flo frequently expressed her approval by taking a tighter hold of Harry's arm and giving it an occasional squeeze. At last the car stopped. Was it the station house? No, it was the costumer's. Yes, M. Perot, the costumer, was in, and he was soon induced to leave his other work and to give the party his undivided attention.

"We want to be made up as Indians," said Harry, "and we want it done right away."

"Veree good — parbleau!" exclaimed the costumer. "Een fife minute you aire zee gran' Eendean!"

The work proceeded rapidly under the Frenchman's skillful touch, and the result was one fine Indian chief and a beautiful squaw.

"Big Chief marry 'Star Eyes'?" meekly asked Harry, who was profusely adorned with red paint, beads and brilliant feathers. "No, not 'Star Eyes,'" corrected Flo, her blue eyes flashing beneath a gorgeous headdress of many skins sewn with sparkling beads; "me 'Motor Moon Face,' and me marry Big Chief!"

Back again they flew. When the rectory was reached, Albert preceded the dusky couple, acting as interpreter.

"Two Indians, who desire you to marry them in the Christian fashion," explained Albert, after hastily announcing that he had performed the official duty of locking up his prisoner.

The Reverend John Craven paused at his study door and surveyed the unique couple.

"Very commendable, I should say, to crave Christianity," solemnly suggested the interpreter.

"Quite so—quite so," agreed the minister, so he performed the ceremony, but in a rather hasty manner, for the "Big Chief's" eyes were most intimidating.

The ceremony over, the Reverend John Craven, mastering his nervousness, shook the hand of the Indian, who mercilessly squeezed his; then, to

the surprise and horror of the divine, Big Chief quickly removed his disguise, and at the same instant his squaw removed hers, revealing the familiar bronze locks and a pair of mischievous blue eyes.

If Cupid was near, as he must have been, and witnessed that tableau, he must have laughed. Everybody else did—except John Craven.

In the thicket Love slept—Love the victor, his work done, but the pixies sang a sweet chant that reached the ears of Flo and Harry:

Love always finds a way!

Pictures for Uncle Sam

It is not very generally known that one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Motion Picture is our "Uncle Samuel," but the various departments of the Government make liberal use of the films.

The Navy Department not only has a series of pictures of life on board a battleship, which is used by the recruiting officers, but aboard some of the ships there are projection machines and a liberal stock of films for the entertainment of the men. More than that, many of the commanders are more than courteous in granting permission to make pictures, and in several instances the picture-makers have been approached by officers when some event of importance might be overlooked.

The Bureau of American Ethnology employs both the motion camera and the phonograph in making records of Indian types, and these films, taken in conjunction with others made by various European governments, will furnish a valuable history of fast-disappearing types.

The Department of Agriculture puts the camera to varied uses, both in laboratory work and instructing the farmers how to fight various insect pests; and the ordnance officers of the War Department value films made of various gun carriage and armor plate tests.

Much of the Government work is seldom spoken of, since the officials seem to feel that they might lend themselves to advertising schemes, but new uses are yearly found for the silent recorders of form, and the snake dance of the Hopis, the Zuni ceremonials, and other rites, will still live in motion long after the few remaining members of the race are assimilated into civilization.

It is only a question of time when every department will have its picture plants, just as the motion camera is employed by the city bureaus at present.

One Congressman prominent in affairs for many years is a picture enthusiast, and only waits the time when he can hope to propose with success the formation of a library of national history in which the photographic record will preserve for coming generations the actual scenes of our own times, the Presidents, records of the army and navy, the postal system, the making of treasury notes and actual coins; in short, a library of everyday life that, one hundred years from now, will be of rare interest to the historian.

MARY'S HUSBAND WAS BROUGHT HOME DEAD

"Billy th' Kid"

The Heir of the Double Circle

(Vitagraph)

By MARIE COOLIDGE RASK

Two days before, Uncle Billy Mayhew had seen his niece's husband brought home dead. He had seen his niece, Mary, whom he loved as his own daughter, fall unconscious beside the still form of her husband. He had helped the old Mexican woman, Perdita, to carry her into the bedroom, and to-day, from that same bedroom, he had helped to carry the loved form forth to that silent, deep and darksome resting-place beneath the little clump of willows in the distance. He stood now, looking out upon them in silence.

Friends from neighboring ranches had long since gone. Like a tiny speck on the horizon appeared the departing figure of the Episcopal missionary who had come over from Circle City to read the burial service. It was some comfort to Uncle Billy to know that for Mary and her husband the last rites had been performed decently and reverently. He felt grateful to the missionary for coming, but forgot all his comforting assurances now that he was alone. He could hear only the echo of the solemnly intoned words beside the double grave, "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away."

This, then, was the end of it all. His hopes and plans for the future had come to naught. Mary and her young husband were both taken away. Their little period of happiness had been so brief — their separation in death even briefer. It had all been so sudden, so unexpected.

AT THE RANCH HOUSE, JUST BEFORE THE ACCIDENT

"BILLY"

Uncle Billy Mayhew, the sheriff of Rawhide county, had never before had sorrow strike home. It stupefied him. He felt numb and dazed. It seemed as tho the very foundation under his feet had given way. His huge frame shook as with a chill. For him the sun seemed to have gone down at midday. Gone, now, were all the day-dreams and air-castles which had for so long brightened his lonely rides over the plains. There was no longer a bright future for him in Mary's home, with Mary's children playing about his knee.

"Well, by George!"

Uncle Billy brought his big, brawny hand down heavily. He appeared suddenly to wake from a dream. As he crossed to the door of the next room he applied several uncomplimentary epithets to himself.

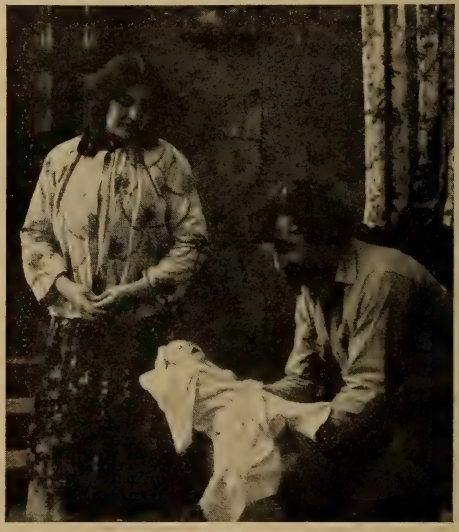
"Poor little kid!" he muttered softly. "Ter think I'd fergit him when I'd set so much store on his bein' my heir. An' John 'lowed 'twould be a girl," he continued, almost smiling at his recollections of the happy conversations of the past few weeks. "But Mary—she knew her old uncle hadn't no use fer girls. She promised me a boy, and, by George! she kept her promise."

The sheriff of Rawhide county stepped very softly into the next room where Perdita sat, sorrowfully rocking to and fro, with a tiny two-days-old infant on her lap. The big man gazed down upon the little morsel of humanity for a moment and then, stooping, caught it up in his arms.

"He shall not be an orphan, Perdita," he exclaimed. "I'll be both father and mother to Mary's boy. He shall be my son—heir to my ranch—and we'll call him Billy th' Kid."

Perdita nodded assent, but there was a nervousness not altogether born of grief in the manner with which she hastily gathered the child into her own arms again. She knew something about this precious infant which she promptly made up her mind Uncle Billy should not know.

The baby fingers which still clutched the finger of the sheriff caused a great change to come over the grief-stricken man. His was a nature requiring some all-absorbing interest and incentive to make life seem worth while. Heretofore he had lived only for Mary, the only daughter of his loved sister. Mary's husband, Mary's home, Mary's happiness had been constantly in his thoughts. Of late there had been the anticipated advent of the child. Uncle Billy had thought his cup of happiness would be full when an heir and namesake should be placed in his arms. Loosening the



"HE SHALL BE MY SON, AND HEIR TO MY RANCH"

fairy hold on his finger, he turned to his desk and began looking over letters and legal papers. From that day Uncle Billy had only one joy, one object in life, and that was "Billy th' Kid."

The years passed by. The four-year-old, curly-headed child laughed and romped about the porch of the ranch house. Perdita, still faithful to her trust, seemed never content to

BILLY LEARNING TO RIDE.

have "th' Kid" out of her sight, and Uncle Billy seemed never happy to be out of sight of "th' Kid."

"Goin' ter celebrate th' Fourth of July up at th' ranch this year?"

The postmaster at the Circle City general store paused in the act of weighing out tobacco and waited for Sheriff Mayhew to reply.

"Celebrate," repeated Uncle Billy, "you jest bet yer life! When ye git done with that terbacker ye kin trot out all th' celebratin' stuff in th' store."

The postmaster turned to register a letter for a ranchman before bringing out the fireworks. Uncle Billy sauntered over to the little group of cowboys seated on various boxes and barrels about the doorway.

"Boys," he remarked, "yer ought ter see that Kid o' mine now that we've got him inter pants. He's th' sassiest little rascal there is around. Ef he was a girl he'd be th' livin' image o' his mother. He's a bright one, all right. Say, he does like finery tho. Why, last week Perdita had him with her over ter th' Crossbar Ranch. Th' women folks there was entertainin' a revivalist preacher. They was havin' a prayer meetin'. Th' Kid set there, takin' it all in. He heerd them askin' fer rain, an' blessin's, an' th' Lord knows what all. Then he jumps up an' asks ef he can say a prayer. 'Sure thing,' says th' preacher, 'let th' little man pray.' Will yer believe it, that there curly-headed Kid o' mine got down on his knees in th' middle o' th' floor, folded his hands, jest like he seen th' preacher do, an' he says, says he, 'Oh, please give little Billy lots o' candy and fine clothes. Amen.'"

"Hoo-ray!"

"Bully fer th' Kid!"

"Ha, ha, ha! That's one on the sky pilot. Say, boys, set 'em up!" The speaker pulled off his sombrero as he spoke and tossed a coin into it. "Chip in," he ordered, extending the hat. "This bunch wants th' honor o' helpin' th' Lord out on th' candy part o' that prayer. The sheriff can 'tend ter th' rest."

The sheriff did. As he drove up to the ranch porch that night his pockets bulged like a veritable Santa Claus. Little Billy skipped merrily forth to meet him.

"Hello—hello!" he called, long before the heavily encumbered rider came near the house. "Supper's ready an' we're waitin'. Hurry up, Uncle Billy!"

Uncle Billy Mayhew needed no second bidding to hurry. He said himself that the voice of "th' Kid" would have been enough to bring him back from the very gates of heaven.

"He's a funny little feller," the sheriff would admit to himself sometimes. "I can't seem to understand him. Don't like messin' around in th' dirt an' would ruther play with a doll or a tabby cat than with a bull pup. I s'pose he takes after his mother," he would observe reflectively. "Mary never did have no use fer dogs, an' th' Kid's jest like her."

But Uncle Billy loved "th' Kid"

none the less, even tho the boy was not so rough and ready as he would have liked him to be.

"He'll have backbone enough when he gits a little older," he would always say when any one joked about the little fellow's winsome ways. "There's time enough yit fer him ter git so wild we can't hold him. While he's mild we don't hev ter worry about him."

Again the years passed by. The time came when Uncle Billy did worry.

"It seems," he confided to Lee Curtin, the foreman on his ranch, "es ef that Kid never would git any sand. We've all on us been coddlin' him a dern sight more'n was good fer him. He don't like ter smoke an' he won't learn ter chew. He's a pretty tolerable fair shot, but he don't seem ter have no ambition that way. I've been toddlin' around like an old granny, humorin' him in all his whims long enough. It's an awful thing to go against th' appealin' look in them big eyes o' his, but it's got ter be did—fer th' Kid's own good. You boys hev got ter turn in an' help. No more sugar an' pap fer th' Kid. We've got ter make a man of him."

The foreman smiled thoughtfully. He was a handsome, well-set-up young fellow and devoted to "th' Kid."

"Poor little chap!" he remarked pityingly as he glanced toward the lithe young figure mounted on a spirited pinto that was making rapid time in getting toward home. "He can ride all right ef he can't chew terbacker. It'll seem 'most like cruelty to animals to try any horseplay with him, but I'll do th' best I can. 'Tain't good for a boy to have such lady-like ideas. I'll fetch th' boys all up to-morrow and we'll help him celebrate."

With a shrill laugh the boyish rider of the pinto brought the galloping animal to a sudden stop beside the ranch porch.

"Hello, Lee!" he exclaimed. "Want to see me pick up my hat from the grass while Polkadot goes on the run? I can do it all right."

Without waiting for a reply, the laughing Kid flung his sombrero to the ground and whispered a word to the broncho. The animal was off like a flash. No one had ever been able to persuade "th' Kid" to use spurs.

"Polkadot doesn't need spurs. He understands English," "th' Kid" would say, and it seemed sometimes as tho he spoke the truth.

As the mad ride continued and the boy slipped over and hung at the side of his horse, ready to grasp the hat as he dashed by, Lee Curtin was conscious of a queer throbbing in his heart. He realized that he was fairly holding his breath lest the pretty feat should not be accomplished without accident. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the clever little rider safely back in the saddle again, waiting for some words in praise of his daring.

"That's bully!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, admiringly. "We'll make a puncher of ye yit."

"I was afraid to do it last week," explained "th' Kid," "but I've been practicing when the boys were not around to laugh. Now it's dead easy. Was it all right, Lee?" he inquired anxiously of the young foreman, whose good opinion "th' Kid" valued above that of any one else on the ranch.

"Tip-top," answered Lee. "But don't try it too often. It's all right to know how in case you want to swing over to avoid bullets or pick up anybody in a stampede, but it ain't necessary to risk your life an' legs just to show off."

"Oh, I won't," answered the boy. "I don't care whether anybody else knows I can do it or not. Say," he remarked as Curtin threw an arm over his shoulder and started to walk with him toward the corral, "did Uncle Billy tell you I'm going to have a birthday to-morrow? I'll be sixteen years old, and Perdita is going to make a cake that'll be a cracker-jack."

The foreman laughed.

"Sure thing," he replied. "All th' boys are comin' up. You're gettin'

old enough now to set up and take notice. Uncle Billy says you're to go with us when we brand the next lot of cattle——"

"Oh, no! oh, no!" interrupted "th' Kid." "That's something I can never do. Uncle mustn't send me there. I can't stand it. It makes me sick."

The poor child seemed on the verge of tears, and Curtin at once surrendered.

"Never mind, never mind," he whispered; "I'll fix it so's you won't have to go."

Had the foreman forgotten already that he had just promised to help make a man of "th' Kid"?

The living room at the ranch house was arranged for visitors. Old Perdita was master of ceremonies. The cake that was guaranteed to be a cracker-jack was outwardly a thing of beauty. It stood in state in the kitchen, while Perdita carefully stuck sixteen candles into its very solid composition. In the next room Uncle Billy petted a small, oblong box as tho it were an animate object. Then Curtin arrived and broke the chain of the sheriff's reflections by bursting into hearty laughter at sight of the small box. Uncle Billy laughed, too, as he slowly opened it and held up to view a safety razor.

"He mought as well begin one time as 'nuther," he observed, nodding his head toward "th' Kid," who at that moment entered the room. The old man rose and clasped the youngster in his arms. Then he held him at arms' length and surveyed him critically. That mass of curly brown hair certainly gave him a very feminine look. It would have distressed Uncle Billy immeasurably had it not reminded him so forcibly of Mary. That had always been the charm which had saved the boy from censure in the past. Whatever he said, whatever he did, there was always some one to detect a look, a habit or a mannerism that reminded of his mother. The sheriff sighed audibly as he gazed into the face of the lad and realized that there certainly was no apparent need for the implement of torture he

GIVING BILLY A SHAVE

THEY CELEBRATE BILLY'S SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY

had bought for his nephew. He proffered the razor gravely.

"It's yours, my boy," he said, "and we want ter see ye use it."

In vain "th' Kid" protested. It was his birthday, however, and all was happiness. He did not propose to mar the serenity of that cracker-jack cake feast by opposing his uncle too strenuously.

"All right," he finally exclaimed. "If you want to turn th' front room into a barber shop just when company's comin' I don't care. Bring on th' tea kettle and get me a glass."

"Th' Kid" was accustomed to homage, and his loyal subjects usually obeyed with right good will. Curtin fetched the tea kettle and filled the mug which Uncle Billy got from a shelf in the closet. Each tried to hold the bit of cracked mirror in a proper position. "Th' Kid" was evidently nervous. Pale but determined he sat down before the mirror and applied the lather. "Th' Kid" never did things by halves. In his lexicon "to lather" meant to keep right on lathering as long as there was a bit of lather left. He lathered his face accordingly. No spot save his eyes was omitted. He lathered his neck; he lathered his nose; he lathered his shirt collar, and he threw flecks of lather all over his devoted assistants. The soap got into his eyes and made the tears come. The razor seemed a yard long. He handled it with far more caution than he would a gun. Uncle Billy and Lee added to his discomfiture by their jokes. One—two—three strokes were made without mishap.

"Ough!"

The fourth stroke brought visible results.

"I told you how it would be!" cried the wounded one, flinging his uncle's birthday gift onto the table and holding his cheek tenderly with his hands. "There's no need for me to shave, and I won't, either."

"Th' Kid" was very determined when once he had made up his mind. No arguments could shake his decision until Lee picked up the razor and announced that he would finish the job

in a jiffy. Then "th' Kid" sat down again and submitted like a lamb led to the slaughter.

It was the psychological moment for the guests to arrive. They came, every man on the ranch. Their shouts of laughter at sight of the tableau before them excited even Perdita's curiosity. Hastily straightening the last candle, the devoted old woman seized the birthday cake and hurried toward the festal board in the next room from which came the sound of so much hilarity. The group of cowboys separated to admit her. She stepped forward into the room, glanced quickly about and, with a cry of dismay, stood as if paralyzed. The cake, forgotten for one moment, slid from the tilted plate to the floor. Fortunately its all too solid construction kept it from serious harm, but its downfall roused Perdita to action. With remarkable swiftness she picked it up, placed it on the nearest chair and made one wild dash for the victim of Lee's tonsorial art.

"Here, here, quit that! What are you about?"

Uncle Billy, seated on the table, superintending the performance, flung his question at the excited woman in no gentle tone.

"The Kid, he my baby," exclaimed Perdita. "I get him from his mother's arms. I not see him treat so bad." There were tears in her soft brown eyes and she still sought to pull the youth from the hands of his tormentors.

"Stuff and nonsense!" roared the sheriff. "Nobody's treatin' him bad. "You've made a baby of him, all right, fer th' last sixteen years. Now it's our turn. We're goin' ter make a man of him."

"A man!" Perdita gaspingly repeated, as she turned toward the kitchen. "So you go for to make a man of him!" A broad grin slowly spread over her swarthy countenance. Then she put her hands on her hips and laughed long and immoderately.

"What in thunder's th' matter with th' old woman?" exclaimed one of the punchers standing near.

"Locoed," chuckled another.

"Celebratin' th' Kid's manhood has given her softenin' of the brain," added a third.

"Well, it's all over now," snorted Uncle Billy. "Wipe off his chin there, a little bit more, Lee, and everybody set up an' have somethin'."

There was no need of a second invitation. For the next half hour Perdita was kept busy running to and fro with bottles and glasses, cigars and tobacco, sugar and water. "Th' Kid" seemed to have but one idea, and that was the cake. He guarded it zealously. He cut it himself and distributed the generous adamantine slices to his friends. As a special courtesy to those who so deeply drank to his health he even accepted a cigarette from the hands of Lee and, between puffs, sipped at the detestable liquor. Uncle Billy and the boys beamed upon him approvingly.

"He'll come out all right yet," whispered Joe Lawrence to Bud Taylor, as "th' Kid" tilted back in his chair and blew a ring of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Oh—we-e-e-e——"

With a shrill scream "th' Kid" sprang to his feet, knocking his chair over behind him, overturning his glass and dropping his cigarette. His eyes were wide with terror. Springing to another chair, he stood clutching the sides of his chaps as a woman would her skirt. He looked down wildly at the floor.

"Where——"

"What th'——"

At the youngster's cry every man present sprang to his feet and reached for his gun.

"There it is, there it is—right down there!" shouted the youth, nodding toward the leg of the table.

A dozen pairs of eyes turned in the direction indicated. Such a howl of derision followed that the little gray mouse, whose sudden arrival at the feast had been the cause of the uproar, scampered hastily out of sight.

"Goldurn!"

It was the only word in the English language which Uncle Billy could

think of for the moment. As he gazed at his nephew stepping gingerly down from the chair upon which he had mounted, the old man's temper rose to the point of explosion. He fairly jumped up and down in his rage, and the rough jokes and laughter of the men acted as fuel to the fire.

"A cow-puncher!" he roared. "Make a cow-puncher o' him? Not on yer life! It can't be did. You dern idiot," he cried, turning toward the luckless Kid, "be ye plumb crazy or d'ye want ter disgrace th' family by yer behavior? A nateral born fool's ter be pitied, but a hum-made fool hadn't ought ter be let at large!"

"Oh, let him alone," urged Lee, noticing the tears in the boy's eyes. "He'll git over it——"

"He won't nuther," contradicted the old man. "Off he goes ter school termorrer."

The sheriff of Rawhide county always kept his word.

It was a very sorrowful Kid that stood on the ranch porch next day saying good-bye to Uncle Billy. If the truth were known, it was a sorrowful old man, too, but he wouldn't let the boy know that. He gave volumes of good advice, all of which "th' Kid" dutifully absorbed until Lee rode up with the horses. Striving to keep back the tears, "th' Kid" waved his sombrero to his uncle, who stood on the porch steps sadly watching the pair of young riders until they were lost to sight.

A little distance further and the stage came in sight, tho still a mile away.

"Write often, Kid," urged Lee, as he dismounted and threw his arm affectionately around the boy's shoulders. "It'll be awful lonesome at th' ranch without you."

"Th' Kid" handed his bridle rein over to Lee, who was to take the horse back to the corral. He could not speak. His eyes were filled with tears. There was a great lump in his throat. If he spoke he felt sure he should cry, and then Lee would think he was unmanly. As the stage neared, Lee was suddenly conscious that "th' Kid" was looking pleadingly up into his face. The next moment a pair of strong young arms encircled his neck; he felt his mouth tingling with impassioned kisses and then saw the boy make a wild dash for the stage, climb aboard without a backward glance and sit down with his arm across his eyes.

Dazed, Lee Curtin stood gazing after the retreating stage. He took off his hat and scratched his head.

"It's mighty queer," he observed thoughtfully. Then his face crimsoned at the recollection of those thrilling kisses.

"Well, by George!" he remarked, as he turned the horses' heads toward home.

Uncle Billy Mayhew had no appetite for supper that night. "Th' Kid's" empty chair seemed to look reproachfully at him. The silence of the place seemed to remind him of the great silence of those other sad days now far in the past. He rose and walked toward the door, only to meet the driver of the stage entering hastily and in much excitement.

"Better get yer posse, sheriff," he bawled. "Them rustlers held up th' stage an' got yer Kid. Here's th' letter they sent yer."

"Billy Mayhew, sheriff," read Uncle Billy from the dirty scrap of paper thrust into his hand, "we got yer kid. You promise to quit pushing us and you can have him back whole. If not, he'll come back in pieces.—Rusty, the Ranger."

Uncle Billy let the scrap of paper fall to the floor. For a moment he stood as if transfixed.

"Th' poor little Kid!" he muttered. "Ter think that I sent him away——"

Then he interrupted himself by shouting for everybody on the ranch.

"Get them together, Pete!" he called to the driver. "Tell 'em that Kid's got ter be back in this house before termorrer mornin'. What's that?"

A sound of sobbing came from the

back part of the room. The old man turned nervously and discerned Perdita, fast becoming hysterical with grief. He knew the woman's love for the child she had reared, and he strove to comfort her. In vain were all his assurances that "th' Kid" was in no danger.

"She is, she is!" moaned the woman. "It is not right—my little baby girl! Oh, Sancta Maria, pray for us——"

"Why, Perdita — woman, you're crazy! Yer don't know what yer saying," interrupted Uncle Billy.

"Oh, yes, I do—I do. I tell you the truth," she insisted. "I tell you th' Kid is a little girl kid!"

"What's that you say, woman?" cried the sheriff, starting up violently. "A girl—what th' Kid a girl? Come now, woman; what you givin' us?"

"Yes, a girl," continued Perdita. "Her mother—when she die—she not want you—to know. She say—you like only—the boy."

The words were disjointed and punctuated with sobs and moans, but Billy Mayhew knew that Perdita was speaking the truth.

"Well, by George! I'll be blowed," he cried, as the full purport of the woman's words dawned upon him. He sank limply into a chair and involuntarily his hand reached for his gun.

A third person in the room also collapsed into a chair and reached for another gun. It was Lee Curtin. He had come promptly in reply to the driver's summons and had entered the door in time to hear Perdita's disclosure. Both men rose abruptly and started for the door.

"Did ye hear, Lee?" asked Uncle Billy.

"Yep," answered his foreman. They glanced steadily into each other's eyes for a moment.

"Shake hands," muttered the old man huskily, as he grasped the hand of the cowboy and started out the door.

Suddenly Lee paused. His face flushed. He felt again the recollection of that last embrace of "th' Kid."

"YES, BILLY'S A GIRL!" CRIED PERDITA

"Well, by thunder!" he exclaimed, slapping his leg a resounding whack. Then, with a wild yell, he dashed out the door.

"Hurry up them horses!" he cried. "The posse's ready."

Uncle Billy had told the truth when he had said that "th' Kid" was a good shot. "Th' Kid" was plucky, too, when occasion demanded, and the experience in the rustlers' camp, when they attacked the stage coach, only served to bring out the bravery and coolness which Uncle Billy had long despaired of. It was not so very difficult for "th' Kid" to slip his hands out of the rope which bound them. When all the rustlers were asleep, he deftly secured the gun of the nearest outlaw and, when the latter sprang up to regain it, fired.

The other outlaws, finding themselves covered, surrendered. Then the youngster took one horse, stampeded the others and started for home.

But when the posse met "th' Kid" riding to meet them, there were no words spoken. The tired, tearful young rider merely slipped off the pony and collapsed into Lee's arms. Looking down into the girlish face with the tangle of brown curls above it, Uncle Billy and Lee were filled with remorse for all their past misdeeds. For the third time Lee drew a deep breath.

"Well, by thunder!" he exclaimed. "She's all right, ain't she, boys?"

Uncle Billy Mayhew gazed at his

THE HOLD-UP

buxom niece with unfeigned admiration. What had seemed effeminate for a boy was sturdy good health in a girl. Wilhelmina, as "th' Kid" was now rechristened, could shoot, she could ride, she could swing a lariat. The boys were rather glad now that they had not succeeded in developing "th' Kid's" taste for liquor and tobacco. Even the incident of the mouse was now forgiven.

And now Miss Wilhelmina was going off to school. She did not appear at ease in petticoats. Uncle Billy thought that a year at school would help to accustom her to her sudden change of being. He himself was going to drive her to the station. Down the road Lee waited for them on horseback. Suddenly Uncle Billy felt the reins jerked from his hands. The horses were pulled up suddenly. Over the wheel went the new suit case labeled "Miss Wilhelmina Mayhew" and after it went Miss Wilhelmina herself.

Lee, sighing like a furnace, had just succeeded in torturing himself with the thought that the object of his affection would see somebody else off in the East that she would like better. Then he was aware that the wagon had halted and that "th' Kid," the same old Kid, even tho in petticoats, was rushing pell-mell back toward him. He dismounted and caught the runaway in his arms just as Uncle Billy came up with the procession.

"What th'—what th'——" panted the sheriff of Rawhide county, gazing with a puzzled expression from one to the other.

Miss Wilhelmina Mayhew, with her face buried against Lee's shoulder, peeked slyly forth at her beloved uncle.

"I don't want to be a lady, uncle," she said. "I'm Billy th' Kid, and I just want Lee."

The sheriff of Rawhide county put away his gun and sat down on the grass beside the road.

"Well, by George!"

The "Stay-at-Home" Traveler

By JOHN S. GREY

WHEN I was but a little boy I had ambitions great
To be a wealthy man some day, and live right up-to-date.
I dreamed of mansions I would own, of carriages so grand,
And steam yachts that should carry me to many a distant land.
My greatest and my fondest hopes have been to journey far
To North, South, East and West, and see the countries as they are;
To study lands and peoples, see each nation's flag unfurled,—
In short, to pay a visit to the countries of the world.

I aimed to visit every coast, to land on every shore,
To traverse both the hemispheres,—their boundaries explore;
To mingle with all savage tribes, the civilized as well,
To learn their manners, customs, and the way they buy and sell;
To penetrate the jungles and to scale the mountain peaks,
To fraternize with foreigners and talk with human freaks.
I longed to be a globe-trotter, familiar with all climes,—
A universal "know-all" of the world these modern times.

But in all childish day-dreams there is sure to be a hitch,
And mine is that I never yet have happened to get rich!
I never owned a mansion nor a stately carriage grand,
Nor yet a yacht to take me sailing to a distant land.
I've never "had the price" in such a journey to indulge,
And yet your "traveled millionaires" on me have got no bulge.
The Moving Picture Shows the world enable me to see,
I *couldn't* go to see the world—so they bring *it* to me!

My mind is more than satisfied; I've spanned the rolling seas,
I've visited all foreign shores—and with the greatest ease.
I've topp'd the lofty mountain chains, I've seen the mighty hosts
That have their habitat upon the globe's remotest coasts.
I've been to the Antipodes,—fulfilling one fond hope;
To Italy, and visited the palace of the Pope;
I've been to Belgian battlefields, to German vineyards fair,
To Berlin, London, Amsterdam, and cities old and rare.

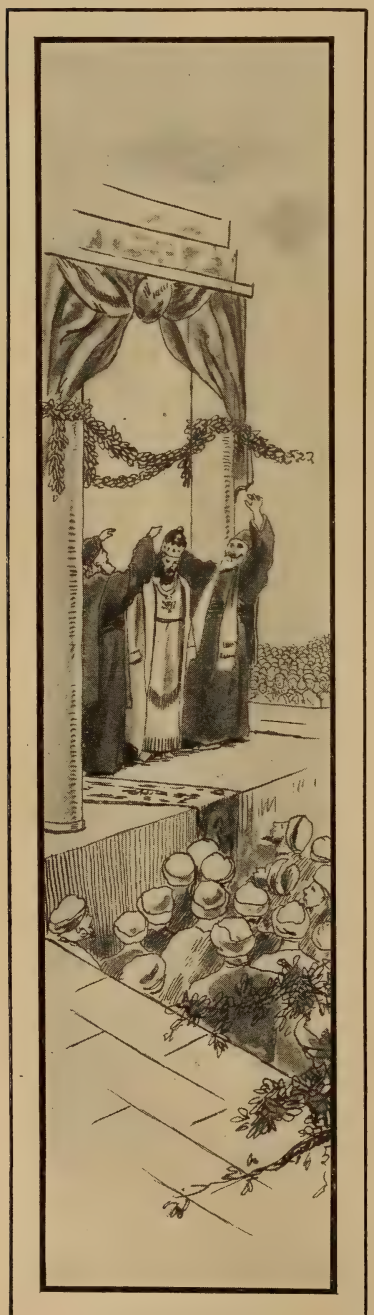
I've strolled with the Parisians upon their boulevards,
I've sat in Monte Carlo and I've watched high play at cards.
I've seen the streets of old Madrid and those of Lisbon too;
And streets and squares in old Benares, Cairo and Timbuctoo.
I've visited the Cingalese, the Chinese and the Japs,
The Filipinos, Persians, with their very funny caps.
I've watched the Scotch in Glasgow, and the Irishmen in Cork;
I've seen the Welshmen mine the coal and ship it to New York.

I've seen the Court of Austria, and also looked at Spain's,
I've hobnobbed with Egyptians, with the Mexicans and Danes;
I've watched the Russian peasants in the fields at heavy work,
And the ladies of the harem of the present-reigning Turk.
In Europe, Asia, Africa, America as well,
I've seen all worth the seeing and far more than books can tell.
I've gone from western Hawaii to eastern Borneo
While comfortably sitting in a Moving Picture Show.

Who cares to face the trials and the dangers of the deep;
To lose a robust appetite, a lot of meals and sleep?
Who'd take the risk, in foreign lands, of being robbed or killed
By bandits who are quick to see a pocketbook well filled?
Who'd go to all this trouble—not to speak of the expense,
With a sight of foreign countries as the singular pretense,
When the whole world can be shown you at a cost so very low,—
And in a few short sessions, at a Moving Picture Show?

The Religious Possibilities of the Motion Picture

By HERBERT A. JUMP



WHEN Jesus desired to set forth the essential meaning of Christianity in a universal language, he chose a dramatic story. He told the parable of the Good Samaritan, and therein gave an example of ideal preaching which many preachers of the present day seem to have completely overlooked.

This story was not taken from the Bible, but from contemporary experience. It was the sort of thing that might have happened any day and to any one of his audience. Secondly, it was an exciting story. Thirdly, this narrative-sermon frankly introduces morally negative elements and leaves them negative to the end of the chapter. Not only did the story give a most realistic description of precisely how the robbers perpetrated the cowardly crime of violence, but it leaves them victorious in their wickedness, scurrying off with their booty, unrepentant of their sins, probably chuckling at the folly of the traveler for venturing upon the notorious Jerusalem-Jericho road without a caravan to protect him from highwaymen. And yet, despite these three dubious characteristics of not being spiritual, of being exciting and of having realistic and morally negative features in it, who dare assert that the story of the Good Samaritan has wrought harm in the world? Rather, has it not exhibited in complete and convincing fashion the very heart of the Gospel?

Many of you approach the general subject of Motion Pictures in a mood of antagonism. You have never seen many of them, perhaps not any of them, but from various sources the suspicion has been bred in your mind that the Motion Picture is evil. To assert, therefore, that there are any "religious possibilities" in the Motion Picture strikes you as absurd. It is as tho one were to announce a sermon on the "Spiritual Value of the Clog Dance."

The objections thus made against the religious use of Motion Pictures can all of them

be urged with equal force against the use of the most convincing parable which Christ ever uttered. The films that have value for religious education to-day are those which portray truth as the Good Samaritan portrays it. The only thing needed to make this parable a conspicuously successful Motion Picture film is a new title. Call it "The Adventure of the Jerusalem Merchant," and it would appeal perfectly to the habitué of the dime theater.

The visible drama shown in the right sort of Motion Picture has religious possibilities just as the spoken dramatic story or parable has them. Both help to make the Gospel vivid. Why is it that people do not go to church? Many of them will say frankly, "Your church is not interesting; I cannot understand your music nor keep awake thru your sermons; the interest of the clergymen seems to be far more with Jehoiakim and ancient Babylon than with the living men and the living issues of to-day."

These criticisms will be met, in part, if we present Christian truth in forms of present-day life, illustrating its issues from modern America more than from ancient Samaria. Why was not Paul a prosy theologian to the men of his day? Because his illustrations for the Gospel were taken from the life of his contemporaries—the racing habits of his day, for example, and the boxing matches. The great popular preachers, Beecher, Moody, Spurgeon and Gypsy Smith, all were masters in the use of word pictures. The common people love stories and would love the Motion Picture church service which gave them religious truths thru acted stories.

The power and popularity of this new instrument, which lies at hand for the Church to use if it have the vision to do so, may be inferred from some statistics.

There are about ten thousand Motion Pictures in the United States exhibiting to a daily audience of more than four million persons. The magnitude of this new sociological fact concerning the amusement habits of the American people needs to be more adequately recognized. Here has arisen a new species of entertainment, which in less than a decade has built up a daily constituency five times as large as that of its competitors who have been

long in the field. The Motion Picture appeals to both old and young. Four hundred thousand school children in New York City visit them every day, and thousands of working people are drawn to them during the relaxation of the noon hour. Some one has said, "The problem of the poor man's leisure is the crux of the social problem." Moving Pictures are now the most important form of cheap amusement in the country and cannot but be vital influences for ill or good. They are the only theater which it is possible for the entire family of the wageworker to attend. In their social and educational possibilities they provide the basis for a neighborhood theater of the people.

If it excites surprise to hear that there is any religious availability at all in a form of entertainment created for commercial ends and to amuse the multitude, the explanation is to be found in an absolutely unique institution which is practically dominating the picture drama industry in the United States today. This is the National Board of Censorship for Motion Pictures.

In 1909 the People's Institute of New York, under the leadership of Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, and several of the more progressive firms of film manufacturers, decided that it would be conducive both to the public morals and good business to have the Motion Picture output of the country censored by a disinterested body of intelligent critics. Accordingly in March of that year the board was formed, with such men on its advisory committee as Lyman Abbott, Andrew Carnegie, Robert DeForest, Samuel Gompers, Jacob Riis, Anson Phelps Stokes and Rabbi Wise. The general committee of supervision is headed by Prof. George W. Knox, of Union Seminary, and it has representatives from the Charity Organization Society, the City Vigilance League, the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association and other philanthropic organizations. This committee uses two secretaries and arranges for the inspection of new films by a group of critics, who shall approve or disapprove them. The censorship attempts on its part not to place unreasonable and Puritanic handicaps upon the manufacturers, while manufacturers

agree not to release any film until it has the sanction of the board. This frank, willing and complete submission of an amusement industry to intelligent supervision in behalf of public morals is something absolutely new in human society, and the fact should have the attention which it deserves.

Having treated thus generally the Motion Picture as a sociological fact, we are ready to answer more specifically the question, What religious possibilities lie in it for the Church and the moral reformer?

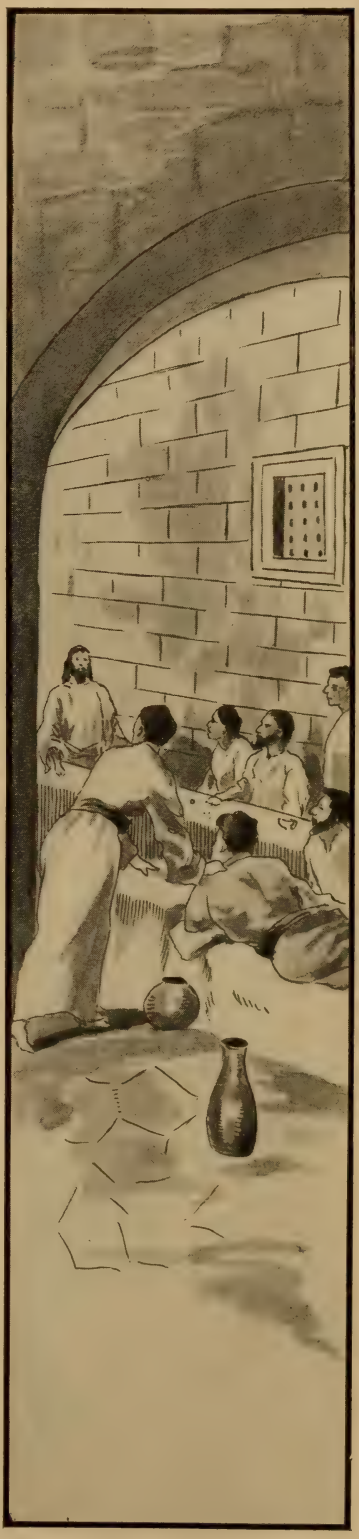
First, it can help the Church merely as an entertainment device. Let the church which wishes to minister to the masses provide free picture shows as it provides free concerts and organ recitals.

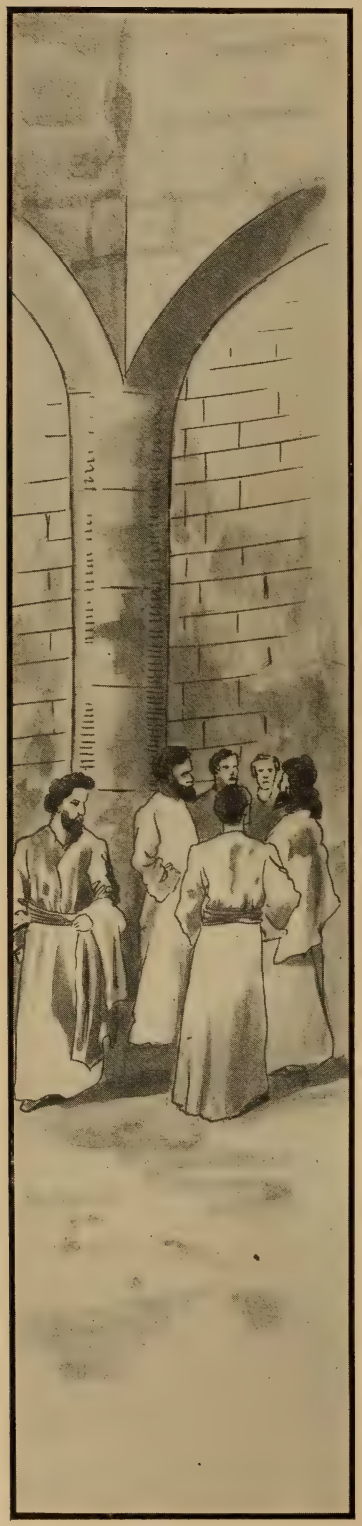
Secondly, the Motion Picture can help in giving religious instruction in the Sunday-school. Pictures of travel thru Palestine, of Biblical scenes, of events in the history of the Church are available and ought to be used extensively. Why not give to our Sunday-school scholars the same advantages in vivid Biblical instruction that are now offered to the patron of the nearest "Pastime" or "Bijou"?

Thirdly, the Motion Picture film can do more for foreign and home missions than any agency yet utilized by our assiduous and ingenious missionary secretaries. After the critic has looked at films picturing the operations of medical and industrial missions in distant lands, he is a sluggish egotist indeed if he doesn't entertain a more tolerant mood toward the "skirmish line of the Kingdom of God."

Fourthly, the Church needs to be an agent of broad civilization in its community; one aspect of its religious ministry should be the social education of the needy. Especially should cities where there are large alien populations have the advantage of such dramatic instruction on the lantern screen as needs no interpreter. A picture is a sort of graphic Esperanto, a universal language, and social and domestic and personal hygiene may well be taught thru its aid.

Fifthly, the crowning possibility of the Motion Picture is its usefulness to the preacher as he proclaims moral truth. It will





provide the element of illustration for his discourse far better than it can be provided by the spoken word. If ministers as a whole were to return to Jesus' method of sermonizing, and with story and dramatic pictures drawn from contemporary experience were to illustrate a few simple ethical and spiritual realities, would not the constituency of the Church become larger and more loyal?

The Motion Picture machine, consecrated to religious ends, will help to bring in the unchurched. In the last few years forty Protestant churches have moved out of a district in lower New York, during which time three hundred thousand souls have moved in. If the Motion Picture is added to the spiritual armament of churches they will not be forced to retreat from the very wards in the metropolis where they are most needed. The missionary commission of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," is not being obeyed by the Church as universally as it should be. Both geographically and pedagogically the Church ought to go out into the highways and hedges and compel the multitude to come in.

The Motion Picture is as yet a novelty in religious work. Hence it will be opposed by some. But if there are conscientious scruples against adopting the Motion Picture as one of the Church tools, at least we may comfort ourselves with our reading of Church history. The disfavor which is now meted out to the Motion Picture was aimed at the stereopticon a decade ago, at quartet singing several decades earlier, at the pipe organ before that and still earlier at the Holy Bible printed in the vernacular; and yet, in God's own time, every one of these religious agencies commended itself to the approval of Christian people. So it will be in this case.

"The theater in proper hands might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment."

SHERIDAN, IN THE CRITIC.

Children and "The Movies"

By KENNETH S. CLARK

What the little ones like

and what they don't like

"Got any cowboy pictures today?" is a question which is daily hurled at the Moving Picture impresario by his most enthusiastic patrons—the children. And if the bill does not include a Western subject, he gets a look of disapproval from those lovers of "the movies," as they call the pictures. The writer had supposed that the old-time interest in cowboys and Indians was out of date with the present generation of children. But a close study of New York youngsters—and they are not radically different from other kiddies—reveals the fact that the wiry cowpuncher is just as popular as he ever was.

What accounts for the continued popularity of the Western picture is the fact that the child—as well as his elders—dearly loves a good fight or an exciting race. And these elements are found in all well-regulated cowboy films, as the ranch life particularly admits of the exploitation of such combats. That is one reason for the sameness of pictures of the West. As the children of all ages delight in these two elements of frontier drama, the manufacturer produces what he knows will make a hit, simply varying the title and the incidents which lead up to the central idea of struggle. The strange part of it is that even children will nibble at the same bait every time. One would expect them to cry out, "Oh, I've seen the same thing before—only different!"

It must not be supposed that it is the mere combat which arouses the children's applause. The child has the almost uncanny faculty of picking out the just man from the unjust and applauding his victories. Let the villain be ever so valiant in overcoming his enemies, his triumph will be received in silence by the youthful "picture fans." Yet the mere announcement on the screen that the cowboy hero is coming to the rescue of the maiden is sufficient to bring forth a howl of approval from the young ones. Their especial delight is manifested when an apparently weak person overcomes his stronger adversary. There is one Photoplay about an Eastern weakling who goes West to gain manliness. And when Bertie finally meets a notorious bandit and captures him after a rough-and-tumble fight on the edge of a cliff, the children yell with glee, so that the special officer is called to restore order. In another film the little daughter of the station agent holds a highway robber at the point of a gun until help arrives, and this bit of audacity calls forth another wave of juvenile applause, which is augmented by the fact that the heroine is a child like themselves.

Allowing for the human love of a fight, the Western pictures satisfy

this healthy appetite, and it is the duty of the manufacturer to keep these films free from sensationalism that would taint the child's mind. Happily the lurid dime-novel style of story is a thing of the past and the cowboy films are becoming more and more a picture of Western life.

Tho the boys and girls are united in their love for the pictured cowboy, the sexes separate when it comes to other styles of motography. For instance, the boys revel in the "slapstick" comedies produced by the foreign makers. Let the comedian take a fall which looks as if it ought to cripple him and then go on to other falls, he is sure of a constant roar of laughter from the boys. Indeed, this imitation of personal injury is so universally accepted as comic that when a character in a serious picture is really injured, a laugh sometimes comes in the wrong place. There is no heartlessness in the child's amusement at these mock accidents, for he instinctively realizes that the comedian is not hurt by his fall, or else he would not be able to continue his adventures.

The "rough-house" farces do not appeal to many of the girls, for they say, "Oh, that's a crazy picture!" Evidently woman has a sentimental nature even in her babyhood, because the smallest tots have a liking for pictures with a heart interest. And the joy of a "good cry," which later draws them to see David Warfield, makes them fond of films which have a few sobs sprinkled thruout the story. "Why haven't you any sad pictures?" complained one young miss. Her attention was called to a strong Italian tragedy which was then on the screen. "Oh, I don't mean that kind," she answered; "I like the ones where the mother has to leave her child." It was explained to her that it would not do to have mother leave her che-ild in every picture. But if the same bit of pathos appeared on the screen every day, no doubt the lassie would enjoy her "weeps" just as if she had never before seen that pathetic climax.

Having explained which of "the movies" are favorites with children, it only remains to point out what they do not like, and that is travel pictures. The manager who wishes to put on a reel which will act as a "chaser" on the primary department of his audience, will send the children scurrying to the exits when he announces a film of foreign views. The desire for culture, which sends swarms of American adults to see and hear Burton Holmes' Travelogues, has not yet appeared in the younger generation. To one boy who was bored by a scenic film, it was suggested that it would do him good, as it was education. "Aw!" he exclaimed in disgust, "I get enough of that in school." And this is the attitude of most children toward purely educational pictures.

As children never were known to like what is good for them, it is necessary to present these educational films in a sugar-coated homeopathic form which will be more palatable to them. What children of all ages like above everything is a story. And if the travel picture is put in the form of a story, the child will readily gulp it down, unaware that he is getting medicine—that is, education. There is one set of New York views which are bound together with the slight narrative of a country girl viewing the city from a sight-seeing 'bus, and the film is enjoyed by the young because they feel that it is a real thing and not merely a set of pictures. And this is the best way in which "the movies" can consciously educate children. At this late date it is impossible to suggest how much unconscious education is absorbed by the child who watches modern Motion Pictures, with stories that depict real life in this and every other country. Besides being a pleasure, the pictures are to American childhood a history, a geography and a dictionary rolled into one.

The Tenderfoot's Claim

(Kalem)

By GUY SHAW

STANDING majestically upon the crest of the divide, overlooking Big Tejunga Canyon in the California foothills, towered the powerful figure of an Indian, proud possession in his bearing, pride of race upon his face.

Below him ran the swift Tejunga River, friend of his boyhood and his manhood. Here had he learnt to string his bow and let fly the arrow with the fearless fingers of childhood. Here had he borne the tests of courage and of action in the hunting exploits of his youth. And here now he stood, strong in the might of his manhood, lord of the region round about as far as eye could reach.

Lord? Yes, by right of knowledge and of exploration, for every ridge and valley had rung with the echoing steps of his sturdy pony, and far back thru the wilds of the Sierra Mountains he had penetrated into the great Mojavo Desert. But lord by right of possession—no! Even as he stood there, slowly there came winding thru the valley the white seekers after gold, the little thread that ran through the smooth lands of his hunting grounds and left them seamed and marred.

Big Chief Lone Star looked down disdainfully upon them. From time immemorial his nation had known of the rich treasures of the river sands, as countless "coyote holes" along the banks attested; and now these greedy, pushing white men were come to claim and dig and devastate, and the Indian was powerless to voice his prior right.

Lone Star had heard from other tribes of onslaughts elsewhere in the country, but it seemed impossible that this isolated canyon should ever be exposed. Yet somehow the insatiable white man had found it out, and this was only one of many trains that had penetrated, unasked and unwanted, into his beloved valley. His expression changed to grief. Solemnly he mounted his faithful pony, impatiently awaiting his coming and responsive on the instant to his slightest whim or touch, and slowly rode away among the foothills. He could not stay to see the train trampling thru his cherished valley. He did not want to know upon what oft-visited spot they would pitch their camp.

That was in the early nineties, and to-day what is the result? The red man has been driven from his hunting grounds, cheated and deprived of all that he loves and reveres, forced to a life hardly worth the living, until total extinction is imminent. And what has he been given in return?

A similar example of the white man's treatment may be seen among the Burmese. No well-bred Burmese would think of wearing his shoes into a room where there were ladies, any more than a well-bred American would enter wearing a hat. But a Burmese cannot remove his turban; that in itself would be an act of disrespect. Yet he keeps on his English shoes and so discards his own manners without replacing them by ours. We rob him of his chivalry and what do we give him in return?

Missionaries go to China preaching of one God and the brotherhood of man, yet setting the poor example of petty sect dissensions!

Ah, the white man has much to answer for abroad as well as at home!

In one month's time the little party which Lone Star had seen making its advent among his hills was operating a flourishing mining camp. Four "old-timers," who had been too late for a successful run in other parts of the State, but who had gained experience thereby, were among the party and soon had things in running order. Panning and washing were in prog-

ress, and nuggets of gold proclaimed unusual success.

One day as the "boys" were working diligently an Englishman presented his immaculate, bemonocled self in their midst.

"Look here, m' lads, you haven't any business here, you know. This claim is mine—quite so. I own it by a far prior right, you know. Really now, I think you'll have to move on," he declared pompously.

The boys looked up with interest. This promised to be diverting, and anything in the way of a joke—even an Englishman — was welcome. So they laughed at him and encouraged him to more carefully voiced expressions of self-interest. Before long, however, as the Englishman insisted and grew positively vociferous, the boys perceived that he was serious. Not that his appearance had been otherwise from the beginning, but they saw that he really *meant* to be serious, and in fact was growing quite ugly about it. So they promptly set upon him, ran him from the camp and upset his self-centered gravity generally.

When they returned they found a young tenderfoot naïvely inquiring the way to a good claim. Having been deprived of a chance for a joke in the case of the obstreperous Englishman, they decided to make sure of this one. So they looked him over and saw that he was green—the spring vegetable kind, "so fresh, so new," and so smilingly earnest and polite, that they promptly directed him to a particular spot farther up the creek. While he was gathering up his kit and thanking them for their kindness they could hardly restrain the laughter which broke out uproariously when he was a safe distance away.

"Say, fellows, maybe he'll be a Crœsus some day," said one of the boys between outbursts.

"And maybe he won't," vouchsafed another. "He's more likely to be a mud turtle. Remember the day I went exploring up there before we'd fully decided that this was a good claim? Maybe I wasn't all night getting scraped off! Gee, I'm sorry for that tenderfoot! Wish I was going to be behind the scenes."

"I wonder if he'd know gold if he was to see it," remarked a third. "Bet my boots we could fool him, all right."

In about a week's time their curiosity became more than they could stand, so they decided to pay a visit to their protégé. They found him working diligently—some of the newness worn off his clothes as well as off his pans.

"How goes it? Struck any gold?" they soberly inquired.

The tenderfoot shook his head sadly without looking up and went nervously, feverishly on with his work, his hands trembling with excitement.

Had his advent in the camp been more propitious the boys might have felt some pity for him, but as it was, the chance for a joke eclipsed any humane feelings that might have been lurking beneath the surface. They nudged each other, gave him some profuse words of encouragement and advice and betook themselves merrily back to camp, well satisfied that they were on the track of a real joke this time.

That night one of the boys had a brilliant idea.

"Boys," said he, "I've got it! I told you that tenderfoot couldn't tell real gold from fake. What do you say to salting his claim with fool's gold?"

It didn't take many words to signify that they fell in with the plan. When the shouts of laughter which the proposal evoked had subsided, they agreed to keep an eye on the tenderfoot and to do the deed the next time he went to town for supplies.

Fate was with the workers of iniquity. It often is—fate, or a certain diabolical individual disguised as fate. At any rate, the very next morning the tenderfoot stopped at the camp and announced that he was going down for supplies and asked them to keep an eye on his claim.

This they willingly promised to do, and hardly was he out of sight before

the boys rushed into the tent, brought forth the fool's gold and started hilariously in the direction of the tenderfoot's mine.

Salting a mine as a source of amusement is prolific only for the salters, certainly not for the salted; but sometimes it so happens that the salted is worth his salt, as in this case.

The tenderfoot went down for supplies, as he had said, and it was not necessary for him to state that those supplies must needs consist only of a loaf of bread. His funds were low when he had finally reached the gold lands and his week's work had brought him no returns. He had subsisted upon practically nothing during that period, and labored constantly, doing work to which he was unaccustomed and for which he was not physically fitted. Often he had worked feverishly all day, hoping, ever hoping to secure some treasure and never stopping to take time from his quest to taste of food. When night came he was too exhausted to eat and sank into a troubled sleep, fraught with dreams of glittering particles that slipped from his grasp whenever he reached for them or of golden nuggets that turned to dull sand in his hands.

Upon arriving in the town he quickly completed his purchase and hurried back, partly to escape the midday heat which made his head ache and partly because he did not want to leave his claim unguarded any longer than necessary.

On returning he hastened at once to the pans, trying several without results. Then he moved toward the part of the mine which the boys had salted in his absence, washing as before.

Suddenly he stopped. Amazement, then joy unspeakable overspread his features. Dropping on his knees, he picked out a handful of nuggets, while his vibrating voice shouted, "Gold! gold! gold!" to the passionless hills. He hugged the pieces to him, rocking his body back and forth in ecstasy. Then human nature asserted itself and the desire to tell of his joy grew into a crying need. Oh, for a friend—"one to share the gladness with, for it is gladness that most needs sharing!" A friend! Had he not many friends in the camp below—the miners who had directed him to this happy claim? With a cry he arose to his feet and ran wildly down the creek.

Into the midst of the boys he tore, a disheveled, delirious figure, exclaiming, "I've struck it! I've struck it! Gold! And it's all due to you! You showed me the place! You helped me —all of you! Oh, thank you! Thank you!" And in his excitement he shook hands several times around, and even included the Englishman, who had strolled in upon the scene just as the cries of joy had roused the miners from their work.

The Englishman submitted to the demonstration, adjusted his monocle, hitched his shoulders and pulled down his cuffs at the same time and proceeded to pat his head. An idea was taking root. "A clever one, too, by George!" he thought, as he craftily betook himself from the scene, mentally patting himself on the back.

Meanwhile the miners pretended to be greatly interested in the fool's gold so triumphantly displayed, imparting friendly nudges and knowing winks to one another when the tenderfoot was not looking and bursting into hearty laughter when he had gone back to his claim.

To the tenderfoot all was *couleur de rose*. The nuggets in his hands increased like magic in number and size. Money came rolling toward him in the very air he breathed. He thought of the invalid mother who should be made happy with every comfort, of the little white farmhouse in Vermont that should be repaired and the land made to yield its harvest again. No more days of ceaseless, fruitless labor; no more nights endured without rest and without food.

Food! Ah, those pangs of hunger must be stayed. Some of his gold must go for food at once. He knelt down by his box and brought out an old jelly-glass containing a few particles of gold dust. To these he added

LOOKING IN THE TENT, HE SUDDENLY RECOILED

his new-found nuggets, holding the jar up to the light, laughing and crying hysterically. Suddenly he felt an overwhelming faintness, and remembering the bread he had purchased in the morning, hungrily ate some.

The momentary feeling having passed, he prepared to make the trip to town with the jelly-glass and its precious contents. But his strength failed him. Hunger and overwork had done their worst, and at the very doorway of his tent he sank unconscious to the floor.

"The tenderfoot must have struck the gold by this time, boys. Let's go up and see the fun."

Up the peaceful little valley went the jolly miners, eagerly expectant.

"Why, he's not working," exclaimed one, as they approached. "Oh, kiddo, found any gold?" he shouted.

Only the echo of his own voice answered him.

Not a sound of bird or insect broke the stillness.

The very leaves upon the trees seemed hushed.

"That's queer. Wonder if he's on to our game," they said, as they turned to search for him.

One of the men strode up to the doorway of the tent, and looking in, suddenly recoiled.

"My God, boys, look here!"

Before the awe-struck group lay the tenderfoot upon his miserable little cot, the hand of fever upon him, talking deliriously to the fake gold nuggets in the old jelly-glass. He looked hardly more than a boy, and the hearts of the gruff old miners were moved to tears. They knew the ravages of fever and how long and difficult would be the struggle for recovery. And now they realized their part in bringing it on.

These miners were rough and blunt upon the surface, but in emergency none could be kinder. They rushed for cooling water, for the doctor and for food, and when the hours of anxiety were over, during which they

took turns in watching by the cotside, they assembled with softened faces within the bare tent room, a wiser and more thoughtful group.

Quietly the man who had proposed the salting slipped the jar from the hands of the sleeping lad and deliberately threw the fake gold out of the tent. Then, with eyes that never faltered, he faced the group and, in full sight of all, filled the jar with real nuggets from his own pocket. Not a man among them whose heart did not beat faster, not a man who saw the deed but took the example unto himself, for all knew what it meant to their comrade, who was struggling, saving for a wife and children far away across the continent. Feelingly they watched him replace the jar within the lad's frail hands. Then they rose with one accord and, with hushed steps and bowed heads, took their departure, knowing that they were leaving the lad in tender hands for the night.

Two weeks' time found the tenderfoot sitting up in bed, pale but happy, his precious jar beside him. His friends of the lower camp had proved friends indeed. They had nursed him and provided for him and had even worked his claim occasionally, so that now his jar was quite full of shining nuggets. He thought with glowing heart of their kindness. How could he ever repay it?

Just then he heard some one call him, and the Englishman appeared.

"How are you, m' lad?" he inquired as they shook hands. "Been sick quite a while, haven't you? I've been up here three or four times to call upon you, but those rascally miners had you so well guarded that I couldn't so much as get a glimpse of you."

"You were very kind to come so often," replied the lad. "I'm much better now, thank you, and very anxious to be at work again. The boys from the camp have been helping me,

REPLACING THE FAKE GOLD WITH REAL

THE ENGLISHMAN WORKS HIS NEW CLAIM

but there's nothing like getting your own gold, I think. See, they've almost filled up my jar," and he held up the jelly-glass so that the sunlight fell full upon it.

The Englishman's eyes gleamed. His usual manner of indifferent propriety almost forsook him.

"I say, old chap," he began, "how would you like to sell your claim?"

The lad's eyes flashed.

"Sell my claim! Why, I wouldn't give it up for anything now when I'm just beginning to make good."

"But I'll give you a handsome price for it, you know—a really handsome price. Besides, you ought to be glad of the chance to sell, for you won't be able to work it in your weakened condition."

The lad's face fell. The Englishman saw it, and drawing out his check book, wrote a check for $20,000 and handed it to the boy.

He took it and fingered it thoughtfully. Then he lifted up the jar and looked longingly at its contents. The gold looked very bright.

"Perhaps you're right," he said, setting the jar down regretfully and producing the claim papers. "Perhaps I ought to accept your offer—and $20,000 would be a great help."

The Englishman grabbed his hand with delight.

"Of course you ought to accept it, old chap, of course. And the price is a royal one, too. Now, if you were to ask my advice, purely as a friend, you know, I should tell you to sell by all means. It's the best thing you can possibly do under the circumstances."

And the check and the claim changed hands.

Whereupon the Englishman rose, patted the lad effusively upon the shoulder and took his departure, rubbing the papers gloatingly between his hands and secretly praising himself for a lucky fellow.

On his way down he stopped at the miners' camp.

"Oh, I say, we're going to be neighbors now," he announced. "I've just bought the tenderfoot's claim—only paid $20,000 for it too, by Jove! Lucky bargain, wasn't it now?"

For a moment the miners were speechless. Then, realizing that all parties were getting their just deserts —the Englishman a worthless claim, the tenderfoot his fortune and they a bothersome neighbor—they crowded around him with hearty congratulations. When he had gone, however, they gave expression to their true feelings by throwing their hats up in the air and jumping with joy at the thought that their impulsive deed had worked good results after all for the tenderfoot lad.

When the boy took his departure from the tumble-down old station they were all on hand to wave him off, watching with blurred eyes until the train was out of sight, his parting words still ringing in their ears, "Good-bye, boys! Good luck!"

Up on the claim half a dozen men were panning as if their life depended upon it, while the Englishman fluttered excitedly from one to another, but each in turn had nothing to show. Finally, in desperation, he took the last pan into his own hands, but succeeded no better.

Then, raising it high above his head, he threw it down in anger, sending fierce echoes rolling down the valley which met and mingled with the laughter of the returning miners.

And overlooking it all stood the brooding figure of an Indian.

The Moving Picture Cowboy

By E. A. BRININSTOOL

THE cowboy game is busted, 'cuz the cattle game is dead;
The railroad trains go tootin' where the cattle trails once led;
The only time we ever hit the pace we uster go
Is when we're out performin' for a Movin' Picture show.

Our chaps an' guns an' saddles, that was once our joy an' pride,
We use when we are doin' Western stunts upon the side;
An' we ain't woke up o' mornin's at the first faint flush o' dawn
For to do some circle-ridin', 'cuz the round-up's dead an' gone.

We are gettin' better fodder than the range cook slung at us,
Fer the Movin' Picter feller's an accommodatin' cuss;
We are actor-guys fer sartin, an' the pay is five a day,
Jest to do a little posin' in a woolly Western play.

There is Hop-a-long an' Happy, me an' Bony, Chip an' Ben,
Who are doin' cowboy features fer the Movin' Picter men;
An' the only thing axed of us is to rescue Lady Lou
From the clutches of some Injuns that don't know a word o' Sioux!

We are gittin' fat an' sassy, fer the job's a snap, you bet;
'Cuz we draw our pay no matter if the weather's shine er wet;
This cow-punchin' on the ranges was all right in days o' yore,
But the Movin' Picter bizness has it skinned a mile er more!

SCENE FROM "THE HEART OF EDNA LESLIE." (Kalem)

The Death of Edward the Third

(Vitagraph)

By MONTANYE PERRY

It was a black, tempestuous night. The wind shrieked thru the tall elms which surrounded the stately palace of Shene and tugged fiercely at casement and turret. Heavy rain dashed against the quaint, diamond-shaped window panes, and the constant drip of the low-hanging eaves mingled with the sob of the tempest like the ghostly patter of unseen visitants singing with weird, shrill voices.

Black night was within the palace, also. Only one room showed gleams of light, the king's apartment, and even there the waxen candles which shed their pale glow over the dark-paneled walls and rich tapestries seemed, with their flickering radiance, to emphasize rather than to dispel the gloom and darkness.

But the occupant of this room heeded neither darkness nor storm. With his mantle pulled tightly about him, his wasted face fever-flushed, his sunken eyes dull and staring, he crouched in a great carved chair, with shaking hands extended to catch the warmth from a brazier, filled with burning coals, standing close beside him. As a sudden, sharp chill racked his shivering form, he looked about for a servant and called petulantly, "John, bring another wrap."

The servant who entered showed no respect for his royal master, but stood, staring stupidly, until the king spoke again, angrily: "Fool! Can you not understand? A rug from the bed there."

The man obeyed the order, but with such clumsiness that the king, roused from his dazed condition, looked sharply at him.

"Leave the room, you are drunk," he commanded, but the fellow only swaggered and smiled insolently.

The impertinence roused the king to action. Springing from his chair, the heavy wraps falling in confusion about his feet, he struck the servant a violent blow, felling him to the floor, where he lay, groaning faintly.

"Ho!" cried the thoroly enraged monarch, "where are ye all? Come, instantly!"

At his cry a number of servants came running into the room in amazement. It had been many weeks since Edward the Third had stood upon his feet, unaided, and his men-in-waiting had learnt to pay but scant attention to his demands. But now, as he towered in rage above the prostrate, groaning form upon the floor, their old fear and submission returned, and they knelt humbly.

"How dare ye slight and treat me so!" thundered Edward. "From the day when, as yet a boy, I dragged down Mortimer from his high place, I have been master in my own house, and none has dared to approach me save on bended knees. Beware how ye trifle with me! Until death claims his own, I am ruler here. Now, three of ye go with these messages; the rest of ye attend me. Fill my wine cup; bring more rugs; take this drunken fellow away!"

Astounded and awed by this unexpected outburst of strength, the servants hastened to obey, while the king sank wearily into his great chair again, his momentary strength quite gone. As a trembling servitor held a wine cup to the bloodless lips, the door opened softly, and a man, stately, white-haired, with commanding voice and figure, entered. It was the court physician.

For a moment the newcomer stood, looking upon the wasted form of the unconscious monarch, a look of deep compassion upon his noble face.

"Edward the Third," he murmured, "how pitiful to see thy strength gone—thy glory brought so low!"

A TREMBLING SERVITOR OFFERS EDWARD WINE

Kneeling, he lifted one of the limp hands, feeling the pulse with skillful touch. The king slowly opened his eyes, blank and vacant at first, but slowly filling with recognition as consciousness returned. A faint touch of color crept back to the pale face as the physician asked a few questions, nodding sadly at the replies.

"Tell me," said the king, with a slight return of his hectic energy, "can you cure my ailment? It is the truth I want."

"I can alleviate the pain to-night; to-morrow we will consult——" began the physician, evasively.

"No," broke in the king, "I see by thy face that thou canst do nothing. Then leave me. I have tasks to do, and I will have no potions to prolong my torture. Go, thy work is done until a new king reigns upon this throne."

Pityingly, the physician took a dark potion from his bag, pouring it into a silver cup, which he offered to the king.

"Drink," he urged, "it will calm the pain."

"And numb my senses," retorted Edward, with growing fury. "No! Go, I say. Has Edward the Third ever feared pain?"

As the physician withdrew, a young man, with a look of deep sorrow on his face, brushed hurriedly by him and fell upon his knees beside the chair, resting his head for a moment against the king's mantle.

"Ah, Charles," spoke the king painfully, "the time has come. What, dost thou really grieve? It is because thou art young, and thy heart is still soft. Would that I had a son, young and unspoiled, to grieve for me! But they are all grown hard and treacherous. Alas! there was but one of them all who proved to be brave and true,

and he, my Black Prince, the greatest prince of England, lies moldering in his tomb these many months."

He paused, his gaze traveling slowly over the rolls of parchment which heaped the table.

"The papers which you have prepared," he said feebly, "must be signed and sealed to-night. To-morrow will be too late."

The young clerk, composing himself with great effort, arose and held the parchments, one by one, before the king, for his royal signature, helping the nerveless fingers to guide the pen and to press the great signet ring into the soft wax. As the last one was finished there was a stir at the door, and the king looked up, listlessly. There, in the wide doorway, stood a woman, straight and lovely, in a trailing robe of richest velvet. From the black hair, coiled like a coronet above her high brow, a pure white veil floated toward the floor, offsetting the darkness of the liquid eyes, which smiled tenderly into the king's fevered ones. A look of intense joy came over Edward's haggard face.

"Alice," he breathed in a glad whisper, "thou hast come to me, my beloved. They could not keep thee from me!"

He held out his long, wasted hands, and the woman ran to his side, bowing herself against his knees and sobbing bitterly. A spasm of pain crossed the sick man's face.

"Thou, alone, art true, my Alice," he murmured, smoothing her glossy hair. "Thou, alone, art faithful unto the end."

"Now take a pen, Charles," he commanded the clerk, "and write as I shall bid thee."

Slowly and painfully, choosing each word with care, the dying monarch dictated his last letter, while the woman seated at his feet kist his hand from time to time and smiled gratefully up at him. It was a short and simple note, a last request to his sons, charging them, as they feared a father's curse, to do this woman no harm after his death. When it was finished, he sealed it, wearily.

"I can do no more," he said to the clerk. "Thou hast been a faithful servant and shalt be rewarded. Swear now to deliver this last letter as I have bidden thee."

"My king, I swear solemnly," promised the youth, with a shaking voice.

"Then go," said Edward, "thou canst do no more," and the clerk, with a last, sorrowful salute, obeyed, leaving the fast dying king alone with the woman whom he had loved for so many years with passionate, reckless devotion.

For a long time they sat silent, these two whose lives had been so strangely linked, the king stroking the dark head tenderly and staring mournfully into the glowing brazier.

"It is all over," he said at last in a hopeless, weary tone, "all over! The end is here, and thou alone, my faithful one, hast come to share this last hour with me."

"I have shared life with thee. I would share death itself with thee, if I might," responded the woman.

"Nay, Alice, thou hast much life before thee, but thou wilt be true? Thou wilt not forget me?"

"Nay, I shall remember always, my king."

"Yes," he assented, "thou wilt remember. How couldst thou forget our glorious days, the days when thou wert called the Queen of Beauty—the

"THOU, ALONE, ART TRUE"

great pageant when thousands bowed before thee, my glorious Queen of the Sun? Dost remember the day, the long train of brilliant equipages, the banners gleaming in the sunlight, the flashing armor, and thou, most beautiful of all the masqueraders, applauded by the watching multitude?"

"Yet the people hate me," she breathed fearfully; "they despise me bitterly."

"And they hate me, too, as the rabble ever hate those who hold power. They despise me, because in my last days the kingdom has fallen from its high estate. Yet, is it my fault? I set the kingdom in an exalted place, and there it stayed, until the black plague, with its fearful clutch, snatched away half my warriors, and laid waste the land there were no hands to till. Is it not so, Alice?"

"It is true," she answered, soothingly, "thy reign has been great."

"I was but fourteen years of age when I came to my throne," continued the king, dreamily, "but eighteen when I planned and executed the political revolution which overthrew Mortimer. And did not my riper years bear out my youthful promise? Were not my wars glorious, my victories brilliant? Think of Crécy, where the number of Frenchmen whom we slew was far greater than the number of my whole army; of Poitiers, where the number of our captives far exceeded that of our whole armed force. They may despise and desert me now, but the names of

ALICE REMOVES THE SIGNET RING

Crécy and Poitiers will endure thru the centuries, thrilling every British heart like a trumpet call."

He choked and gasped painfully for breath, and the woman lifted to his lips the silver cup containing the black potion, but he pushed it aside.

"I will not be drugged," he said, fretfully.

"To ease thy pain," she whispered, pleadingly; "I cannot bear thy suffering. For my sake, drink."

He drank, and his breath grew freer, while his mind began to wander, and he babbled, disjointedly, of his childhood, his mother, his fair young queen, Philippa; his brave and beloved son, the "Black Prince"; his campaigns in France and Scotland; his Knights of the Garter and their chivalrous deeds.

"The end is near," he moaned; "it is very near. Do not leave me, my beloved, do not go."

"Nay," answered the woman, caressing him, "I am here, beside thee."

The murmuring voice of the king grew weaker, more incoherent, fainter, until it trailed away into silence. The woman sat silent, while a long hour dragged by. Then she rose softly, and as she stood looking down upon the wasted, shriveled form in the carved chair, a wonderful transformation took place in her. It was as if a mask fell from her face, a fair mask, all smiles and tenderness and devotion, and, as it slipped away, the real face was revealed, a face full of mockery, of deceit, of bitter disgust, even of hatred.

"He will never wake again!" she hissed, "and I—what is left to me? A face which men hate and women despise, a name which he has made infamous! I shall be homeless, outcast, persecuted. If I could but flee, before a new king reigns!"

Her eyes, searching the room eagerly, came back to the king and rested, with a sharp gleam, upon the rare jewels which sparkled upon the thin hands.

"The rings!" she exclaimed, "the rings! Why not? With them I can fly to France!"

Cautiously she lifted one of the frail hands, but the king stirred slightly and opened his eyes, whispering "Alice!"

Instantly the mask slipped back over the sinister face, as she bent over him, kissing the hand she held, until his eyes closed again. Then, carefully, methodically, she stripped the rings from each finger with light, deft touches, wrapping them in her flowing white veil. Last of all came the great signet ring. As that was removed she arose, holding the great jewel to the light, examining it with keen, gloating eyes. From his knees she took the rich fur mantle, wrapped herself tightly in its warm folds, and, with the rings clasped close to her guilty breast, stole softly out into the night, casting a backward look of scorn and hate at the still form.

An hour passed. The red coals in the brazier faded into gray, the candles burned low in their golden sockets, and the silent form in the high carved chair sat motionless. A servant peered timidly in and, seeing the room deserted, crept cautiously forward, bending over the king, listening intently. Satisfied, he went to the door and called loudly for his fellow servants, who trooped noisily in, looking eagerly about the room.

"Is he dead, then?" asked one, roughly.

"So near it that he will never open those eyes again," responded the first comer.

"The woman has gone," laughed a man, coarsely.

"So have the jewels," exclaimed another, pointing to the bare hands of the sleeper.

"A good idea!" cried a bold-faced villain, seizing a golden goblet from the table. "Alice Perrers has her share. Here is mine!"

The deed suited the mood of the half-drunken crew exactly. They stripped the room of everything, quarreling fiercely over their spoil or laughing uproariously as fancy swayed them. Even the ermine cloak was pulled from the king's shoulders. Then they fled, and Edward the

THEY STRIPPED THE ROOM OF EVERYTHING

Third was utterly alone in the great, still castle of Shene, with the grim death angel hovering close.

The wind died out with a last burst of fury. The driving rain softened to a gentle patter, and dawn crept softly in at the windows, touching the king's drawn face. The last spark of life stirred in the king's heart and he shuddered, gasped, turned in his chair and stretched out a hand, seeking the dark head he had stroked in his last conscious moment. The hands fluttered restlessly, seeking vainly. The effort fanned the spark of life to a tiny flame. His deep eyes opened and wandered questioningly about the bare room.

"Alice!" he called, feebly.

Receiving no response, he sat upright, with violent effort, and looked about, calling wildly, but his cries echoed thru the great rooms with hollow mockery. Gradually his dazed senses took in the condition of the room, stripped bare of all save the heavy furniture. Then he perceived the loss of his jewels, and with a groan of desperation he sprang to his feet, given strength once more by his wild rage.

His rage was followed by terror, and he fell upon his knees, sobbing despairingly.

"Alone, all alone. Deserted, robbed, abandoned in my last hour. And thou, Alice, wert thou, too, false?"

His cries became weaker, and he trembled with cold, groping vainly for his lost mantle.

"Why has this come upon me?" he sobbed. "Why am I left thus?"

Thru the gray shadows a voice seemed to fall softly, "For thy sins!"

The wretched man looked upward and his eyes fell upon a tiny crucifix and Bible, upon the table. Even the drunken thieves had spared them. He drew the book toward him, muttering brokenly: "Aye, for my sins, for my sins! Woe is me!"

Struggling fiercely against death, he opened the book and read, while his face filled with remorse and horror: "Thou fool! This night shall thy soul be required of thee."

With a groan he dropped the book and looked down the long vista of his years, filled with cruel deeds, with avarice, deceit and licentiousness. His soul, stripped bare of pride and self-deception, cowered in abject terror.

"For my sins, for my sins," he moaned again, "I am left alone, I must die unshriven!"

Once more he opened the book, the blindness of death upon him, but upon the written page the words stood out, illumined brightly, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

A glad light overspread the white face. "A promise!" he gasped, "a promise! I shall not die alone."

Lo! even as he spoke a slender, black-garbed priest came quietly into the room and advanced to his side, holding aloft a cross.

A cry of hope and joy broke from the king's lips. Reaching upward for the cross, he clasped it, kist it reverently and waited, with rapt, exalted look, for the priest's blessing. It was given, softly, and, with his arms folded about the cross, with a whispered prayer upon his lips and the light of peace upon his calm face, the tired, broken heart of Edward the Third was still.

THE PRIEST'S BLESSING

The New Church Carpet

(Edison)

By HELEN M. COOLIDGE

"What shall the harvest be-e-e-e,
Oh, what shall the har-vest be-e-e?"

If old Mrs. Secrist hadn't sung the whole hymn just one syllable behind every one else, if Miss Jenkins hadn't pitched it half a tone higher than the wheezy little organ, and if Mrs. Baker Nelson hadn't flatted every high note, the singing would have sounded very well. Every one of the members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Readville Methodist Church had sung in the choir at some period of local history, and there never was a time when Readville was not proud of its choir.

As the last strains of the hymn died away, Elisabeth Ann Goodhouse arrived. Elisabeth Ann was nearly always late, so nobody was surprised at her tardy appearance. What did surprise them was that she deliberately paused in the middle of the aisle and meditatively poked the toe of her shoe into a hole in the well-worn carpet. Evidently Elisabeth Ann had something on her mind.

"Hev they done anything yet?" she whispered loudly to Mrs. Baker Nelson, as she wedged herself into the corner seat beside the latter.

"Nuthin' but th' hymn and Sister Jones' scripter readin'," was the reply.

"Land o' love! Why, it's past three o'clock. They'd better begin."

Elisabeth Ann never approved of preliminaries.

"Sh! What's Miss Jones sayin'?"

Mrs. Baker Nelson leaned forward to listen. The president, a tall, solemn-looking woman in a black cashmere dress, had risen to address the meeting.

"Sisters," she observed, "our society hasn't been doing much lately, as you all know. I've had all I could do to take care of Mr. Jones' mother, who was bed-rid for so long before her call came. Sister Jenkins was away for a month. Sister Nelson has been kept home getting ready for Amy's wedding. Sister Secrist has had company and Sister Brown and Sister Doolittle have both had sickness in their families. It wasn't to be expected that the society could do much under such a visitation of Providence. But it's all over now. We've had a good revival. The probationers have been doing grand. Every one of them was out to the love feast last Sunday morning, and now the Presiding Elder is going to be here the first of next month. Me and Sister Brown called the meeting for to-day, so that we could plan just how he was to be entertained. After that, we want to consider a letter Sister Brown has from a missionary in India about raising some money for the work there. Now about the Presiding Elder. Sister Secrist, you know his family well. What can you do?"

Sister Secrist rose. She wore a voluminous black dress and an old-fashioned bonnet tied demurely under her sharp, pointed chin.

"I kin eat him," she replied in penetrating tones, "if Sister Doolittle kin sleep him."

But Sister Doolittle declined. Her baby, she said, still had the whooping cough. Doolittle, himself, had to occupy the spare bed, so as not to be annoyed by the child's coughing. Somebody else would have to sleep the Elder this time.

It was the opportunity Elisabeth Ann Goodhouse had been waiting for. She was on her feet almost before Mrs. Doolittle had ceased speaking. Her sonorous voice suited her portly frame. It resounded thro the small building with surprising distinctness.

"I could eat the Elder and sleep him, too—but I won't agree to do it;

AT THE MEETING

and, what's more, I won't stick my head into this church while he's here, nor give nothin' for th' sociable refreshments—unless somethin's done to make this church look more respectable than it did th' last time he was here."

"That's right. I'm just glad she said it," whispered Miss Jenkins to Mrs. Wilson, the treasurer of the society.

"No one else would have dared," was the whispered reply.

But Elisabeth Ann had not finished. She did not often "speak in meetin'." When she did, it was usually remembered for a long time thereafter. To-day she had firmly made up her mind to forestall, if possible, that threatened letter from India, and, as she expressed it, to save the honor of the Readville church.

"It's all very well," she continued, looking around upon her small audience, "to clean out our garrets and cellars every house-cleanin' time an' send what we don't want to th' heathen, but it's an insult to the Lord and to the Presidin' Elder to say we're worshipin' in th' beauty of holiness when the place we worship in is so ragged and dirty—it's unholy. There ain't one of us here would have a parlor carpet stay down two years without takin' it up an' shakin' it. This church carpet's been down five years, if it has a day. Joe Wilkins would have taken it up fer us last year, but it was so ragged and thin he dassent. The last time the Presidin' Elder was here, I brought down my front door-mat and laid it over the rags where he had to stand to preach. I can't do it this year, for the door-mat's been here ever since, and now it's as bad as th' carpet. Down at th' Crossroads Emporium they're sellin' carpet cheap. Right now's our chanct to buy. I'm goin' to make a motion that this society git to work and buy a carpet before the Elder gits here. If it does, then you kin send th' Elder to me.

I'll eat him and I'll sleep him, and nobody else need have any bother about it."

"I second the motion!" piped Mrs. Baker Nelson, inspired by a vigorous poke from Elisabeth Ann as she resumed her seat. The latter knew that the safety of her pet scheme lay only in rapidity of action. Once let Sister Brown and Sister Jones loose with that missionary letter and the carpet would fade away in the distance.

"This seems to me rather sudden," commented Mrs. Jones, "but the motion has been seconded. The ladies can decide for themselves. All in favor of the carpet, as Sister Goodhouse suggests, will please rise."

Every one rose except the secretary, Samantha Brown, and the president, Mrs. Jones.

"I think," snapped the former, "that the spirit o' worldliness and ambition is creepin' among us, but of course th' majority rules, and it's carried accordin'ly. Now I'd like to ask what we're goin' to buy it with."

Every one present understood that the speaker referred to the carpet and not to the spirit of worldliness.

"Ain't there some money in th' treasury?" inquired Mrs. Doolittle, anxiously.

"Only five dollars," answered Mrs. Wilson; "that was left after th' parsonage was shingled."

" 'Tain't enough," declared Elisabeth Ann, "even at th' Emporium. We'll have to give a chicken an' waffle supper, same as we did last year. People would go ten mile to git them waffles of Sister Brown's."

Elisabeth Ann was diplomatic. She knew Samantha Brown's vulnerable point. So long as there was a division of sentiment in regard to the carpet, no undertaking could succeed. Once Samantha was won over, Mrs. Jones would be sure to follow. The bait was well thrown, and Samantha did exactly what Elisabeth Ann Goodhouse had expected her to do. She rose and said that, as the thing was started, it ought to be done up right; that she, for her part, had no objection to having her house used for a chicken and waffle supper, and that if the young people in the choir wanted to get up some speeches and games and things for the evening it would be all right.

That settled the whole matter. Miss Jenkins was selected to canvass the village for donations and Mrs. Brown was authorized to put a piece in the *Weekly Argus* apprising the public of the event.

Miss Jenkins, in her rounds, did not fail to call at the home of Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson was treasurer of the society, and it was understood that she would give something as a matter of course, but Miss Jenkins explained that it was absolutely necessary for her to know personally just exactly what each person would contribute. That was why Mrs. Wilson, in a spirit of recklessness, said she would provide a cake.

She had made it with care. It was what she called a devil's cake, but it was tempting to look upon, and the fragrance of it must have been wafted straight into the harness shop nearby, where her husband plied his trade. At least no other reason could explain why Joel Wilson should have selected that particular time to lay aside his work and saunter over home. His sudden appearance in the kitchen startled his wife quite as much as the sight of the cake startled him.

"Who's dead?" he inquired, gazing from the cake to his wife inquiringly.

Joel Wilson was never known to miss being present at the elaborate repast Readville was accustomed to serve just after the mourners got back from the graveyard. To his disappointment, there was no such feast in store.

"Aid Society's grandmother!" he exclaimed as the future destiny of the devil's cake was explained to him. "You go and spend hard-earned money makin' a cake, carry it up to 'em, and then hev to spend twenty-five cents to git in! Th' Presidin' Elder ain't no better than I be, and if that carpet's good enough for me, it's good enough for him."

THE CHICKEN AND WAFFLE SUPPER

Others did not think so, however, and the preparations for the coming supper racked Readville from end to end.

Elisabeth Ann Goodhouse had not overestimated the distance that country folk would journey for a taste of Sister Brown's waffles. Long before the hour set for the supper the front stoop, the "settin'-room" and the parlor were comfortably filled with guests. Miss Jenkins and the editor of *The Argus* were among the first to arrive. Neither felt inclined to lose any item of interest which might develop. In a very short time Sister Brown's usually quiet and well-darkened house was a veritable babel of sounds.

"Howd'y dew — howd'y dew — howd'y dew everybody——"

A quaint figure in rather remarkable attire was making a triumphal progress straight thru the house.

"Well, I swan! If it ain't 'Lish Custard!" exclaimed Mrs. Doolittle, rising to welcome the popular one.

"How be ye, 'Lish?" echoed Deacon Gamble, rubbing the palms of his hands together fervently. "We're always glad ter hev th' young lambs with us."

The deacon did not hear the suppressed titter which this remark caused among the group of young people behind him. All knew that Elisha Custard was a probationer, one of the first fruits, so to speak, of the recent revival, but that he should be likened to a young lamb was more than their sense of humor could withstand. For Elisha was a little past middle age. He wore his hair patted smoothly down and combed carefully forward with what was intended to be a captivating curl anchored just above his temple. For ten years 'Lisha had been courting Jerusha Jenkins, but had never had money enough to justify popping the question.

The editor of *The Argus* prided himself upon his ability always to tell a good news-gatherer when he saw one. He cast many admiring glances upon the fair Jerusha. 'Lisha saw the glances, and the sight nerved him to renewed efforts to retain the loved one's favor. He sought to be popular. He sang, he told stories. He suggested forfeits and played "heavy, heavy, what hangs over," with brilliant success. He might have won out against the editor, if the Readville brass band hadn't blown itself onto the scene and given the newspaper man opportunity to punctuate his remarks with strange, high-sounding musical terms. 'Lisha couldn't tell one tune from another. An admiring group surrounded him, however. He took his place in the center of the floor and wildly chortled a stanza beginning:

"Father and mother, my feet are sore,
Dancing on the old barn floor——"

It was all over very quickly. A hasty glance backward revealed his rival calmly devouring chicken and waffles by the side of the loved and lost. Elisabeth Ann Goodhouse, attired in plum-colored silk and a gingham apron, hovered behind them like a ministering angel. It was more than human nature could stand. 'Lisha seized his hat, muttered something about getting to the post-office before it closed, and rushed from the house.

After the dishes were washed and all the spoons and forks, loaned for the occasion, had been carefully sorted, the members of the society counted up the proceeds.

"It's 'most more than I like to hev th' care of," said Mrs. Wilson, as the money was handed over to her. "I wisht some one else would take it."

But no one else would, and that night Mrs. Wilson found sleep difficult. Again and again she waked with the thought that some one had seen her when she put the money in a stocking and hid it carefully under the carpet.

Bad news came with the morning's mail. Joel Wilson was eating his breakfast beside the kitchen stove while his wife fried buckwheat cakes as he wanted them.

"What's Ed Bowersox stoppin' here for?" he observed, gazing out of the window at a tall youth who sat in a wagon, evidently waiting for some one to come out. "Better go out and see."

Mrs. Wilson went out, but returned almost immediately.

"It's a letter from Henry," she remarked in much excitement. "Ed was at th' post-office when th' mail come in, and he brought it right up. It's about Ellen. She's sick——"

Mrs. Wilson handed the letter to her husband. He read it in silence. Then he threw it down on the table with an exclamation.

"I always said Henry Holt didn't know beans when th' bag's untied. You was sot on Ellen's marryin' him from th' fust. You just did it to spite me, that was all. Now you're gettin' it back. You've got a son-in-law that can't make a decent livin' for his family. Writes fer you to come, take care of Ellen, and then doesn't send you th' money to come with. He needn't think he's goin' to get it out of me."

"Oh, Joel!" exclaimed his wife. "He says Ellen keeps asking for me —that it would help her to have me there."

"Then let him send the money, that's all I got to say," grumbled the harnessmaker as he took his coat and hat from behind the door and strode out of the house.

Mrs. Wilson wept and churned, and churned and wept, that morning, but with little effect. It seemed that the butter would never come. Mrs. Baker Nelson came in unexpectedly and bought 48 cents' worth of butter and eggs. Before she had gotten outside the gate, Johnnie Jenkins, the station master, appeared with a telegram. It was the proverbial last straw.

"Ellen much worse," read the message. "Is begging to see you. Come!"

For a moment Amanda Wilson thought she was going to faint. The

AN ELOQUENT SPEECH

room swam around her. She sank into a chair and gazed at the 48 cents just placed on the table by Mrs. Nelson. She knew she must go—she knew she would go. But how? That was the question. She emptied the blue sugar-bowl that contained all her butter-and-egg savings on the table and counted and recounted the money. It was not enough. The devil's cake, which had been auctioned off after the supper was over the night before, stood on the table before her. She had bought it for 35 cents. By having it on the breakfast table Joel would not know it had ever been out of the house. Its satanic name seemed to cause a malign influence to emanate from it. It reminded weeping Sister Wilson of the new church carpet. The new church carpet recalled its purchase money so snugly tucked away under the carpet in the bedroom. Sister Wilson wondered if it were safe, quite safe. She hastened to assure herself of the fact. It was there. She carried the stocking in her hand as she returned to the kitchen and faced the cake with the evil name. The telegram lay beside it. Sister Wilson stood, irresolute, Ellen calling for her, and she with money in her hand and yet not daring to go!

"I'll pay it back," she murmured; "I'll sell more butter and eggs until I have enough. I'll not stay long. I'll be back before they want the money."

The devil's cake had done its work. Before the day was done Amanda Wilson had added falsehood to her already long list of sins. She told her husband that she was going to Boston with the money which she had saved from the sale of butter and eggs.

There was no need to stay long. The sick woman began to improve as soon as her mother arrived. She was soon out of danger, but far from strong. That was why Amanda Wilson brought her little granddaughter,

Mary, back home with her. The change, she reasoned, would be good for the child, and Ellen would have nothing to worry about while convalescing.

At her grandparents' little Mary divided her time between the harness shop and the house.

"I love my grandpa," she would say, "but I feel so sorry for grandma. She cries so much."

In fact, Amanda Wilson was suffering the pangs of a very troubled conscience. She dreaded to meet any of her neighbors. She had even feigned headaches to avoid seeing visitors when they called. The crisis she dreaded came the day that Joel opened his heart and his pocketbook sufficiently to give his little granddaughter a penny. As he played with the child his wife read from a postal card the words which sealed her doom:

"There will be a meeting of the members of the church to-night to present to our pastor the money for the new church carpet.

"Yours truly,
"SAMANTHA BROWN,
"Secretary, Ladies' Aid Society."

"I guess grandma's goin' to cry again."

Little Mary's words caused Joel Wilson to glance toward his wife. Pale with fright and trembling as with a chill, she stood by the kitchen table. She sighed heavily as Joel asked what was the matter.

"I'm a thief!" she replied in a hoarse whisper; "a plain thief. I—didn't use—butter—and egg—money. I—I took—th' carpet money!"

Joel Wilson stared at his wife in surprise. Then he picked up the fallen postal card and read the notice of the meeting.

"It serves you right!" he thundered. "To think you'd be such a fool as that! Now you've got to go to meetin' and tell your story. You needn't think I'm goin' to interfere. I told you before that I wasn't goin' to pay travelin' expenses for Henry Holt, and I meant what I said. I don't care a rap whether Elder Davis has a carpet under his feet or not, but I'm goin' up to meetin' to-night to see this thing thru. I guess you won't be takin' other folks' money again in a hurry."

As usual, when in a rage, he stormed himself out of the house. Little Mary tried in vain to comfort her grandmother and to assuage her tears.

They were all at meeting that evening. The little girl sat between her grandparents. She did not quite understand what the trouble was about, but knew it had something to do with money. She had a vague idea that her grandpa could help, if he would, and she was quite confident that her grandma would stop crying if somebody would give her some money. The church was quite full. The pastor himself led the song service:

"Just as I am, without one plea."

How the mournful, dirge-like hymn smote upon the ears of Amanda Wilson! She sank down into her seat and pressed one hand over her eyes. Then she was conscious that her little granddaughter was sitting beside her, while every one else was standing. Slowly and fumblingly the little girl untied the corner of her small handkerchief. Taking a coin from its folds, she carefully slipped it into the hand of the miserable woman beside her.

The tender little act, coupled with the sorrowful cadences of the hymn, made even the calloused heart of Joel Wilson throb more humanly. There had been a time when he had loved and caressed his wife very tenderly, but his own love for the almighty dollar had seemed to crowd her out of his heart and mind. Little Mary had won her way into his affections of late, and now the sudden thought assailed him that the child considered him the cause of her grandmother's sorrow; that she would not, in future, care so much for him as before.

The hymn ended and Mrs. Jones rose to speak.

"Will Sister Wilson please give us

her report and hand the money to Deacon Gamble, when he takes up th' collection?''

Silence. Amanda Wilson neither spoke nor moved.

''Are you ready, Sister Wilson?''

Slowly the tortured woman rose to her feet.

''Th' new carpet——'' she murmured, then paused in a dazed manner and glanced toward her husband. He was standing beside her. He had a wallet in his hand, from which he was extracting some bills.

''It's right here, in good shape,'' he announced in a loud voice. ''Thirty dollars in bills! Amanda was afeered she might lose it, so I've been keepin' it fer her.''

As they stood there, waiting for Deacon Gamble to hobble down the aisle, little Mary stood up and slipped a tiny hand into each of theirs. Was it Providence that ordained that Pastor Willets should arise at just that moment and announce the hymn?

''Let us all unite in singing 'Blest be the tie that binds.' ''

And 'Lisha Custard, sitting blissfully in the back seat, with Jerusha's hand clasped in his, ceased hating the editor and shouted lustily the words of the second line:

''Our hearts in Christian love.''

Pictures Seen by Few

PROBABLY more persons see the average Photoplay than witness any dramatic performance, since the same production may be given in half a hundred cities at the same time, but there are other Motion Pictures made that comparatively few ever see and which are never shown in public.

Most of these are medical subjects, operations and studies of rare diseases, for most of the major operations have been filmed, and the student in a San Francisco medical school may witness the work of the cleverest of the French surgeons without leaving the classroom, and operations rarely performed may be shown over and over again until every movement of the gleaming knives has been memorized. The effects of certain diseases upon the gait and physique of the sufferer may be recorded, and enlargements of germs are now so common that they even appear in public, tho the operations are restricted to the clinic.

Other more or less private pictures are made to show the action of some cumbersome machine at a point far removed from its actual operation, and are made at the order of the manufacturers. One film made of a speedy trotter enabled the millionaire owner to detect and correct faults of gait, while other horsemen are interested in Motion Pictures of the finishes of races, that there may exist no possibility of error in the decision in a close contest. There exist scores of these privately owned films, which are seldom seen except by racing experts. The objection urged is that the decision cannot be made until the films are developed, and that would have a bad effect upon the betting.

In England the militia are trained to shoot at a screen upon which are thrown pictures of other soldiers returning fire, the idea being to accustom them to face actual service, and the sensation is said to be uncanny until custom brings contempt.

Family groups are growing more popular in Europe, but are not yet familiar here in America, tho they are hinted at as one of the immediate possibilities, and the purely personal picture is confined to those who are able to pay for a motion machine and the rather high cost of the original film.

There are thousands of reels of film that the general public never sees, and much of it is well worth seeing.

The Minute Men

(The first story of the Edison Historical Series)

By GENERAL HORATIO C. KING

THERE are some lovers of high-sounding titles, would-be peers and peeresses, dukes and duchesses, sir knights and ladies who still think that if the Mother Country had treated the Colonies with proper courtesy and consideration, our great land would still be a dependency of Great Britain. Their wish is father to their thought. They cite the happy and apparently contented condition of the Canadian people, who bear the yoke with equanimity and even satisfaction, because the yoke is so light, its weight is infinitesimal. England furnishes a governor-general to represent the Crown, and Canada does the rest. There is little appreciable difference between the Canadian English and the Yankee, save perhaps that the latter would never surrender liberty and autonomy for titles, unless it be in sporadic cases to sacrifice a daughter to a no-account count or a roué, impecunious duke.

The Colonists early chafed under the exactions of English domination, and "No taxation without representation" soon became the watchword in every liberty-loving household. In the march of untoward events, that watchword became a war-cry and culminated in overt acts of revolt against the oppression of the so-called Mother Country; not mother, but rather mother-in-law type, as frequently exhibited in our law courts. The unrest increased and became general among the Colonists who then occupied a not very wide strip of land abutting on the Atlantic Ocean from Massachusetts to Georgia, containing a population of about three millions. Murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard in town meetings and in legislative halls. The obnoxious tax on tea, the staple drink of the people, aroused unusual furore and culminated at Boston, where a band of patriots, thinly disguised as Indians, boarded the ships in the harbor and cast overboard the boxes of their favorite beverage. The Boston Tea Party still leads the list of social functions of the Hub.

But it was not the tea tax alone which aroused anger. The Stamp Act of 1763, which exacted tribute from everything conceivable that was written, on "skin or piece of vellum or parchment or sheet of paper," on playing cards, dice, pamphlets, newspapers, advertisements, almanacs and apprentices—fifty-five sections in all—and running from three pence (six cents) to six pounds. To this was added heavy duties on imports, sugar, indigo, coffee, etc., including the almost indispensable tea. The Colonies were speedily informed by their London agents of these enactments, and the excitement reached fever heat. In 1764 the General Court of Massachusetts took the matter under consideration and the House of Representatives resolved "That the sole right of giving and granting the money of the people of that province was vested in themselves, and that the imposition of taxes and duties by the Parliament of Great Britain, upon a people not represented in Parliament, is absolutely irreconcilable with their rights." That eminent patriot, Samuel Adams, the most fearless and conspicuous of the early Apostles of Liberty, said: "If our trade may be taxed, why not our lands, why not the produce of our lands and everything we possess or use? If taxes are laid upon us without our having a legal representation where they are laid, we are reduced from the character of free subjects to the state of tributary slaves." Similar sentiments rang all along the line, and the spirit of revolution was abroad in the land, not to be assuaged, tho for a time kept in subjection by the show of military force. Virginia

was especially prominent, and Patrick Henry, in the Assembly, introduced condemnatory resolutions and supported them by that immortal speech, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell and George the Third——" "Treason!" cried the Speaker; "treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. "And George the Third may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it."

Prior to the Tea Party, Oliver, the secretary of the Massachusetts Colony, and Bute, the English Prime Minister, were hung in effigy, then cut down and dragged thru the streets of Boston with cries of "Liberty and property forever and no stamps!" Many acts of vandalism were committed, and altho the rioters were known, they were never punished. Such acts were not confined to Massachusetts, but all the Colonies manifested their indignation in a greater or less degree.

The country was not without friends in Parliament, and when the report of its acts reached that body in 1766 the Stamp Act was repealed. But the mischief had been done, and our liberty-loving people began to treasure in their hearts the hope and purpose of independence. New taxes were imposed and resisted, and the excitement in all parts of the country was rekindled. The impressment of seamen and the increase of two regiments to be quartered on the people of Boston added fuel to the fire. The presence of the troops was a constant irritation. The soldiers regarded the people as turbulent and factious, and the people considered the soldiers instruments of tyranny and outrage. On March 5, 1775, a collision between a mob of outraged citizens and some British regulars resulted in the killing of three and in the seriously wounding of five citizens.

The effect of this upon the whole country beggars description. The gantlet was thrown down. Matters went from bad to worse. England increased its obnoxious exactions and reinforced its army. In 1774 the King condemned in strong language the rebellious conduct of the Colonies, especially Massachusetts, and declared he would sustain the supreme authority of the Parliament over them. The year 1775 continued with increased friction. The time for conciliation had passed, and the one cry of the oppressed everywhere was, in the words of Patrick Henry, "There is no longer any room for hope, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of hosts is all that is left us." And this brings us to the period of our story.

It may be inferred that during the progress of these encroachments the people had not been wholly unmindful of military preparation. Companies of militia were organized. Supplementing these, were a very large number who were unable to join the militia, farmers chiefly who were closely confined to their exacting duties, yet filled with patriotic fervor. Their names and addresses were registered and they stood ready at a moment's notice to respond in any emergency. They were known as Minute Men and were skilled in the use of the rifle. Twelve thousand were enrolled by the Provincial Congress in 1774 and were to be ready to take the field at a *minute's* notice. In Virginia and in other colonies similar organizations were formed.

The Seventh Light Infantry was quartered in Boston, as were many other British troops. But on this particular regiment devolved the duty of practically precipitating the Declaration of Independence and the severance of the Colonies from Great Britain. It must not be supposed that all these paid soldiers were without sympathy for the oppressed Colonists. Company B was commanded by a gallant young officer, Allan Gray, who had not concealed from his associates his sentiments against the unfair treatment of British subjects in America, receiving for his frankness the ridicule of some of his associates.

As early as February, 1775, the Colonists manifested unusual activity. The Provincial Congress met at Cam-

bridge and adjourned to Concord. The Committee of Safety bought provisions, powder, artillery, guns and equipments and deposited them at Worcester, Concord and elsewhere. Efforts to locate and destroy these stores had met with but little success, and the dissatisfied English authorities resolved to make a foray upon Concord, which in the Revolutionary period was a small village, about sixteen miles northwest of Boston. It is a small town still of about six thousand population, but famous for its picturesque beauty and as the residence of Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and other great literary lights.

A little more than half way between Boston and Concord lay the village of Lexington, small in numbers but strong in patriotism. The village today has a population of from five to six thousand.

The expedition was of a two-fold character: First, to destroy the stores, and, second, to capture the two arch-conspirators, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were residing with the Rev. John Clark in Lexington.

On April 18, 1775, the commanding officer received the following order:

LT.-COL. WILLIAM SMITH,
7th Light Infantry.

SIR--You will march at once upon Concord and there seize and destroy all stores and munitions belonging to the Provincial Congress. THOMAS GAGE,
General Commanding.

The fateful morning of April 19 arrived, and the command of eight hundred regulars started upon their ill-considered and disastrous expedition.

The Colonists had been informed of the contemplated raid. Paul Revere had placed the signal light in the tower of the old South Church, still a revered relic in Boston, and had ridden forth to alarm the Minute Men, who made ready for action. The cry, "To arms, Minute Men, the British are coming!" awoke the sturdy yeomen from their midnight sleep. Paul Revere's name will always be spoken first among the heroes of that April day. Two of his descendants, one bearing his name, served brilliantly in the great Civil War. It was this later Paul Revere who was dangerously wounded in a battle near Richmond, taken prisoner and permitted to reside with a Northern woman, who nursed him back to health. Circum-

FATHER AND SON LEAVE THEIR PLOW

stances compelled her to pass the four years of that struggle in the capital of the Confederacy, and practically ostracised because of her Union sentiments. It was here General Devens found her, immediately after the evacuation of Richmond. She told him this patriotic incident. From the portico of her residence on one of the high hills on which the city is built, she looked out upon a long line of men stretching across the fields, which she thought to be stragglers. This was the line of skirmishers. Soon the main body appeared, bearing aloft Old Glory, on which her eyes had not rested for four long and weary years. Throwing herself upon her knees, with her children beside her, all tearful, she thanked God for a sight of the old flag floating victorious—that dear flag on which her eyes had not rested since the opening gun at Sumter, and rejoiced that peace, union and reconciliation were again in sight.

But let us return to our narrative.

At early morn the news spread.

A father and son leave their plow in the field and ride home on the horses. They enter the house, a few hundred yards from the green, where they are greeted with surprise by the mother and child. But there is no time for words. Cyrenius Collins was a man of action, and he proved it here, as he did later, as a member of Washington's bodyguard thruout the entire war. Father and son speedily prepare for the dread work before them. The boy with his drum, the father with a fife and gun, make ready. Even the old grandfather enthusiastically dons a sword, and, with a fife in hand, insists upon going, too. The leave-taking is soon over. Women's hearts, too, swelled with patriotic ardor, and they sent their husbands, sons, fathers and lovers forth to do battle for liberty and country with Spartan heroism. In all directions bells were ringing and muskets fired to spread the alarm, and speedily about seventy men, Captain John Parker in command, were gathered upon the village green. Grim and determined tho they were, they were no match for the advance guard of six companies, the flower of the English troops, under Major Pitcairn. Collins, his father and son joined the ranks of their comrades and awaited the outcome.

Pitcairn rode forward and in angry tones shouted, "Disperse, you rebels! Throw down your arms and disperse!" The Minute Men stood firm and spurned the demand. Then followed the order to fire. A moment of dreadful suspense ensued and the command was repeated, emphasized by the discharge of Pitcairn's pistol. The British guns belched forth a deadly volley. Several patriots fell, and the rest retired to meet reinforcements under Major Buttrick, who was with another company a short distance from the village. Advancing his command, he met with a sharp resistance, and two more Minute Men gave up their lives for liberty and country. Eight Americans lay dead on the field. Outnumbered, the patriots fell back. Colonel Smith, with the rest of his detachment of eight hundred troops, pressed on to Concord. Here they found another small body of Minute Men, who retreated across the bridge. The inscription on the monument graphically records the incident:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Two pieces of artillery, five hundred balls and sixty barrels of flour was all the property found, and it was speedily destroyed and thrown into the river and wells. Reinforcements arrived, and Major Buttrick opened fire. Meantime Minute Men poured in from all directions. The situation was critical, and Colonel Smith ordered a withdrawal of his forces. A smart skirmish followed, in which a number fell on each side, and the re-

THE BRITISH GUNS BELCH FORTH A DEADLY VOLLEY

treat was accelerated. But the American fighting blood was up, and escape was not to be had without the most vigorous opposition. The news had reached Boston, and General Gage sent forward nine hundred more regulars, with two pieces of cannon, under command of Lord Percy, which met Colonel Smith's discomfited soldiers at Lexington. In the retreat a little child had run between the lines. Our frank and brave Captain Gray rushed to the rescue, seized the child in his arms and carried it to the house of Cyrenius Collins. Exposed to a double fire, he was wounded. Unable to rejoin his company, he was received and hidden in the house of his enemy.

Smith's almost exhausted troops found temporary safety within the newly arrived force of Lord Percy. His artillery prevented the approach of the Americans, whose increasing numbers warned the British that prolonged delay would involve the loss of the entire detachment. The order to retire was again given, and the attack by the exasperated Minute Men and militia was renewed.

From Concord to Lexington the regulars were subjected to a galling fire from every available vantage ground, from behind houses, barns, trees and rocks. Marching in close ranks, the effect was deadly from these not altogether undisciplined farmers, many of whom had learned their tactics in Indian warfare. The retreat soon became a rout. Worn out and well-nigh exhausted, they finally reached a haven of safety on Bunker Hill. The pursuit had continued to West Cambridge Plain, and until the panic-stricken men were fairly under the protection of the guns of the English warships in Boston Harbor. The retreat began in the middle of the afternoon and ended at nightfall.

These veterans were not cowards. They had been accustomed to fight a foe in open battle, but the attack from an unseen foe, behind rocks, trees and fences and every object available for concealment, was a new and untried experience, before which the bravest faltered. The roads and fields from Concord to Boston were a graveyard for England's best troops on that sweltering day. The British loss was two hundred and seventy-three, that of the Americans ninety-three.

Cyrenius Collins continued the pursuit half way to Boston until slightly wounded, when, weary and hungry, he retraced his footsteps to his home. But what means this blood upon the flagstones and to whom belongs this British officer's hat in the house? His anger was aroused.

"Wife, what are the bloodstains I saw as I came in?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I think it must have been the drippings from some fresh meat," was her evasive answer.

"And whose British hat have you here?" he continued.

"It was picked up on the green by one of the boys and brought here," she replied.

There was silence for a few moments, when a noise in an adjoining room aroused the veteran's attention.

"What noise is that?" he asked.

"I know not," answered his wife, tremblingly. "I will go and see."

"No, I will go myself," said he.

She endeavored to interpose herself between him and the door. He gently pushed her aside, and the door opened. He was confronted by the young captain, Gray. Seizing his rifle, still warm from the conflict, he raised it to his shoulder.

"Stop!" cried his wife. "You will kill a brave man, who has risked his own life to save the life of our child."

COLLINS DISCOVERS A BRITISH HAT

And she told the story of the rescue.

How true it is that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Political enmity is for the time buried, and officer and Minute Man shake hands in token of friendship and reconciliation.

The affair at Lexington was scarcely a respectable skirmish when compared with the battles of the Civil War, but it revolutionized the history of the Western, if not of the whole civilized world. It foreshadowed a bloody revolt of nearly seven years, which ended in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the recognition of the independence of the Colonies, soon to be segregated into one powerful and indissoluble Union, the leader among nations in civilization and a beacon light for the whole world.

All hail, our starry banner,
The emblem of the free,
Whose Stars and Stripes forever
Shall stand for liberty.
The world beholds thy glory,
Bright banner of the stars,
And nations held in bondage
Shall break their prison bars.

In thee the blue of heaven
Proclaims thy purity,
And peoples plunged in sorrow
Shall fondly turn to thee.
To lead the world to honor,
The weak to cheer and save—
These are thy tasks forever,
Dear banner of the brave!

To thee our holy pledges
We solemnly renew,
Until our hearts are silent
To thee we will be true;
The centuries shall claim thee,
Tho time itself shall end,
And all the world proclaim thee
Protector, Savior, Friend.

Capture of Fort Ticonderoga

(The second story of the Edison Historical Series)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

THERE was no prettier girl in the whole Green Mountain district than Betty Hampton. Her dark eyes and piquant face had wrought havoc in many a young mountaineer's heart, but little did Miss Betty care for that. She sang and danced about her little home, helping her mother with the household tasks, as happy as the birds that sang beside her window.

But Betty's sweet face was serious as she stood in the doorway one lovely spring morning, looking down the lane which led to the main road. A horseman was coming up, at an easy canter, and, as he drew near, Betty's cheek flushed and her eyes brightened.

He dismounted, a tall, well-knit figure, with a soldierly bearing. His face in repose was serious, almost stern, and the gray eyes were keen and steady. But there was no sternness in his face as he turned to Betty.

"Look at this letter," he said, sitting upon the doorstep while she opened the folded paper.

Betty's face was pale as she finished reading, and the hand which returned the letter trembled.

"What does it mean?" she asked fearfully. "Surely the Colonists will not fight the King's soldiers? You won't go, will you? Oh, Ethan, I am afraid!"

"You must not be a coward, Betty," said Allen, speaking sternly, tho his eyes were very tender as he watched the pretty, troubled face.

"I'm not afraid," declared Betty, springing to her feet in quick indignation and facing Allen with flashing eyes. "Don't you call my father's daughter a coward! I'm not afraid for myself, I wouldn't be afraid to help storm the fort; I'm only afraid because—because——"

Her flurry of anger died out and she began to sob pitifully. Allen was beside her in an instant.

"Dear little girl," he said, "I didn't mean to hurt you. Is it because you are afraid for *me?* Do you really care for me, Betty; do you love me? Look up, dear, and tell me."

The long, tear-laden lashes lifted, and the brown eyes looked straight into the keen gray ones.

"You know I do, Ethan," she said softly, "but I'll be brave now."

Half an hour later, when Ethan Allen rode away down the green lane, Betty hid her anxiety bravely and waved a cheerful good-bye from the doorway. Then she turned to her mother, who was tossing restlessly upon the bed.

"I'm going to Mrs. White's for some of her herb tea, mother. She promised to make you some to-day. I'll go by the wood road and be back in an hour."

"Take her a bottle of my dandelion wine, she is fond of it," replied the sick woman, "and hurry back, Betty. I'm half afraid to have you out alone, when I think of those British soldiers."

"Don't worry. We are a long way from the fort," said Betty, thinking of Allen's words.

With a basket on her arm, containing the bottle of wine and a loaf of newly made bread, Betty tripped down the wood road, humming a gay little tune, all unconscious of danger. As the road turned sharply, she suddenly found herself within a few steps of a half-dozen British soldiers, who sat upon a bank by the roadside, playing a game of cards.

"Ah, ha!" cried one, catching sight of her and jumping up, "here's a better game than we are playing, fellows!"

In an instant they had surrounded the terrified girl, and, while one seized the basket, another threw his arm about her.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK

"Come, give me a kiss," he said, "so I shan't have to steal it."

His evil face came close to hers, and Betty screamed desperately. Her cry was answered by a shout, and three tall forms came crashing thru the woods to her rescue. There was a moment's struggle, but the half-tipsy redcoats were no match for Allen and his companions, and they soon fled, cursing angrily, into the woods.

"Oh, I was so frightened," said Betty; "I thought no one was near, no one would hear me. Where were you, Ethan, that you heard me call?"

"I had been arranging with some of my leaders for a meeting to-night," answered Allen, "and we were taking a short cut thru the woods when we heard you scream."

"To-night!" exclaimed Betty. "Will you attack the fort to-night?"

"No, my plan is to assemble the men, and camp for a day or two in a clearing on the other side of the river. It is near the fort, but not within sight. Two or three of us will reconnoiter and watch for a favorable opportunity to make the attack. Then, when the right moment comes, we will be ready, and no time will be wasted in rallying the men."

"Now, Neshobee," continued Allen, turning to the Indian scout who was one of his companions, "I had meant to send you on other errands, but I am going to entrust you with the most important commission of all. I want you to go home with Miss Betty, and stay there to-night. Remember, Neshobee, I depend upon you to guard her."

"Neshobee will not fail," replied the redskin, quietly.

So bidding good-bye to Allen and his companions, Betty went upon her errand, attended by the faithful scout. Her adventure had delayed her so that it was sundown when they reached home, and she hurried anxiously to her mother's room. In a moment she called with frightened voice to Neshobee.

"Mother is worse!" she cried; "see how feverish she is. What shall I do?"

The Indian's quick eye saw that Mrs. Hampton was, indeed, very ill.

"Make fire," he said tersely, "heat water. I run for Mrs. White. She know more than us."

But when Mrs. White, famous thruout the Green Mountains for her nursing, arrived, she shook her head gravely.

"We must have help at once," she said, decidedly. "Neshobee must go to the fort for the doctor."

"No," demurred Neshobee quickly, "Miss Betty go with me. Doctor won't come for Indian."

"That is true," said Mrs. White. "Betty, are you afraid to go?"

The thought of her afternoon's ad-

venture flashed thru the girl's mind, filling her with dread, but she answered bravely: "I *must* go; there is no other way. Neshobee will protect me."

The officers at Fort Ticonderoga were having a gay night. There was little to do at this post and much to eat and drink, so feasting and carousal went on unrestrainedly. The merriment was at its height when a corporal entered, saluting the commander.

"Well, what is it?" demanded that dignitary, impatient at the interruption.

"There's a lady outside, sir, who wishes to see you."

A roar of laughter greeted this announcement and loud cries of "Bring her in, let's see your friend!"

"Is this lady alone?" inquired the commander.

"There is an Indian scout with her."

"Let him wait outside; bring the lady in here."

A moment later the corporal returned, followed by Betty. She had thrown a long red cape over her light gown, and its hood was pulled closely over her head, making a most becoming frame for her pallid face and glowing eyes.

Every man in the room sprang to his feet, but Betty, tho her heart sank, as she recognized some of her afternoon's assailants, ignored their bold glances and appealed to the commander, courageously.

"My mother is very ill. I have come to ask if a doctor may come home with me at once. Our need is very urgent, sir."

"Certainly," replied the commander, bowing low; "we could refuse so fair a maiden nothing. Blake, get your kit and go with the lady."

Fortunately, Blake, the physician, was sober. In fact, he was the only man in the room who had not been drinking heavily. As he left the room, the commander approached Betty with a wineglass.

"A glass of wine will be refreshing, after your long walk. Drink with me."

"I do not care for wine, thank you," replied the girl, with quiet dignity.

"Don't be so haughty, pretty one!" persisted the man, angered by her refusal. "You came to ask a favor, and should deign to be gracious. Come, drink a toast to our King."

"Yes," cried the soldiers, "a toast to the King! Your scarlet cloak proclaims you a loyal subject."

Thoroly frightened, Betty started for the door, hoping to find Neshobee there, but a dozen hands stretched out to intercept her and a voice cried, "Stand her up in the captain's chair; she must drink the toast."

The suggestion met ready approval, and in an instant Betty found herself upon a chair, facing her tormentors, a glass forced into her unwilling hands. For a moment the room swam before her gaze and she grew faint and sick. Then her pride and temper came to her aid, and she flung the wine directly into the commander's face.

"I will drink no toast to a King whose soldiers abuse and insult ladies!" she cried, defiantly, "and I promise you all you shall not go unpunished!"

There was an angry cry from the soldiers, but at this moment Blake entered and crossed the room with a rapid stride, lifting Betty to the floor.

"Fools!" he shouted, "have you no decency left, that you treat a lady so?"

The drunken wretches shrank back, muttering sullenly, while the physician led the trembling girl from the room.

Thru the long, hurried walk back to her home Betty moved like one in some strange trance. The excitement of the afternoon, her fright and anxiety about her mother's illness, the scene thru which she had just passed and, underneath it all, her constant dread of her lover's danger, combined to produce a mental strain which bordered upon collapse. As they neared the house, anxiety for her mother became uppermost, and when Mrs.

BETTY DECIDES TO GO, TOO

White opened the door, Betty, even as she parted her lips for an eager question, fell forward, unconscious.

It was Neshobee who caught the fainting girl and laid her gently upon a cot, applying restoratives until she opened her dark eyes with appealing question in their depths.

"Mother all right," said the Indian, hastily. "Doctor says worst over. Well in few days."

Tears of joy rolled down Betty's face, as she lay for a few moments, quietly resting. Suddenly she started up and looked toward her mother's room. The door was closed.

"Doctor stay all night," explained Neshobee. "Lie down to sleep. Mrs. White watch mother. Everything all right. Miss Betty rest."

Betty sat for a few moments in silent thought. Then she bent and whispered to the scout.

"Neshobee," she said, earnestly, "this is the time our men should storm the fort. The soldiers are all asleep. The officers are all too drunk to rouse and rally them. You must go up the river and tell Ethan Allen."

"Neshobee can't leave you," replied the Indian, firmly. "Allen said, 'Stay and protect Miss Betty.'"

"Then, if you can't leave me, I'll go with you," declared Betty; "you can take me in the canoe."

"Smart girl. Come along. Very still," said Neshobee, rising.

Cautiously they crept from the house and hurried across a field to the river. There the Indian bent, and from a clump of low-hanging trees pushed out a slender canoe, its upturned bows shining yellow in the moonlight. Helping Betty to her place, he took up his paddle, and instantly they were flying swiftly, noiselessly up the stream.

To the end of her life Betty never forgot that ride. In the white flood of moonlight the river sparkled as if flecked with jewels; the trees which

THE TOAST TO BETTY HAMPTON

fringed the banks gleamed like silver frost; little white birches stood out here and there—slender, ghostly sentinels, pointing them onward; a wraith of white mist floated along the water's edge, beckoning them.

For an hour the Indian paddled silently, then he turned into a cove and pulled the canoe upon the bank.

"Come. Only little way."

Ethan Allen came from his tent in response to the sentry's call and stood in amazement to behold Betty, a saucy, bewitching Betty, laughing at him in the moonlight.

"I've come to help take the fort," she declared. "Neshobee wouldn't leave me, so I had to come along. Now do you think I'm a coward?"

Two hours later, Ethan Allen, at the head of eighty-three men, marched up the steep slope to Fort Ticonderoga, overpowered the sleeping sentinel, and beating loudly upon the commander's door, demanded surrender, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

Dazed and stupefied, unable to rally either their senses or their men, the officers surrendered, and the Green Mountain Boys found themselves in possession of Fort Ticonderoga, without firing a shot.

"One moment, gentlemen," said Allen, when the surrender was complete and the British weapons lay piled in a heap before him. He stepped to the door, beckoning, and Neshobee entered, leading Betty, blushing like a rose, her dark eyes shining with excitement.

"Gentlemen," said Allen, taking her hand and leading her out before them all, "some victories are won by force, some by strategy. Here is the fair strategist who won this victory."

And the Green Mountain Boys gave three cheers for Betty Hampton.

The Corporation and the Ranch Girl

(Essanay)

By PETER WADE

"YES, I remember it well, tho it's quite some time ago," said Blake, as he drew up to the open fireplace of the Commercial Club. "No, it wasn't me who spoiled the job; it was young Todds himself. Just hand me a brandy and soda there, and another puritano, and I'll tell you how it was.

"You see, I was out West for Todds, trying to put thru that railroad, and we had to have a piece of land owned by a fellow named Newton. I had things all fixed, and then had to send Todds this telegram:

H. TODDS, Pres. S. W. & S. R. R. Co.:
Newton died last night. His ranch must be bought in order to turn our tracks to Bisbee. Answer.
H. M. BLAKE,
Eng. in Charge.

"Todds showed his appreciation of the situation by getting in touch with me at once. If the matter had not been so urgent, I don't suppose it was in his nature to play table stakes. However, my messenger brought back his prompt reply:

H. M. BLAKE,
Bisbee, Ariz.:
Buy Newton Ranch, regardless of price.
H. TODDS.

'With a heart hardened to necessity and Todds' carte blanche in my pocket, I rode over with an assistant to the ranch house.

"It was a ramshackle structure, part adobe, part native timber, as the building bee had struck the old man's fancy. The ranch was a good enough one, but there were plenty more down the valley with better open ranges; and I wondered at the rancher's muleheadedness in hanging on for the last penny.

"Anna Newton met me and my topographer in the long, low sitting-room. We were quite formally introduced by the housekeeper, who had contracted for our camp washing in more hospitable days. As the demure little girl came half-way forward and shook our hands quite cordially, it was hard to reconcile her with the harum-scarum youngster I had seen riding frequently across the mesa. Her bronze hair was coiled up neatly now, and her skin seemed quite fair against her black dress. I offered her a mouthful of quite decent consolation for her dear departed, and, without pausing to observe its effect, added that I presumed she would be packing up soon and off for relatives in Kansas.

"She looked at me in a puzzled way after this gentle lead and decided not to go beneath its surface meaning.

" 'You know,' she answered quite frankly, 'I haven't any relatives left now. Papa was the last one of the Newtons.'

" 'It will seem hard to leave the old ranch, won't it?' I queried, in a far-away voice.

" 'But I have no intention of doing so,' she replied, with a touch of color.

"It is hardly of moment to repeat our entire conversation. Try as I could, she would not be induced to part with the land. With visions of the infuriated Todds, I appealed in turn to her utilitarian, economic, and altruistic virtues, to discover that these important fundaments were totally undeveloped in her as yet. Just as vainly I doubled the original offer on the ranch, and pictured her a social outcast on the deserted mesa. She seemed uncovetous to any offer, and my scathing picture of her equivocal position did not bother her in the least. I retired, smiling; in fact, I think I even made a date for a resumption of our business, with the implication that the matter was half

settled. But I could read the light in her hazel eyes; I was a beaten man and knew it only too well.

"That night, screwing up courage, I wired Todds:

> Nothing doing. The termagant won't sell. Other steps must be taken.

"Todds must have taken the shot like an old campaigner, or at least his wound hadn't festered, for on my return to the city he received me cordially enough, for him, and did not once refer to the tropics. I could see the old fox had other irons in the fire, and I gladly retired to the tents until my legitimate services were needed.

"It is within your memory to recall that Todds had an only son, one Gerald, who had been a mighty athlete in college; a giant of a boy, overflowing with physical fun. On his somewhat abrupt graduation, he had decided on a spell of hunting and polo as best fitting him for an active career. Todds had always humored the boy, and had put him up at the Commercial, and heavens knows how many country clubs, on the theory that, given his head, he was sure to ride himself out. But the fact was, that Gerald was far too long-limbed and red-blooded to settle down to the gait of a respectable office hack, and so Todds patiently bided his time. With the impasse of Newton's ranch, the senior saw his chance to start Gerald a-railroading. His instructions to the carefully primed poloist were to go to the abandoned reconnaissance camp, ride over to Newton's ranch, and by Machiavellian arts to get acquainted with the obstructing huzzy *and to win her over*. How he was to win her over was left to the fertile imaginings of Todds, junior, who had never as yet tackled anything like a petticoated wildcat on his many hunting ventures.

"It was a week afterward, and one of those rare, sunny days in Arizona, when the scope of the eyesight seems almost limitless, that Gerald Todds on a Texan pony loped up to the door of the Newton ranch house. Young Anna and the housekeeper had watched his easy approach with the liveliest kind of curiosity, for, with the exception of my unhappy visit, no strangers had come upon their place since the cattle buyers had ridden away with the herd. The crafty Gerald had bought a Western cow-puncher's outfit — chaps, Mexican saddle with pendant cattle whip, and a pair of worn rawhide boots. The dejected cow-man, who had sold him the second-hand outfit, had lauded their wearing qualities with much enthusiasm, but with one rotten piece of leather giving away after another, Gerald was a seedy-looking plainsman on his little Texas scrub.

" 'Howdy do, miss?' he said in his best Western vernacular, as Anna stood in the doorway. 'Is yore foreman short-handed, might yer know?'

"Anna looked him over carefully from boots to sombrero. A suspicion of a smile lurked on her lips.

" 'I reckon I've seen that outfit before now,' she replied, sharply. 'It used to hang on the worst loafer on the ranch.' "

"Gerald looked down sharply at the little figure under its bronze canopy and gave vent to an eloquent 'huh!'

" 'You're a tenderfoot, aren't you?' she continued, mercilessly. 'I guess you'll have to wait till you learn the business before you get a job.' "

"The big masquerader looked very sheepish. He dismounted doggedly.

" 'Miss — er — er,' he stammered, with a burst of frankness, 'I am an Easterner, and that's a cruel fact. It's true, too, as you tersely put it, that I'm laboring under the cast-off duds of a friend of mine, who has realized the error of his ways and has forever shook the cow country.'

"The girl listened to his nonsense with reserved judgment, yet here he was, dropped down from the East somewhere, a perfectly harmless fellow, and good-looking at that, too, so she sent him off to find her foreman and to make the best terms he could with him.

"Gerald was entered on the ranch payroll as 'G. Stickney, Meadow-

brook, N. Y.' He was really a born horseman, could talk horse with enthusiasm, and soon made himself friendly with the other hands. Anna puzzled him severely. She seemed so open, genuine, and—yes, she was awfully pretty, a natural, springing bloom such as he had never seen before and quite different than she had been described to him.

"One morning, as the heat of the sun wore away the coolness of dawn, the cattle began to straggle for water, and he followed the tawny herd to the banks of a wooded stream. It was there that Anna came upon him, as with shirt thrown back from his bronzed throat, he breathed the healing moisture from the branch. She would have ridden along its banks and passed him by, as if on a definite errand, had he not hailed her with a cheery halloo. Her pony pawed the soft soil and drank deeply, whilst she patted his distending neck.

" 'Miss Newton,' he said, almost seriously, 'you see I'm learning. Your foreman intimated that if I'd stick to cattle-ranching for a few generations, I might get to be a real cowboy. That is, provided you didn't sell out,' he added, anxiously.

"She stared at him with admiring eyes a moment and said deliberately:

" 'Mister—er—Sticky——'

" 'Stickney,' he corrected. 'G. Stickney, very much at your service.'

" 'Mister G. Stickney,' she repeated, exasperatingly, 'I do not know how it has got about that I wanted to sell out, but I deny it emphatically. I love the ranch dearly; it has been a great big mother to me since my own mother died here, and I wouldn't feel adopted, even, in new quarters.'

"He caught the far-visioned look in her deep eyes and felt the intruder, a little ashamed of himself for having undertaken such a mean mission. As he looked at her now she seemed almost beautiful.

" 'I thought your father——' he began lamely.

" 'Yes,' she interposed, 'dad and I often talked the old place over. He wanted to go back to Kansas and "condition" me, as he said. But I grew up here like the artemesia,' she added wistfully, glancing round for a simile, 'and I'm afraid I can't stand transplanting.'

"He was tempted to say that she had been pictured to him more like a cactus, but that he had found her a rose.

" 'I wish my governor would come out here, too,' he said, irrelevantly; 'the mesa's so big and gripping, he'd wear his dome off trying to find something to scheme about. Unless,' he half soliloquized, 'it were you and me. You see, Miss——'

"His remarks were interrupted by a little cry of warning, and he noticed that part of the herd had forded the branch and were blundering toward a miry bottom. Putting aside all solicitude for his fond sire, Gerald vaulted lightly into his saddle, and, digging in his rowels, put his surprised pony across the stream in two jumps with a tremendous splashing of water. The last glimpse she had of him that day was a streak of man and pony heading off the herd leaders with just inches to spare.

"Now I am not going to appear sentimental, by repeating how many times those two chanced to meet under the branch's willows. In fact, Todds, junior, never told me, and I would be conjecturing amatory statistics for the benefit of nobody. It was tacitly understood, however, that back of the ranch house, where there was a little garden and a grape arbor, a couple were often seen, of an evening, talking, and—well, you can guess what else. He did not chum much with the other hands and he was dubbed 'crabby.' He told them apologetically that he was suffering incurably with megalopa, which amounts to the same thing, it appears. You see, the lad had forgotten all about his mission of buying the ranch.

"Pay day came around, and, according to ranch custom, the boys togged up for a joy ride over to Bisbee, and, inevitably, a joyless one back. 'Crabby' was invited to make merry, but the ambitionless giant

GERALD PROCEEDS TO WIN THE RANCH IN EARNEST

pleaded a sad attack of crustacea, the second stage of his dread malady; said he could almost feel the shell-back forming, so they left him moping over a treatise on hog-raising, and loped off over the tableland.

"Mr. G. Stickney had a pretty legitimate cause for feeling blue. The previous night a half-breed Pina had ridden in and left a letter for him. It had been forwarded by pony riders all the way from Carriso, and as Gerald glanced at the postmark he wondered at its urgency. A quick glance at its brief contents made him groan audibly, and the wondering punchers surmised that the doctor, missing his victim, had tacked on a few more dreadful ailments. Gerald had tucked the letter, the only one from home he had received, loosely in his shirt pocket, and there it had lain till his turning in, like a cannon-ball on his chest.

"On pay day, when he had been left in the deserted shack, an insuperable desire came over him quietly to saddle up and to cut the Newton ranch for good and all. The fascinating disclosures of hog-raising could not still his restlessness, and he flung the book down and wandered over toward the ranch house. In fact, he couldn't keep away. He'd have just one more look in at the Newton girl, but not tell her what he'd come West for, then bid her good-bye, and just up and leave.

"Anna saw him coming and stood in the doorway to greet him. They entered the sitting-room, and Todds, junior, sought his chair heavily. In doing so, the crumpled opened letter from his father fluttered softly to the floor. He did not notice it, but stared into space in his best crustacean manner.

"'Well, Mr. Stickney,' she laughed, as the vacuous gaze continued, 'am I to have no brighter holiday company than this?'

"In reply, Gerald thrust forward his chin a few inches and swallowed a lump like a kedge anchor. He knew not what to say, not even how to say good-bye.

" 'Do you always feel like this on pay days?' she continued, without mercy, 'or have you really throat and eye trouble?'

"Gerald felt an overpowering

temptation rush thru him to draw the tantalizer to him and hug her hard. Instead he drew a brown paw slowly across his perplexed eyes.

"The girl kept on tantalizing him, and finally Gerald arose with great alacrity, for a hopeless invalid, and for a moment his big form poised, half turned, in the doorway. The impulse to turn back was conquered, however, and with vigorous strides he made along the house toward the protecting well frame.

"Anna saw the fallen letter, and, with a woman's orderliness, stooped down to put it on the table, when its few bold lines met her eyes:

> Have you induced the girl to sell yet, or is she impossible to make love to?
>
> FATHER.

"Gerald did not remain away long. He couldn't. Something in his heart urged him to go back to the girl, and he went. But when he reentered the ranch house, after a successful struggle with threatened aphasia, he saw a very different-looking woman from the laughing one who had witnessed his comedy exit. She had grown inches taller, and was drawn up lithe and wary like a female puma covering her cubs. Her pretty bronze hair, glistening eyes and heaving bosom startled him, and, with a sinking heart, he thought of his father's letter that he had lost. He stood there, silent and still like a statue, waiting for what he knew was coming.

"'I thought you were at least a man,' she said in a low, steady voice. 'You appeared to be a gentleman, too, and as such were allowed on my place and in my home. I am not sorry for the miserable hours I have wasted talking to you. It has shown me how despicably low a shyster's yellow dog can stoop to lap up its feed. Don't stop to explain now!' she cried in vibrant tones, as he raised a protesting hand, 'but take the tramp's outfit and the cayuse you sneaked on the place with, and go!'

"She pointed a suggestive hand imperiously at the door, and poor Gerald, realizing that she had seen and read his father's letter, was crestfallen. Perhaps he hadn't any mental state at all—just pulpy gray matter for the moment. If he could have followed the slight inclination of her forefinger, he would have burrowed into the earth gladly; as it was, he slipped out unobtrusively and crossed the yard in a blind search for his saddle.

"She saw him cross to the stables to lead out his sorrel pony, and the woman in her, in spite of outrage, could no longer hold back the pent-up tears. Leaning against the doorpost, she raised her shielding hands to the welling drops.

"Little things, like little grades, make a mighty difference when it comes to foot the fuel bill.

"If Todds, junior, had not taken one fleeting glance over his shoulder, as he led out his pony, I would not have had the honor of telling you this story.

"When he glimpsed Anna's bowed aureole in the doorway and realized what was the trouble, this unfortunate victim of all the ailments displayed his first symptoms of returning hardihood. With a series of joyous leaps, he crossed the dooryard and literally scooped up the weeping lady from her feet. When he set her down, it was safe to say the summer shower had passed. After a discreet interval, she peeped up at him, and the unsuccessful railroad pioneer could have sworn he saw rainbows arching across her eyes.

"Then, of course, he kist her, kist her good and hard, and the girl didn't seem to mind it a bit.

"She saw it all, now, and was perfectly satisfied.

"A week or two later Todds, senior, feverishly opened a letter with an Arizona postmark. As near as I can remember, it ran like this:

> DAD:—After a bitter struggle, Anna and I just naturally cottoned to each other. We don't care to sell the ranch.
>
> GERALD."

The Clown's Baby

(Essanay)

By LEONA RADNOR

On the outskirts of a little town, in a vacant lot that, customarily, was the scene of nothing more interesting than the browsing of a few dejected cows and horses, and the wallowing in a muddy pool of some vagrant pigs, there was great noise and excitement. Small boys, who were notorious for shirking chores at home, begged piteously to be allowed to carry pails of water and bundles of hay. Bellowings, growls, grunts, shrieks and roars issued from a large canvas tent. Beneath flaring torches, loud-voiced men harangued the townspeople and farmers, who were arriving in groups, urging them to make haste and get their seats for the greatest show on earth, warning them not to miss the side-shows, and, with deafening reiteration, advising them to visit the animals. In a word, the circus had come to town.

Thru the large tent the din and excitement sifted, reaching the smaller tents at the back in a subdued murmur. Here there was no excitement. The performers were going thru the routine of dressing for the evening performance, while they talked and laughed quietly. Some of the acrobats were solemnly practicing "stunts." Jugglers were keeping their hands in with brushes, combs, mirrors, anything that fell under their dexterous fingers.

In one of the tents the star trapeze artist, Jim, had finished dressing, and, throwing on a gown over his tights, he unfastened the tent-flap and called. A little girl of about seven years came bounding in, a dog clasped in her arms. It was Marjorie, Jim's motherless and idolized child. He took her up and kist her.

"Well, little girl, it is bedtime again. We mustn't let the sandman catch us with our clothes on—must we?"

"No, daddy," laughed the child. "That would make him very cross!"

"It would make somebody else very cross, too. I know a little girl, but I wouldn't mention her name for the world, who doesn't like to be waked up to get undressed."

"I know who you mean," exclaimed the child, with a bird-like coyness. "You mean your own little girl, Marjorie."

"Why, how did you guess it?" asked the father in mock surprise, as he began unbuttoning her shoes.

Just then a comical head was thrust thru the opening in the tent. Marjorie uttered a scream of delight, and, at a smiling nod from Jim, Piero, the clown, entered on tiptoe, with his face twisted into an affectation of abject fear. Then he capered about the tent, displaying the very cream of his buffoonery for the pleasure of his small audience. Marjorie slipped from her father's knee and chased the funny man about. She caught him and was lifted up on a level with his hideously painted face. But the mask caused no repulsion in the child. She could see beneath it the good, kind face of Piero, whom she loved and who was her devoted slave. She threw her arms about his neck and gave him a good hug.

In the midst of the fun, the call sounded for the grand parade. Hastily setting the child down, the clown put the finishing touches to his make-up. The flap again parted, and a woman in tights and gauzy, spangled skirts, hurried in.

"Ah, Nina," said Jim, "here you are. The little girl is ready for bed. Good night, pet."

Marjorie threw her arms about her father's neck and kist him.

"Good night, daddy, dear! Good night, Piero!" she called out gayly.

The men turned and waved to her,

THE OLIVERS VISIT THE CIRCUS

then joined the procession that was filing into the arena, to the blare of the trumpets and the rattle-de-bang of the drums.

Marjorie listened, as she did night after night, to the crashing of the band, as Nina undressed her. At last her little white night-dress was slipped over her head, and she was ready for the land of dreams. But, suddenly, some of the circus people entered the tent, and, with a whispered explanation to Nina, carried the child to the entrance leading into the arena.

A small crowd was gathered around a figure lying on a rug. The clown, Piero, was there, with downcast eyes and lips tightly compressed. At sight of Marjorie, he went to meet her. He took her tenderly, and, in a quivering voice, said: "Father is hurt, dear!"

The clown knelt, with Marjorie beside him, and took the poor, maimed form of his friend in his arms. There was nothing to be done. Just how the accident had happened, no one knew. He must have missed a leap, for he came hurtling thru the air into the ring, where he lay like dead until carried out. Several of the performers and tentmen had formed a circle about those who carried him, to conceal him from the view of the horror-struck audience. The band had crashed louder than ever and the acrobats and riders had surpassed themselves in an endeavor to efface the tragedy in their midst.

Consciousness was returning to Jim's stunned mind, and, seeing Piero and Marjorie, he made a feeble effort to smile. Marjorie stroked his cheeks, her eyes large with grief and a vague terror.

"Oh, daddy! daddy!" she sobbed.

He pressed her tiny hand, gasped out "Piero, take care of her—my baby!" and sank back, lifeless.

The clown gathered up the heart-broken little girl and hurried to his tent with her. His grief for his friend was profound, and deep lines that no paint could hide appeared around his mouth. But, choking back his own emotion, he tried to console the little mite who sobbed on his shoulders.

"My baby! My baby!" he whispered, rocking back and forth.

Gradually the child's grief subsided, and the tender love and the constant watchfulness of the big-hearted Piero lessened, in time, the anguish of her loss.

A year passed by, and Marjorie was still traveling with the circus, everybody's pet and more than ever the clown's baby. One day, as she was playing outside the tents, a party of well-dressed people strolled by. Amused at the antics of the puppy, with which Marjorie was romping, they began to question the circus

baby. Her mode of life had not engendered bashfulness nor fear, so she answered in the most friendly way, and charmed them all with her childish wisdom. One of the ladies, Mrs. Oliver, stooped and kist her, and when Piero, having missed his little companion, emerged from behind the tent in search of her, Mrs. Oliver addressed him.

"Is this little darling your child?" she asked.

"No, madam, but she was left in my charge by her dying father, and I couldn't love her more than I do if she were my very own," feelingly answered Piero.

He led the child away, and, as she disappeared, she waved them a kind little farewell.

The clown was proud to have his baby noticed and admired, but he little dreamed what a decision he would be called upon to make. That evening, as he sat in his dressing-tent, a boy entered and handed him a letter. Letters were rare events in the clown's life, so it was with surprise and trepidation that he read:

"DEAR SIR:

"My wife is anxious to adopt your little charge. We can give her every advantage, and hope you will see that it is your duty to give her this opportunity.

"Very sincerely,

"HERBERT OLIVER."

Give up his baby! Never! Didn't his dying friend confide her to his care? What greater duty could there be than to care for her as Jim wished? He had been true to his trust—he had done his duty to the best of his ability. To the best of his ability? Ah, that was it! What did his best amount to? What could he give this growing girl? This was her opportunity. She would have comfort, wealth, education, position. He must not stand in her light for his own selfish pleasure.

With trembling hands, that frequently wiped his blurred eyes, he laboriously traced upon the back of the letter:

"I realize that I can only give her love. You can give her everything. Come for her to-night.—PIERO."

He gave the letter to the messenger, and despairingly turned to his mirror again, when Marjorie burst in.

Piero snatched her up and held her close.

"My baby! My baby!" he exclaimed, "you will have to leave your old Piero!"

"No, I won't, Piero—never!" asserted the child emphatically.

He crooned over her and tried to paint bright pictures of the child's future.

When Nina came in, he told what he had done, and asked her to pack Marjorie's valise. One by one he handed her the diminutive garments. The soft-hearted Nina could not stand it; she kist the child, and, bursting into tears, rushed from the tent. She quickly spread the news, and the circus people came trooping in to say good-bye, every countenance in the motley gathering expressive of keen regret.

"It's best for the kid, but it's tough on Piero," said Tom, the bareback jockey.

"That's right," chorused the others.

So they wished her good luck and told her not to forget them. She had eyes only for Piero. She looked at him wistfully as he put on her hat and jacket. She was ready when Mr. Oliver came. It was not till then that she realized that she was actually to be taken away from her second father. She clung to him desperately. He coaxed her to go, telling her that he wished it. He even added a deeper lie when he assured her that it would not be for long.

At last she allowed herself to be led away.

Well, he had done his duty! It was a greater sacrifice than he had anticipated. Bowing his tear-streaked face in his hands, he gave way to his emotion. But that indulgence was not of long duration. The performance would soon begin, and he must play his part. Yes, he must go before that sea of strange faces and grimace and contort himself to make them laugh, while the one little face that he cared

to brighten had gone from him, pleading and sorrowful and tear-stained.

Her little heart was as lonely and longing as his. In spite of all the attention heaped upon her, the toys with which she was surrounded, the love that her adopted parents evinced for her, she remained indifferent and listless. Mrs. Oliver tried to coax a smile to her lips by pressing a beautiful doll into her arms.

"See, darling, isn't this a lovely dolly? Look at her pretty blue eyes! Why, she's gone to sleep! Oh, look! she's awake again! Listen! Do you hear her say 'mamma'?"

But the child put the doll aside, wearily. Mr. Oliver, too, did his utmost to divert her. He brought her new toys, but they failed even to rouse an interest. As he unwrapped the last parcel, rather discouraged at the result of his previous efforts, a clown doll came into view. A transformation took place in the little girl. She seized the doll and hugged it and chuckled over it, and ended by singing it a lullaby. Her head drooped over it, lower and lower, and Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, thinking her asleep, tiptoed out of the room. As the door closed behind them, Marjorie looked up, startled; then, finding herself alone, she held the doll at arms' length, crying, "I want my Piero! I want my Piero!"

Slipping from the armchair, she went to the French window, opened it and stepped out upon the porch. She looked about her. There was no one in sight.

"I am going back to Piero!" she whispered.

With the doll clutched to her breast, she went softly down the steps, again looked apprehensively around, and then started off on her quest. Direction had no consideration in her baby mind; she would surely find Piero, no matter which way she turned. Her first instinct was to get

MARJORIE DOES NOT TAKE KINDLY TO HER NEW MOTHER

out of sight of the house, so she sped around the corner and away up the street.

She had walked a long, long time—a day, it seemed to her—and she was very tired and hungry. She had long since left the houses behind her, and the road she was following threaded into the distance, apparently without end. As she trudged along, her tender feet stumbling over the rough places, her tears dripped upon her gayly bedecked doll.

There was a rumble of wheels and the thud of horses' hoofs, in the distance, and, gradually, a farmer's wagon appeared thru the dust. Marjorie had shrunk to one side of the road, and stood looking, with tear-dimmed eyes, at the strange people who gazed at her in open-mouthed astonishment. She was certainly a sad little figure on the lonely road.

"Waal, where be you a-goin'?" queried the farmer, while his wife and children pricked up their ears for Marjorie's answer.

"I want Piero! I am the clown's little girl," she stammered, with trembling lips.

Mystified, the farmer turned to his wife.

"Waal, what d'ye make out o' that?"

The motherly woman had an inspiration.

"Why, I do believe it's a circus baby, lost from the circus!"

"Is that so?" the farmer asked Marjorie.

She nodded her head, gulping down a sob.

"Waal, in that case, you're headed the wrong way. We'll give you a lift. That's jest where we're goin' ourselves."

So Marjorie was swung into the wagon, beside the motherly woman, against whom she instinctively snuggled. Oh, but it was good to be off that hot, dusty road, and to know for a certainty that she was on the way to Piero!

When they reached the circus grounds, Marjorie tried to drag the farmer into the tent with her, to receive the thanks of Piero. But he shook hands with her rather awkwardly and left her to make her entrance alone. She peeped in and saw the clown sitting alone, his bowed head in his hands, his painted face a mockery of the ache in his heart. She knew that he was mourning for her, and, forgetting her weariness, she sprang into the tent. She ran to him, and, in a voice broken with sympathy and joy, she called out:

"Piero! Piero! Don't cry, my Piero!"

He looked up, startled; then, with an exclamation, he clasped the tired little form in his loving arms.

"So my baby has come back to her old Piero!"

"Yes, and for keeps, this time—isn't it, Piero?"

He didn't answer. He was thinking as he crooned over her and caressed her.

Again the tent filled with people, this time to welcome Marjorie back. At the height of the jubilation, the group near the door parted and Mr. Oliver appeared.

"Thank God she is safe!" he exclaimed. "We have been searching for her everywhere."

He held out his hand to Marjorie, but she clung to the clown, breathless with the intensity of her wish to remain with him. He looked into her apprehensive, wistful little face and then announced: "I have decided to keep the child."

A murmur of satisfaction arose from the circus people. Mr. Oliver was about to protest, but the ineffable joy that illumined Marjorie's face, as she pressed her cheek against the clown's hand, was a revelation to him.

"Well, perhaps it is better so," he admitted.

He shook hands warmly with Piero and took leave of Marjorie, who, truth to tell, was not any too gracious toward him.

The clown lifted Marjorie to his shoulder, and, glancing round with a radiant smile, he commanded: "Give three cheers for the clown's baby and all salute her!"

"SO MY BABY HAS COME BACK TO HER OLD PIERO!"

The promptness and vigor with which the throng responded, together with the undeniable pleasure beaming thru their make-ups, were ample proof of their sincerity and of the popularity of the clown's baby.

A Curiosity

By MINNA IRVING

THEY'LL keep him in a museum, and view him with enthusiasm,
And read with ceaseless wonderment the placard on his breast;
And on holidays and Sundays, also Saturdays and Mondays,
Will crowd around the crystal case in which he lies at rest.
From the earth's remotest regions, learned savants will come in legions,
With their note-books and their pencils such a marvel to behold;
They will publish volumes on it, verse and prose, essay and sonnet,
While a squad of soldiers guard it as they would a chest of gold.
Yet 'twill be no prehistoric creature, strange and dinosauric,
But the brown and withered mummy of an ordinary man;
Neither hero nor freebooter, but perhaps a plain commuter
Of the kind that carries bundles all his life's unhappy span.
Lo! the tag will tell the story of his claim to deathless glory,
And his right to preservation as a precious curio,
"This," upon it will be stated, "was the only man created
In his period who never saw a Moving Picture show."

Answers to Inquiries

L. T., Mrs. J. F. D., "Martin," Miss Lake, "Constant Reader" and C. B.—Your questions are not of general interest, and, therefore, cannot be answered here.

"Lochinvar" and Miss C. D.—We regret that we are unable to answer your questions.

J. S. and Miss M. R.—Under no circumstances can we give the personal address of any of the players.

B. T. M.—This magazine does not accept or pass upon scenarios.

Mrs. N. V. S., Washington—Your suggestions are ingenious, but not in accordance with facts. The part of the girl in Selig's "Back to the Primitive" was taken by Miss Katheryne Williams, who is a regular member of the stock company. She appeared in all the scenes for which her character was cast, and there was no substitution of a professional animal tamer in the scenes with the leopards. The animals are tame, after a fashion, but scarcely suitable for household pets. Miss Williams was badly scratched about the shoulders in one scene where a leopard springs upon her, but this was purely an accident. The animals are all a part of the large menagerie maintained by the Selig Company, and have figured in many other Photoplays.

"Gordon," New York—The dashing little rider in the Melies Western pictures is Miss Edith Storey, known to her fellow players as "Billy." She is a lover of horses, and the cowboys on the Melies Star Ranch put the finishing touches to her education in this regard. The high-school horse she rides in the pictures bears her nickname. The pictures to which you refer were made in the vicinity of San Antonio, Texas, where Mr. Melies has had a ranch for more than a year, but the company is now located in California, and will remain there for at least a year, according to present intentions. Miss Storey has joined the Vitagraph Company.

"Wondering," Dayton—By the time this appears in print you should have had your answer in the more frequent appearances of Miss Florence Turner in the Vitagraph films. There never was any question of her leaving the company, but for several years she has appeared in a majority of the Vitagraph films, and many of the parts were exhaustingly exacting. To avoid a complete physical breakdown, she was compelled to cut down the number of her appearances for a time, but she is now in capital health again, and is appearing in many of the current releases with her old-time charm.

"Curious," Chicago—The clipping you send conveys an erroneous impression. The Sage Foundation suggested the theme of "A Sane Fourth of July" to the Edison Company, furnished the scenario, and aided in the making of the film, but the film was made one of the regular Edison releases and was not published by the Sage Foundation, tho it is being used by them in their campaign. The other films referred to in the article are "The Red Cross Seal" and "The Man Who Learned," the latter being the "milk picture."

"Puzzled," Philadelphia—The hurried action of the plays you mention does not occur in the film. The trouble lies with the manager or operator of the Photoplay theater where you saw them projected. Film is supposed to be passed thru the projection machine at the rate of one foot each second. For convenience in timing, most machines pass exactly one foot of film with each turn of the crank. If the operator makes sixty turns a minute the action is normal. If he makes eighty turns a minute, to get the show over quickly, the players seem to work one-third faster than they should. Many managers, when the house is full, rush the films thru at a speed which makes the players appear to jump thru their scenes. It is unfair to audience and players alike, but the only remedy is to find a theater where the projection is more carefully made.

"Admirer," Detroit—Miss Florence Lawrence has been with the Lubin Company for several months. She is not the wife of Arthur Johnston, of the same company. Yes. They played opposite parts with the Biograph Company a couple of years ago.

G. N. B., Montreal—You are mistaken in your belief that photoplayers are underpaid. They receive slightly less than they would if engaged for a dramatic production, but, on the other hand, they receive salary for fifty-two weeks a year, instead of twenty to thirty, and they are put to none of the expense of travel. Salaries run from $35 to $75 a week for the regular players, but run up to $400 and $500 in the case of stars. Professional players are preferred for film work, but not all trained actors are able to make good before the camera. Some become self-conscious, and many are unable to accustom themselves to the smaller stage.

"History," Springfield—The first Motion Picture machine to be shown in America was the Eidoloscope, perfected by Thomas A. Edison. The first foreign machine was the Lumiere, of Lyons, France. Both machines were exhibited in the latter part of 1895. The first Lumiere machines brought to this country were imported by B. F. Keith, who had used Eidoloscopes in Boston and Philadelphia, but who was unable to get the Edison device for his New York theater. The Edison machine was shown at Koster & Bials' in New York, in the spring of 1896. The Lumiere machine was not seen here until early summer of the same year. Credit for the invention seems to belong to Thomas A. Edison.

"Français," New York—The Pathé Frères have two studios in America, one in Jersey City and another in Los Angeles. Full-blooded Indians are attached to both of these studios, but you probably have reference to James Young Deer, who is in charge of the Los Angeles studio. He has worked for several of the manufacturers, including the Vitagraph, Biograph and Lubin. He is author, producer and actor.

"Reels," Newark—A three-reel picture is a picture wound on three reels, each of which contains about one thousand feet. A reel is both the spool carrying the film and the trade name for approximately one thousand feet of film. Projection machines cannot take much more than one thousand feet at a time, because they are made to handle that standard length, so the longer subjects are wound on two or more reels, and are known as two or three-reel subjects. The longest subject is probably the Jeffries-Johnson affair at Reno, which ran six reels, including the preliminaries. A "split reel" is merely one in which the length is divided between two or three subjects.

Carson, Jacksonville—Charles M. Seay has not left the Edison Company. His appearance in Jacksonville, at the Grand Theater, was made by arrangement with Mr. Montgomery, who had heard of his film lectures around New York, and who made him a tempting offer to come to Florida for a week. This is his sole appearance any distance from New York, and was made while on leave of absence from the company. His appearances are not under the management of the Edison Company, but are his personal enterprise. He is the same one who appeared in vaudeville in George M. Cohan's "A Game of Golf," and he has done capital work with the Proctor stock companies.

"Figures," Omaha—The largest single studio is that of the Lubin Manufacturing Company, in Philadelphia. It is 60 feet wide by 158 long, and from 50 to 60 feet high. It is all glass, on a steel framework, with the exception of the rear wall and ten feet on each of the side walls.

"Appreciative," Rahway—The new Kalem comedian whose work you praise is Frederic Santley, once known as a boy prodigy, but who has not shared the fate of the majority of child wonders, who drop from sight before they attain their majority. Mr. Santley will figure prominently in the weekly comedy which is promised by the Kalem Company.

S. A. Y., Clinton—Gilbert M. Anderson, the Western producer of the Essanay Company, is the "A" of S. & A. He plays the heroic part in most of the productions of the Western section of the company, and writes many of the plays himself.

"Maude," Corning, N. Y.—Albert McGovern, of the Lubin Company, has been playing in the pictures for about a year and a half. He was formerly assistant stage manager of the Robert Edeson Company, and has done considerable work in dramatic stock companies. He was one of the Lubin producers for a time, but finds a broader scope in playing parts. He is not a brother of Arthur Johnston, tho there is some resemblance between the two men.

"Positive," Boston—You are only half right. The Pathé "Faust" was made in France, but at the studio in Nice, and not in Paris. Pathé studios dot western Europe. The Pathé colored pictures are not tinted by hand, but are done from stencils. Four and five thousand stencils are cut for the average reel. The process is too elaborate to be described here.

R. G. S., Port Kent—The company visiting Ausable Chasm was a section of the Edison players who were engaged in making pictures of Ticonderoga for the Edison historical series. The Ausable pictures were made because the company was in the neighborhood. The pictures have not been scheduled for release as yet, but we presume they will be seen toward the latter part of July or thru August. If there is a Photoplay theater in your town the manager will advise you when they will be shown.

R. G., Boston. F. K., Easton. "Claude," Louisville. "Ardent," Boston—The Biograph Company issues no information regarding the personality of its players, and questions regarding this company cannot be answered.

E. C. H., Denver—The Motion Picture Story Magazine deals only with the produced scenario. Send your script to the company most likely to use that style of story. There is no fixed price for manuscripts, but the average is about $25, altho $100 and more has been paid to authors of reputation.

R. K. Bruce, Shelbyville—You must be an old-timer, to remember the large films. For a time the Biograph used an unperforated film, an inch and a half or an inch and three-quarters wide. They found it expedient to adopt the standard size that their films might enjoy a wider circulation. For a time they made both sizes, but soon decided to stick to the standard size. It is improbable that they have made the wide films in more than ten years.

R. S., Meriden—You are confusing two names. Albert McGovern is with the Lubin Company. The Kalem player is J. P. McGowan. Mr. McGowan is a member of the Kalem Company, now in Ireland—the "O'Kalems," to use their studio name.

Miss K., Clinton—Miss Leonard is the actress to whom you refer, but she is no longer with the Reliance Company, having resigned in May.

E. I. D., Dallas—The first cost of a Motion Picture runs from $500 up. The average full length reel represents an investment of from $1,000 to $2,500, counting a proper share of fixed charges. We do not know what film represents the greatest cost. The Pathé "Passion Play" represents enough money to establish a considerable business in itself, but the exact figures are not obtainable. Possibly other films have cost as much.

A. A. M., Grand Island—The story of a building burned to make a picture was not an invention of the press agent, but the fire was actually planned. The structure was to be torn down and was purchased for what it was worth to the house-wreckers.

"Old Timer," New York—"G. Melies" is Gaston Melies, a brother of the George Melies, who developed the trick pictures, such as "A Trip to the Moon." The most notable production of Gaston Melies is his recent release, "The Immortal Alamo."

S. G. T., Washington—The Selig Company made no effort to suggest that "Back to the Primitive" was filmed in Africa. To the contrary, their advance notices very clearly stated that the film was made in Florida, where a section of the stock company had been working all winter. You should not believe all you hear from the attachés of the Photoplay theaters.

"Ned," Rome—Gladys Hulette, who has been playing in "The Blue Bird" during the theatrical season, is back with the Edison Stock Company. She is a child, and not a midget. Yale Boss is the youngster who plays most of the boy parts.

R. P. N., Wichita—John Bunny, of the Vitagraph, is not a vaudeville player. He has had prominent parts in many important comedy productions, and is widely known. His versatility is proven by the wide range of characters he plays in the Vitagraph films. When he is not posing for pictures he manages the Vitagraph baseball team.

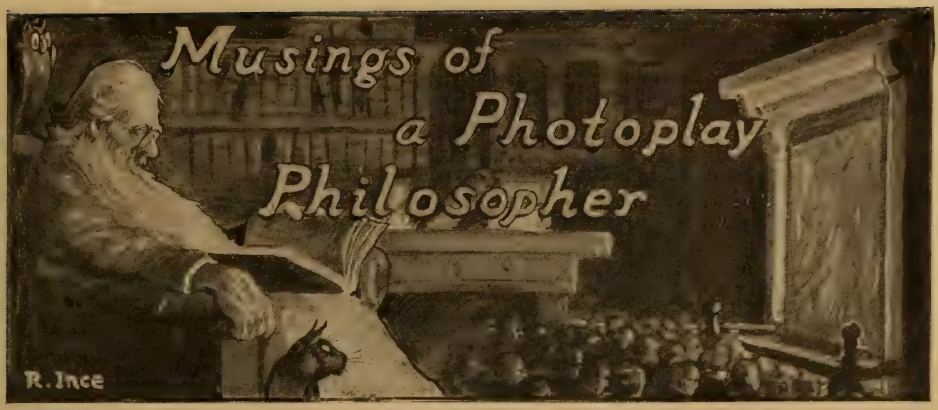
Grace M., New Haven—There are a number of English producing firms, but their films are not imported into this country; indeed, the consular reports state that more American than English films are used in London and in the provinces. The stories are not suited to American audiences, and the standard of production is poor when compared to the work of the American and Continental studios. Some idea of the wide distribution of American films is found in the fact that one company prints its titles and explanatory captions in nine languages. English scenery is very beautiful, but scenery alone will not satisfy critical patrons, and the English stories are usually constructed poorly.

"Ella," Dubuque—Quite possibly the story you mention has been seen in fiction form. No one man can read all the stories written and printed, and the most alert editors are apt to buy a story that has been seen in print. You would be surprised at the number of plagiarisms that are received each week by the different Photoplay producers. As many as a dozen stories, apparently all developed from some obscure but catchy story, have been received by one firm within a month. Most of the persistent plagiarists are now known by name, and they could not make a present of a story to most firms. At the same time it is impossible to "spot" all steals.

L. B., Philadelphia—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has posed for Motion Pictures, but not for those intended for commercial distribution. Many of the leading French players have been seen in Pathé films, and some are regularly on the staff. The Gaumont Company has also enlisted the aid of players of note. The recent Urban-Eclipse films of Shakespearean plays, made with the assistance of actors from the Odeon, in Paris, prove the quality of their work.

"Geography," Joplin—The reason that so many companies make their winter headquarters in Los Angeles is to be found in the wide range of scenery within easy reach. City streets and mansions are close at hand, while within fifty miles are to be found the perpetual snows of mountain-tops, arid deserts, and foliage of tropical luxuriance. The companies do not confine their work to the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles, but merely make that city their base of operations.

J. M., New York—Maurice Costello does not "hire out" for Vitagraph nights. He is very courteous in complying with requests for public appearances, but he receives no fee for this work. His studio nickname is "Dimples." We do not know his age, but he is still in the early thirties.



I MET a man the other day who would have none of it. "What? Moving Pictures—are you in that game?" he asked of me in amazement. I told him I did a little writing on the subject, and he said he thought I was fitted for something better. I soon learnt that he had not seen a real Motion Picture for many years, and I plotted to get him to go with me to see a few real good ones. I succeeded, and he came away like a man in a trance. He was completely converted, and he told me that he was going to see the Motion Pictures two or three times every week for the rest of his life. This man, I find, is one of many who have a very wrong conception of what modern Motion Pictures are. The short (and usually poor) picture which theatrical audiences usually see at the close of a vaudeville performance gives a very meager idea of what enormous strides the Motion Picture business has made in the last few years.

There is no better teacher for children than Motion Pictures. Children learn quickly because they like it; they remember, because they cannot forget what they have seen. In school, they learn because they have to; they forget, because the knowledge has been forced upon them against their desires.

I attended a picture theater the other night and counted just sixty-two different scenes, and most of them were real—not painted scenery. At the regular theaters we usually see only three or four scenes, and these are only painted canvas. Besides, we have to wait while the different scenes are being put together; and while we are waiting we can sometimes see the rapidly moving feet under the curtain, and can hear the busy scene-shifters dragging mountains, houses and oceans across the stage. This spoils the illusion.

Is there any greater bore than the person who persists, at the Photoplay, in telling his friend, within the hearing of those around him, what is going to happen next? "Now, watch," he announces, "the cowboys arrive in a moment, led by Anderson, and they capture the bad man just in time to save the girl." Not only is the pleasure of anticipation lost to all who are within the hearing of the smart person, but they are unable to study the action and to follow the plot. One beauty of Motion Pictures is that they appeal to only one sense, that of hearing, and it is unpleasant to have to listen to the story in advance of the film. At the regular play the speaking accompanies the action, and it is not tiresome to follow both, but to see one thing and to hear somebody announce in advance what is coming next is anything but pleasant.

How like children are we! A child is never satisfied, and never are we. We might wish for a million, and if we get it we will then want two million. I once met an urchin in the street who was crying its little heart out because, as he told me, he had lost his only penny in the gutter. I of course gave him another, and, much to my surprise, he began crying harder than ever. Upon asking him what was the matter now, I was informed by the young philosopher that, if he had not lost the first penny, he would have two pennies now.

Since, in our large cities, objection has been made that ruffians have taken advantage of the darkness by flirting with young girls, why would it not be a good plan for every manager to turn on all the lights between each picture? Not only would this be a relief to the audience and enable them to look around, but it would make the pictures clearer by contrast.

Man is not only a machine—he is a part of one. The interdependence of all men, and of all industries, and of all human activity, teaches us this—that we are all cogs or links in the great machine that makes the world go round.

Why not tombstones for the living, as well as tombstones for the dead? Some persons are all but dead, for all the good that they are to the world; but when they are actually dead you will read glowing epitaphs, carved in the marble over their graves. Other persons, who are now making the world what it is, and adding to our wealth and happiness, receive no appreciation while they are living, and but little more after they are dead.

When the moralists and censors assail the theater managers for the low character of the average play now being produced, the managers retort that the public demand the sort of play they are giving, and that if the standard of the modern drama is to be raised the public must first be moralized. In other words, the manager says, "The public are morally bad, and therefore demand bad plays; if you make them good, so that they will demand good plays, we shall be only too glad to meet their highest ideals." This is rather a lame excuse; it is no excuse. On the same theory, the burglar might say that the reason he steals is because he finds a demand for the goods that he steals, in that he has no difficulty in selling them. The truth is, that the manager is in error in assuming that the public desire immoral or trashy plays; only a small percentage likes them. The manager knows only two kinds of drama, and he reasons that if the public does not like one it must like the other; and the public, not having any choice, patronizes what is offered, for want of anything better.

The surest way to prevent crime is to show the sureness of its detection and punishment. The surest way to encourage virtue is to show that it is always discovered and rewarded, and always brings happiness. All Picture Plays do either one or the other of these, and that is why the Moving Pictures have taken their place as one of the greatest moral teachers in modern civilization. Only the short-sighted critic will condemn Photoplays because they frequently depict crime. The greatest critics of the Moving Pictures are those who have never attended. The greatest mistakes are made by those who condemn that which they know nothing of.

If you want your son, or your servant, or your friend, to gain in some quality or virtue, give them credit for possessing it. If you would make them honest, believe them; if you would make them trustworthy, trust them.

I see that the poets are beginning to write parodies on the poems that appear in this magazine. Good! What higher compliment can they pay? Robert Browning seriously objected to the paraphrasing of his poems, but most poets like it, as doubtless do ours. But what will the great poet say if he sees this in the newspapers, "Let us then be up and flying, with a heart for any fate; we can't hope to go a-skying sitting on the garden gate. Lives of men like Wright remind us that all we have to do is dare, and departing, leave behind us footprints in the desert air"?

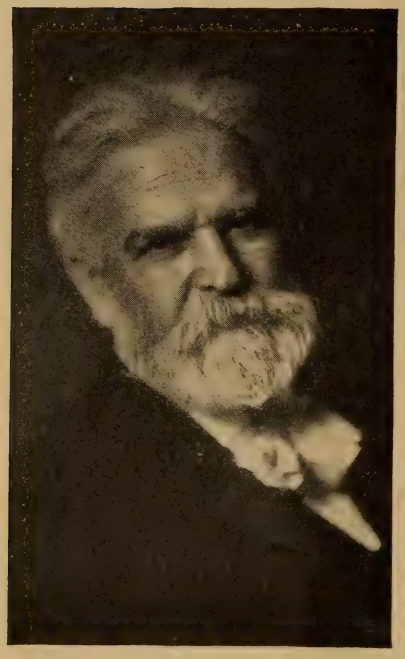
I have clipped the following from a Western paper: "A new idea along the lines of trying to at least lessen the attendance of young children on Sunday upon the Moving Picture shows has been given expression in Brooklyn, and many pastors of all denominations have given the project their endorsement. The idea is to give in Sunday afternoon or evening picture shows, views of a religious character, with a sprinkling, to be as interesting as possible, of landscapes and other pictures." It is true that the idea has "been given expression," but that is about as far as they have gone, so far as I can learn. It seems that most of the religious bodies prefer to continue on in the same old way, and naturally the picture theaters hope that they will continue so to do. While most people will concede that Sunday attendance at picture houses is absolutely harmless to boys and girls, and that it affords them innocent amusement, whereas they might otherwise be tempted to engage in amusements not so harmless, the fact remains that the theaters and Sunday-schools are in direct competition on Sunday afternoons. Perhaps a compromise will finally be agreed upon whereby both may continue during certain hours so that one will not conflict with the other. They are supposed to be enemies, whereas they are friends, and one should help the other.

With all due respect to Mr. Sargent's learned discourse as to what colors are best with which to decorate the interior of the picture theaters, I am inclined to believe that the best color for side-walls and ceiling is black or a very dark green. Of course the darker the color the more lights are required to light the house, but I think that the pictures stand out better when the surroundings are entirely subdued.

In a recent issue of *Pearson's Magazine* there appears an article entitled "The Apaches of New York," by Alfred Henry Lewis, who, as a writer, is more or less famous. This article is featured by this popular magazine and it is also illustrated. One large picture shows a man in the foreground firing a revolver at a miscellaneous mob in a saloon dining-room and another picture shows a man with a smoking revolver in his hand standing over a fallen body.

We quote just one paragraph from this great story. "It was flash and roar and scramble and confusion, with bullets flying everywhere! Chairs crashed, tables were overthrown; women shrieked and men cursed. Twenty guns were out in a trice. 'By the Lord, I've croaked Phil!' was the exclamation of Whitey, addressed to no one in particular."

Now this may be all well for a popular story in a popular magazine or for a popular play in a popular theater, but if anything like this should be done in Moving Pictures there would be an awful hullabaloo and the censors would never allow it to go thru.



EDWIN MARKHAM

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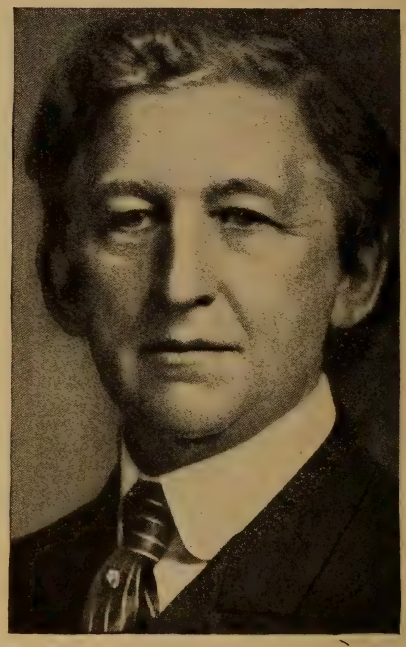
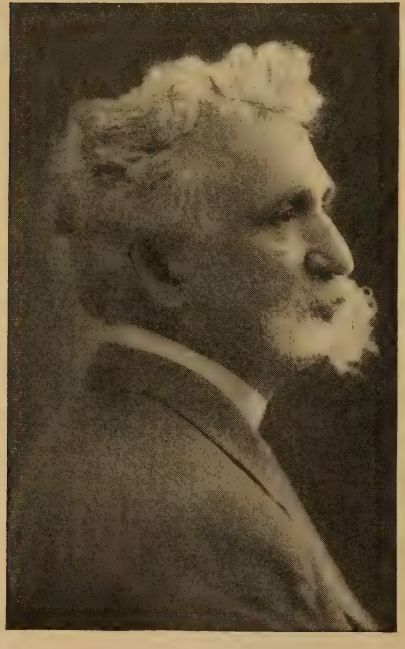
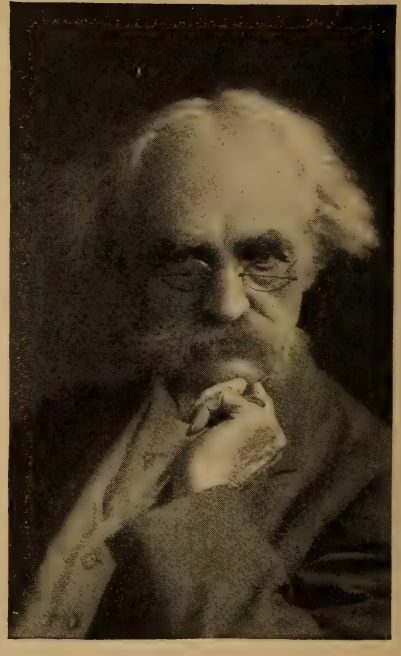


WILL CARLETON



HUDSON MAXIM



J. H. JOHNSTON

SOME OF THE JUDGES IN THE PRIZE CONTEST

The Cash Prize Contest

CHARLES G. BALMANNO

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, EDITOR

On the preceding page and above will be found portraits of the judges who have the cash prize contest in hand. In the March, April and May numbers of The Motion Picture Story Magazine we announced that eighty-five prizes would be awarded for the best answers to this question, "What story in The Motion Picture Story Magazine do you like best and why?" The contest closed on May 15th, and we were careful to announce that writing, spelling or arrangement would not count against the contestants, so that the children might have equal opportunity with the older folks. The number of answers received was far greater than we had expected. Thousands of letters were received—letters from all parts of the world, from children and grandparents, from rich and poor, from college professor and workman, from philosopher and poet and from clerk and employer. Some of the answers showed unusual literary merit, while some came from persons whose education had been meager indeed. On the whole, the answers were generally excellent, and some of them have proved very helpful—helpful not only to the manufacturers, but to the editors, who will hereafter be guided by what they have learnt from these letters. We hoped to be able to announce all of the winners in the present issue of this magazine; but, as we go to press, we find that the judges have not yet completed their labors. At the present writing, forty-seven prize winners have been chosen, and there are nearly two hundred letters laid aside, from which the other thirty-eight prizes must be selected. Perhaps an apology should be given to our readers for the delay; but, when the list of names of

the judges is examined, we feel that no apology will be necessary, because the reader will at once realize how long it must take to examine thousands of letters with that painstaking care which must always mark the work of such men as these. It was decided that five men of national reputation should be added to our editorial force to act as judges, and we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Edwin Markham, Will Carleton, J. H. Johnston, Hudson Maxim and Charles G. Balmanno, all of whom must be known to our readers everywhere.

The name of Edwin Markham will doubtless go down in history as one of America's greatest poets. If Mr. Markham had written nothing else but "The Man with the Hoe," which is known as "America's strongest poem," his name would be immortal, but he has added from time to time dozens, yes hundreds, of contributions to American literature which must stamp him as one of America's greatest literary geniuses. Mr. Markham is literary editor of the New York *American* and of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

The name of Will Carleton has become a household word, not only in America but thruout the English-speaking world. His reputation as a poet is second to none, not even to that of Mr. Markham, and such quaint poems as "Betsy and I Are Out" and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" will never be forgotten. Mr. Carleton, like Mr. Markham, is not only a poet, but a philosopher and lecturer—in fact, he has all of the qualities of the trained and polished orator and all of the wit and drollery of the exquisite after-dinner speaker. Mr. Carleton is editor and proprietor of the *Everywhere Magazine.*

Mr. Hudson Maxim, the distinguished inventor of high explosives, is hardly less famous in the literary world than he is in the scientific world. He is the author of several excellent works, the latest and perhaps the most successful being "The Science of Poetry," which in many respects is one of the most remarkable books of the times.

Mr. J. H. Johnston is also known from one end of the country to the other, and he numbers among his former friends nearly all of the distinguished personages of the past half century, from Lincoln and Longfellow down to Mark Twain, whom he closely resembles; but perhaps he is best known as the "pal" of Walt Whitman, and as a successful lecturer, writer and critic.

Mr. Charles G. Balmanno has gained fame in several lines of effort. He is a banker by vocation, being vice-president and cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, but it is his collection of literary curios and other curiosities from all ages and from all parts of the world that has made him prominent in art and literary circles. He is a trustee of Adelphi College and an authority on several literary subjects.

We think that our readers, particularly the contestants, are to be congratulated upon having five such distinguished men as these to act as judges in this contest, and we therefore take the liberty, on behalf of our readers, to thank these gentlemen for their careful, able and painstaking efforts.

While we cannot announce the winners in this number of the magazine, we can publish a number of the letters that have been selected by the judges as winners; and since, before these letters are seen in print, the contest will have been fully decided, we take pleasure in announcing that the full list of prize winners will be given in the next issue of this magazine. Checks will be sent to the successful contestants about July 20.

Some of the prize-winning letters are as follows, but not necessarily in this order:

"A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE"

Reasons for choice: (1) Dramatic art shown. (2) Vigorous English employed. (3) The atmosphere of the days of the Commune invaluable. It greatly aids an American living in this age to understand those days.

(4) Beauty of the love story. (5) Glimpse of foreign land. We cannot all travel. (6) The lesson can be applied to-day.

LAURA L. SCHUTZ, Durango, Col.

"THE GOLDEN SUPPER"

This story I like best because of its fanciful charm, inspired by the poetry of Tennyson. It is a wholly artistic effort, a reverie as stimulating to the imagination as the springtime of life it portrays, crossed by but a passing shadow. As a bit of prose-history it will haunt my memory.

HERBERT G. MOODY, Editor *Searchlight*, Redding, Cal.

"PERVERSITY OF FATE"

A simple story, naturally told, true to life, with no straining for effect, with pure sentiment, manly, strong, direct and moral; "holding the mirror up to Nature," and escaping bathos and sentimentality. Characters that live, move and talk like human beings.

ALFRED HOLLINGSWORTH, 503 W. 124th St., New York.

"A DIXIE MOTHER"

In your March number I like "A Dixie Mother" best. It is preëminently historical. It is patriotic. It is impartial. It gives splendid hope and promise for the future of the negro in America. It will help to bring all sections of our country together. American and intensely human!

JAMES K. P. DICKSON, Box 286, Montgomery, W. Va.

"MIKE THE MISER"

I like this story best because it instantly arouses the interest and sympathy of the reader. It is a story of poverty, struggle, patience and the triumph of right. It throbs with the interest of every day, the glow of youth, the appeal of human nature. It is life. Submitted by

MISS BERTHA A. HUMPHREYS.

240 Agnew Ave., Carrick Boro, Pittsburg, Pa.

"THE TEST"

Because it enforces the fact that every life is tested, and that only those who stand the test reach the place where the "angel of the best" dwells. Because it shows that the poor may master their disadvantages and that the rich may be unmastered by their advantages.

(REV.) BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Oakland City, Ind.

"THE CITY OF BOYS"

I like the story of "The City of Boys" best, as it is just the thing a boy needs, and it prepares the boy for the business career he is to follow. It turns the boy's mind to honest means, and makes a man of him and gives him a good character; it teaches him to resist temptation and makes a good citizen of him and to assume responsibilities. I don't think a boy would want any more fun than to go to a city of boys for the summer. Yours very truly,

WILLIAM D. CAWLEY, JR., Elkton, Md.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

I consider this story best because, by means of a popular amusement, it brings before young people one of the grandest creations of Dickens, and

teaches two great moral lessons in Lucie's devotion to her father and in Carton's sublime heroism in sacrificing his life for his friend.

ETTA BRUCE, Lynbrook, L. I.

"A DIXIE MOTHER"

I think it is the best story in the March issue, because it is a "strong" Photoplay, yet not harrowing; it inspires patriotism; it commands respect for the "Lost Cause." The unrecorded side of the Civil War is shown—the silent suffering of the women. Maternal love dominates.

H. WEARE HOLBROOK, Onawa, Iowa.

"TALE OF TWO CITIES"

The vivid portrayal of the fearful ravages of the French Revolution; the heroic figure of Dr. Manette, who, at risk of his personal safety, refused to countenance any wrongdoing; the sublime sacrifice of Carton; all tend to bring forcibly before us that master of English fiction—the admirable Dickens.

MISS O. MEURY, 66 Ellery St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"THE BIG SCOOP"

I like best your story, "The Big Scoop." It is modern; tells more than one story, and, while pathetic in places, is not heartrending. Also the part of the wife is very natural, not viragoish nor yet too tearful. The scenes average up. The leading man "looks the part," and I should call this picture-story the equal of a good drama, leaving the audience in a comfortable, yet retrospective mood. FRANCES SLACK, 111 So. Orange St., Peoria, Ill.

"THE GOLDEN SUPPER"

Why I like "The Golden Supper": A tale of brotherly love, rich in the beauty and splendor of days past; haunting in its sweetness, yet leaving a feeling of peace in one's heart like some exquisite strain of music. And the sensitive beauty of Camilla, sad until she smiles, and then like a ray of sunshine. MISS ARIEL GRIFFIN, 755 E. 12th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"THE DOCTOR"

This play depicts the various phases of love in their most beautiful aspects: Love between man and woman, as portrayed by the noble doctor and the tenderly trusting Alice; love of humanity, expressed thru the doctor sacrificing all to go to the sick child; parental love, exemplified in the father's pleadings and the mother's praying; love pure and unselfish, embodied in the devoted Bob; love triumphant, as revealed by Alice when her eyes met the doctor's and she said, "The lady understands now."

MISS REBECCA MIDDLETON SAMSON.
80 Lenox Road, Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.

"CATHERINE HOWARD"

I like best the story of "Catherine Howard," in the May number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, for the author's good description of characters and his fine style of writing.

L. W. MARKS, 753A Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"SAILOR JACK'S REFORMATION,"

I like best in the April issue. It is a simple story, well told, showing the power of faith in human nature—unselfishness—and the "Do-unto-others" spirit possessed by the true religionist, such as the little Salvation Army lassie's —Agnes. TILLIE M. CUNZ, 350 W. 124th St., New York.

Protection

IT is sad to see the wasted efforts of a man who has worked hard and failed to provide an adequate income for his family. It is equally sad to see the work of a man who has left his family a comfortable maintenance brought to naught by the wife's inexperience or the folly or misconduct of others.

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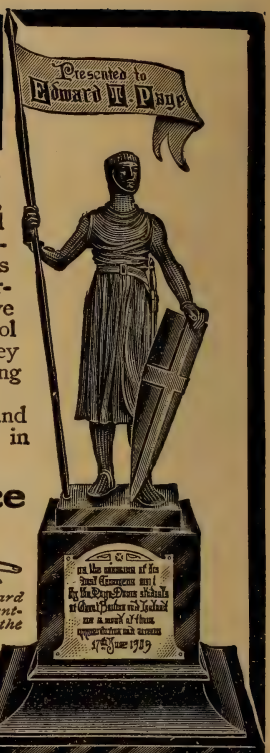

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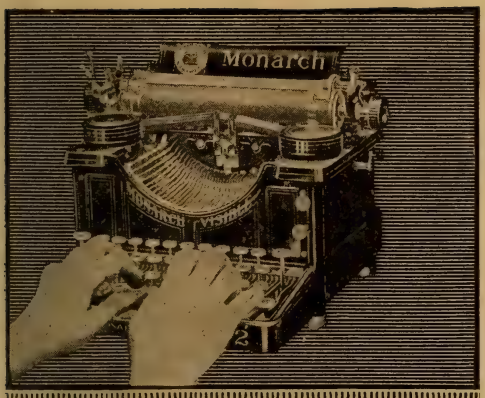

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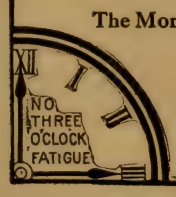

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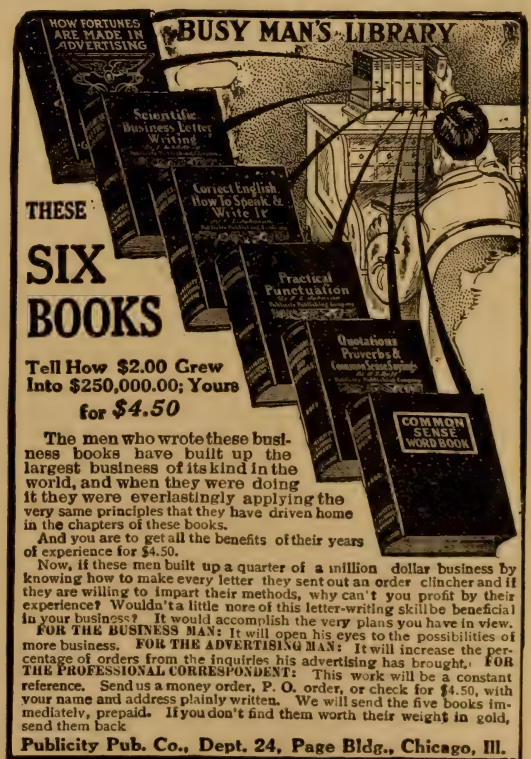
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FOR THE BUSINESS MAN: It will open his eyes to the possibilities of more business. **FOR THE ADVERTISING MAN:** It will increase the percentage of orders from the inquiries his advertising has brought. **FOR THE PROFESSIONAL CORRESPONDENT:** This work will be a constant reference. Send us a money order, P. O. order, or check for $4.50, with your name and address plainly written. We will send the five books immediately, prepaid. If you don't find them worth their weight in gold, send them back

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Address

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Pictures, 2½ x 4¼ inches.

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Here is quality and efficiency in small compass—and such simplicity that anyone can make good pictures from the very start.

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A dependable camera of quality.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE GORGE" (Edison) By Gladys Roosevelt

SEPTEMBER

15 Cents

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Eighteen Complete Illustrated Short Stories

VOL II AUG 17 1911

NO. 8

SCENE FROM "BILLY'S MARRIAGE"
(Pathé Frères). See page 91

STORIES FROM THE WORLD'S BEST PHOTOPLAYS, BEAUTIFULLY

CIRCULATION

VIEWED FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

Why forced circulations are not worth one hundred cents on the dollar—Advertisers need to know not only how much the circulation is, but also how it was obtained.

By HENRY H. HOWER

Advertising Manager, The F. B. Stearns (Automobile) Co.

Slowly, but as surely as the passing of time, a new idea is making itself felt in advertising. That idea consists in paying for circulation according to the quality of the publication and its readers—not simply paying for so many sold copies. The time is steadily passing when so-many-thousand readers for such-and-such a rate can get any and all business. Thinking men are realizing the fact that the hundreds of thousands wasted in advertising can be diverted into producing channels. On every side this idea is cropping out.

A few years ago—and to-day in many cases—very large circulation meant heavy advertising patronage. In some cases this was justified, but very often it was quite the reverse. More and more advertising managers are commencing to think more deeply and to analyze statements which before they had taken for granted.

Probably the best example of this class of advanced thinker is E. St. Elmo Lewis. Mr. Lewis is outspoken in his denunciation of the old method. "It is the most erroneous idea in advertising," Mr. Lewis said, recently. "There is no sense in buying circulation merely as circulation—it is what composes that circulation that counts. I wouldn't give two cents for a hundred thousand circulation if I had no way of knowing or finding out something *about* that circulation."

There are publications of 50,000 in this country whose columns are worth more to the majority of advertisers than others of double, and even treble that figure. Personally, I would willingly pay *twice as much* for space in the former as in the latter. And the time is coming when *valuable* circulation—among *quality* readers—will win its own battle.

Listen: Several years ago I became connected with a small semi-trade paper in an executive capacity. Shortly after taking up my work, there came one day the representative of a "subscription and circulation bureau." To cut a long story short, he offered to get me *as many thousand subscriptions as I wanted*—in any State or States desired—to deliver them within sixty days and to conform to the post-office regulations. All this without any effort on my part, but with considerable expense. Suppose all this had been done—the circulation boosted to ten or fifteen thousand—aggressive advertising men put in the field. The business would have come in, without doubt.

How is the advertising manager to know that some of the various publications he is using are not doing these very things? This may seem an extreme position, and it is doubtless open to criticism, but there is more truth in it than many will care to admit.

I know of a certain publication selling for something like fifty cents a year which has recently secured contracts for automobile advertising. Cannot the wisdom of the selection of such a medium as this be criticized?

A little test I made of a large list of publications shook up my ideas in a good many ways. But above everything else I found that there was a greater difference between well-known periodicals than I had dreamed of before. The idea of paying for *the quality* of the publication and its readers means a good deal more to me now than it did then.

And one thing more. Quality circulation cannot be forced. A publication of little merit cannot get—*and hold*—such readers. It's the genuine merit of the publication that is responsible and there is setting in a strong drift toward those publications which have this merit.—(From *Printers' Ink*, July 6, 1911.)

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Thirty-five cents a copy **Four dollars a year**

If you care to know more about this—write.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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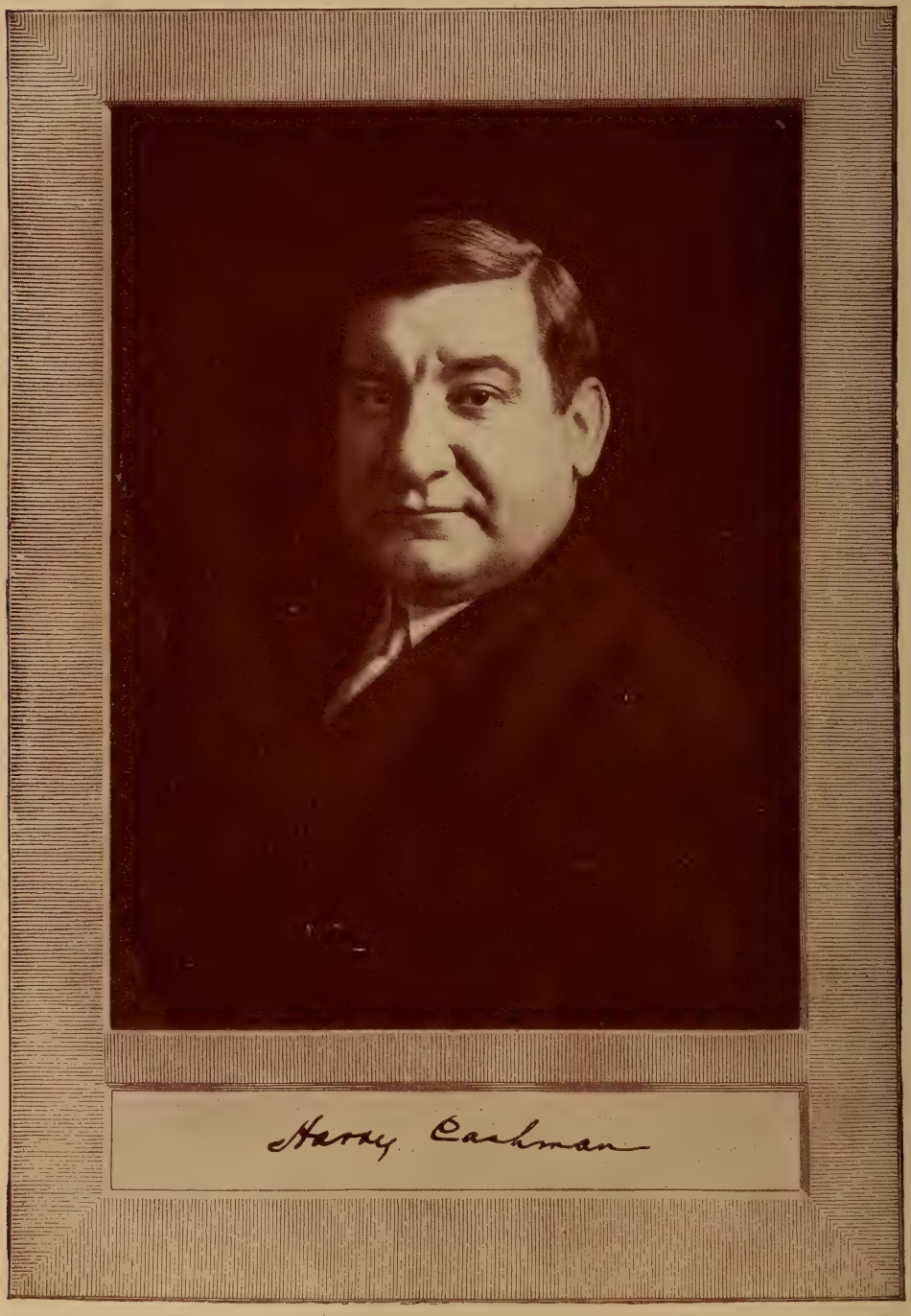
Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter Feb. 21, 1911.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. J. Stuart Blackton, President; William J. Hillburn, Vice-President; Eugene V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. and Managing Editor; Montanye Perry and Edwin M. La Roche, Ass't Editors; V. H. Kimmelmann, Manager of Advertising; Guy L. Harrington, Manager of Circulation. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba and Mexico; in Canada and in other foreign countries, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. All manufacturers of Motion Pictures are invited to submit Scenarios and photos, which, if accepted, will be paid for at usual rates. The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff, who write all stories that appear in this magazine.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. II SEPTEMBER No. 8

The Spirit of the Gorge

(Edison)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

In the land of Onondaga, the rich land of beaver-meadows, girt with stream, and gorge, and chasm, crowned with forests vast, primeval, dwelt the tribe of Massachiqua, the "Tall People of the Hills," in the village of the Torchlight, by the side of the Great River.

Strong of current was that river, swift and foamy were its waters, and the voice which thundered from it, rising clear above the rapids to the wooded heights beyond it, was the voice of the Great Spirit, hidden deep within its chasm, never-failing source of worship, source of praise and acclamation to the "People of the Hills."

On the heights which lined the river rose the wigwams of the village, smoky-topped, with pictured skins, and before each open doorway, on their mats of reeds and rushes, sat the hunters and the warriors, brave men all, and proud, making ready, each, his weapon for the hunting-day at hand.

Varied were their thoughts and comments, as they sharpened pointed arrows and made firm their mighty bowstrings. Old men talked of other huntings, when, as youths, they did the leading in the chase of deer or bison. Young men let their dark eyes wander to the women in the cornfields, where, with hoes that ceased not working, they made rich the land for increase.

And yet, two among their number, Novashote and Kewanee, lifted not their eyes from working, but saw shining in their arrows the bright vision of Ouchita, Massachiqua's lovely daughter, queen of all the village maidens, loved by all the braves and hunters, but most sought in love and marriage by the two most bitter rivals, Novashote and Kewanee.

While they worked before their wigwams, from the forest came Ouchita, loveliest of all the maidens, leaning on her father's arm. And the warriors of the village, raising high their arms before them, said words of morning greeting.

"Saigo, Chieftain!" cried the warriors.

"Saigo! Good-day!" said their master.

"Saigo! Saigo!" sang Ouchita.

The sun had sunk behind the Indian village. Before the wigwams sat the women, making ready for the evening meal. From the depths of the surrounding forests rang the clear call of the returning hunters, and soon upon the well-worn trail appeared the victors with their burdens. The young men were full of the excitement of the chase, and eagerly laid their trophies at Ouchita's feet, each one hoping that his offering would gain for him special favor in her eyes.

One said: "Take my fox, O fair

Ouchita, that his tail may deck your girdle, that his skin may be your blanket. Take my red-fox, lovely maiden!"

"Thank you, hunter," said Ouchita.

And another: "In a stream I saw a beaver, saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers, and I plunged within the waters, followed fast, and far, and fleetly, till my arrow overtook him, and he sank into the river. Take my beaver, O Ouchita!"

"Thank you, hunter," said Ouchita.

And a third: "Many fishes in the waters have I brought to thee, Ouchita,—Mishe-Nahma, the great sturgeon, and the yellow perch, the Sahwa, the bright herring, Okahahwis, and the crawfish, the Shawgashee. Take of these, O sweet Ouchita!"

"Thank you, fisher," said the maiden.

Next came Novashote, whose beautiful bison-skin made all the other offerings sink into insignificance. With undisguised pride, he cast his trophy with the others, while the assembled braves audibly drew in their breath in token of admiration.

"Let the bison, the Pezhekee, be for thee a coat in winter, when the North Wind blows his hardest and the land is white with snowflakes, then shalt thou be warm, Ouchita, fairest maiden of the mountains!"

"I do thank thee, Novashote."

With eyes filled with worship for Ouchita, and lips parted in eagerness to express the outpourings of his heart, Kewanee now approached.

"All the day was bright with gladness, all the sky was blue and cloudless, all the tree-tops waved and fluttered, and as I looked up, Ouchita, all the birds called softly to me, sang of life, and hope, and longing. Sang the robin, the Opechee; sang the bluebird, the Owaissa; sang the whip-poorwill, Wawonaissa; and the squirrel, Adjidaumo, chattered gayly in the pine-trees. Then I heard the pheasant, whirring, saw the pigeon, the Omeme, building nests and softly cooing; so I brought you these, Ouchita, feathered friends of field and forest. Take my gift, O fairest maiden!"

Birds! Wherein lay the bravery in hunting birds? With a gesture of contempt, Ouchita took the string from Kewanee's hands and flung it into the brush beside her wigwam, while the assembled warriors shouted:

"Esa! Esa! Shame upon you!
Thou art Shaugodaya, Faint-heart!"

Stunned, dejected, hurt at the open ridicule, and at Ouchita's ruthless actions, Kewanee staggered to his wigwam. Had he lifted his head from his hands a few hours later, he would have seen a little figure creep out into the moonlight, pick something out of the brush beside her wigwam, and stealthily creep back again, hugging the object in her arms.

The next morning the "People of the Hills" assembled on the edge of the chasm, to honor and worship the Spirit of the Gorge.

Kewanee took his way thither with the rest. His heart was sore, but he trusted to the Spirit to hear his supplications and to send him an opportunity of proving his bravery.

Far out upon a jutting precipice the Medicine Man had built the fire of worship, and now he rose to utter the invocation of the Spirit:

"O, thou Spirit of the Gorge!
Thou maker of brooks,
Thou ruler of rivers,
Thou, who talkest to us unceasingly,
In the floods of Spring,
In the babblings of Summer,
We worship thee! we praise thee!

"Deep is our gorge, high is our mountain,
Happy is our hunting-ground, for thou waterest it—
Therefore, we praise thee.
Rich are our cornfields, fat are our reindeer,
Many are the fish in our waters, for thou sendest them—
Therefore, we thank thee.

WORSHIPPING THE SPIRIT OF THE GORGE

"Thou, who art with our people,
Thou, who canst hear our prayers,
Ascend! Ascend!
Thus shall we have thy blessing,
Thus shall our prayers be answered.
Ascend! Ascend!"

With these words, the Medicine Man threw upon the fire a quantity of incense, and, as the dense white clouds rose skyward, the kneeling People of the Hills prostrated themselves until their foreheads touched the rocks. Then did the Spirit of the Gorge arise, and Kewanee knew that his prayer would be answered.

Once within the village again, the business of the day was taken up, which consisted chiefly of the declarations of the suitors for the hand of Ouchita. Five young braves proclaimed to Massachiqua their prowess in hunting, in fishing, on the warpath, in the chase; but the chief shook his head at their impetuosity, and said:

"O young men of Onondaga, you are asking for Ouchita, fairest flower of the mountain, loveliest lily of the hills; but you have not won your feathers, have no proof nor badge of courage, that in war, or peace, or famine, you can cherish and protect her. Let each hunter win his head-dress, win his band of many feathers, then may each, with head uplifted, dare to ask great Massachiqua for the hand of his Ouchita."

The young men fell back, abashed, and, suddenly, as they did so, their tribal call resounded through the forest.

"Ho! Ho! Hee-a-hee-ee-hoh!"

Instantly a messenger ran swiftly into their midst, and informed them that the People of the Vale were on the warpath.

Then rose up the great chief, Massachiqua.

"Onondagas of the Hilltops, People of the Land of Cedars! Look you downward from these mountains on the plains and vales below us. All this land is ours to cherish, all these hunting-grounds and meadows,—shall the People of the Valley enter here with paint and feathers, wear-

A DOZEN MIGHTY ARMS WERE RAISED IN EAGER EXPECTATION

ing moccasins of war? Are the People of the Mountains faint of heart and slow of courage? Are they not a stronger nation than the People of the Vale?"

"Ugh! Ugh!" came in strong, guttural tones from the attentive warriors.

"Let the war-feast be made ready. Don your warpaint and your feathers. And let one among the hunters, swift of foot and strong of courage, take the challenge of the nation to the People of the Valley; and, if he return ere sunset, he shall win the badge of courage, the bright band of many feathers."

A dozen brave young men stepped forward, a dozen mighty arms were raised in eager expectation.

Then Kewanee, seeing in this the opportunity which the Spirit of the Gorge had promised him, stepped before his chief, with head held high.

"I am ready, Massachiqua," he announced.

The chief was pleased with Kewanee; pleased that he should dare to face the tribal eye so soon after his disgrace, and he looked long and proudly upon him, while Ouchita, with hands pressed against her heart, waited, breathless, for her father's decision.

"Thou shalt go, then, proud Kewanee."

Instantly Kewanee's buckskin shirt was thrown off, and, with a parting look at the maid of Onondaga, whose encouraging smile gave wings to his feet, he darted into the forest, while Novashote, who had volunteered with the other young men, watched his departure with jealous eyes.

On thru forest, brush and brake Kewanee ran; over brooks and over rivers, his heart filled with hope. If he should accomplish this feat and return before sundown, the headdress would be won, and he could ask for the hand of Ouchita!

The very forest creatures seemed anxious to help him on. His friends, the birds, sang to him in the tree-tops, the rabbits leaped out of their holes and ran ahead of him until they were

OUCHITA, AWAITING KEWANEE'S RETURN

tired, and the squirrels chattered encouragingly, as they jumped from bough to bough. Startled deer watched with wide-eyed surprise the swift two-footed runner. Even the wild beasts, bear, and wolf, and fox, molested him not, so sudden was his coming and so swift was his passage.

At last he knew that he was nearing the enemy's country. His breath came with difficulty and his muscles were weary, but hope still buoyed him on.

Among the foothills he ran, still following the downward trail. His heart seemed to beat in his throat now, and once or twice he staggered. But he was so near he must keep on! Suddenly path and forest, and checkered sunlight swam before him, then faded utterly from view, and he fell, unconscious, in the trail.

It was nearing sundown. In the village of Onondaga, chief and warriors watched and waited, anxiously, for the return of Kewanee.

Ouchita's heart was filled with earnest prayer. Doubt and misgiving assailed her, and she was torn between the seed of love, which had been sown in her heart, and contempt for Kewanee's evident lack of courage.

At length it was deemed unwise to wait longer, and volunteers were again called for to carry the challenge to the People of the Vale. Novashote was chosen and quickly dispatched upon his way, eager to outdo his rival. Then, at Ouchita's instigation, a rescue party set out to find Kewanee, for something told her that his courage could not have failed, but that some mishap had befallen him.

Novashote, having the start of the rescue party, came first upon Kewanee lying unconscious in the trail. But, instead of helping him, he spurned him with his foot, and continued on his way, elated at his rival's misfortune and the certainty of winning the coveted head-dress.

When the rescuers arrived, they revived Kewanee sufficiently to get him back to the village, but once there he again sank, exhausted, to the ground. The Medicine Man was called, and, while he worked his magic, moving his hands above Kewanee's head and ut-

THEY CIRCLED ROUND AND ROUND THE WARRIOR

tering strange sounds, Ouchita breathed a prayer, her eyes resting on the prostrated form before her.

"O thou Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, breathe thy charm upon Kewanee, lay thy gentle hand upon him, lift him from the vale of darkness to the pleasant land of slumber. O, revive my loved Kewanee, lest he take the trail of sunset, and we see him nevermore!"

But when the charms and prayer had done their work, and Kewanee was revived, Ouchita impulsively flaunted the lost head-dress in his face, and he tottered, mournfully, to his wigwam, with the taunts and jeers of the warriors ringing in his ears, and all hope of winning Ouchita faded from his heart.

Meanwhile, Novashote had reached the enemy's village, and from a neighboring hillock had flung the challenge down upon the warriors gathered around the totem-pole. With a cry, they rushed up the bank, but Novashote was expecting this, and cunningly concealed himself. Then, when they had gone madly by him, he quietly slipped down into the deserted village and chopped off a piece of the totem-pole, triumphantly starting on his return journey with this emblem of his glorious deed, to show as additional proof of his worthiness to receive the coveted band of feathers.

In the Onondaga village, by the steep Ausable Chasm, was a scene of great rejoicing, scene of song, and dance, and feasting; for the mighty Novashote, fleet of foot and strong of courage, had received the warrior head-dress, the rich band of many feathers. Clad in festal shirt of doeskin, trimmed with ermine, rich and shining, with his leggings made of deerskin, fringed with tails of fox and ermine, on his head the warrior head-dress, in his hand a fan of feathers, danced the warrior, Novashote, the swift runner of the nation.

Circling round and round the warrior, danced the young men and the maidens; but the beautiful Ouchita, dancing close beside the chasm, slipped from off the edge projecting, tottered, and fell down headlong in the waters of the river, in the swift and mighty rapids.

Consternation seized the nation, feast and dancing were forgotten, and the wild-eyed Massachiqua, calling on his braves to save her, found not one to dare the rapids, not one brave worthy the name.

Look! A figure breasts the waters, in a light canoe of birch-bark! 'Tis Kewanee, the faint-hearted! 'Tis the Coward, Shungodaya!

Paddling swiftly down the rapids, with one eye on Ouchita and the other on the current, came Kewanee, grim, determined.

As he neared the floating figure, caught between the rocks projecting, suddenly the current eddied, overturned the canoe of birch-bark; but Kewanee, nothing daunted, swam across the foaming waters, and, with lengthy strokes and mighty, reached the side of fair Ouchita, clasped her in his arms protecting, clasped and brought her to the shore.

Home they carried fair Ouchita, and Kewanee, kneeling by her, waited not for charm or magic, but, with voice like soothing waters, whispered,

"Sweetheart, Nenemoosha!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

And the beautiful Ouchita, opening full her eyes upon him, gave her hands into his keeping, murmuring soft with lips that trembled:

"Thou art Strongheart, Soangetaha!
I am thine, O brave Kewanee!"

The Educational Value of the Photoplay

By E. S. L. THOMPSON

"WHY, just think of the impertinence of Moving Pictures. They even drag kings and queens out of the dust and make them to live again." This remark was made at a recent Photoplay, by a not uninterested, but somewhat ignorant person. That's just it! We are not only getting dramatic stories, born of the imagination, and wrought into lifelike action; we are also getting the romance and history of the past concentrated into that actuality which strongly impresses on the mind what we already know, and gives us the detail of points forgotten. There never was a more satisfying, amusing and instructive medium than the Photoplay. Facts speak louder than words, so we say this with serene confidence. It is perfectly apparent to any one that artistic feeling is cultivated thru the study of pictures. Even the theologians are coming more and more to admire, to tolerate, and to recommend the Photoplay. One need not take a journey now to see our fleet at sea, or the Panama Canal in process of construction. Nor to place a chaplet of laurel on the brow of the hero and the soldier. Nor to see the Indian in his native haunts, or the intrepid cowboy dextrously throwing the lariat. Why? Because we have that exquisite interpreter—the Photoplay. We hold our hats reverently in our hands, we bow our heads at stories that may have appealed to us—just a tap at the brain door—now they enter in marvelous mastery, to the symphonies of the orchestra, appealing to eye, ear, heart and brain. These pictures stimulate, they create originality; they give us a repertory we never had before. Obviously there is a cause for rejoicing that we are being taught in that individual way which makes us hunger for more. The indefatigable labors of the author, the artist, and the producer are a success. The "Oh!" of surprise and admiration hums in the air. The blood tingles and thrills satisfiedly. To those immediately interested this is significant. Clearly it is not only the picturesque, the pathetic and the humorous that domesticates us at the Photoplay. It is the far-reaching possibilities of mental growth that forms the first consideration.

The Call of the Wilderness

(Melies)

By HELEN M. COOLIDGE

WHITE BUFFALO, the chief, was dead. The whole tribe joined in the mourning. A general council had been called to determine which of the several burying sites reported by the scouting party should be selected. The choice had been made of a spot far from the camp, far from any military post, far from road or line of travel of the white men.

Sioux braves had selected the poles which the squaws had bound together by thongs of rawhide, to form a platform high among the trees. Over it Starlight herself, Starlight, the daughter of the dead chief, had spread the mat of leaves and rushes. On it, clothed in his richest garments, surrounded by every article which might contribute to his comfort, happiness or appearance in the next world, the body of White Buffalo had been arranged for its entrance into the Happy Hunting Ground. Strong branches attached to the sides of the platform bent over the body like the bows of a wagon. Over these, buffalo hides, securely fastened, made every aperture tight. All the pots and kettles, which were in the way inside, hung from the edge of the platform or from neighboring branches of the tree. Streamers of red and white cloth flapped in the wind to frighten away animals and birds of prey.

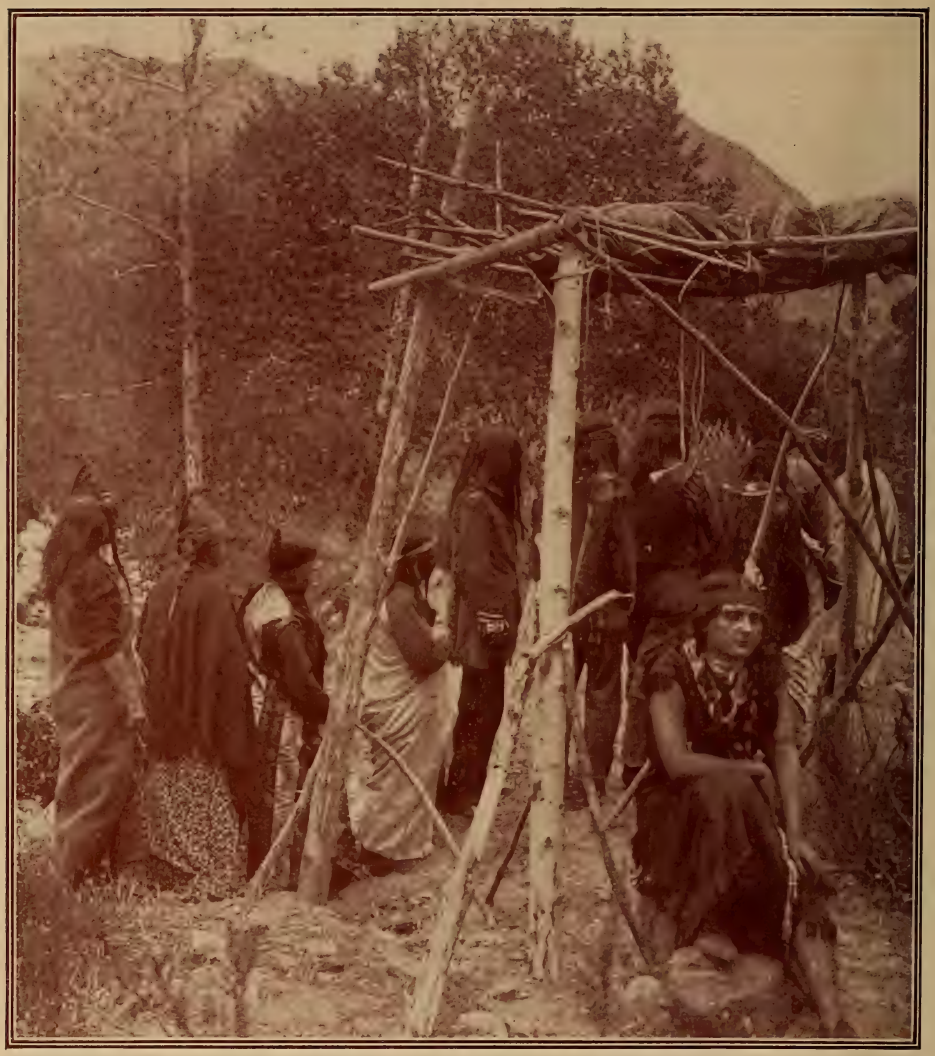
Nothing had been omitted. Every article belonging to the beloved chief had been destroyed or disposed of. His favorite horse had been slain not far from the burial place, that it might have an eternity of pleasant pasture and carry its master whithersoever he wished to go. White Buffalo's wives had long preceded him on his journey. None was left to wail the widow's customary lamentation beside the lonely resting-place of her brave.

Starlight, the daughter, the child of the plains, the last survivor of the great chief's family, alone remained. Were she but a widow she might go at any hour of the day or night to mourn by the grave of her dead. As a maiden she was bound by tribal social customs that were inexorable. A maiden must not be found alone away from the lodge. She knew it and still she stood, staring with unseeing eyes, off into the land of the great unknown, toward which her father had journeyed. No tears fell from the brown eyes. No gestures of despair gave evidence of her grief. Her arms, still bleeding from self-inflicted wounds, were crossed passively on her bosom. There on the mountainside she stood motionless, unconscious, as wail after wail rent the air, echoing and re-echoing thru the great canyons and wilderness round about her.

The purple twilight fell. Night came on, but the vigil did not cease. The mournful cry rang on. The daughter of the wilderness watched and mourned, and returned not to her people.

Far down the canyon, John Stuart, the English remittance man, now dignified by a recently acquired prospector's outfit, diligently plied pick and shovel, but to no purpose; tho the loneliness and grandeur of his surroundings appealed strongly to his artistic temperament.

Far from road or line of travel of the white men, the scouts had said White Buffalo's last resting-place would be, but John Stuart, scion of a noble British house, shouldered his tools and strode on thru the glory of that mountain splendor, all unwittingly, straight to the bit of clearing where the final scene in the red man's drama of death was being enacted.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE WILDERNESS WATCHED AND MOURNED

His sudden appearance was unobserved by Starlight. She lay on the ground, her beautiful face, with its touch of white ancestry, buried in the folds of her blanket. Worn and weak from fatigue and grief, and from the wounds which Indian custom decreed should accompany its expression, she had sunk into a state of coma.

For a moment he was at a loss to understand the meaning of the strange scene on the clearing. Then, as its full significance dawned upon him, his heart throbbed with pity for the young girl's desolation.

"She's been too long without food," he thought, as he saw the dark eyes slowly open and a touch of color come into the dusky face. He held a cup of coffee to her lips and watched her eagerly drink it. Then, he gently gathered her in his arms and carried her along the rocky trail that led to his newly established cabin.

The kindness expressed in the kindly, clear-cut, English face bending over her reassured the Indian girl. This, then, was the lover of whom she had always dreamed, she thought. True, he had not lain in wait outside

of her father's lodge, but he had found her beside her father's grave. He had picked her up and carried her away and she had not resisted nor cried out. Therefore, by all Indian laws and customs did she not rightfully belong to him? With true Indian stoicism, she accepted the inevitable, and gave a faint sigh of relief that she now had a husband and protector like her girl friends at the Indian village had; then, smiling sweetly, she fell into a restful sleep.

Stuart, knowing nothing of Indian social customs, satisfied that he was only performing an act of common humanity, flung his saddle-bags and coat into a corner of his cabin, and threw himself down for a brief rest before beginning the labors of another day.

A week passed, and Stuart came and went as usual, but the little squaw gave no indication of wishing to return to her people. He found her faithful services about the cabin very acceptable, but he had thought that her faithfulness was merely the Indian method of expressing gratitude and appreciation of his hospitality. Now, however, he began to think differently.

"It's time she went, now," he thought, one day, as he busily packed up a little bundle of provisions which he thought would be sufficient to supply her needs while journeying back to her settlement. "I'll tell her that her friends will be expecting her."

But he was totally unprepared for the revelation which came to him when he strove to make her understand his meaning.

To leave his lodge—to return, alone, to her people? She, the daughter of a chief, who had not observed the social customs of her tribe and had been found alone, far away from the camp? Why, she reasoned, should the pale-face brave have carried her in his arms and given her shelter if he had not expected her to be his wife? The pride of her race was there—the pride of the great chiefs of which she was the direct descendant, and the pride of the beautiful white woman who, years before, had been a captive wife in a great chief's household.

The surprise and terror on the girl's face were incomprehensible to Stuart. He gazed at her thoughtfully, striving to grasp the meaning of her words and gestures.

"No! Me no return," she said. "Me leave here but to die." Then, with an abandon unusual in an Indian maid, she threw her arms about his neck.

"Me stay, please. Me be heap good squaw. Me work for pale-face brave," she pleaded, in a low, earnest voice.

The girl's meaning was now only too clear. Stuart made as if to push her gently aside, but paused at sight of the troubled, beautiful face.

"I cant do it," he muttered. "She's not like other squaws. She's as beautiful as her name, and just as lovable. I'll let her stay."

The British jaws set firmly. John Stuart had made up his mind to defy conventionality. Starlight, the daughter of the Sioux chief, should be his bride.

Next day, the two rode in to the little mission settlement, twenty miles distant; and there, in the open air, as befitted the romance of the occasion,

STARLIGHT BECOMES THE BRIDE OF STUART

THE LITTLE CABIN GAVE EVIDENCE OF HER HOUSEWIFELY SKILL

the priest pronounced the words which gave to an English family of high degree a truly American daughter.

Starlight improved wonderfully under the tutelage of her husband. The little cabin in the mountains gave evidence of her housewifely skill and thrift. She knew how to wait upon a husband. No slave could have given more faithful service, or more humble devotion.

But, one day, she entered the cabin to find every evidence of a hasty departure. Her husband was gone. He had been to the post-office that morning to receive his remittance from home. He had returned in due season, but he had been moody and ill at ease. He had sent Starlight for a bucket of water, and when she returned he was gone.

As the overland express rushed eastward, John Stuart drew from his pocket and read for the third time, the missive he had received in the mail that morning:

"The life estate in your uncle's property has expired by the death of your aunt. You are now sole owner of the entire estate. Come to London at once."

"I could not have made Starlight understand," he said to himself. "It was better this way. It is too bad, but I simply had to do it. She'll never know what happened to me."

But Starlight, the daughter of the great chief, was wiser than he knew. She visited the post-office. With Indian craft and secrecy she learnt of his departure. Did not the warriors of her people often go from home, silently and secretly? No squaw could be received into their council. The mighty minds of the braves and of the great chiefs must make their own decisions. It was right for her

pale-face husband to journey abroad if he wished. It was right that his squaw should wait at the lodge to welcome him on his return.

So, Starlight watched and waited silently, passively, never doubting the loyalty of her husband; but, at last, she gradually yielded more and more to the thought that the Great Spirit had called him to the Land of the Hereafter.

Sir John Stuart was bored. He wandered about the spacious grounds of Lady Tracy Langdon's beautiful estate, and mentally hurled anathemas upon the luckless person who originated garden parties. He was weary of the ceaseless attention of aspiring dowagers with marriageable daughters. He longed to take off his coat and throw himself down under a tree and smoke in peace. He had learnt the art in Colorado. A trio of simpering, gushing women bore down upon him. They wished him to tell his impressions of America—of the savageness of the Indians.

"Is it true," cried one, "that they have no sense of honor, no moral sense, no idea whatever of keeping faith with anyone?"

"That has not been my experience with them," he replied, and a far-away look came into his eyes.

The conversation brought back to his mind visions of the deep, beautiful colorings of the mountains; of the little cabin nestled amid the trees; of the song of the birds, the wild sounds of the woods that neither marred nor broke the magnificent silence; and, framed amid the wonderful setting of nature, the great, luminous, faithful eyes of his beautiful Indian bride—his Starlight.

"I'm a brute," he thought, to himself. "I ought never to have left her. The Lord only knows what may have happened to her by now, poor child! I must go back!"

It was the call of the wilderness!

London society gasped, a few days later, when it learnt that Sir John Stuart had again returned to his mining interests in Colorado. It would have gasped a great deal more had it witnessed his arrival at the little town in the mountains.

His first question was for Starlight.

The miner who had witnessed the marriage answered with an impatient gesture in the direction of the cabin.

"She's out there, dying of a broken heart!" he muttered.

It was just what he had expected to hear, yet the words struck terror to his heart. He had hoped to be in time to save her. He knew what grief she was capable of. He knew the power of her devotion. He hurried on, but it seemed that he would never reach the cabin. The miner's horse, which he had been successful in borrowing, was ridden as it had never been ridden by its master. Stuart knew now, as he had never known before, that the little Indian maiden was the one real love of his heart, and—perhaps the love of his heart was dying! He urged the horse onward with fretful impatience.

The little cabin amid the pine trees stood lonely and forsaken. There was no one there to welcome the weary rider. A little heap of ashes in the stove indicated that some one had but recently departed. With Indian instinct, Starlight had burned and destroyed all that remained of the life that was past. She had evidently made careful preparation.

Out thru the great stillness Stuart's voice resounded again and again as he called aloud the name of his wife.

"Star—light! Star—light!"

But there came no answer. Nothing but the echo—the hollow, mocking, remorseless echo, that rattled away down the canyon with a wild, weird sound that savored of death and judgment.

"There is no place she could go," thought Stuart; "no place she would go—except——"

Springing on his horse, he dashed madly off again, up the narrow pass leading to the lonely resting-place of the great chief. As he neared the summit, he thought he caught the sound of a wailing chant. He remembered that he had heard, somewhere, of the

death-chant which an Indian sounds as his spirit is taking flight.

"Star—light! Star—light!"

Calling again and again the loved name, he urged forward his tiring pony, and at last arrived at the little clearing.

Starlight was there. And she was yet alive. His ride had not been in vain. By the side of her father's burial-place she was chanting the song that was to take her spirit, as she thought, to join that of her husband. But the death-chant remained unfinished. She heard the snapping of twigs and branches, heard the thud of hoofs on the dry sod, heard a rider dismount.

Then she looked up. Could she believe the sight that met her gaze? Was she dreaming, or was it a vision on the borderland between this world and the Happy Hunting Ground? Another moment and all doubt was dispelled.

"Starlight—Starlight, darling!"

She heard the tender words breathed in her ear, felt strong arms encircle her.

The dark face nestled close to Stuart's breast for a moment, and a sob came from her lips. So quickly had great joy followed great sorrow that her emotions were confusing.

Then, slowly and steadily, she unfolded herself from her husband's embrace, rose to her knees, and, looking upward, raised her hands far above her head.

"Great Spirit, O Great Spirit, me so happy!"

Then her hands slowly fell, till they encircled her husband's neck, and she gazed lovingly into his eyes.

SCENE FROM "THE OPPRESSOR"

The Evolution of the Kinetoscope

By A. W. THOMAS

THE Egyptians are said to have used some sort of boxlike contrivance in producing an illusion, dealing simply with the reversible perspective, without any fantastic modeling; but, skipping ages, and taking up the topic with the instruments of Stampfer and Joseph Antoine Plateau, the latter a Belgian physicist, we grasp the first idea which leads to the present-day motion picture machine. Stampfer's studies were not directly along the line to bring out the matter discussed, while Plateau's researches were carried on largely in the field of optics, his anorthoscope being the first advanced step toward the development of the stroboscope, an instrument used for studying the motion of the body, the device consisting of a cylinder with a series of slits cut in it, thru which, as the cylinder revolved, the observer looked at the moving objects, which represented a successive stage in action, and thus a lifelike view was secured.

Then came Ottomar Anschutz, a German photographer, an expert, in his day, at instantaneous photography, who made use of the stroboscope principle in his "tachyscope," by rotating transparent pictures, illuminating them by a spark from an induction coil through a Geissler tube—a sealed glass vessel, filled with various rarefied gases, which show a variety of delicate lights and figures, depending upon the shape of the tube, arrangement of the platinum wires within, the gas, and expansion of aeriform bodies. The "tachyscope" was applied, generally, to useful purposes in physiology, and was adopted by a number of European scientists for use in their researches. Anschutz devoted many years to reproducing the movements of men and animals with this invention.

The zoetrope was next introduced, and one of the earliest applications of instantaneous photography to the instrument was when the Muybridge photographs of moving objects were employed, a number of cameras being so placed as to obtain, in rapid succession, instantaneous negatives of moving horses, grazing cattle, ships, men, and other objects. From the negatives thus obtained a strip was prepared for the zoetrope, and a more lifelike reproduction secured.

Improvements upon the zoetrope developed rapidly; the little optical device, or, we might call it a toy, pleased young and old, and gave fresh thought to many a genius.

The magic lantern played an important part in the development of the Moving Picture machine. The various types of so-called animation instruments became of additional interest and study as oxy-hydrogen and electricity were applied in the projection of lantern slides, and improvement followed experiment in the march toward proficiency, every year bringing the geniuses, scientists and inventors nearer and nearer a solution of the problem—animated pictures—until Edison, in 1893, seemed to have solved it by the use of a special camera and of sensitized films of celluloid, the results being the most satisfactory yet accomplished; Edison, with mathematical and philosophical knowledge, applying a scientific truth to a practical end, and the kinetoscope entered the modern era.

With this machine it was possible to photograph almost any subject of interest where sufficient artificial or natural light was obtainable: battles, beasts, birds, trains, races, running water, etc. But the machine was far from perfect, one difficulty being the weight, and another being the appearance of spots on the film; and with the spots on the film came the dissolving, or rubbing off, of the emulsion. The incessant vibration, too, was a serious defect, but in time all this was remedied, and to-day the Moving Picture machine has been perfected, and promoted from the "little red schoolhouse" exhibition, as a curiosity, to the city theaters as an element of amusement and educational instruction—a step-by-step advancement from Stampfer's and Plateau's experimental devices of 1835 to Anschutz's of 1880, then an expanse of thirteen years to Edison's invention of 1893; a brief vacation, and then still further improvement marked its progress, until now Americans can view the coronation parade on this side of the Atlantic, and Britishers can see the international motor speedway race within a few days after they take place.

One does not have to look far back to recall the traveling "Moving Picture man," as he was known in those days.

In those days the machine weighed from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds, including oxyhydrogen or calcium tanks, and other paraphernalia. The machines were leased, not sold, and the admission charges were anywhere from twenty-five cents up, according to the place of exhibition. Now the modern machines weigh less than 100 pounds, exhibitions are given everywhere, the price of admission is five or ten cents, and the nickelodeons and five-cent playhouses are patronized not only by a class that cannot afford to pay dollars to see instructing dramas enacted in the New Theater, but also by that class whose spending money is unlimited.

Digressing a little, in Cleveland, Moving Pictures for the insane have proven a success, according to Dr. C. H. Clark, physician in charge of the Newburg State Hospital; the governor of Kansas has introduced them in the State legislature; Boston schools use them to teach geography; an Atlanta pastor uses them in his sermons; Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, director of the lecture bureau of the New York City Board of Education, employs them to take the place of spoken lectures; the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., installed a machine in its Sunday-school room; San Francisco Children's Hospital advocates the use of Motion Pictures for its inmates, and in hundreds of other ways are such pictures a benefit.

The reproduction of historical events upon a Moving Picture screen is becoming more and more popular since the early attempts to reproduce history kinetoscopically have been improved upon. Recently, near Fort Ticonderoga, a film company's players had a mimic war, the historic episodes associated with that old point were reproduced, the old fort was restored, and we have viewed historically accurate scenes depicting that ever-interesting incident when Ethan Allen dramatically demanded the surrender of "Old Ti." The public taste inclines to historic scenes, and these Photoplays are of great educational value.

A Discarded Favorite

(Vitagraph)

By SI KADDOUR BEN GHABRIT

THE ancient muezzin had joined our caravan on the highroad from Mogador to Saffi. He was sickened for his last rest, and the dim light of a searcher for the East shone in his sunken eyes.

As we laid him down under the somber verdure of an ironwood tree, he composed himself, facing Mecca.

We would have left him, in decency, to his muttered prayers, but, by words spoken to his ass-driver, he bade us gather round him. Then, with a last clutch at things earthly, he told us the following strange story. A soldier of the Makhzen had told it to a Jew from the Mellah, who had whispered it, with pledges of secrecy, to a fair customer in the walled Kasbah. She, before her charms were waning, had recounted it to el-Hadj, her lover, who, swollen with its strangeness, had confided in the muezzin. There, for many years, it had lain, locked tightly in his bosom.

There is a sacred tomb, or Koubba, in the gardens of Tameslouhet, which the tribesmen have worshiped ever with the zeal of the faithful. In it lay the bones of Abdallah ben el-Hossein, that much venerated and all-powerful Shereef, whose body had joined Allah, but whose soul still radiated thru his successors. In his earthly tenancy, the Shereef had lived in a high dwelling, and the Kasbah and town had grown around it, sheltering him alike from the horsemen of the plains and the unruly goatherds of the mountains.

Here, before the coming of traders, he had exacted toll from entering caravans, and had grown sleek from the tithes of husbandmen and the workers in leather. When he came, in state, outside of the walls of the Kasbah, he was seen to be young, of a good color, and with a hawklike face under his dazzling burnous. He was a Marabout, the chosen of Allah and of the Sultan; the beggars by the gates bowed their heads and prayed

as he stalked by. Why he had consented to be laid away in the gardens of the Koubba, the tekkes and story-tellers, tho paid for their pains, could not tell. "Nought is durable save his empire,"

they had wailed in the chattering bazaar. "*El-hamdou lillahi ouahdahou.*"

On the eve of the great day of his marriage, household negresses had carried his betrothed around the Kasbah on their shoulders, chanting, "We place you under the wing of the Prophet," and when they had placed her on the ground before him they had withdrawn, saying: "Here is beauty without perfume; behold the gracious beauty, behold the tender date, behold the fine amber."

Then, as was the custom, he had withdrawn, without her, to private chambers, and had spent the next seven days in feasting, music, and singing.

Now, the all-seeing Prophet had written into his laws that the lawful number of man's wives could be four, yet, as time sped on, the Shereef did not increase his household, and clove to her as a gumtree to its sap. She was a woman from far-off Mascara, of noble family, dainty, beautiful, and of a strange vivacity.

In the evenings, when the lanterns burned dimly on the tiles, she had sung to him the "Gazelle Song," never ending: "For the first time I appeared before him, in the shape of a young maiden, still virgin, beautiful, and clad in beautiful garments—a glance, a form, a cheek that outshone the splendor of the moon and of the sun. I am without family, and I implore thee to receive me." He could have harkened to her unceasingly, and would have done so, but relatives and advisers warned him that he was childless, with but one wife, and that the law of Muhammad was still unfulfilled by three.

The day of his second marriage she stood in a chamber walled by soft curtains, and knew, from low chanting that crept ever into her window, that

his slaves were singing, as bidden, for a new burden to be laid, nestling, at his feet.

The gentle vocables ceased, and slippered feet pattered from the adjoining chamber. With soundless steps, she crept to the yellow drapery, and, drawing it cautiously aside, peered into the Shereef's apartment.

She stood, bent and tense, for a moment, and then, with eyes filled with new visions, turned back into the room. Shadows seemed to form beneath them, moist with a film of agony, yet dilated with resolve.

She shook off her orange babouches, and, stooping low, unslid the beaten anklets of which he had sung, "The ringing of thine anklets hath deprived me of my reason." With feverish hands she stripped her wrists of bracelets, the pearls from her breast, and heavy pendants from her ear-lobes. The last step in her disornament had come; she unfastened and let fall the gold-embroidered girdle that stamped her wifehood.

And now, that she felt a girl again, her freakish fancy would go on, for, reaching from her window, she broke sprays of fruit blossoms, orange and fig, and scattered them gleefully on the cold flooring. A pattern, or, more like, a path she made of them, leading to a low table laden with wine and sweetmeats.

Quite joyfully she crouched before it, and, taking up a glass, seemed to smile thru and beyond it. The prelude to "Ya Asafi," the "Song of Regrets," came to her, and she hummed it as to some one: "How deeply I mourn for the past that

has fled. God! the days of joy and pleasure, and the evenings calm and sweet." The stormy gray of her eyes softened to the shades of a summer sky.

In an instant her mood changed, and she quivered unnaturally with passion. Jealousy, hatred and fear chased, imp-like, across the features. Her hand clutched at something curved, in a sheath on the wall, and she drew it from its leathern pocket.

The yellow draperies bellied toward her as she came near them, and she drew back in horror. It was but a breeze from the hills, and she crept forward again, reassured.

Why did a woman scream in fear as she reached swiftly thru them, and why, with her withdrawing arm, did they shake so, like the dance of a mad mollah?

She fled across the chamber, a thing of shuddering terror, to crouch against the wall, and to shut out forever the dancing tapestry. It seemed to salaam to her with grotesque, flapping garments, then whirl away in dizzy convolutions. As the dance of death ceased, the clutched curtain trembled violently in myriad wrinkles, and fell to its former folds. A brown arm, in gorgeous kaftan, slid beneath, and the jewels on its hand winked malignantly with its last convulsive motions. The woman against the wall had watched the fingers of the high servant of the Prophet of God cast out the last sparks of life, even to the tips. With their going her soul had fled also.

"Painting seems to be to the eye what dancing is to the limbs. When that has educated the form to self-possession, to nimbleness, to grace, the steps of the dancing master are better forgotten. So painting teaches me the splendor of color and the expression of form, and, as I see many pictures and higher genius in the art, I see the boundless opulence of the pencil, the indifferency in which the artist stands free to choose out of the possible forms. If he can draw everything, why draw anything? And then are my eyes opened to the eternal picture which Nature paints on the streets, with moving men and women, beggars, fine ladies, draped in red and green and blue and gray; long-haired, grizzled, white-faced, black-faced, wrinkled; giant, dwarf, expanded, elfish, capped and based by heaven, earth and sea."—*Emerson.*

The Code of the Hills

(Vitagraph)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

WHILE the Spirit of Liberty was brooding over the unrest of her most favored children, watching their attempts to apply eternal principles of justice to the new requirements of modern existence, a plain sheriff in the Cumberland Mountain region was called upon to solve a double murder mystery and exercise his discretionary powers in an extraordinary case involving advanced views of right dealing.

To many of the mountaineers who had invested him with power by popular vote, the sheriff was simply Jim Schuyler, eloquent advocate of fair play and democracy in public meetings. To others, he was Master Schuyler—he had taught school in a dozen places thruout the county before entering politics — stern disciplinarian and true friend in time of trouble. Within his limited field of influence the schoolmaster had operated as a preventive agent against crime by awakening the minds of his pupils while training them and in encouraging the development of physical power by athletic sports to prepare his young disciples for the world of reality in which they must work. Wherever he taught, the dialects of ignorance vanished before the clear light of good English, and more than one mischievous idler took on ambition enough to become a decent citizen, with here and there a scholar more responsive to fine environment than might have been expected in a region long dulled by a monotony of hard toil for mere existence.

Such a rare flower was Jennie, only daughter of Justice Miller, busy magistrate and self-absorbed widower. The motherless girl had been called peculiar because she had attended court sessions and delved into the leather-bound volumes of her father's library, but she was in truth a product of superior descent and intellectual environment, with an intense desire for self-betterment. It had been the schoolmaster's joy to keep this celestial fire aglow in the girl's heart, with a hope that her fine aspirations would ennoble her life as a woman. He had encouraged her to study while fostering her vital forces in open-air exercises until she had become a charming creature with natural beauty in full bloom.

Master and pupil were in close sympathy when their relations ended suddenly. He had been called to act as the State conservator of peace in the county, and this event had been closely followed by Jennie's marriage to a manly young mountaineer.

The union was a colorless one. Langdon was a true son of the soil, his wife's intellectual inferior, but in close touch with the people of their community, quite as popular with the moonshiners in the remote hills as among the law-abiding element which found its supreme representatives in Justice Miller and Sheriff Schuyler. Jennie was respected for her moral cleanliness and striking individuality quite as much as she was admired for her beauty, but she was very generally regarded as peculiar and seemed to puzzle her own father at times. Jim Schuyler alone understood that her sweetest and grandest illusion, one which hung constantly before her dreamy eyes, was to leave the world better than she had found it. He was in full accord with her aspiration, but he was absent on duty at the time of her wedding and so occupied thereafter that he had only a casual glimpse of her daily life and small opportunity to guess the trend of her secret thoughts.

Fully a year had elapsed since teacher and pupil had taken up their

THE BEGINNING

distinctive duties when a startling note of tragedy rang out.

Anse Langdon had been shot by an unknown assassin in the woods where he was at work and had dragged himself in a desperately wounded condition to his home, leaving a bloody trail behind him. There he had died alone, while his wife, as she claimed, was at the brook for a bucket of water. She had returned to find her husband lying on the floor, stone dead, but had not given the alarm until the assassin had ample time to escape.

There were abundant reasons for not attaching suspicion to the young wife, altho it was not possible to pick out any one bearing Anse Langdon a trace of ill will. The killing had occurred at a distance from the house, in a direction opposite to that Jennie had taken in going for water, and the fatal bullet had not been fired from any weapon known to have been in her possession or that of her husband, but her conduct was far from that to be expected under the circumstances. She displayed an unusual degree of courage under affliction, showing a power of cold endurance after Langdon's death, a serene fortitude at the burial and what appeared to be absolute indifference as to the identity of the murderer.

The sheriff was confronted in this case with a problem which might have taxed the ingenuity of a skilled detective.

The widow refused to indicate any one whom she might have reason to suspect.

There was no apparent motive for the crime.

The only obtainable clue to the murderer was not of high value—it was the spent bullet that had shortened the natural term of Anse Langdon's life.

The sheriff was impelled to watch the movements of Jennie Langdon by the same peculiar circumstance that facilitated his espionage. She refused the shelter of her father's house and continued to live in her own cheerless home, without comfort or protection.

One afternoon following the funeral Schuyler made a covert visit to the lonely dwelling and found it closed. There was a hillcrest path overlooking a stretch of winding stream, which was Jennie's favorite walk, where Anse had done his courting—but there were no signs of her presence in that direction. An unfrequented trail, leading over gray rocks up to a reach of scrub timber, bore evidences that it had been recently traversed by a woman—footprints led steadily toward a secret retreat of moonshiners, and this clue Schuyler followed closely until he reached a knoll and saw Jennie descending the

THE PROPOSAL

THE HONEYMOON

mountainside, gun in hand. She was glancing behind and about her apprehensively, as if more afraid of being followed than of missing her foothold. The way was rugged; there was no game in the ravines above; her motive in visiting wild hills inhabited by habitual lawbreakers was beyond conjecture.

Sheriff Schuyler waited in concealment.

After a while she passed him, pale, resolute and silent, and went to her lonely habitation.

Schuyler became thoughtful.

He had dared on more than one occasion to penetrate the outer camps of moonshiners in order to pursue and take some special malefactor; he was respected by many of the outlaws because he had taught their children at this or that district school, but the particular section visited by Jennie had bred a family of wastrels, some of them hardened criminals and others on the border line of insanity thru dissolute living. There seemed to be no possible connection between those degenerates—many of them living in shacks a half century old and others in caves—and the high-spirited girl who had been his favorite pupil, but her conduct offered a key to the mystery surrounding her husband's death. Schuyler followed closely, opening the door of her dwelling without knocking, soon after she had closed it.

The swift-moving picture flashed on his vision was that of an excited woman hiding some object in a covered work-basket, picking up the rifle she had laid aside and preparing to kill him on small provocation. In the gleaming eyes behind the barrel of her gun was a glimpse of deadly hate, next cold surprise, then sullen recognition, as she lowered her weapon.

"You have been watching me!" she exclaimed, resentfully.

She retreated as he entered — her fingers playing with the trigger of her

gun—threw an involuntary glance at the basket, then stiffened up in defiance.

"Why have *you* come prying around?" she demanded.

He sighed heavily. The sight of this lonely creature, carrying a grievous burden and suffering poignant sorrow in silence, softened him.

"I am here as your friend——" he began.

"Friend!" she exclaimed distrustfully. "You think that I killed my husband." She drew a sharp, quivering breath and continued, "You *were* the best friend I ever knew. On that account, Jim Schuyler, I will tell *you* that I married Anse Langdon because I believed him to be a true-hearted man, and he never gave me reason to change my mind. He loved me to the last moment of his life. Oh!" she stifled a sob, "he was growing more and more dear to me every day that we lived together."

The passionate tone of her utterance was that of sincerity; there was red blood in the veins of this superb creature, but there was a vindictive note in her voice not in accord with her profession of love and faith.

Schuyler wiped cold perspiration from his forehead, while he glanced about the room. It was a rude chamber with bare rafters and rag carpets on the floor, but bore abundant evidence of refined taste, most conspicuously in well-worn books of the highest character. Jennie had not neglected the cultivation of her mind amid the daily performance of lowly duties as the wife of a poor man.

"I came," the sheriff explained, "in my capacity as an officer of the law. I will first talk to you as one, then I will have something to say as man to woman. What were you doing up there in the mountains?"

"Getting strong," she answered readily enough. "I am taking care of my health for a purpose."

The sheriff was not satisfied.

"The Festers live up that way," he cautioned her, "the vilest community in this State, a nest of paupers and born criminals. I cannot believe that you would tolerate a member of that family, or even a person half-descended from it, in your presence——"

"True!" she interrupted with emphasis.

"Very well, then," he cautioned, convinced on that point, "we will say no more about that at present, but what were you hiding in that work-basket when I came in?"

"Who's talking," she asked, "the sheriff or the man?"

"The sheriff," he answered, "is talking to the daughter of Justice Miller."

"Ah!" she exclaimed in disgust, "I wish the man had spoken first. Come, I will show you!"

She laid aside her gun and walked to a table strewn with evidences of needle-work and laid one hand on the basket. Where she stood, a slanting ray from the afternoon sun fell on her courageous face like a benediction.

"This is my *only* secret," she said in a voice suddenly sex-softened. "I recognize your authority, but I beg of you as a man to let me treasure my hopes and my plans in my own heart."

He shook his head.

"Jim Schuyler!" she cried, flushing with shame.

"Sheriff Schuyler," he corrected.

She removed the cover and took forth some dainty garments, in which a threaded needle was still sticking, the tiny clothes of a baby.

She dropped these and sank into a chair, covering her face with both hands, her body convulsed with sobs, while tears escaped between her fingers, but she uttered no sound.

For the sake of the little stranger, whom she must welcome with smiles, she had stifled her tears and carefully guarded her strength. One love had been taken from her, but another was promised as compensation, one she must cherish if she would have it replace what had been suddenly torn from the tendrils of her heart.

All authority in Schuyler's manner vanished. There was a spiritual

THE SHERIFF IS SUSPICIOUS

heredity in this plain man of fine old family; while he was of to-day, in the common struggle for wealth and position, he was also of those who had deeply reverenced womankind and motherhood, while demanding in no uncertain tones "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as the inalienable right of man."

No longer the instrument of human law, the man bent knee before the divine agent, performer of the holiest mission on earth. He knelt before the suffering woman and gently drew one hand from her face to a warm clasp between both of his own.

"Forgive me," he begged in husky tones; "I am your friend as of old. Above all obligations my first duty is that of man to woman."

She trembled with emotion and tried in vain to restrain what came from her heart to her eyes.

"Will you count on me," he asked humbly, "as your one true friend?"

"Come what may!" she murmured.

"Come what may!" he echoed, then rose as if fully aware that his words carried grave significance. Straightening up, he continued in comforting tones, "There has always been a tie of sympathy between us, and I intend to see you vindicated in accord with or in spite of the salaried official position I occupy. Like most court officers of self-respect, I am sick to death of seeing cold-blooded murderers, who are natural criminals and a menace to all that is fine in civilization, lionized in jail while awaiting trial, defended by legal talent of the highest order during trial, to say nothing of the support given by alienists when the criminal's shield is well gilded, and escaping punishment thru inadequate testimony or legal technicality. As an officer of the whole people, who believes they should be protected by preventive instead of penal measures, there are times when I prefer the Code of the Hills."

Jennie rose, her tear-dimmed eyes shining with a new light, and held plain Jim Schuyler's hand in a warm grasp of gratitude. Then they parted, understanding each other.

Silence was golden.

At the door he looked back.

Jennie was standing in the stream of sunlight which glorified her womanhood.

He faltered an instant—there was a tender smile playing about her lips and a soft light in her eyes—then he tore away, mounted his horse and headed up the mountain toward the point from which she had come. He struggled on, now on horse, now on foot and leading his animal, always watching for trace of what she might have done to avenge her husband's death—she had not gone up into the mountains with her rifle to pick flowers—but he found no trace of the murderer until he reached the Fester settlement.

Into that degenerate community, generally recognized as unfit for social freedom and parenthood, the sheriff rode boldly—the dissolute are always cowards—and there he obtained information pointing straight to a young man named Lee Hayes as principal in the murder of Anse Langdon, or as accessory before the fact thru inciting some confederate to commit the crime. Hayes, while drunk in the Fester gang, had related a story of a desperate struggle with Langdon in which he had been beaten and disarmed by the young moun-

THE QUARREL

taineer, tho, while he was still prostrate, a bullet from a weapon fired by unseen hands had brought the victor down and enabled Hayes to escape.

This story could be regarded as partially true, as it had been told before it had become generally known that Langdon had died from the effect of his wound, but consideration of all the facts pointed to Hayes as the assassin. He was a Fester on his mother's side and inclined to reversion to her family type in spite of all his father could do to make the young renegade fit to live among decent people. During a regenerate period he had sought the hand of Justice Miller's daughter in marriage, but Jennie had declined to form any such alliance. Hayes had drifted back to the drunken and half-vicious moonshiners from inclination, only to come forth at times and renew his suit in a brutal fashion. Anse Langdon had protected Jennie from the drunkard's persecution and she had married her protector. From that moment Hayes had dogged the steps of the manly young husband with a besotted idea of avenging a fancied injury. In the interest of his family, Langdon had avoided a clash on several occasions, but had finally been forced to fight. He had thrashed Hayes by the latter's own admission, but there primary evidence ceased. Proofs were lacking that Hayes fired the fatal shot; his weapons were of large caliber, whereas the bullet found in Langdon's body was a small one, but his guilt could be inferred from all principles of logic and the experience of mankind.

With a small amount of presumptive evidence in hand, Schuyler followed the path of fugitive Hayes from one point to another so swiftly that the trail grew warm in two days and rounded up near Jennie Langdon's cottage; the murderer had gone back to the scene of his crime to note what steps were being taken for his

capture or to taunt its living victim. The mounted sheriff was on his way to Jennie's house when she appeared, gun in hand, and indicated by a significant nod of her head that his search was at an end. When he dismounted she exhibited a strange instrument of direct evidence, which he examined closely as they walked along, side by side. It was a chip bearing a bloody inscription in Langdon's handwriting:

"Lee done it."

This was evidence of the highest character, and the last link was found when Jennie led Schuyler to where Lee Hayes lay stretched out, stone dead. A careful examination revealed that the renegade wore a holstered pistol of small caliber—one that exactly fitted the fatal bullet—fastened to his bare leg.

Sheriff Schuyler picked up the murderer's body and threw it over his saddle as he might a bag of meal, then turned to Jennie.

"You have told no one?" he asked in low tones.

She shook her head and murmured that she had not.

"Go home to your father," he commanded.

"When will you want me?" she sighed with resignation.

"As an officer," he whispered, *"never!"*

She trembled and tried to speak, but could only choke back a sob.

"Go home to your dad," Schuyler implored. Then, as she walked away, dragging her gun behind her, "You and he can comfort each other until the little one comes to brighten the lives of both."

He drew his revolver and fired into the air.

She turned and regarded him with silent wonder, her bosom rising high with emotion.

Schuyler answered her questioning glance by pointing to himself and to his badge of office.

Her face softened as it had in the sun's benediction a few days before, and tender gratitude shone in her eyes.

She understood.

Sheriff Schuyler would claim that he shot the fugitive renegade in the discharge of his duty.

The Sword, the Pen, and the Film

By LILLIAN CONLON

Gilt with glory and red with blood,
Those tales of an early day;
Brave and bold were the songs they sang
When the shining sword held sway;
But, as the centuries drifted by,
Over the hearts of men
There crept a change, till a glad day saw
The sword replaced by pen.

The potent pen moved true and sure,
As the swift years sped away,
Moulding events and men and kings
As the potter shapes his clay;
But again a change is creeping on,
And the day is dawning when
A strange new teacher shall take the stage
And the film replace the pen.

For the magic film can weave a spell
Like the touch of a mystic hand,
Picturing lore the old can see,
And the youngest understand.
For the eye can catch, the brain can grasp,
The throbbing heart can feel
Beauty and wisdom, love and truth,
From the Motion Picture reel.

THE TOY CATALOG

WASHING UP

THE CANDY-PULL

Tommy's Rocking-Horse

(Mèliés)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

A CATALOG from the Lilliputian Bazaar! Is there any household where the arrival of such a book does not create a stir in Nursery-land? Tops and tomahawks are left unheeded on the floor, dolls fall in attitudes of painful contortion, and our first impulse is to take the shortest route downstairs — namely, the banisters.

And most of us do, except in a few well-regulated families where we are early taught the uses and abuses of stairs and the value of controlling our impulses.

Then everybody tries to see the book at the same time, and everybody wants the same pictures, and poor Mother and Nurse have a sorry time trying to keep peace in the family.

Finally, when the pages have been torn out and a division of spoils made, there comes the momentous question of deciding which side of the page to use. Everybody offers advice and everybody has a different opinion, which is quite possible—in Nursery-land—despite the fact that there are only two sides to a page.

We wonder if Mr. Publisher knows what an incentive to the development of reason and judgment and argumentation his book affords. Perhaps that's why he never sends more than one copy to a family. Publishers always have such educational aims.

Sometimes it happens that you are the only inhabitant of Nursery-land, or that you just share it occasionally with big sister or brother—on Saturday mornings, for instance, or at twilight when the firelight pictures need your attention. Then you have to decide all by yourself which side of the page to cut out, and that's much more difficult. To be sure, Nurse will give an opinion, and if she's at all observing it is almost sure to be the same as yours, but it doesn't help you at all because Nurse doesn't want the picture, and you're never quite sure what you want until somebody else wants it too.

Now, if you are one of these sole inhabitants of Nursery-land, you can sympathize with Tommy, and if you are not, you'll be interested in him anyway, because of the toy catalog.

Way out on a Western ranch two curly heads were bending eagerly over a book, the long, dark brown curls of big sister Nellie mingling with Tommy's bobbing yellow ringlets. Utterly oblivious were they of sun or sound as page after page of dolls and soldiers, animals and express wagons met their fascinated gaze. Suddenly Tommy let forth a shriek of delight and pointed with one chubby finger to a picture of a rocking-horse, exclaiming:

"Tommy want horsie to ride. Tommy ruther have horsie 'n all the bears and billy-goats they is. Sissie, oo get Tommy horsie, will oo?"

"Sissie," with the wisdom of years at her back, suggested that they ask Santa Claus to bring one at Christmas time, for she was unswerving in her devotion to the patron saint of dolls and hobby-horses.

"U—m! Big horsie yat Tommy can ride and put his armies 'round—see!" and he grabbed an imaginary horse with a great bear hug, at which even a paint-and-wood animal might have quailed.

"Sissie tell Tommy 'tory 'bout horsie," was the next demand, and Nellie proceeded to ride him up and down to the rhythm of

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To see a fine lady on a white horse,"

while Tommy gleefully repeated the rhyme with her.

PLAYING ROCKING-HORSE

"Now, chil'ens," announced Charlie, the ranch-house cook and devoted slave of Tommy, "your ma and pa left you in my care today, and me and you and the boys is going to have a party, a really truly party—a candy-pull! And the fellow what gets to the cook-house door first shall have the most candy to eat."

Such a skirmish! The boys took roundabout ways, they fell over their own feet, ran into trees and did everything imaginable to impede their steps so that Tommy should get there first. Then two large pans of candy were brought out and the boys prepared to pitch in.

"Let me see your hands," demanded Charlie. "Dirty, every one of 'em. Pot black! To the pump all of you, and mind you wash Tommy's, too."

Soon great spoonfuls of the yellow mixture were placed in spotless hands, and the candy-pulling began in earnest. Oh, the smell of it! The taste of it! The stickiness of it! It had such a way of getting into hungry mouths by means of sticky fingers, such a tendency to separate into pieces which were of no use except to eat then and there, until—it was all gone and the pump was again in demand.

Then Tommy wanted a ride, and whose back was better for that purpose than "Cook-house Charlie's"? Who knew the tricks of prancing and sidling and kicking as well as he, and yet who was easier to hang on to?

So Charlie, who always had to be broken in all over again every day, capered and leaped and escaped, only to be lassoed at last and ridden all around the barn.

In the midst of their capering and fun something happened. Nobody could tell how or when or wherefore. But suddenly a little hand went up to a tired little head, a pathetic cry escaped from two pale little lips, and

TOMMY IS TAKEN SICK

Tommy lay fainting on the ground beside his willing horse.

Consternation seized the boys. They carried the limp little figure into the house, brought him water, bathed his head, felt his pulse and did a thousand little things for his comfort, while one of their number went for the doctor.

It would be hard to tell who was the more distressed, Charlie, in whose hands the children had been left and whose efforts to amuse them had been so disastrous, or Nellie, whose affection for her small brother knew no bounds.

While they were watching him anxiously, Tommy suddenly sat up in bed and stretched out his arms as if to clasp something. The boys did not know what to make of it, but the action recalled to Nellie the way he had hugged his imaginary rocking-horse that morning, and she quickly made up her mind what to do.

"He's thinking of that rocking-horse, I know he is," she thought. "Oh, I wonder how much one would cost! I've got all the pennies I've been saving up for a new pair of skates and the bright new silver pieces that Auntie and Uncle gave me last Christmas. Surely that ought to be enough. I'll tie them up in my handkerchief and ride over to the store right away. I'll have to hurry, too, for it's getting late. Perhaps when Tommy has a real rocking-horse in his arms he'll get over feeling sick, because he'll be so glad."

With deft fingers she saddled the horse and rode swiftly toward the distant town, where the general store was located. She found the proprietor and his two children lounging on the porch in front, but the store door was locked.

"Land, child, it's long after closing time. You cant get into the store at this hour."

"Oh, but I must!" she cried. "I've got to get a rocking-horse for my little brother. Wont you please let me in?"

NELLIE GOES FOR A ROCKING-HORSE

"HERE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT HORSE?"

"Naw, he can wait till tomorrow. I've done all the business I intend to do today."

"But you dont understand. I must have it—it's a matter of life and death," she explained, pushing against the door with all her might.

"Wall, if it's sech an important matter, perhaps you can get in at the side door around the corner there. My wife's usually hanging around and she'll see to you."

Nellie eagerly followed his suggestion and found the side door unlocked. There was no one in the store, but she soon saw where the toys were kept and began to investigate for herself. Everything in the way of a toy seemed to be there, horns, drums, dishes, jumping-jacks—everything but a horse.

"Oh, what shall I do? Suppose they dont keep rocking-horses! It would take weeks to get one from the city. Oh, there must be one here, when I've come all the way and I've got the money and Tommy's so sick!"

Just then she noticed a horse standing on one end of the center table, but her hopes fell as she lifted it and saw that it was only a horse on wheels. Turning away disconsolately, tears very near the surface, her eye chanced to fall on just what she wanted—a great big rocking-horse. With a cry of joy she picked it up, but could find no price on it.

"Well, I'll just leave all the money I have right here on the counter, because there doesn't seem to be anybody to pay, and I'll come another day, when Tommy is better, and tell them about it."

Whereupon she started for the door, her precious burden under one arm.

"Here, where are you going with that horse?" demanded the storekeeper's wife, coming in from the next room.

"Please, I'm taking it home to my sick little brother," Nellie explained.

"Well, I guess you're not," returned the woman, trying to take the horse away from her. "We dont give away toys for no such purpose as that. What's he got, measles?"

"Oh, I've paid for it. I put the money right there on the counter, because there wasn't anybody here to

NELLIE DECIDES TO FORD THE STREAM AFOOT

take it," and so saying, Nellie started off again.

"Well, here now, you wait a minute till I've counted it. That's not enough—it's a dollar and thirteen cents short. You just leave that horse right here."

"Please, please, let me take it. Tommy is so sick, and I'm sure it will cure him right away to have a rocking-horse; he's wanted one so. Father will pay you the rest of the money on Monday, I know. You wouldn't want my little brother to die, would you, just because I didn't have a dollar and thirteen cents more?"

"Well, a rocking-horse is queer kind of medicine," remarked the woman, "but I reckon I can trust your Pa to pay the rest. Take it along, and I hope your brother gets well. Good-by."

Nellie shouted her thanks as she ran down the steps, and the proprietor on the front porch bestirred himself to the point of helping her into the saddle with her burden.

"I guess I'll go home by the short way," she said to herself as she started off. "The stream was flooded by last week's storm, but it ought to be all right now, and it saves time."

But Nellie had reckoned without her horse. When they reached the swollen stream he planted his feet firmly on the bank and refused to move. Words of persuasion and command were of no avail.

Realizing that there was no time to be lost, Nellie decided to go the rest of the way on foot, altho she was already tired out with the emotions and worry of the day and the unaccustomed hard riding. So she tucked the cumbersome rocking-horse under the other arm and proceeded to ford the stream. The current was swift, and she had to hold the horse up high so that it would not get wet, and when she reached the other side she was so exhausted that she stopped to rest for a moment by the roadside.

Meanwhile the doctor had arrived at Tommy's bedside, pronounced his case a slight sunstroke and treated him accordingly. Tommy's father and mother had returned earlier than was expected and joined the watchers,

"LORD, MISSIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

while Charlie waited outside on the porch, unable to bear the sight of the sick little face on the pillow, yet eager to stay within call, hoping that there would be something that he could do.

Soon his hopes were fulfilled, for the doctor came out with a prescription to be put up at the store.

"You'd better take the quickest route," said the doctor. "We'll want that medicine just as soon as you can get it here."

Charlie started off at a breakneck speed, urging his horse on to ever greater efforts. As he neared the swollen stream he noticed a riderless horse standing patiently on the other side, and upon approaching still nearer he made out a figure by the roadside. Drawing rein, he was amazed to find the exhausted Nellie with her rocking-horse.

"Lord, Missie, what are you doing here with that rocking-horse?"

"Oh, Charlie, I thought it would cure Tommy, he wanted one so, and I rode home this way to save time, but Laddie wouldn't cross the stream for me, so I had to wade, and the rocking-horse is so heavy and I'm so tired. What shall I do?"

"You ride this here horse home and I'll manage Laddie. I'm on my way to get some medicine, but maybe Tommy wont need it after he's had yours. Pluck up, Missie. It ain't far."

So Charlie helped her to mount his horse, and soon a disheveled, dusty figure rushed into Tommy's room, and, falling on her knees by the bed, placed the longed-for rocking-horse beside him.

As the baby arms closed around its neck the color came back into the pale little face, the blue eyes opened wide with happiness and the baby lips murmured, "Horsie, horsie, I love oo!"

But Nellie did not see the consummation of her hopes. As she sank by the bedside she lost consciousness.

THE BLUE EYES OPENED WIDE WITH HAPPINESS

Skilled hands, however, soon restored her and her first thought was for Tommy.

"Mother, Mother, is he better?"

"Yes, dear, the fever has quite left him."

"Oh, Mother, I thought the rocking-horse might cure him; he wanted it so. Do you think it did?"

And the Mother, with a soft light in her eyes, said, "Darling, I know it did."

Almost a Good Show

"A man from Arena came to the city to visit his son," said Mr. Montgomery. "After dinner the son said to his father, 'Dad, let's take in a good show.'

"The old man was on in a minute. He meant a regular show, not knowing that his son was addicted to the Photoplay habit. They dropped into one of the big theaters uptown, which has been turned over to the films, and took seats in the last row.

Three reels had been run off when the youngster turned to the old man. 'How do you like it, dad?' he asked.

"'Aw,' said the old gentleman, 'it's a good show, I reckon. But we're sitting so far back I can't hear the actors speak.'"—*Times-Star.*

WILTING UNDER THEIR DREAD OF THE IMPENDING BLOW, THE HELPLESS LITTLE VICTIMS FELL UPON THEIR KNEES

The Child Crusoes

(Vitagraph)

By LEONA RADNOR

"PAPER, sir?"

There was a peculiar, wistful quality in the clear young voice, and the pleading eyes raised to the man's expressed more than the mercenary desire for the price of a paper. But the man was a very busy one at the moment. His three-masted bark, *The Dauntless,* lying alongside the wharf, was to sail that afternoon, and there was much cargo still to be stowed away. The stevedores seemed to dally with their loads, and the captain's harsh voice was incessantly raised in uncomplimentary remarks that had the effect of imparting speed to lagging feet. For the boy with the pleading eyes he had but a savage glance and dismissal.

"Get out of here! What are you hanging around here for, anyway? Go off and sell your papers somewhere else, or you'll get hurt! Now, beat it!"

Involuntarily the boy shrank from the captain's anger and started to obey him. But, beating in his heart and brain was a wild desire, an insistent call, that he knew he must answer some day. It was the call of the deep—the mysterious voice that sang of adventure and romance, of skimming thru space with the waves beneath and the sky above, of strange, far-off lands and peoples and of treasures to be found on desert islands.

Selling papers was ostensibly Jack's vocation, and his stepfather evidently intended that it should occupy the fullest complement of his waking hours, until something more remunerative could be found for the boy to labor at. Jack did not complain. When his mother died and he was taken from school and sent out on the street with a bundle of papers under his arm, he comprehended that he must make good. And he had done it, and turned in his earnings to his stepfather. But he dreamed vaguely of a life on the bounding billows—a life of endless adventure, in which he would play the hero's part.

It was not until after his mother's death, when he realized his loneliness and his inconsequence, except as a money-maker, that the dream became suggestive of consummation. He had felt for some time that he was ready to break away from his paper-selling existence, and, on this particular day, as he watched the loading of *The Dauntless,* he had a premonition that the moment had arrived.

It was this conviction that gave him the courage again to approach the irate captain and to blurt out:

"Captain, I want to go to sea. Wont you take me? I'll work hard—honest, I will!"

The captain glared at him.

"You? You puny little lubber! There's only one kind of shrimp comes aboard by boat, and that kind is good to eat. I told you to beat it, and I meant it! Hey, Tom! Chase this kid off! Why dont you keep this dock clear of the rats, anyhow?"

The watchman hustled Jack up the pier, and, with advice of the same tenor as the captain's, ejected him into the street.

"Gee!" said the boy, "I guess that hunch was wrong!"

JACK SELLING PAPERS

But he couldn't reconcile himself to being smothered by the dust of defeat. Now that his dream had touched on the probable, his mind quickened to practical ways of realizing it. It took but a few moments' brooding to decide him to sneak aboard *The Dauntless* and stow himself away. He had read and had been told dozens of times how it was done. He would need a supply of food to last him several days, until that dramatic moment when he should appear on deck, to the astonishment of the ship's company.

Thrilling with anticipation, he threw away the despised papers and rushed into a dingy restaurant, where he spent all the money he had on pie and sandwiches. Hastening back to the wharf, he slipped behind a pile of cases and watched his chance. At last there came a moment when the captain, the mate and the men were all busy on the far side of the boat. The watchman's back was turned. Quietly and swiftly the boy crossed the gang-plank and let himself down the first open hatch.

He whisked out of sight only just in time to escape the mate and the crew, who came down the deck getting everything ship-shape for sailing. The mate gave the order to batten down hatches, and Jack found himself suddenly plunged into absolute darkness as the hatch was slammed down and bolted.

The hours passed. Jack drowsed. When he awoke he ate some of his pie and sandwiches. But he had forgotten to provide himself with water, and he began to suffer from thirst. But, rather than risk being put ashore, he would endure to the point of exhaustion. He had no means of calculating time, and he had spent three wretched days in that dark, fetid hole before his misery goaded him into attempting to attract attention. He picked up a plank and pounded with it against the deck. There was no answer. Again and again, at intervals of hours, he desperately attacked the hatch, but no sound came to him, and he fell back, exhausted and hopeless.

JACK THE STOWAWAY

On the third day out, as the captain and the mate were standing amidships, the latter suddenly bent his ear toward the deck, with the wondering query, "What is that noise?" The captain listened, but could hear nothing. The following day they again stopped at the same spot. This time the captain started as if he heard something.

"There it is again!" exclaimed the mate. "It sounds like knocking."

"Bos'n, pipe the watch amidships!" ordered the captain.

The boatswain blew his whistle, bringing the men on the run. The captain commanded them to remove the hatch. After peering into the dark hole thus exposed, the mate leaped down. He reappeared with Jack, white and limp, in his arms. The boy opened his eyes, tried to stand, but crumpled up on the deck.

"Why, I'll be hanged!" burst out the captain. "That's the kid that asked me to take him aboard! You cussed little wharf-rat—do you suppose I'm carrying grub 'round the world for you to gnaw at? I've a darn good mind to toss you overboard! I'll show you if I mean 'no' when I say it!"

He raised his arm and started for the boy as if to strike him. Before his fist could descend, a little figure rushed up to him, and a child's silvery voice interrupted the string of epithets issuing from the captain's lips.

"Please, daddy, dont strike that little boy! He looks so sick!"

Quick of temper was the captain and harsh while the ugly mood was on him, but the right appeal never failed to restore him to a sense of fairness and kindness. And the one who possessed instinctively the knowledge of how to turn his rage into forbearance was his little daughter May. She was the captain's motherless baby and his chief pride and joy, while for her the captain was a king among men and the dearest and best father in the world.

The captain's wife had died while he was away on his last voyage, and the little girl had grieved and fretted so that the doctor had advised him not to leave her behind this time, and recommended a long voyage as the very thing to build her up. Thus it was that the child had been made one of the ship's company.

As Jack heard her voice interceding for him, he struggled to his feet and faced the captain manfully. The latter was touched by the signs of suffering on the boy's face, and, all his resentment forgotten, he hailed the cook and ordered food for the starving youngster.

His strength rapidly returning, Jack made himself a useful member of the crew. Everything interested him, and he proved himself very apt in learning the duties of a sailor. It was not long before he was swabbing the deck and splicing rope and mending sails like an old hand. Little May often joined him as he worked. He did not scorn her as he would an ordinary girl, for was she not the captain's daughter and favored of the gods, inasmuch as she was to accompany him on his cruises? Tho the boy's junior by a couple of years, she, too, had read "Swiss Family Robinson," "Robinson Crusoe" and a list of his favorites. So their little chats were flavored with the tang of adventure, and the captain had many a sly smile over the wise discussion of wild tales that he overheard as he paced the deck.

Jack was enjoying himself so hugely that when the bark ran into a squall he exulted in a new experience. He was the only one aboard who seemed to take a favorable view of the situation. As the gale increased in fury and the racing seas struck the boat and melted into deluges of water that swirled across the deck, the face of every man wore a serious look. *The Dauntless* plunged and rolled and buried her bows in the foaming waves. Her topsails were torn away by the shrieking winds that seemed to come from every direction. When at last there was an abatement of the storm it was discovered that the boat had sprung a leak. All hands were ordered to the pumps. But it was useless—the water poured in faster than it could be pumped out.

"Take to the boats!" called the captain.

With the ship lurching drunkenly, the men had a task that tried every nerve and muscle in their bodies. The mate and his men had managed to scramble into the starboard lifeboat and get clear of the ship. But the crew manning the captain's boat bungled in their haste. The boat slipped from its fastenings and dropped into the water, the frantic crew clambering down the falls and leaping into it as a huge wave swept it away from the doomed ship.

The captain looked after the disappearing boat in a frenzy of rage and consternation. Clinging to him, terror-stricken, May begged him to save her. Jack stood beside him, quiet but appealing, expecting him to suggest some method of escape.

"Hush, little girl! Dont cry, dear! Father must think!"

The distracted man clasped the child in his arms and looked about him.

"Couldn't we make a raft, sir?" asked Jack, recalling the like stress of the Swiss Family Robinson.

"My boy, it seems the only thing left us to do," answered the captain. "We must hurry! Bring me that ax!"

With feverish haste the man and the boy lashed together planks and beams torn up from the deck and planted an oar in the center to serve as a mast. Then, braving the peril of

the lurching and listing deck, they made a trip to the galley, quickly gathering up pots and cans of provisions, boxes of biscuits and a barrel of water. Placing these on the raft, and, at the last moment, adding a gun and cartridges, the captain fastened them down with a canvas sheet. All the instruments he would need were already in his pockets.

The ship was listing badly by this time, so, lashing the children to the mast on the raft, the captain waited for the next wave to break over *The Dauntless*. As it receded, he gave the raft a shove and sprang aboard. Over the rail of the ship they were borne, tossed and buffeted, out upon the broad bosom of the Pacific.

Then followed day after day of agony for the castaways. They were drenched by the waves and scorched by the sun. They had food, but they ate little—the sickness of desolation was upon them. The captain scanned the horizon by the hour. He was in a pitiable state. The unremitting anxiety of those sleepless days and nights, the loss of his ship, which meant his fortune, and the uncertainty of the fate in store for him and the children had worn him to a nervous shadow. His strong heart ached at the sight of the little ones' misery. To see his child suffer was torture to him, and his growing fondness for the manly, uncomplaining, resourceful lad only added to his torment.

Jack and May huddled on the raft, wretched, speechless. The water, heaving, lapping, spuming about

THE CASTAWAYS PRAYING

them, had become a horrible monster that filled them with loathing. They could feel the captain's hopelessness, and it cast a spell of terror and despondency over them.

They were startled from this state, early one morning, by an exclamation from the captain. He was standing up, his glass to his eye. The children watched him anxiously.

"Yes," he muttered thru swollen lips, "it's land!"

"Daddy!" gasped May, "do you see land?"

"Yes, dear. It's still far away, but we are drifting toward it."

Life immediately took on a new interest for the wan little derelicts. They wanted to look thru the spy-glass, and were disappointed when they could see nothing. But they began speculating, with a pale flash of enthusiasm, on what sort of an island it would be. When the captain announced that he could see trees, the interest of the children increased.

"Do you suppose there will be monkeys and parrots in the trees?" May solemnly inquired of Jack.

"Perhaps," he said. "And there may be goats, and they will give us milk, and we can make clothes like Robinson Crusoe's out of their skins. I am glad the captain brought the gun along."

"I dont want to wear goatskins!" moaned May, with a squirm of her blistered shoulders; "it's too warm!"

"Well, then," said the accommodating Jack, "we'll have to find something else."

Meanwhile the captain watched the island, as the raft slowly drifted toward it.

"It doesn't look as if it was inhabited," he said.

All three scanned it closely as they approached, but there was no sign of life near the shore.

Gradually the raft floated into a cove. When it struck a shoal, the captain leaped off, and, taking May on his shoulder, waded ashore. Jack followed with the gun, ready to repel any hostile attack. They staggered up the beach, stiff and aching from

their terrible cruise. A deathlike silence brooded over the island.

"Well, children, we seem to be alone in this part of the world," said the captain.

"Dont you think there may be some islanders living in the jungle?" asked the boy.

"There may be. We'll explore later on. I think we'd better make a fire and have something warm to eat."

"Oh, look!" cried Jack. "Gee! What a big turtle! I'll kill it, and we can have soup!"

But the captain stopped him. Drawing his instruments from his pockets, he calculated the island's location. Then, securing the mammoth with a loop of rope, he took out his knife and carved upon the shell of the back the following inscription:

"Castaways. *Dauntless.*
Desert Isle. Lat. 22. Long. 130.
Save us!"

Jack felt a thrill of excitement as he helped the captain slide the monster into the sea.

"He's our messenger," he said, smiling thru pale, drawn lips. "Oh, captain! Wouldn't it be just great if he should bring us help!"

"Yes, my boy. But dont bank on it—it's only a chance. Now, let's draw the raft in and get something to eat."

When the raft was drawn out of the reach of the waves the captain asked Jack to gather dried grass and leaves to start a fire.

"I didn't know we had matches, sir," said Jack.

"The sun is my match," answered the captain.

Then he showed the wondering children how to focus the lens of a spy-glass to kindle a fire. The bunch of dried grass smoldered, then burst into little flames, and soon a good fire was crackling under a couple of pots, one of which contained beans and the other coffee. The captain, still harassed by innumerable fears, was pleased to witness a change in the children. The occasion was in the nature of a picnic to them. The horror of that ever-menacing sea seemed lifted from their spirits. The warm meal seemed to put strength and courage into all of them, and, when the captain hinted at making some explorations, the children coaxed to go with him.

They made directly for a craggy hill at one end of the beach. They climbed it painfully, their weakened muscles rebelling at the strain put upon them. When the captain reached the top, he turned to take a survey of the interior. Weak and dizzy from the climb, his foot slipped, he lost his balance, and, clutching at the air, he plunged down the clifflike declivity.

It had happened so quickly that the children, stunned and terrified, barely comprehended the disaster. As they peered over the edge of the cliff and saw the motionless body on the rocks below, the first realization that her father was really hurt surged over his child's mind with a cruel shock. Shrieking wildly, she started to scramble down to him, and Jack, no less grief-stricken, accompanied her and watched over her safety.

The captain was dead.

The sobbing children tried to revive him, but the big, strong, saddened heart was still. The lonely waifs flung themselves in an abandonment of grief across the broken body, and night closed down upon them still clasping the rigid limbs, and sobbing out their little hearts upon the chilling bosom of their father and friend.

Jack became conscious of the gathering darkness. He sat up and looked about him, bewildered. Like an annunciation from the silent spaces stretching to infinity came the knowledge that he must take the captain's place and assume the rôle of protector to the prostrate little girl. He felt very helpless and very miserable, but he also felt that he couldn't shirk his responsibility. Placing his arm about the little girl's shoulders, he called to her brokenly:

"May, May, we mustn't stay here! It isn't doing any good. Let's go

A RABBIT AND A FISH FOR SUPPER

back to the beach." But she only sobbed convulsively.

Finally, after much persuasion, he got her to her feet and supported her back to the beach. He banked up some sand, making a comfortable place for her to lie. Then, stirring the embers of the fire, he soon had the flames crackling again. He made coffee and forced the exhausted child to swallow several mouthfuls of hardtack soaked in the beverage. She drowsed off after that and gradually sank into a deep sleep. He intended to watch all night, but, as he gazed at the glittering stars and listened to the deep breathing of the sea, his eyelids drooped, his head swam and the self-appointed sentinel slept thru his first night on his long-dreamed-of desert island.

It was a sad awakening, the next morning, for the little castaways. Their grief broke out afresh, their desolation and helplessness lay with crushing weight on their tender young hearts. They talked of the captain.

"We cant leave him there, May. We must bury him, and then we'll plant flowers on his grave, and—and—it wont seem so bad."

He finished hurriedly, the tears streaming down his cheeks. May could only cry miserably and acquiesce in whatever Jack proposed. So, with almost superhuman strength, those two sorrowing children laid the captain's body in its last resting-place. At the head of the mound they placed a rude cross made of boughs, and, with a last tribute of tears, they

turned away, hand in hand, to face what life on the island had for them.

The ensuing days dragged wearily by. The little castaways cautiously explored the island from end to end. Within its small area there was not a living soul beside themselves. They ran across some rabbits and sea-birds, and, in a narrow but deep stream that flowed from a spring in the woods, Jack discovered fish.

"Oh, look!" he cried, excitedly. "See those fish! If I only had a hook!"

But the lack of a hook did not long remain an obstacle. Hadn't he read of people who speared fish? Straightway he made himself a spear, and many a meal it brought to the rude table in the woods. There were several banana and cocoanut palms in the jungle, so one big fear was disposed of—there was no danger of their starving to death.

During the months that slipped by these little dwellers in the woods managed to put up a leafy bower, modeled after Robinson Crusoe's. And they went about their several daily tasks with the seriousness and thoroness of grown-ups. Jack fished and trapped and hunted. His was the responsibility of the provider. And the little girl's attitude was that of the staid helpmeet, whose duty it was to keep the hut tidy and prepare the meals. Tho their existence had settled into a routine, they never allowed a day to pass without searching the horizon for a sail. Six months had gone by without their vigilance bringing them any message from the outside world.

"I'm going over to the beach," announced Jack one morning. "Do you want to come along?"

"No, I think I'll stay home this time and fix that rabbit you got yesterday."

"All right. I'll be back soon."

Taking his gun, he started on his inspection tour.

Emerging from the woods upon the beach, he was astounded to see embers of a recent fire. But his astonishment gave way to fear when he picked up a spearhead. With a terrified glance about him, he tore back to the hut.

"May!" he gasped, dragging her from the fire, where she was urging the kettle to boil, "we are not alone on the island! Look! I found this on the beach, and they had made a fire—and they must be prowling around—and they may be cannibals!"

As he stopped for breath, May asked piteously, "What shall we do?"

"We must get out of here and hide in the woods!"

Putting out the fire and running from the hut took but a moment. They were soon in the thick underbrush. They heard the tread of feet and the sound of bodies forcing a way thru the bushes; then a band of savages swept by their hiding-place. The panic-gripped children clung to each other. When the branches had closed behind the band, Jack whispered:

"Now we'll sneak out of here and get over there on the hillside, among the rocks and bushes. They'll never find us there."

"All right," she whispered back; "let's hurry!"

They were creeping out from among the clump of bushes, when the branches in front of them parted, and they found themselves face to face with an evil-looking savage. They stood stockstill, petrified with fear. The spell was broken when the hideous creature raised his spear threateningly. Before he could hurl it, Jack had pulled the trigger of his gun. The act had been involuntary, instinctive, and, as the savage crashed to the earth with a gaping wound in his chest, the boy stared transfixed, aghast at what he had done.

A shriek from May jerked his thoughts from the dead man.

"They are coming back!" she screamed.

Grasping the girl's hand, Jack dragged her thru the bushes. Falling on hands and knees, they crept thru spaces where the savages could not follow. On and on they went, keeping ahead of the pursuers, tearing

"WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!" HE CRIED

thru the underbrush, clambering over rocks until their childish strength failed under the strain of fatigue and terror. The savages gained on them, cut off their retreat, and, with a fiendish yell, pounced upon them. They dragged the trembling, limp little captives down to the beach, where a camp had been established, and brought them before the chief.

The children held out their torn and bleeding hands and raised piteous, appealing eyes to the repulsive black face. But they could read there only hatred and cruelty. The chief muttered an order even as they pleaded mutely. One of his men advanced with a war-club. Wilting under their dread of the impending blow, the helpless little victims fell upon their knees, and, tremulously, May began a little prayer.

The club swished thru the air. At that instant there came the crack of rifles. The executioner's hand poised in mid-air, then opened nervelessly, the club falling to the sand, as he and several of his fellows sank upon the beach, dead. The others dropped to their knees, in sign of surrender.

Startled by the shots, the children looked up.

"Hooray!" shrieked Jack in a frenzy of joy.

"Hooray!" cried May, gleefully.

For, a stone's throw from the shore and making straight for them, was a launch displaying the American flag and carrying a captain and marines of the U. S. Navy.

The captain leapt ashore and the children rushed to him. He gathered the forlorn, unkempt, tattered little beings into his arms and listened wonderingly to the tale they tried to tell.

"You have lived here alone?" he asked, incredulously.

So they led him to the hut and then to the carefully tended mound, on which flowers were growing, and his eyes were moist when he returned to the beach. Then he told them how he had happened to arrive in time to save them. When he explained that his men had been fishing and, in drawing in a net, had found the turtle with the inscription on its back, the little castaways beamed their grateful appreciation.

"So that turtle was a real messenger, after all," remarked May. As an after-thought she added with a sigh, "But he was awful slow!"

"Well, he got there in time, just the same!" argued Jack in defense of the turtle. "Gee! Didn't you think you was a goner when you felt that club go 'whir-r-r' over your head?"

"Yes, and so I squeezed my eyes tight and prayed awful hard!"

As they took their places in the launch the captain asked:

"Well, have you had enough of Crusoeing?"

"You bet!" answered Jack.

YES, INDEED, THEY HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF CRUSOEING

Swords and Hearts

(Biograph)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

"GOOD-BY, father."

"Good-by, my son; God keep you safe."

Neither man could trust himself to say more. There was one swift, affectionate look, a long handshake, and Hugh Frazier, tall and soldierly in his gray uniform, turned quickly away and strode down the gravel path to the gate. There he turned and stood for a moment, looking silently at the home he was leaving.

Like all Southerners, Hugh Frazier loved the home of his birth with a deep, passionate devotion. The low, rambling house with its vine-draped porches and shining white pillars, the gray roofs of the servants' quarters in the rear, the freshly cut tobacco fields stretching away to meet a fringe of woods, the gardens with their wealth of old-fashioned roses and honeysuckle, typified to him kindred, love, honor, all that made life dear. His gaze rested lingeringly upon his father, standing at the open door, erect, fine-featured, white-haired, proudly watching his only son go out to battle with the foes that threatened their beloved Southland.

As Hugh looked, a long-past scene swept back to him. There he was, a tiny, red-cheeked lad playing upon the gravel walk. His father, young, black-haired, vigorous, stood by the steps, laughing at his childish antics, and beside his father was a delicate, dark-eyed woman in a clinging white gown, one arm full of crimson roses, the other stretched caressingly toward the child. Then the picture changed and the lad, in somber garments, clung to his father's hand in awed wonder, as they followed a rose-laden coffin down the gravel walk.

The waiting horse neighed impatiently and Hugh came back to the present, vaulted into the saddle and spoke to the aged negro who had stood holding the rein.

"Take care of father, Uncle Tom," he said. "I feel uneasy about these rumors of bushwhacker raids. Has he got much money in the house?"

"He's got two bags of gold, sah, dat dem gem'men from de city brung fo' de tobacco crop. I don' like to pester yo' pa, Marse Hugh, but it worries me."

"But no one knows that he has the gold, I hope."

"Dat's jest it, sah. De mornin' dem gem'men brung dat gold, dat lazy, no 'count Baker, what libs in de cabin by de aidge ob de woods, was here with his gal, Jennie, sellin' berries. I wasn't roun' jest den, an' one ob dem triflin' niggers in de house tol' him to knock on yo' pa's door to git de money. He did, an' yo' know how yo' pa am—no mo' suspicious ob nobody dan a babe in a'ms. He jest natchelly let dat Baker in where all dat gold was counted out on de table, while he looked fo' de change. I feel mighty worried. It's a pow'ful lot of 'sponsibility fo' one ole nigger to take care ob mas'r an' dis place."

JENNIE AND HER FATHER

"Is Baker one of the bushwhackers?"

"I reckon so; leastways he's low-down white trash, and dey cant neber be trusted with nothin'."

"Well, do the best you can," said Hugh. "Better persuade father to take the money in to the bank. You know I trust you with everything, Uncle Tom. Good-by."

With a wave of his hand to the white-haired figure in the doorway, Hugh rode away, while the old negro shook his head dubiously.

"May de good Lord keep dat boy safe. He trusts me an' I ain't goin' to fail. But talk about banks, wid banks a-bustin' all ober dis State! Ise got to conjure up some scheme 'sides banks!"

HUGH LEAVES TO JOIN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

Hugh's horse had cantered less than a mile along the dusty road when, suddenly, of its own accord it turned into a green lane bordered with straight, silvery poplars, leading up to a rather pretentious house, the home of Judge Lambert.

"Well done, old fellow," said Hugh, rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen and patting the animal's neck, "you know where I want to stop, dont you?"

A fluttering pink dress appeared upon the piazza and Irene Lambert's clear voice called to Hugh as he dismounted.

"Good morning," she said, brightly; "you're out very early."

HUGH AND IRENE

Hugh went up the steps and stood looking gravely into the eyes that met his so calmly. The girl had a beautiful face, yet in spite of her clear-cut features and glowing eyes there was something in her expression that was repellent rather than attractive to the close observer. The eyes were too coolly calculating for so young a girl, and lines of selfishness and discontent were already giving a downward droop to the full red lips. But Hugh saw none of these defects. To him Irene was the lovely sweetheart of his childhood, and he took her hand in both his own as he answered her.

"I'm off to rejoin my regiment, Irene."

"I'm sorry," said the girl sweetly, but her face did not pale, nor did the slim hand which Hugh still held tremble. "Will you come to see me again soon?"

"I cant tell. Will you be glad to see me if I do?"

HUGH BIDS IRENE GOOD-BY

"I always am," she responded, but her face was still light and untroubled.

"Irene," said Hugh, a note of deep feeling in his strong voice, "the war is nearing a crisis; there will be decisive battles very soon. I want to go into action knowing that you love me and are thinking of me. When I come home, will you be my wife?"

Irene's proud face softened a little at his eagerness. He looked very handsome in his uniform—and the Fraziers were the oldest and wealthiest family in Virginia. She smiled graciously.

"When you return victorious," she said, "I will say yes."

"And if we should not be victorious?" queried Hugh, half in jest, tho his eyes searched hers anxiously.

"Of course you will be victorious," she exclaimed, sharply; "you surely dont think those Yankees can defeat our men?"

"No, but if they should?"

"Dont be foolish, Hugh," she replied, petulantly. "It's bad enough to have you go away without imagining horrors!"

So Hugh rode away again, trying to be satisfied with his lady love's promise and succeeding fairly well, for he loved her deeply, and of course the South was bound to win.

"It was right of her to make that condition," he said, loyally defending her in his thoughts. "It shows her true patriotism."

As he mused, unheeding the familiar scenes he was passing, his horse shied suddenly and stopped. A slender girl, clad in a coarse blue cotton frock, a wide straw hat hanging backward from her neck by a faded ribbon, had sprung from the roadside and was holding up a bunch of field flowers to him.

"Why, it's Jennie Baker," exclaimed Hugh.

The girl's face flushed as he looked kindly down at her. She had the velvety, purplish-blue eyes rarely seen in Southern girls, and the hair, which hung away from her sun-browned face in thick braids, was a bright, reddish gold where the sunlight lay upon it.

HUGH BIDS JENNIE GOOD-BY

"Good luck to you," she said, shyly. "I reckon we all will be glad when you come home to stay."

"If we come victorious," said Hugh, thinking of Irene.

"However you come," said Jennie simply, "we all will be glad if you're safe."

"Thank you, Jennie," said Hugh, and with a sudden impulse he bent and kissed her flushed cheek. There was a warm glow in his heart as he galloped away. The girl was a pretty little thing. Too bad her father was low-down white trash. He hoped, for her sake, that Baker wasn't mixed up in that bushwhacking gang who were sure to land themselves in trouble yet. How did the girl happen to think of him, anyhow? There had actually been tears in her purplish eyes. They looked like pansies drenched with rain.

JENNIE PLANS TO MISLEAD HUGH'S PURSUERS

When Hugh rode away, with Jennie's flowers fastened to his saddle, the thick woods which fringed the tobacco fields of the plantation were clothed in the softest, daintiest tints of green and pink and gray, spring's own colors. Now every tree was brave with the gorgeous hues of autumn. Crimson and yellow, red and brown, they flaunted themselves in the crisp October breeze and sent radiant showers whirling about Jennie Baker's head. She was walking slowly along a path, weaving rose-colored dreams about her hero, Master Hugh, picturing him winning renown and fame, returning home triumphant. There was no thought of herself in these sweet fancies, only the pure, unselfish thoughts of youth worshiping its ideal.

The leaves rustled sharply and a rabbit darted across the path directly before her. Roused from her reverie, she became conscious of the approaching thud of horses' hoofs coming along the road which she was nearing. She had scarcely time to shrink back into the bushes before the horsemen were almost upon her, a dozen of them reining their steeds close together, their blue uniforms shining thru the trees.

"Frazier's down the road somewhere," she heard one say; "we've got orders to get him. He's slipped back here to see his sweetheart. We're to find a big red house, where she lives, and search it. It cant be far off."

As they rode away Jennie sprang from the bushes and was off like a flash down the wooded trail. It was two miles by the road to the Lambert home. The soldiers would ride up the lane to the front door. It was less than a quarter of that distance by the path she was taking, which led across the tobacco fields to the rear of the house. She must reach the house in time to warn Hugh if he were there.

It seemed to the girl that she had been running for hours when she staggered up the path to the kitchen door. As she paused, breathless and spent from her run, something stirred by the grape arbor, and there she found Hugh's horse tied, with his master's long gray coat thrown over the saddle, his cap lying upon the ground. It was certain, then, that Hugh was inside, and she started for the door. Suddenly she stopped. Could he escape? He must ride down the lane, and his enemies must be very near. They would fire at him!

She looked at the house where Hugh sat with his sweetheart, and a voice floated softly out to her thru a shaded, open window. It was his voice, and it strengthened her desperate desire to save him. A bold plan flashed into her mind.

Whispering to the horse and petting him, she led him softly past the

JENNIE LEADS HUGH'S PURSUERS ASTRAY

house and down the lane, where the slender, silvery poplars whispered encouragement. At the end of the lane she listened. There was the sound of hoofs, coming very near. In a moment she slipped into the long gray coat, drew the cap down upon her head, mounted, and just as the pursuers turned the bend where the lane was plainly visible, dashed down the road ahead of them.

There was a series of yells, and the party were after her. She leaned low over the horse's neck, urging him desperately.

"Go on, Don," she coaxed; "go on. It's your master we're saving; dont fail."

The horse seemed to understand, tearing over the road at his best speed. But the pursuers were well mounted, too. They were not far behind, and a voice sang out:

"Halt, Frazier, or we will fire!"

"Faster, Don!" begged the girl. "I mustn't be wounded and fall now; they'd know I wasn't Hugh then."

She was nearing the strip of woods that separated the Lambert and Frazier plantations.

"If I can get into the wood road ahead of them," she thought, "I can slip off into the bushes and let Don go on. Then, if they overtake the horse, they will search the woods for Hugh."

But one of the Yankees was far ahead of his party, gaining upon her rapidly, and this time the command came close by her ears:

"Halt!"

A bullet whizzed over her head, then another.

"He's shooting high on purpose," she thought; "they want Hugh alive. I've got to do it. I've got to shoot that man!"

Drawing Hugh's revolver, she whirled sharply in her saddle and fired at the blue-coated figure, almost upon her. He reeled and fell headlong, and, as the girl rode on, her eyes were dark with horror.

She was in the woods now, and she slipped from the saddle, giving Don a cut that sent him plunging madly down the road, while she crept into the shrubbery and waited breathlessly as the Yankees galloped by.

In the edge of the woods Uncle Tom, with much caution and secrecy, was burying a small chest.

"When Marse Frazier finds all dis gold and all de silber plate gone, he'll done t'ink it's stole," he said, shaking his grizzled head doubtfully, "and he'll raise an awful ruption. But Marse Hugh done tole me to take care ob it, an' I jest natchelly got to do it. Marse Frazier wont listen to no reason, t'inks nobody ain't gwine to rob him, 'caze nobody neber has yit. Hi, what's dat comin'? It's dat Baker gal. Fo' de Lawd's sake, what's de matter, honey?"

UNCLE TOM HIDES THE FAMILY STRONG BOX

"Oh, Uncle Tom," said Jennie, sinking upon the ground and beginning to sob hysterically, "I've killed a Yankee, but I had to do it to save Hugh."

When she had told her story and Uncle Tom had walked with her to the cabin door, he turned his steps homeward, shaking his head wisely.

"I wish dat chile's father wasn't no 'count white trash," he sighed. "She's worth a dozen ob dat stuck-up Miss Irene."

As he came out of the woods path Uncle Tom glanced across the tobacco fields toward the house, gave a start, rubbed his eyes and looked again like one dazed.

"Somethin's done happened while I was gone," he gasped; "dat house am all on fire, and where's Marse Frazier?"

Little curls of smoke were creeping out from the edges of the roof, and soon they were followed by tiny red tongues of flame which ran rapidly over the gray shingles. When Uncle Tom reached the house, smoke was pouring from every door and window.

LOOTING THE FRAZIER HOME

"Marse Frazier," he called; "where am you, Marse Frazier?"

Receiving no reply, he plunged into the front door and up the stairs. Choking, gasping, blinded by the heat and smoke, he groped for the door of Marse Frazier's room, found it, and stumbled in. The old man sat in his chair, his white head drooping forward upon the desk.

Down thru the smoke and the roar of the flames Uncle Tom, with the old man in his arms, staggered, fighting desperately to keep his senses, until when he came into the cool air at last and laid his precious burden down upon the green grass, he sank beside it unconscious. When he opened his eyes, Marse Frazier was bending over him.

"You saved my life, Uncle Tom," he said, "but the dear old home is gone. It was Baker and his gang. They couldn't find the gold, tho; it was gone. Do you know when it was taken?"

"I reckon I does, sah," said Tom with a grin.

THE FRAZIER HOME IN FLAMES

A year crawled by—a year of loss, of defeat, of bitterness and anguish for the South. As Uncle Tom stood by the gate one morning looking sadly at the ruins of the old home, there was a footfall beside him.

"Marse Hugh!" he exclaimed. "You's done come back!"

"Yes, Uncle Tom," said Hugh, sadly, "I'm back, but there's no home for me. I know how you carried father out of the house, but tell me the rest of it."

"Reckon they ain't much to tell. The shock was too much fo' yo' pa,

HUGH RETURNS TO THE RUINS OF HIS OLD HOME

an' he died de day after de fire. 'Take care ob what's left for Marse Hugh,' he said, an' Ise done my best. Ise got a good garden, an' de servants' houses am left, an' I reckon we'll get along. 'Spect you'll soon go to live on de Lambert place, now dis house am gone."

"No, Uncle Tom, that is all over. Irene doesn't want me, defeated and penniless. No one wants me now but you."

Hugh dropped his head on the gate post, or he might have seen the old negro's look of dismayed indignation change to one of pleased satisfaction before he softly stole away. After a long time Hugh lifted his head, looking about the ruined, desolate place,

recalling all its beauty when he last rode away from it, until Uncle Tom's voice broke the silence.

"Marse Hugh," he said, his voice shaking with eagerness, "here's one 'sides me what's glad to see yo'. She sabed yo' life dat day yo' thought yo' horse jest strayed off from Lambert's."

Uncle Tom disappeared, and Hugh stared at Jennie in amazement. The purplish-blue eyes were soft and shining, but they fell before Hugh's gaze. Something new was tugging at the man's heart. The words Jennie had spoken when he last saw her came back to him, and he realized now how often he had thought of them.

"However you come, we will be glad if you are only safe," she had said.

"Jennie," he said, drawing her close to him, "I am penniless now. I have nothing to offer you, but I think I have always loved you, only I didn't know it. Do you want me, with only my love to offer?"

There was no reply, but the velvety eyes shone thru a mist of happy tears as he bent to kiss her.

"Heah am yo' weddin' dowry," declared Uncle Tom cheerfully, a few

UNCLE TOM RESTORES TO HUGH THE FAMILY WEALTH

moments later, coming upon the scene and surveying the pair with a broad grin, as he dumped the resurrected chest upon the ground and displayed the gold and silver to Hugh's astonished eyes. "I'm right glad now I sabed it. It's comin' in mighty handy to fix up a new house."

"So I have something besides love to give you, after all!" cried Hugh, happily.

"But love is best of all, Hugh," declared Jennie.

"Dat am a sure fac'," echoed Uncle Tom.

The Photoplay

By MINNA IRVING

O! not until we read the souls
  Of men, and women, too,
Can we behold the lasting good
  The Motion Pictures do;
They're something more than just to pass
  An idle hour away,
There is a lesson on the screen
  In every Photoplay.

A wife, perchance, about to fly
  With some enticing knave,
Is shown that folly only leads
  To sorrow and the grave—
And many an erring youth is stopped
  Upon his downward way,
And many a hardened heart grows soft
  To see the Photoplay.

The magic figures of the film
  Point out the countless snares
That lurk along the path of life
  To trap us unawares;
St. Peter, at the gates of gold,
  Is passing in, each day,
A mortal soul to Paradise,
  Saved by a Photoplay.

On the Threshold of Life

(Produced by the Edison Company in cooperation with the National Kindergarten Association)

By MARIE COOLIDGE RASK

"THEN you will not go?"

Roger Hewett looked gravely into the eyes of his pretty fiancée and awaited her reply. This was the third time Helen had refused to go motoring with him. She always pleaded a previous engagement, yet, somehow, her manner indicated that she was withholding the real reason for fear of his disapproval. Her reticence made the problem difficult to solve.

"I am sorry, Roger," Helen answered, pointing to the clock, "but it is impossible. In fifteen minutes I must be ready to go—somewhere else."

The half imperceptible pause which preceded the last words convinced Roger that he was right in his conclusions; Helen did not want to tell him where she was going. For a moment he stood, his lips pressed tightly together, then turned to go. There was evident disappointment, but no discourtesy, in his words.

"Very well, dear. I will not detain you. If you wish to go any other day, just let me know."

With equal disappointment Helen watched him leave the house.

"I could not tell him," she exclaimed. "He would object, and then I should have to give the work all up. I will wait. Some day, perhaps, he will see things from a different standpoint."

An hour later Helen Thorne was keeping her engagement. As she entered the East Side Kindergarten, where her presence was expected every Monday and Wednesday, sixty little tots seated in a semi-circle of tiny red chairs, rose with one accord to greet her.

"Good morning to you——
Good morning to you——
Good morning, Miss Helen——
Good morning to you."

Unnecessary was the slight signal from the Kindergartner. The "Good Morning Song" resounded voluntarily. Lisped by baby tongues, the Yiddish, Italian, Negro and even Oriental accents became harmonious. As the little nods, bobs and courtesies progressed around the circle, Helen sighed again at the thought that Roger, on the very threshold of their life together, was not in sympathy with her dearest interests.

The advent of "the pretty lady" was not permitted to interrupt daily routine. Instead, Helen herself directed unskilled fingers how to string bright-colored beads and put building blocks together in symmetrical shapes. But the pleasant tasks served only to divert childish minds from the tragedy of the day. Violet, the pretty little French-American girl, most winsome of playmates, was not in her accustomed place.

"She was very ill yesterday," explained Miss Harris, the student assistant in the Kindergarten, "and today we received word that she would never come again. The end came at four o'clock this morning. Her mother is quite inconsolable."

That was all, but it was enough to send Helen Thorne hurrying along the street leading to the tenement where death's unwelcome messenger had preceded her. It was while on this errand of mercy that all unconsciously she became a veritable star of destiny to little Mike O'Brien.

Mike's mother, Norah, the hard-working wife of the senior Michael, was more than usually busy that day. The death of little Violet Bissonette had touched her warm Irish heart deeply.

"Lord love you!" she had exclaimed to Violet's sorrowing mother. "Dont you bother your poor head about anything. Me an' Miss Farrel

HELEN REFUSES TO GO MOTORING

will see after the wake. Th' poor little dear shall be buried illegant."

But Norah O'Brien, in the goodness of her heart, forgot to reckon upon the resources of her own limited rooms. Neither did she consider the five little O'Briens. They seemed to be legion. They were under her feet and all about her.

"If you kids dont get out, some of youse is goin' to git scalded!" she cried excitedly as she narrowly missed spilling a boilerful of hot suds over one of the youngsters.

Loud wails, mingled with words, rose upon the steam-laden atmosphere.

"Boo-hoo-hoo——"

"Oh, ma, see what Jimmie's doin'——"

"Ouch! Ma, Joe's kickin' me——"

"Dont let him have it, Mike——"

"Boo-hoo-hoo——"

"Here, stop that noise. What's the baby crying for, Maggie? The sugar bowl? Well, give it to him, then."

Norah O'Brien, at that moment, would have surrendered her most valued possession to insure a little quiet. But more than a sugar bowl was necessary. Before she could reach the stove to stir the starch that was boiling over, there was a wild dash across the floor and little crippled Mike fell headlong over his pet kitten.

"Joe pushed him, ma." It was Maggie's voice.

"I didn't neither."

Crash!

"Boo-hoo-hoo——"

"Oh, ma, th' baby's broken th' sugar bowl——"

It was the proverbial last straw. Norah O'Brien reached for the stick with which she was wont to poke the clothes in the boiler and waved it vigorously.

"Now, you kids git out!" she cried. "Every last one of you. Maggie, you take th' baby and set on the step. Dont you dast git run over. Mike, I wont have that cat under my feet. Take it along with you, and dont any o' you show your heads in here again till supper's ready!"

Closely following the exodus of the exiled O'Briens came "the pretty lady" of Kindergarten fame. Poor little Mike, thrust upon the street, dis-

solved in tears, his cherished kitten at the mercy of older boys, thought an angel had suddenly come to his assistance when Helen bent over him.

"Oh, boys," she exclaimed, reaching for the much-mauled kitten, "haven't you anything better to do than tease a poor, helpless animal and make a little crippled boy cry?"

"We wasn't hurtin' it, miss."

Injured innocence was personified in the speaker. His companion interrupted.

"Aw, there ain't nothin' doin' around here. No place to go—no fun nor nothin' 'less we make up a gang. Then th' cops 'll haul us to court an' send us out to th' farm. That's better'n hangin' around here."

Helen could not stop to discuss the matter. She knew only too well causes and effects of the boyish plaint of "nothin' doin'." How she longed to direct them to a nearby playground and take little Mike with her to the Kindergarten, but alas! every one with which she was familiar was already overcrowded.

Hewett, taking a short cut to his office, saw her there, surrounded by children, and paused in surprise.

"So this was your 'previous engagement,' was it?" he queried.

Helen blushed and lifted her eyes appealingly to her stern-looking lover.

"I love it so, Roger," she said. "Wont you come and see the Kindergarten some day? You dont realize the good it does."

"These surroundings are not fit for you," he answered. "Come home with me."

"I cant do it, Roger," was all she could say. "I am needed here today."

She returned to the Kindergarten, but she did not see the little crippled boy with the forlorn cat in his arms haltingly following her.

The conversation between the young teachers first attracted her attention to his presence in the room.

"It is too bad! I hate to send him away."

"But it cannot be helped. We have too many now."

"He looks so in need——"

"I know it. They all do. That is the pity of it. If only we had more money and more room——"

The voices died away as the speakers turned to break the news to the child that his brief vision of happiness at the Kindergarten could not be realized. It was only the old Biblical story of "no room," and the child—one of the least of the little ones—was turned away. To Helen it seemed heartbreaking. Why could there not be room for all, when so much money was lavished upon useless luxuries?

Only a few blocks distant Roger Hewett, the prosperous young business man, recently heir to all his father's fortune, frowned and shook his head as he carelessly read a neatly stereotyped business letter:

National Association for the
Promotion of Kindergarten Education.
1 Madison Ave., New York.

Mr. Roger Hewett, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Thousands of little children begin life in the midst of degradation and squalor. Additional free Kindergartens would give them a fair start toward better things and take them away from ignorance and crime. Will you send us a subscription toward the work?

Very truly yours,
NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

"That's the trouble with these charitable organizations," he muttered, tossing the unwelcome letter into the waste basket. "Always begging for something. I should think they'd get tired of it some time."

Helen's picture stood on the desk before him. The large brown eyes seemed to read his thoughts. He winced inwardly as he realized that he was far from being all that he imagined she thought he was. He sighed that there should be any division of interests between them. He was not a philanthropist, but he might at least encourage Helen in her charitable undertakings. It seemed very selfish to have driven off and left her there alone in those wretched streets. Now that he knew the nature

MIKE'S KINDERGARTEN FRIENDS COME TO SEE HIM

of her "previous engagements," he was inclined to be less irritable. Taking his motor coat and cap, he made ready to drive back to the squalid settlement and see if he could find Helen.

As he passed street after street, thickly peopled with children and little mothers, surrounded by every kind of danger, he was haunted by the pitifully pinched face of the little cripple he had seen gazing adoringly at Helen and rapturously hugging a half-starved kitten.

His large red touring car sped along much faster than the crowded condition of the streets warranted, now and then bellowing forth its hoarse warning.

Suddenly, in the path of the rushing wheels, appeared a wee white kitten, instantly followed by the flying figure of a child.

The machine stopped with a jar. Children screamed, women sobbed, a throng gathered in the kindly, curious fashion of street crowds, but Roger Hewett heeded none of them. He lifted the limp figure with the white kitten close clasped in grimy hands and groaned as he recognized the crippled child.

"Where d o e s he belong?" he demanded of the crowd.

"This way, this way—take him in here. I just saw him come out from there not five minutes ago," exclaimed an excited onlooker, leading the way toward the little yard where the Kindergarten tent and sand pile never failed to attract attention.

"Why, it's Mike — little Mike O'Brien, the cripple!" cried another. "What was he doing down here?"

"If he was at the Kindergarten, why did they let him come out before the others?"

The speaker was a pompous, well-dressed individual who had chanced to be passing. Helen Thorne, appearing just in time to hear his words, answered the question.

"He does not attend the school. Many wealthy people of our great city think the streets are good enough playgrounds and training schools for the children of the poor. They do not encourage free Kindergartens. This one is overcrowded, and that poor child was turned away today

because there was no room for him. You see the result."

Helen did not see Roger standing close beside her. Looking at the mangled little form at her feet, she spoke with a bitterness of tone which he had never heard before. Stepping forward, he touched her gently on the arm.

"My car is at the gate," he whispered. "Let us take the little fellow to the hospital and care for him."

As they drove away a new world seemed to spread out before them. They had now one interest in common.

A few weeks later Mike, with "the pretty lady" beside him, sat ensconced in pillows waiting to receive his guests. Since he might not go to the Kindergarten, the Kindergarten was coming to him. One by one, children of all nations appeared before him and offered the fruits of their handiwork. Some few brought other gifts. All, either in strict obedience to whispered admonitions or awed by the unexpected grandeur of their surroundings, tip-toed in and out again with remarkable stillness. Then came the hero, that great big man who had saved little kitty—for so Mike regarded the accident, never thinking of his own injury—and also sat down beside him.

Roger Hewett patted the child's cheek fondly.

"Better today, little man?" he inquired in the jovial tone Mike loved to hear.

"You bet."

Mike's eyes were more eloquent than his words. He smiled up into the face of his benefactor.

"Then suppose you give this to the pretty lady. Ask her to tell you what it means."

The child took the paper Roger slipped into his hand and passed it on to Helen.

"The pretty lady" gasped.

"Roger!" she exclaimed, "is it really true?"

"It certainly is," he replied.

As he clasped her in his arms the check for five thousand dollars from Roger Hewett to the Kindergarten Association would, but for the little crippled boy, have fallen unnoticed to the floor.

Seen on the Screen

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

I saw her in a garden stand, with flaxen hair ablow;
Her cheeks by cooling breezes fanned, and bonny brow of snow.
She watched a flight of cooing doves athwart the sunset's glow;
And jealous leaves, like little loves, in cadence whispered low.

Oh, pure soul's wondrous dwelling place, with noble dreams aflow!
Oh, perfect blossom of a race where lovely flowers grow!
A mother's prayers thruout the years, a father's pride await
The hope that laughs at doubts and fears—Love beckons at the gate!

The picture turned to blankness strange—another scene to go—
Oh, peace and passion, rest and change, in all our acts below!
'Twas but a mechanician's scheme, how very strange to know:
An unknown artist's visioned dream, at Moving Picture Show.

Mary's Masquerade

(Edison)

By MARJORLAINE MARCHANT

When a great American President takes to hunting bears, and a great American public elects to foster a love of these animals in the hearts of its children by placing a miniature sandy facsimile of the same in every pair of baby arms, the incomprehensible thing is why in the world the preference is given to bears of *German* make!

But "Made in Germany" they must be, and the specimen that Mrs. Van Court lifted from her sparkling dinner table filled all requirements. His head was set on at just the right angle of impertinence, his embroidered mouth curved disdainfully and his eyes twinkled with most unbear-like mischief.

"Teddy, I'm going to put you right here between Sarah Monell and Gordon Randolph. Sarah just loves all your kind, and Gordon is an unmitigated tease, so you will be sure to find them kindred spirits. Now, let me see—six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen places—that's right. And the flowers are arranged very well; Jenkins has quite outdone himself."

Just then that necessary adjunct to dinner-parties, then under commendation, entered with a note.

Mrs. Van Court opened it and read it with dismay.

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed as her husband entered. "What am I going to do? Sarah Monell has bronchitis and cannot come tonight, and that leaves me with thirteen at the table."

"Well, my dear, that wont make any difference. You can have her plate taken away and nobody will ever notice it."

"Oh, but I couldn't sit down to a table with thirteen people! I should be perfectly miserable and something dreadful would be sure to happen. You know that I never even think of going shopping on the thirteenth because I would have to send everything back, and I wouldn't have thirteen articles on my list for anything. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I'm perfectly miserable!" And all on account of that overworked ogre, thirteen!

But, as is often the case, when a state of perfection is reached—especially perfection of misery—a change is imminent, and in this case it took the form of a telegram from Mrs. Van Court's niece announcing that Madame Andriot had given her three days' vacation from boarding-school in which to celebrate her sixteenth birthday, and that she was coming home that evening.

A happy thought dawned upon Mrs. Van Court. She dried her eyes and proceeded to communicate her plan to her husband. Why not let Mary put on one of her evening gowns and be presented to the guests as a friend from the West?

But Mr. Van Court objected. The child was entirely too young; she would not know how to behave and would probably disgrace them with an account of some dreadful boarding-school escapade.

Mrs. Van Court besought him sweetly, then eloquently, and finally tearfully, but he was firm, and she retired to her boudoir for solace. Here her niece found her a little while later.

"Why, Aunt Louise, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mary, I'm in such trouble! Miss Monell is ill and cannot come to our dinner-party tonight, so there will be thirteen at the table. When your message came, I thought we could save the situation by letting you put on one of my dresses and introducing you as a Western friend, but your uncle wont listen to the plan. He says that you are too young. I

SELECTING A GOWN

simply cannot sit down at the dinner table with thirteen people, and I dont know what to do."

Mary's eyes began to dance.

"Well, if you dont, I do. I'm going to get right straight into one of your gowns. I love to dress up, and I'm crazy about being in plays and pretending."

"But your uncle wont approve," declared Mrs. Van Court.

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" was Mary's characteristic reply. "He wont think of saying no when he sees me. I'll be so bewitching. And I'll promise to behave and not swing my legs and lose my slippers or cut streets thru the mashed potatoes. Really, I'll act just like a débutante. Oh, please say yes!"

Mrs. Van Court smiled at the eager, excited face before her. She thought of the time when she had masqueraded as waitress for a friend whose husband had brought a marquis home to dinner unexpectedly on the waitress' night out, and her scruples faded.

"Oh, goody, goody!" exclaimed Mary, jumping up and down with delight. "Wont it be fun! Where is Felice? Felice, come here quickly and get out all of Aunt Louise's evening dresses. I'm going to the dinner-party."

"Mais, mademoiselle——"

"Dont talk. We haven't a minute to lose. Now let me see which I like best. No, not those; pink isn't becoming and black is too somber. Let me hold up that white one. It's pretty, but I dont like the way the skirt is trimmed. How about that pale green satin? Oh, it has a gold veil thing over it—and a train! Just the thing! Now get me into it as quickly as you can and pile my hair way up high, so that I'll be really grown-up looking."

Felice's deft fingers twisted and coiled and hooked and patted, and in a few minutes a pair of critical girl-

ish eyes were viewing a bewitching young figure promenading in front of a long mirror.

But, alas for the promenader! At the first turn her unwonted train became entangled in her feet, and, had it not been for Felice, an ignominious fall would have resulted.

"Non, non, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Felice. "Il faut donner des coups de pieds, comme ça. Voyez?" and she suited the action to the words.

"Oh, I see; kick it around with your foot as you turn, like this. That's easy!" and Mary proceeded to practice turning corners.

"Les lorgnettes aussie, mademoiselle. Toujours les lorgnettes, vous savez—à la Madame la Duchesse."

"Yes, yes, lorgnettes do give one a regal air. Aren't they fun to use! Oh, I'm so glad that I'm going to the party! It will be just like coming out," and she ran gaily down the stairs.

There was no one in the hall, so she busied herself with walking in front of the great mirror, bowing and smiling and turning her train.

Finally she twisted it with a grand flourish and over went a great vase of flowers, but she quickly picked it up and proceeded to make her way toward the drawing-room, looking back over her shoulder as she went, watching the sweep of her train and enjoying the pull of the skirts against her ankles, until she was brought to a sudden standstill, and, turning, found herself face to face with the laughing countenance of one of the men guests.

Instantly she realized that he had been watching her and having a good laugh at her expense, so drawing herself up haughtily she swept past him with a stony glare.

Once in the drawing-room, she deported herself better, using her lorgnettes with a flourish and hauteur worthy of a grande dame.

But all her composure left her

FACE TO FACE WITH THE GUEST OF HONOR

MARY COMPORTS HERSELF WITH MATRONLY DIGNITY AT DINNER

when her aunt presented "Mr. Gordon Randolph, our guest of honor," and "Miss Gardenier of Denver" found herself face to face with the man whom she had met in the hall.

He extended his hand with a friendly smile, but Mary, in her embarrassment, did not see it and only stared at him thru her lorgnettes, until her aunt, surprised and somewhat chagrined, told her what to do.

Happily dinner was announced at once, and Mary, after a preliminary adjusting of her train, swept safely into the room on the arm of her friendly enemy. At her place the shining eyes and outstretched arms of the Teddybear greeted her.

"Oh, you blessed Teddy!" she cried. "I'll just have to kiss you. Do you like Teddys, Mr. Randolph?"

Randolph professed a liking for such animals, which an hour before he would have declared preposterous.

"I'm so glad you do. I always love people who like Teddybears."

Randolph beamed and thanked his lucky stars for influencing his choice.

Just then the butler passed the olives, and Mary, who had lifted her lorgnettes to talk with a guest across the table, turning with a little cry of delight at the sight of this, her favorite dish, which was a great luxury at boarding-school, dropped her lorgnettes with a splash into the soup.

Joking and laughing, Randolph rescued them and wiped them off for her, and Mary thanked him in her heart for saving the situation.

There was something very pleasant and comfortable about this man, she thought. He seemed to understand her feelings exactly and to do just the right thing.

When they were dancing after dinner and Mary became hopelessly tangled up in her train, almost upsetting them both several times, to her great mortification, he saved her further embarrassment by taking her to a quiet end of the porch. But when two other men came up, asking for dances, and Randolph, thinking to save her further trouble on the floor, jokingly referred to her train, Mary rose indignantly, ran into the library and out thru a long window, so that

she was out of sight by the time he reached the room in pursuit. Concluding that she had gone out of doors, he started to follow, when his attention was attracted by a photograph of a young girl, her bright eyes and laughing face thrilling his memory.

"By Jove, that's her photograph!" he exclaimed. "And what's this name on the back? Why, she's Mrs. Van Court's niece, Mary! Can it be possible—— By Jove, I must find her!" and slipping the picture into his pocket, he made for the garden.

Out in the summer-house Mary was sobbing her heart out, while the Man-in-the-Moon looked on and smiled. He could have told even better than Mary what she was crying about. He would even have gone so far as to wager his supply of beams on the man's success.

But Randolph wasn't listening for a philosophizing Man-in-the-Moon. His heart was calling for a vivacious, bright-eyed girl who had suddenly become very essential to his happiness. And he found her buried, face downward, in the cushions of the summer-house. For a moment he watched her, filled with remorse that he should have hurt her. Then came a great desire to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he only laid his hand on her shoulder.

She started, but seemed not loath to be consoled, and smiled happily.

"And now, little girl, I've found you out. Isn't this your photograph?" he asked, as he drew the picture from his pocket.

She had to confess that it was, and she tried to take it away from him, but he captured her hands as well.

"Little girl! little girl! I want you. If you tell me to hope, I can wait."

And the Man-in-the-Moon knows the rest.

"AND NOW, LITTLE GIRL, I'VE FOUND YOU OUT!"

The Burglarized Burglar

(Essanay)

By LULU MONTANYE

"MAYBE poverty's no disgrace," sighed Howard Graham, "but it's deuced inconvenient!"

His eyes roamed over the shabby furnishings of his room, lingering on the typewriter, which stood upon a rickety table heaped high with letters, notebooks and bulky piles of neatly typed manuscript.

"Here am I, a budding young genius, without the price of a meal, to say nothing of room rent. Haven't sold a thing this week, and stuff coming back on every mail. Hello, there's the postman's whistle!"

With the hope that springs eternal in the writer's breast, he rushed to the door, to be confronted by a severe-looking landlady with her hands full of letters. Alas! they all looked long and fat. As he took them, the stories within sang out to him as plainly as if endued with phonographic voices, "We're back again, we're back again!"

"I'd like to say, Mr. Graham," said the landlady, fixing an uncompromising gaze upon him, "that it's Friday and your rent was due Tuesday. I'm a lone widow, and my four children to feed, with their clothes a-bustin' out in new places every minute, and it's no more than right that them as is care-free should do their part and not keep me a-waitin' for my rightful dues."

Care-free, indeed! Graham drew a long breath and coughed nervously.

"I'm expecting remittances on every mail now," he said, "and I'll try to pay you tonight."

"It ought to be easy for them as has such big envelopes comin' every day," said the woman, emphatically. "I'll come in tonight, Mr. Graham. There's a young grocer's clerk in the next block who will take your room any minute, if you're wantin' to give it up," she added significantly.

"Grocer's clerk!" groaned Graham as the door closed behind her. "If I was a grocer's clerk I could pay my bills. Fat envelopes! Suppose she thinks they're full of hundred-dollar bills. If she only knew how I watch for a thin one. The only thin ones here are bills. Should think they would get tired of wasting stamps sending me bills."

He tore open the first one and read, disgustedly.

"There it goes again—they wont start work on my new clothes till I pay for my last ones. Well, I can wait a while. If I get shabby I'll let my hair grow long and look the part of an unrecognized genius."

But the second document brought forth no cheerful jests. He gazed at it in blank dismay.

"Great Scott! They wont send the diamond without a deposit, and I hung such an elegant bluff there, too. It's Dorothy's birthday and I was figuring on that ring answering for both engagement and wedding gift. Who says I've no head for economy? But what will I do now?"

They say troubles never come singly, but poor Graham's were not even content to arrive in doubles and trebles, for a knock interrupted his worried cogitations, and a grinning messenger boy delivered a yellow message—fortunately prepaid.

"It's from Dorothy!" Graham exclaimed, as he tore it open eagerly, but his face, as he read the few lines, grew despairing.

"Dear Howard: I should dearly love to hear Caruso tonight. Get box seats and dont disappoint me, it's my birthday.

"DOROTHY."

"Now what would you think of that?" he ejaculated. "I've got to make good, somehow. I cant risk losing Dorothy, and her rich father sus-

pects already that I'm bluffing him. What can I pawn? It's got to be my watch at last—Aunt Mary's dying gift. Poor Aunt Mary! Well, if she's looking down on me now, she surely knows it is a case of dire need. Here goes."

Graham's temperament was nothing if not elastic. When he came back to his room an hour later he whistled gaily as he brought his evening clothes from the tiny closet.

"I was mighty lucky to get enough for the seats and the cab hire," he chuckled. "That ham sandwich was real filling, too, and there's sure to be some birthday cake at the house. And when Dorothy gets that single rosebud with the verses I wrote about the one white flower of my life she'll be more pleased than she would with a peck of American Beauties. Trust a girl of nineteen to respond to that sort of thing. Guess I'm something of a manager!"

But suddenly the brushes dropped from Graham's hands, the whistle died on his lips, and he stood staring at his window with wide open eyes and mouth. It was enough to make any one stare. Thru the low ground window which opened directly on the street a man was climbing, a shabbily dressed, rough-looking fellow with a hat pulled low over his eyes. He crouched just back of the dingy draperies, peeping cautiously out, as he watched a fat, blue-coated figure puffing by in eager pursuit. Then he turned from the window with a satisfied look, which quickly changed to a chagrined grimace as he found himself looking straight into the revolver which Graham had pulled from an upper drawer but an instant before.

"Well, of all de luck!" he mourned. "I t'ought dis room was empty. Cant yer be easy on a feller, pard? Wasn't yer never down on yer own luck?"

The words struck a responsive chord, but Graham sternly stifled this fellow-feeling.

"Empty out your pockets," he commanded, and, as the fellow sullenly heaped a pile of plunder upon a chair, he threw open the closet door.

"Get in there till I have time to attend to you," he directed. "I've got an engagement to keep in ten minutes. There's air enough comes in the transom to keep you alive."

As he turned the key upon the protesting man, Graham noticed that among the articles heaped on the chair was a delicate pearl necklace.

"Dorothy's favorite jewel," he thought, picking it up and looking wistfully at its shining luster. "If I only had a gift like this for her it would put me solid with the family."

He was not bad at heart, this impecunious young scribbler, but he was weak and improvident, and now, as he gazed longingly at the pearls, fancying them clasped about Dorothy's fair neck, a sudden wild scheme flashed into his mind, crowding out all thoughts of prudence and sober honesty, with its appealing audacity.

"By Jove, I'll give this to Dorothy! When I get home I'll call the police, deliver up the thief and this big roll—there's hundreds of dollars in it—and say nothing about the necklace. If anything comes up about it I'll say it wasn't here, and the thief must have dropped it. I'll refuse to take any reward, so it wont be really stealing the necklace."

With this ingenious sop to the faint remnants of New England conscience left him after ten years' sojourn in New York, Graham proceeded to wrap the necklace carefully in tissue paper. He placed it in his inner pocket, and, after a moment's consideration, adjusted the handsome watch and chain where they showed to good advantage and placed the roll of banknotes beside the necklace.

"I cant leave them here," he muttered, "and it will help my standing to flash a roll like that around Willard's. Great Julius Cæsar—I feel like a millionaire!"

Half an hour later, Graham was bending over the dainty hand of Dorothy Willard in the handsome parlor of her father's home, looking like an ideal lover, handsome, well-dressed, devoted.

"Oh, Howard, the poem was so

THE NECKLACE LOOKS FAMILIAR

lovely," she whispered. "I am so pleased with it."

"I wanted you to have the verses first, they are the real gift of my soul to yours; but here is a costlier offering which I hope will meet with your approval, too, tho I know that your heart responds, like my own, to true sentiment rather than to sordid worth."

So saying, this noble and high-souled youth took out the tissue-paper packet, carelessly displaying the great roll of banknotes as he did so. Dorothy opened it with eager fingers, and gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed; "I must show it to papa at once. Wait a moment, Howard."

She ran from the room, and Graham waited complacently. In truth, Dorothy was delighted to be able to show her father so fine a gift. The one thing which had marred the girl's pleasure in Graham's single rosebud, with its accompanying verses, had been her father's skeptical remarks.

"Humph!" he had said, "sentiment is cheap, and I guess it's just about what he could afford."

Dorothy came back in a moment, looking puzzled.

"Papa wants to see you," she said, doubtfully.

"Well, dont look so scared. He isn't going to eat me, is he?"

"He acts queer," answered Dorothy, "but I guess it is nothing. Come on."

Graham entered the library with a confident smile, which quickly changed to a look of apprehension. Mr. Willard was hopping about before an open safe in wild excitement, while Mrs. Willard looked on with a horrified expression.

"Of all the audacity!" spluttered Willard, grasping Graham's collar, "and if you're not wearing my watch, too! Of all the outlandish tricks that any young idiot ever attempted! You're a thief, young man, which is bad enough, and you're a complete, hopeless, blamed fool, which is worse!"

He paused, actually choking with indignation, and seized the telephone.

"I'll call the police at once!" he roared.

And he did.

MR. WILLARD TELEPHONES THE POLICE

Mrs. Willard began to sob, addressing Graham plaintively:

"To think of the pleasure her father took in selecting that necklace for her, and she was so fond of you, and I was on your side, tho her father declared you were an adventurer; and how you ever got the necklace into your clutches I dont know, when it was locked in the safe."

Out of the tangle of Mrs. Willard's incoherence a light flashed over Graham's bewildered brain and he rose adroitly to the occasion, the picture of outraged innocence.

"It's all a joke," he declared, looking straight into the old man's angry eyes. "I see now that it was a foolish trick, tho. My love of fun gets away with my judgment, sir. The fact is, the thief is at my home. I caught him. He confessed where he got the stuff, and I locked him in my closet, where he is now. When I got here with the goods it struck me that it would be a joke to give Dorothy the necklace and let her surprise you. Here's your money, too."

"It surprised me, all right," admitted Willard, only half convinced; "now you just take us all over to your house and we'll get the thief."

Graham's spirits sank at thought of his shabby room, but as Willard's big car sped thru the streets, they rose again with their usual elasticity.

"Guess it's coming out all right," he thought. "The poor suitor boldly captures the thief and restores the old man's property. Now, seeing the poverty and the piles of manuscript, he will be touched by my pathetic devotion to my art. 'Take my child,' he will say, 'as a slight token of a father's appreciation.' "

These reflections were highly satisfactory to the reflector, and it was a smiling and confident youth who unlocked his closet and opened the door with a dramatic flourish to disclose—nothing!

The open transom and open window explained everything to the discomfited Graham, but his explanations were received with cold scorn even by Dorothy.

"I wont arrest you, young man," said Willard, "tho you ought to be in jail. But I have my property and I dont want any notoriety. It was

"IT'S ALL A JOKE," GRAHAM DECLARED

worth all this fuss and excitement to have my girl's eyes opened, as I see they are. So long as she has come to her senses, you may go your way. Let this be a lesson to you."

With one last scornful glance, Dorothy followed her parents from the room, while Graham sank miserably down upon a chair. Somehow, his spirits did not rebound with their usual readiness. It was a full ten minutes before he lifted his head with a plucky grin.

"That'll be about all for today," he said, cheerfully. "I've lost the girl, but I can sell these box tickets for enough to pay the landlady, and the story of this escapade will bring enough to redeem Aunt Mary's watch."

Plenty of Pictures

There are about 57,000 feet of new Photoplay material placed on the market every week, and of these fifty-seven reels many are duplicated fifty or seventy-five times. It is safe to say that each week there are placed on exhibition a million and three-quarters feet of film in the United States and Canada alone, to take no account of those copies sent abroad.

Were all passed thru a single machine, running every minute of the day and night, it would take more than eighteen days to pass the reels thru, and this is but a small proportion of the film run in the Photoplay theaters, since there are all the "second" and "third runs," the "dated" reels and the "commercials." It is pretty safe to say that there are 40,000 or 50,000 feet of film used every day in the Photoplay theaters, perhaps a trifle more. The little picture one inch by three-quarters does not seem to be very large, but the films that are run in the course of a year could be wound several times around the earth at the equator and then tied into several very fancy bow knots in addition.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR (MÉLIÈS)

The Mission Waif

(Méliès)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

VERY ancient is the Mission San Louis del Rey, and, like a gray old monk, it dozes in the golden California sunshine. There are splashes of scarlet where oleanders flame against the adobe walls, and green lizards bask undisturbed in the basin of the courtyard fountain, dried long ago. The great bell that once sent mellow notes far across the desert and into the rugged defiles of the distant hills is silent.

Even so long ago as '45, when the first of the Americans penetrated to this remote valley, the mission had lost its old-time prestige, and but few monks labored in the vineyards and grain fields. And with the passage of the first white-topped wagon, struggling westward, the ancient peace of the valley vanished, as a dove frightened from its nest. The Indians, suddenly grown shy and sullen, withdrew to the hills, where the smoke from their signal fires rose in slender columns of vague menace.

Father Julian and Brother Paul, returning to the mission from the most distant of the cultivated fields, suddenly paused and listened wonderingly. Faintly borne on the evening breeze, came the sound of rifle shots, then yells of triumph. The silence that ensued seemed deathlike, and with beating hearts the monks hurried forward. As they emerged into a tiny, cuplike valley, the meaning of what they had heard was made plain; the Indians had at last broken out, and one emigrant family would journey no further. About a wagon from which the horses had been cut away lay several figures. The Indians had disappeared.

Sadly, as tho addressing those vanished savages, whom he had hoped to draw into the bosom of the Church, Father Julian raised his voice and spoke:

" 'But the word of the Lord came to me, saying, Thou hast shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars: thou shalt not build a house unto My name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in My sight.' "

Brother Paul suddenly started forward with a smothered cry.

"Look—some one moves there!" he whispered, and, catching up his robe, ran swiftly. When the less active Father Julian reached the spot, Brother Paul was kneeling upon the ground, hushing the sobs of a little child.

By some strange chance this babe had survived the massacre. Whence she came, or what her name, none ever knew, tho Father Julian caused diligent inquiry to be made of the settlers and gold-seekers, ever hurrying westward. In the meantime the little waif was cared for at the mission, and weeks grew to months and months to years. "Mary" they called the little maid, who had twined herself about their hearts, and taught her, besides the faith and forms of the Church, the various accomplishments they had—to play upon Father Julian's violin, to paint, to nurse the sick. Soon after the child's coming to the mission, it had been agreed that, no relations claiming her, she should be sent to the home of some order, that in due course she might assume the veil which is worn by the brides of Christ. But man is ere the priest is, and unconsciously these gentle monks put off from year to year the sending away of the bright flower of their gray lives, so that it came about that when Mary was seventeen and budding into a glorious womanhood, she still dwelt at the old mission.

Many changes had taken place outside the mission walls, tho within the manner of life had remained the

same. Crisp English, instead of Spanish, was spoken when men met on the roads that had replaced the trails; the Indians were gone, driven back into the hills, from whence they sometimes emerged on bloody tho soon defeated forays. The houses of ranchmen dotted the valleys—American civilization, with the machinery of the law, and those to whom the law was naught, was all about—but of this Mary saw little, tho, perchance, being a maiden, she dreamed.

Some men there be whose fierce and reckless souls strive against the codes and conventions under which the mass of men bow patiently, as an eagle, taken full grown, will tear at the bars of his cage. War is in their hearts, their instinct is to prey. Such men are a nation's heroes, when circumstance so wills—if not, they are its outlaws.

Such a one came to the San Louis valley, and as might a wandering tiger who finds a land in which game abounds, remained. "Captain Courtesy" they called him, for tho his hand was of iron, it was covered by a velvet glove. Moreover, he was of kindly heart, and more than once he had returned to his victims watches in which were miniatures or locks of hair, or provided a stake for a "busted" miner. These, however, were not matters for the consideration of the law which he flouted and defied; neither would his youth and supple strength, nor his soft and winning tongue, serve him when once that machine dragged him within its cogs.

Captain Courtesy sat upon an eminence and surveyed his valley—his, because he took from it toll as he listed. Thru the warm air came the mellow chimes of the mission bells, and the outlaw's eyes grew dreamy. Then he came to attention with a jerk—along a trail far below him wound a little cavalcade, two miners with laden pack-mules. Swiftly he adjusted his heavy revolvers and strode down the hill. The dreamy look had vanished from his eyes now.

An hour later two furious miners were pouring out to the sheriff the story of the hold-up.

CAPTAIN COURTESY, THE OUTLAW

"Wont that fellow never go away?" the sheriff sighed. "I'd rather chase one flea turned loose in a whole pack o' dogs!" he added disgustedly, even while he buckled on his cartridge belt. Five minutes after, at the head of a small and hastily gathered posse, he was galloping in the direction the highwayman was reported to have taken.

But for once in his life Captain Courtesy had, apparently, been overconfident. For once the sheriff got within sight of his elusive game—more than that, in the swift chase that followed it was demonstrated that the men of the law were better mounted, for they began to gain with gratifying speed. Suddenly the outlaw pulled his horse to his haunches,

CONFESSION TREMBLED ON HIS LIPS

leaped to the ground and clambered desperately up the rugged side of the mountain, along the base of which the flight had led. The posse followed like hounds in full cry, and a few eager shots were fired. Then the outlaw dropped down beside a boulder, and his revolver spat defiance. The posse gave a cheer—the quarry was at bay—the end was near.

"Be careful, now, boys," the sheriff cautioned. "He's a plumb good shot, an' there ain't no use of none of us gettin' plugged for nothin'. Close in gradual, an' take him alive if possible. I'm near positive I winged him just as he dropped behind that rock."

Cautiously the posse advanced—slowly the cordon was completed. They could see the outlaw's hat over the edge of the protecting rock—the sheriff even worked his way to a point from which the broad back of the hunted man was readily visible.

"Never thought he'd 'low hisself to be took this easy!" the sheriff muttered, as he suddenly sprang forward, his revolver leveled at the broad back.

"Hands up!" he grimly ordered, but the outlaw did not move. The members of the posse crowded forward.

"Reckon he's cashed," the sheriff remarked, and took another cautious step forward. Then his face grew livid, and, finding words utterly inadequate, he merely pointed.

"To be did with a fool kid greenhorn trick like that!" he finally bellowed, and furiously snatched up the coat and hat, which, arranged on a few sticks, had successfully covered the outlaw's retreat.

"Come on—he cant be far!" a member of the posse shouted excitedly, but the sheriff regarded him scornfully.

"Cant be far, huh? How long has he been gone, a minute or a half hour, while we was a-crawlin' up thru them rocks? An' which way did he go?"

With a final snort of disgust, the sheriff strode back toward his horse, the posse trailing behind.

Three miles away Father Julian

and Mary sat in the strangers' room of the old mission—a cool, clean chamber, simply furnished, that opened directly to the outside world. The old man held in his hands a violin, to the sweetly sad music of which the girl gave enraptured heed. Neither heard the hurried, the uncertain footsteps that drew near, nor observed the shadow that fell across the floor. For a moment Captain Courtesy stood entranced by the wonderful music, the while his eyes rested with a sudden softening upon the dreaming girl. Then he staggered, and Father Julian and Mary sprang up just in time to catch him as he reeled and fell. They placed him in Father Julian's great chair, and Mary sped to bring him a cup of wine, pausing only for one frightened glance at his white face, deathlike in his swoon. Father Julian, grown old in this land, looked shrewdly at the stranger, then shook his head.

"'There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up: thou hast no healing medicines,'" he muttered. "Who am I, that I should judge you?" So, asking nothing as to who he was, whence he came or how he received his wound, Father Julian and the others nursed Captain Courtesy back to life, for the eagle was sorely wounded. And when he was convalescent, Mary would sit beside him, reading in her soft voice the Word of promise, of forgiveness and of peace.

"Let the child speak with him," Father Julian had said, "for, as it is written, out of the mouths of babes . . . and he hardeneth his heart against *our* words."

Because she had been for so many years a child, and because nothing had occurred to open their eyes, the good fathers failed to realize that Mary was a child no longer, but a maiden grown, with the heart of a maiden. None heeded the soft light that glowed deeply in her dark eyes, or saw how her cheek would suddenly flame scarlet when the stranger's glance rested broodingly upon her. Only Father Julian, seeing that her health was likely to suffer thru too close confinement—for rarely did she leave the wounded man's room—would beguile her into long walks with him in the sunshine.

On one of their rambles they observed at a cross-roads a newly posted sign, and with idle curiosity the girl read it. The law had put a price upon the head of the man who defied it—would fill with gold the hand of that other man who should hunt him down. In rude print the wording ran:

> "$5,000 IN GOLD!
> will be paid for the body of 'Captain Courtesy.' The outlaw can be recognized by a crescent-shaped scar on forehead."

Father Julian shook his head sadly as he, too, read the sign.

"Look you," he said, "the judges and the rulers in high places call not for the captivity of this robber, but for his body, and say not that it shall not be dead. Doubtless there is blood upon that outlaw's hands, but should another, in the name of the law, and in lust for gold, attain a like stain? 'The law entered, that the offense might abound!'"

The girl pondered with troubled brow.

"But, father, is it not written, 'When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him'? If you should see this outlaw, or know his place of hiding, would you not carry word to the sheriff?"

The old padre smiled fondly.

"Truly, my daughter, it is written even as you say, but it is likewise written, 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people; neither shalt thou stand against the blood of thy neighbor.' This outlaw is our neighbor, tho one we might not care to meet. Let the men of law look after their own affairs, which do not concern us, being men of peace."

"Oh, *I* did not intend to go hunting for Captain Courtesy," the girl exclaimed with a sudden burst of girlish laughter.

"TAKE THE GIRL AND HIDE YOURSELVES!" HE ORDERED

They moved on in the direction of the mission.

What need to describe the love that had flamed in the hearts of Mary of the mission and the stranger that was within the gates? He who has never had his own heart throb at the lightest touch of some woman's hand would not understand; he who has himself known love knows that words are of slight avail to picture the wonder and glory—tho an immortal musician may sometimes whisper it to a world that does not heed. Suffice to say that to those two within the old mission walls life suddenly shimmered golden, aglow with hope and steadfast faith—to the man the hard and desperate years thru which he had lived seemed unreal as a dream; his fierce soul soothed itself to gentleness, was calmed and tamed by the miracles of this white dove's love.

Seated beside him, Mary turned the leaves of her little Bible, and with a voice that trembled in sheer happiness, and with a new meaning, read:

" 'For indeed he was sick nigh unto death: but God had mercy on him; and not on him only; but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow.' "

"In truth, beloved," she whispered, "had you not been preserved to me, my heart would have broken, for I loved you—tho not so much as now—all in a moment, when first I looked up into your white, weary face, which, despite your pain, showed how brave and true and noble a man might be."

Involuntarily he made a gesture of protest, and confession trembled on his lips. She read the suffering in his eyes, but misjudged the cause.

"You are in pain now!" she cried, and rested her cool hand on his brow. With a fond gentleness she pushed back the heavy locks that lay across his forehead, revealing a clean-cut, crescent-shaped scar that blazed livid on the white skin. For an instant she seemed paralyzed, then swiftly drew away from him, horror dawning in her eyes.

"You—you are——" she whispered, gaspingly.

Slowly he bowed his head and laughed bitterly—the laugh of a soul that having climbed to the very gates of Paradise is suddenly hurled to the deepest pit of hell.

"'Captain Courtesy,' they call me," he said.

The girl was frozen in dumb misery. He checked the words he seemed about to speak, turned slowly, and then with swift decision passed rapidly out into the sunshine and was gone.

With a strangled sob the girl sprang to the window, but Captain Courtesy had disappeared.

"Oh, Holy Mary, why did you let me love him so?" she moaned, and fell weeping upon the couch the outlaw had abandoned.

Alone on a hilltop, from which he could overlook far stretches of the valley and the gray old mission, the outlaw struggled with his conflicting emotions. Vaguely he wondered how a man might suffer so much and still live. Also, vaguely and hopelessly, he questioned fate, asking why circumstance had set him apart from other men—a hunted and hunting thing. Wearily he rose, conscious that his partially healed wound ached dully. As he began to move, his eyes, instinctively searching the valley below, focused upon what seemed a shadow that slid across an open space and vanished behind a heap of boulders. Another and another of the stealthy forms appeared, furtive but swift.

"Indians!" the outlaw muttered, then shrugged his shoulders. What concern was it of his? Were not the white men of the valley his enemies, more to be feared than the red men come down from the hills? Let them destroy each other! His glance swept the plain, with the scattered houses of the ranchmen, then rested on the gray mission. *That* was what the creeping savages would reach first!

The old padre was dozing in the strangers' room, his violin lying near him. Mary was lighting the candles, for evening was drawing on. A great peace seemed to enwrap the ancient house—even in Mary's face there was no sign of the heart that ached and would not be comforted. Suddenly, almost as he had come before, Captain Courtesy stumbled breathless into the room.

At Mary's cry, Brother Paul and several other monks entered hastily, staring in astonishment at the suddenly returned guest, whose abrupt departure had caused them mild amazement.

"Indians!" the outlaw said sharply, and drawing his revolver, sprang to the open door. The ancient iron grating refused to swing shut on its rusted hinges. "Take the girl and hide yourselves," he ordered. "I will hold them off—help may come."

Father Julian hesitated, then motioned for the others to follow him.

"We be men of peace and a woman," he said. "Moreover, we have no arms, and can do nothing to aid this youth who will battle for us—rather we would hinder his warlike deeds. We will hide in the old passage that leads out from the mission underground."

Without a word, Mary suffered them to lead her away. Alone, the outlaw faced the open doorway. Kneeling and praying in the vault from which the underground passage led, the monks and the girl could hear faintly the crack of a revolver and wild Indian yells.

As tho the outlaw could hear his voice, Father Julian was speaking softly:

"'Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee!'"

With sudden inspiration Mary rose from her knees.

"The exit of the old passage is masked by bushes; the Indians are doubtless all swarming about the building—I will go for aid!" she cried, and sped away. Almost at the mouth of the tunnel she found the aid

"BE STRONG AND OF A GOOD COURAGE"

she sought, a number of cowboys, who, attracted by the sound of shots, had ridden toward the mission, and who were now drawn into an uncertain group, debating future movements. No guiding sounds now came from the gray old pile.

Back thru the passage the girl led them, and their surprise of the Indians was complete. In a moment the savages who survived the first volley were in flight, hotly pursued by the cowboys.

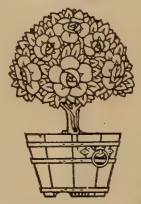
"'The Lord hath broken forth upon mine enemies before me, as the breach of waters!'" Father Julian cried triumphantly, and led the way to the now silent strangers' room, Mary, with fearful heart, treading close at his heels. The room was in deep shadow, the heavy curtains, dragged out of their restraining loops, falling across the doorway. Father Julian pulled them aside, and as he did so the last rays of the setting sun rested in a band of golden light across the still form of him men had called Captain Courtesy.

"Oh, my beloved!" Mary whispered and drew the dead head close against her warm young breast, while blinding tears fell hotly from her clouded eyes. Once only had she loved, but twice had she lost her lover.

Brother Paul—he of the thin, worn face and the tender heart, raised his hand.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" he murmured.

The old mission is abandoned now, and the mellow chimes are no longer wafted across the valley. Great roses, run wild, showering the earth with pink petals, form a hedge about the forgotten little plot of consecrated ground where are two small headstones, side by side. One seems to have stood many years longer than the other and bears no name, but only the Cross, and on the other stone is only the name "Mary."



The Battle of Trafalgar

(Edison)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE*

WHAT my affair was in Binstead, that decrepit fishing village in the Isle of Wight, was of but passing moment. It was many years ago. I have but misty recollections of its gravelly beach, its nets and trawls, the dim look of the low-lying shores beyond and the ceaseless shipping in the Spithead. The world of men and ships had passed it by for countless ages; yet, they said, Binstead had its gayer seasons, too—a time when city people descended upon them and the sands became a promenade of puissant fashion.

It was my fortune to dwell in Binstead out of season, as it were, for otherwise I had never gotten beyond the portals of Binstead formality. I was viewed as neither a successor of the past season nor as a forerunner of the coming. My lodgings, and, let me hope, humble demeanor, were unanticipated and unclassed as part of the summer show.

Now, altho I am sorely tempted to dwell out over again the pleasant, cozy days of Binstead, and pictures of its fisher folk are, like faded ambrotypes, ever forming shadowy visions in my reaching mind, I have set me down to unwind a bolder tale, encompassing the seven seas. And were I able as my spokesman—a voice of past men—I would give it you from its genesis—the crystal solitude of polar nights, the fœtid luxury of tropic days, schemes and intrigue with the wily Genoese, the beginnings of a great love, the ending of a great Spanish fleet; these and more too would I serve eagerly. But I fear me that as the fresh levanters of the sea are depressed by their passage thru a city so the tale is dulled in my retelling.

As the slanting sun washed the Binstead wharf in its soft light, and the fishing fleet worked in, with the day's catch, on the dying breeze, the venerable post-captain was accustomed to appear in rusty naval blue and to tread the masonry with the gait and appearance of one upon a quarterdeck. With wide sweeps each homing sail was picked up by his peering glass and held in shaking focus till its identity was plain. Uncloyed pleasure the ancient seemed to have from these repeated antics, a washtub sea with mimic craft to spy upon.

By some strange far-sightedness he must have kenned me, a rudderless pleasure barque—for I, too, frequented the wharf—and, without coming under the actual aim of his glass, I became a fixed object of his solicitude, always in the tail of his curious blue eyes. Binstead folk held him in great, tho uncommunicative, veneration—a hale and active relic of great sea days that had gone. On inquiry, I found that he had come among them years agone like some figurehead of a ship-of-the-line washed upon the sands.

By sheer stress of propinquity, mayhap a something of mutual sympathy too, we wharfingers—the aged mariner and I—became acquainted. When, in the course of time, I had unbosomed my ill adventures in the love mart to him, he, in turn, patiently unfolded horizon by horizon his broad life on the seas, less trite than

*The author refers to the following books for confirmation of historical data: "Life of Nelson," by Captain A. T. Mahan; "Great Campaigns of Nelson," by William O'C. Morris; "Life of Nelson," by Robert Southey; "Public and Private Life of Horatio Viscount Nelson," by G. L. Brown.

PLANNING THE BATTLE

mine, maybe, steered by indomitable bronzed men, yet guided in dreams by the same sweet picture, which he had grasped to hold a while and I had thrown away.

"You must know," he had resumed, "that the great events to which we are now come upon, were the outcome directly of those that had gone before. The First Consul's fleets, tho outnumbering ours, were assembled in the ports of Toulon, Brest and Rochefort. The crafty fox, however, had quartered his grand army at Boulogne, where he held it in leash until the decisive moment should come—whether by luck or cunning — to ferry it across the Straits and so overwhelm England. Everything was primed and right as a trivet; the stores drawn up on the shore, the transports in readiness, the troops drilled to quick embarkment. Only two things stood in his way, our ceaseless patrolling of the channel and the vice-admiral's muzzling of his fleet in Toulon. Had we given him control of the Straits for a few brief days his horde would have been upon us. Bonaparte had contemptuously called these protecting waters 'the wet ditch that lay around England.'

"It was given to no man to foresee the wiles and machinations of the Frenchman: his cunning movements were worked out with the skill of a subtle player at chess. So thought our Admiral of the White, as he ploughed ever and again the waters before Toulon. His one unerring thought was some day—God willing—to come upon the French fleet and to destroy it. His counter moves were ever a simple attempt to close and grapple with his clusive antagonist.

"On a certain night in March, the nor'east wind being favorable, the French fleet slipped out of Toulon to make a start of that long, misleading voyage to the West Indies, which so baffled our strategists.

"What with changing winds, Villeneuve had shook off our scouting frigates in the darkness, and, not knowing his destination, Nelson was in many minds as to his whereabouts.

With outlooks spread on either side, we cruised along the Barbary Coast, making for Naples or Egypt as events might determine.

"It was not until the tenth day of April, off Palermo, that, thru chance information, Nelson guessed that the slippery fleet was heading west, but where—Ireland, Brest, England? He was in an agony of doubt, as was all England.

"Battling against head winds and foul weather, we made a tedious way to Gibraltar—at last to face the open sea.

"The *Victory* had scarce come to anchor, and we had tumbled into the boats to hurry our washing ashore, when off went a gun and the blue peter was hoisted to the breeze. An officer near me exclaimed, 'Here is one of Nelson's mad pranks,' and he was within his right, in measure, for we were to be off again with the anchors barely dropped.

"I am not to weary you with that belated, and, some say, fruitless, chase across the Atlantic, how that ink-fish, Villeneuve, reached Martinique, and hearing of our hot pursuit, doubled on his tracks and shook us off again. And we would have gripped them at that had not false information from St. Lucia steered us off our course. Off Antigua we picked up the true scent again, and our vexed course was again laid for the Straits of Gibraltar.

"The French had homed to Ferrol, a port of their Spanish allies, and we knew that the long chase was over. Our admiral turned his fleet over to Cornwallis, and the weary *Victory,* proceeding alone, after near two years of continuous service, at last dropped anchor in the roads of Portsmouth.

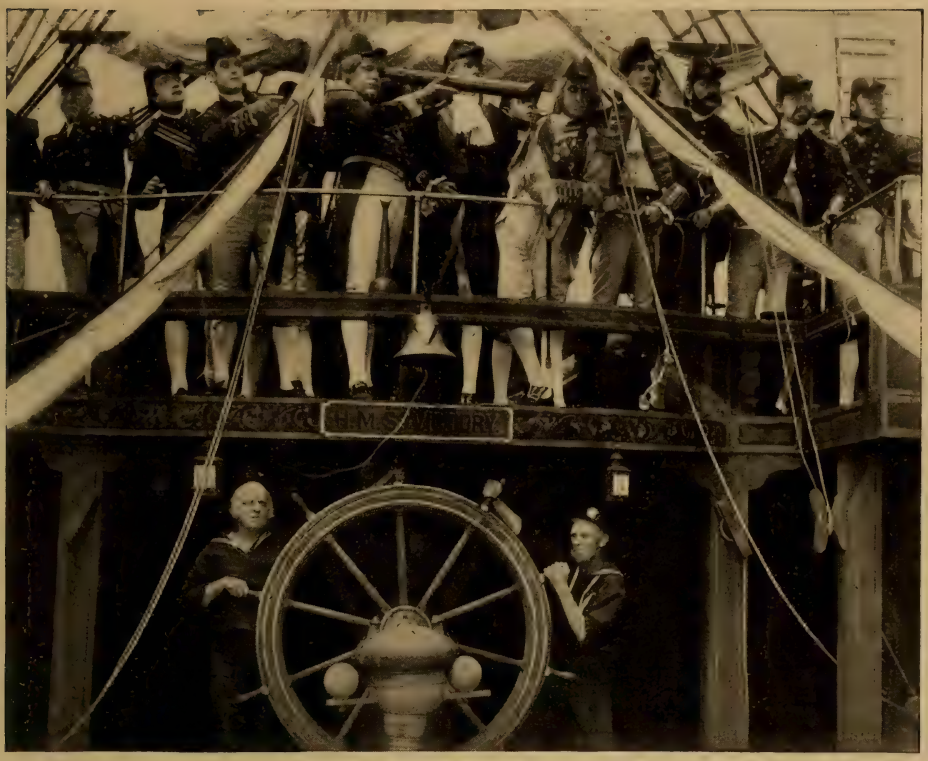
"Now, altho I had been to sea all my life and had taken shore leave in many strange and foreign ports, it was not until I had reached Portsmouth town, a cock-sure lieutenant of twenty-two, that my great adventure came upon me.

"I had taken lodgings near the government docks with a certain elderly clerk in the navy yard, a Mr. Trimble, an excellent, industrious man of lively parts and some education. He lived alone with an only daughter, one Janet, and a housekeeper, and, as his cottage was commodious, let lodgings to naval officers when the fleets came in.

"The worthy man seemed not to consider his duty done by me in providing a most admirable room with windows looking toward the sea, but must constantly ply me with solicitudes. A jar of choice Carolina from the naval stores, conserves of his own making, fresh fruit from off his garden walls, were either found on a shelf in my room or thrust into my unwilling hands. Such kindliness must perforce ripen into intimacy, and it became our diurnal custom, of an afternoon, to sit at a little table in his leafy garden and, amid the mellowing fruit and late flowers, to discourse amicably, tho at some cross-purposes.

"Janet was engrossed with her duties about the cottage, and on occasions would come out of doors, with a friendly smile toward us, and busy herself furiously with the plants. As I watched her slender back and her stray brown ringlets, as she stooped among the garden things, my words would ever turn to the delights of gardening. It was then by some strange perversity that Trimble evidenced an uncontrollable longing for information about the sea. Like most men living in a seaport, he was but illy informed, tho full of a thousand whimsies. So it came about that our confabulations jumped about in the most startling manner — from rosebushes to quarterdecks, from the tideways of the Straits to Dutch tulips under glass. And all this time I could have been learning at first hand from the lass, Janet.

"About this time an ancient pear-tree gave evidences of decay, and Trimble was for having in laborers and carting it away. It was then that an inspiration came upon me, a rare chance to combine our tangled horticulture and seamanship, for I had spare tackle and spars brought from our ship, and, by rigging a derrick



BEFORE THE BATTLE

under the dictation of Trimble's newly learnt craft, the tree was dragged forth by its roots and hung suspended like a scalp to attest his prowess.

"It was resultant, then, that the industrious Janet must perforce take notice, for the spars and guys had crowded her garden unmercifully. She must have reasoned that I was at the bottom of the scheme, tho her father held nominal command, and I believe I would have made a fair headway with her if Trimble's nautical instincts had not become so infernally aroused. He was for learning all and everything; and what with poring over Admiralty charts and taking countless observations in the mimic sea of the truck garden, I was like to have become a captive to his half-sensed humor.

"One day, that we might test his new knowledge, I suggested a sail to the Spithead in the ship's jolly-boat, Trimble to act as officer and Janet and I to take his orders. He was delighted with the idea, and, of course, Janet was, willy-nilly, mustered into the crew.

"It was under a clear, friendly sun that we put out into the harbor; I remember it well, for its rays seemed to cluster on Trimble's horn spectacles and his pop-eyes fairly danced with his tiny command.

"Janet and I, as bidden, were seated on a thwart in the boat's waist. I may be held accountable for remissness of duty, but to say truth, when once I had placed the steering oar in Trimble's itching fingers and had trimmed the little sail to his liking, I clean forgot both his presence and the further management of our frail cockle, so intent was I on the fair shipmate by my side.

"We must have been off the Head, with the wind dead astern, when our commander, venturing to come about, stirred me from my sweet prospect. A cloud drift was forming on the eastern skyline, and already angry little

white-caps were chopping at our side. I shouted to the now frightened skipper to luff and to change seats with me, but with tenacious nervousness he clung to the oar, and had I not sprung astern and headed her into the wind, his inexpert handling would have soon capsized us. As the scud of clouds spread out fan-wise to windward, and the tiny ark heeled with laboring tremors in the fluky wind, I saw that a squall was heading for us all too quickly, and that the nearest land under the lee of the Head was a good league away.

"I will not weary you with circumstances of that terrible white squall—as savage as a tropic whirlwind. Our erstwhile commander—a piteous creature, indeed—lay prone, clutching a thwart and crying out to his Creator. Janet sat pale and shivering slightly, yet, as the frail boat tossed like a chip on the foaming seas, she kept her steady eyes ever upon mine. Something there must have assured her, for she uttered never a word of fear or supplication.

"It must have been nigh seven of the clock when we reached the lee of the Head and beached the leaking boat on a bit of salt meadow. The footing near the shore was very treacherous, a rotted grass with heavy mud or pools beneath, and as Trimble was well-nigh useless from fright, I picked up Janet in my arms and bade him follow as he could. We reached the highroad just as darkness closed down upon us, and so on by a wagon to Portsmouth.

"Tho the squall was a thing of terror while it lasted, and coasting men speak of it to this day, it led to a happy issue—for me, at least. Mr. Trimble was entirely cured of his sea propensities, and his busy-body antics, which had ever kept Janet and me apart, disappeared from that day. I took up the study of floriculture under her able tuition, and if I was a dullard among the plants, 'twas the fault of the havoc she was working in my heart. The look of her sea-deep eyes and the fine coral of her young cheeks, with a chestnut curl caressing, quite outbid the harebells and arethusa of her garden paths.

"I did not gauge how far things had gone between us until the thing happened which tore us roughly asunder. It was the recall to the ship. Captain Blackwood had arrived at London with the news that the allies, Gravina and Villeneuve, had slipped out of Ferrol and with a mighty fleet of thirty-four sail were even now at Cadiz.

"At six of the clock on the morning of September 14th Nelson had returned to Portsmouth. A few minutes after eleven his flag was again hoisted aboard the *Victory*, and the recall had gone out to its officers. I had barely time to pack my portmanteau and to hurry with Janet and Trimble to the landing-place. It was there, with clasped hands, I bade her a silent farewell. Could fearless, deep eyes plead her cause—and mine—hers had told me enough.

"As I turned to enter the waiting boat at the stairs a loud cheering burst forth from the collected multitude, as they pressed forward to obtain a closer sight of Nelson. Many were in tears and many knelt down before him and blest him as he passed. The slender seaman—his empty coat-sleeve pinned to his breast—made a smiling passage thru them.

" 'I had their huzzahs before,' he said, turning to Captain Hardy, 'now I have their hearts.'

"The wind outside, being west-sou'-west, was dead foul, and it was not until the 17th that the *Victory* lay off Plymouth. Here it fell nearly calm, and two seventy-fours, creeping out slowly, joined us from the harbor. It seemed as if the wind would never freshen again, and that fate was against our enterprise. For 'most a fortnight we made southward—our sails scarcely full—ever on the look-out for our main fleet under Collingwood. Every care was taken to lull the enemy: not a color shown, nor salute fired, nor a signal run up.

"At length, as the sun was setting over a flat sea, we came upon the waiting fleet, and a gallant showing

AFTER THE BATTLE

they made — twenty-nine sail-of-the-line dotting the horizon like silent castles of white.

"Blackwood's scouting frigate was the first to reach us, and, as he—that sturdy watch-dog—climbed our ladder, Nelson greeted him with visible affection.

"'I am convinced,' he said emphatically, 'that you estimate, as I do, the importance of not letting these rogues escape us without a fair fight, which I pant for by day and dream of by night.'

"'They will not escape us, my lord; that I vouch for,' Blackwood answered, but he added, wistfully, 'I had hoped to order me to a vacant line-of-battle-ship.'

"The vice-admiral laid his hand upon the captain's shoulder. 'Dear captain,' he said, 'you are, for the moment, the eyes of your country. I rely upon you that we cant miss getting hold of them, and I will give them such a shaking as they never yet experienced; at least, I will lay down my life in the attempt.'

"'But, my lord,' Blackwood persisted, 'once having scented them, I should needs be in at the death. Save for the lieutenants, there are two vacant ships, and——'

"'A saving clause,' interrupted the admiral. 'No, Blackwood, it is these men's birthright and they shall have it.'

"The sentinel captain soon joined his frigate, and, tho his constant signals kept us ever apprised of the enemy's movements, we were not to see him again until the day of battle.

"On the following morning the *Victory* was hove to in the midst of the fleet and the captains were summoned on board. One by one their barges boarded us, and these officers, assembled in the ship's cabin, awaited the coming of My Lord Collingwood. At length the taciturn old admiral joined us, and, seated 'round the spacious table, the plan of attack was most carefully gone over.

"When Nelson had finished speaking, a captain exclaimed, 'My God, how simple!' For it was a simple plan, indeed, yet imbued with the Nelson touch of genius.

"But when the day of Trafalgar dawned—so feeble are the dispositions of man—the plan, by reason of the wind and the enemy's position, was found to be useless. 'Twas then that the Nelson touch became paramount. By a quick shifting of his line, the attack was made in column, and not, as planned, in line; yet the essential remained — to break the allies' line by sudden attack and to strike, and strike hard, while they were thus disorganized. I shall never forget his closing remarks, with their little touch of vanity: 'Let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and His will be done!'

"And now that our plans were completed and the fleet, like huge birds of prey, circled always before the silent port of Cadiz, a yearning for those at home must needs come upon us—for me a sweet vision in garden hat and blowing curls, like a clear nimbus, lay ever before me.

"A chance was given us to pen a final letter—the last link with old England—and my quill, with the dear words crowding to its nibs, hastened to comply. The huge blanks our silent eyes had left, I hastened to fill in. The long wait before the battle, while it thirsted my lust of conflict, had made me all tender within. I know not all I writ—it was a formidable packet, some hours in the making—but when I came on deck the mail ship was under full sail and already some distance away.

"I could have tossed the letter overboard and have cried with vexation, so bitter was the sight, had not one of those touches of rare humanity occurred which so endeared the admiral to those around him. He called me to him, and, sensing my remissness, bade me bring the signal officer, Lieutenant Pasco, to him. 'Hoist a signal to bring her back,' was Nelson's instant command. 'Who knows that he may not fall in action tomorrow?' And for that act I would have gladly given my life — dear father that he was to us all!

"And now the looked-for day was to come. The allies had literally eaten themselves out of Cadiz and must starve or leave the sheltering port.

"The 20th of October, opening with a fresh sou'-sou'west breeze, found us cruising between the capes of Spartel and Trafalgar. Blackwood had signaled, 'The enemy appears determined to push to the westward,' and we had answered, 'I rely on your keeping sight of them.'

"Nelson strode the poop with quick, nervous steps. Seeing a group of young midshipmen there assembled, he turned to them and said: 'This day or tomorrow will be a fortunate one for you young gentlemen.' He had a strong conviction—almost a presentiment—that the issue would be joined on the morrow, for on that date, October 21st, some fifty years agone, his uncle, Maurice Rucklin, had commanded a ship-of-the-line which had beaten off the enemy.

"When daylight again showed the nearing fleets to each other, a stretch of some ten miles lay between us. In the far distance, Cape Trafalgar was just visible against the eastern sky.

"The rising sun had scarce whitened our sails ere Nelson was on deck, dressed in his admiral's frock coat, on the breast of which his glistening orders shone. And now, as a sentinel buffalo sends warnings to his herd, the signals from the *Victory* came in quick succession. 'From the order of sailing' was followed by 'Prepare for battle,' and, as the *Victory* turned her bows toward the enemy, 'Bear up' fluttered in the breeze.

"We were now approaching them in two divisions, the *Victory* leading one, Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, guiding the other. The breeze now fell to a very light one, and Villeneuve had time to somewhat prepare for our oncoming. Wishing to keep Cadiz under his lee, he gave orders to

the combined fleet to wear ship, and a very pretty maneuver it was to see the mighty fighting birds wear lazily around—all headed to the north.

"Now, as we came down all too slowly on the flank of this great fleet, you must remember that many hours must elapse before we could engage them. My Lord Nelson had gone below, accompanied by his favorites, Captains Blackwood and Hardy. What they did there did not concern us, tho 'twas said that they had witnessed the signing of his will. And then the tireless admiral, having dismissed them, writ those prayerful words in his diary, the last he was ever to pen: 'For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen.'

"The signal officer waited quietly till Nelson rose from his knees—for he had writ his prayer thus humbly—and followed him on deck.

"The admiral turned toward him, smiling: 'I will amuse the fleet with a signal,' he said, and mused a moment. 'Suppose we telegraph,' he continued, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' And so these historic words were first unfolded on the air.

"A few moments later the French ship *Fougueux* fired at the *Royal Sovereign* advancing in silence, and Nelson exclaimed admiringly: 'See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!'

"We had not long to wait. A dagger of flame shot from a port in the *Bucentaure,* Villeneuve's flagship, and fell short under our bows. Then, from those clustered protectingly around her, a deadly fire poured in upon the single *Victory.* As we silently neared them, its volume became terrific, and bit by bit riggings, sails and top-hamper were shot from us. We continued to forge slowly ahead, and as the enemy closed 'round, as like a forest, we became encircled by sheets of flame from their hungry guns. Our mizzen topmast was shot away, and eight marines left a smear of blood and flesh on the deck where a round shot had crashed thru our bulwarks. The wheel was shattered, and the ship had to be steered from below. Yet the *Victory* still silently advanced. Officers and men were falling on all sides of the admiral, and Hardy beseeched him to seek a less exposed position than the quarterdeck. His answer was a smile from Nelson and the trite reply, 'This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long.'

"At last we crossed the *Bucentaure's* stern, so close that our yardarms brushed her rigging in the passing. And then our double-shotted guns, weary with the waiting, were let loose. It was massacre pure and simple. The heavy guns—one after another as they bore—tore thru her decks like kindling, and we were covered with clouds of dust from the riddled hull. We slowly sailed past her and sought ever deeper into the ring of fire. And, as we neared them, a new and more deadly menace awaited us. The upper deck and fighting-tops of the *Redoubtable,* on which we were closing for a death grapple, were filled with musketeers. Where there was a clear space of some twenty feet, Nelson and Hardy walked back and forth on the quarterdeck, calmly, like two gentlemen on an outing. The mizzen top of the *Redoubtable,* bristling with sharpshooters, was some fifty feet above them. The leaden hail pattered on our decks without warning. Suddenly, as Hardy turned, he saw my lord in the act of falling on his knees, with his hand touching the deck. The arm giving away slowly, he fell on his left side. 'Hardy,' he exclaimed, 'they have done for me at last—my backbone is quite shot thru.'

"Covering his own face with a handkerchief, that the sight might not affect his men, the stricken man was carried below. The cockpit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but the handkerchief falling awry on his face, the surgeon recognized him and came at once to him.

Nelson waved him feebly aside. 'You can do nothing for me, Beatty,' he said; 'I have but a short time to live.'

"And so it proved. We raised the dying man by his shoulders, as he listened to the cheering seamen overhead. 'Oh, victory! victory!' cried the sufferer, 'how you distract my poor brain!'

"His last request was for his life-long friend, Hardy, who came to him and kist him on the cheek. He then arose and stood silently looking at the stricken man a moment, then knelt down again and kist his forehead. The last winging words, so feeble as scarce to articulate, were 'God and my country!'

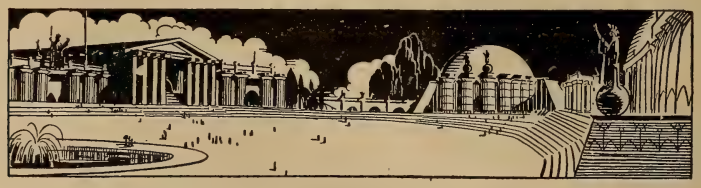
"And now, with the going forth of his great spirit, my tale is drawing to a close. Our onrushing fleet, having once grappled the enemy, had thrown them into a hopeless confusion and cut out their ships one by one. Villeneuve, on his battered hulk, had surrendered, and Gravina, gathering what vessels remained around him, was retreating upon Cadiz.

"At sunset all firing had ceased. Under its blood-red disk a scene was spread out on the seas for all to look upon. The *Achille,* with colors still flying, was burning to the water's edge. Round about her, like stricken sisters, lay rolling the dismantled prizes, while the two divisions of our ships, in clusters on each hand, lay at anchor, like guarding mastiffs whose work is done. Far to the north, the scattered remnant of the once great fleet was hull down—tiny specks in full cry for Cadiz.

"It but remains to tell you how I at last came into my ship. For, while the fleet was licking its hurts, I was dispatched in command of a frigate to wing the tidings—sorrowful and glad—back to England: how I made a midnight landing, and how My Lord Barham, aged and tottering, fell to weeping and moaning on my neck at the sting of victory.

"What's that you say? I haven't finished my own story? Well, in the early dawn Janet had met me at the bed of flowers of our planting, where the ancient pear-tree had stood. Something in the depths of her sea-deep eyes had told her that I was to be cast again—God willing—in the shelter of her little garden.

"Would you like to see its duplicate in miniature? I have a poor likeness fronting the little cottage where I live. When her last planting was done, and her garden bonnet and other things were put away in lavender, I shipped to this no man's port. If you look thru the glass, however, you can pick up Portsmouth, just across the Spithead. When I'm not turning a trowel, I love to cover with my glass the little homing boats that sail from Binstead; for you see, sir, they're never safe when a squall's coming up from the Solent."



Desire and curiosity are the two eyes thru which man sees the world in the most enchanted colors. He may squander his estate, and come to beggary, but if he keep these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure.—*Stevenson.*

A Western Memory

(Pathé Frères)

By RICHARD LESTER WALLACE

BILL JOHNSON'S wife had dreams far beyond her own limited horizon when she named her daughter, Violet.

"Her eyes are not blue," she had said to her husband, as they stood looking at the smiling, dimpled child who had come to brighten their Western home. "They are like velvet—almost purple. They remind me of the pansies at home. 'Spose we name her Violet?"

The landlord of the Johnson House, tho he lacked sentiment himself, was quite willing that his wife should yield to its influence.

"Well," he remarked, dubiously, "I uster know a girl named Rose an' I've hearn tell of a few Lilies, so I 'spose Violet or Geranium's jest as good."

From that day the child with the beautiful eyes was referred to as "Little Violet."

Fifteen years passed. Little Violet, in that wild, free life of the West, had grown up rapidly. The beauty, promised in infancy, matured and developed. Don Antonio, the wealthy Mexican rancher, watched the girl's growing grace and loveliness with an interest all too surely merging into a deep affection. His trips over to the Johnson House were becoming more and more frequent, and every cowboy for miles around laid bets upon the outcome of his wooing.

"She wont marry no greaser," declared Texas Pete, as he alternately chewed tobacco and played "Home, Sweet Home," with many wonderful frills, flourishes and variations, on a mouth organ. "Little Violet ain't that kind of a girl."

The majority of the cowboys, sitting under the shed adjoining the hotel, were inclined to share Pete's view. "Irish" differed.

"Dont you fool yerself," he remarked, squinting up his eyes and gazing off into the distance; "that little gurrl will do just what her dad wants her to. Bill Johnson dont 'low nobody to cross him, an' he ain't no use fer a man 'thout money."

Everybody knew that "Irish" had long ago fallen a victim to Violet's eyes and been spurned by her father for lack of wealth.

"Th' trouble with Bill," commented Brainy Morris, "is that he's so plumb alkalied he don't know a greaser when he sees one. Even a tenderfoot——"

"Speakin' of tenderfeet," interrupted Pete, rising slowly and with awakened interest, "Buck's sure got a load this trip. What d'ye make that thing out to be an' where'd it come from?"

Instantly every idler sidled around to the front of the hotel to get a better view. The train from Santa Fé and the stage from Willets never failed to receive a cordial welcome, even when they brought no passengers. When strangers did arrive, interest in them varied, according to the novelty of their personal appearance, local acquaintance and general renown.

"Irish" looked long and earnestly at the subject of Pete's queries. What he saw was a tall, sickly-looking youth leaning on a cane, and accompanied by a stern-faced man, evidently his father.

"Looks like Philydelph'a to me," he commented, with a grin, "or mebbe Boston."

"That's right," chuckled Brainy Morris, always pleased with his own wit; "it's nothin' but beans—Boston baked beans; th' young feller's been raised on' em, an' this is th' result."

"Shut up. Here comes Bill. Watch how he ropes 'em in."

The proprietor of the Johnson

TOM GORDON ARRIVES

House came out hastily. It was not often that his hostelry had opportunity to minister to the needs and loose the purse-strings of permanent guests. Judging from the amount of luggage, the younger man, at least, had come to stay indefinitely. Mrs. Johnson and Violet, equally interested and with true feminine curiosity, hovered near, anxious to lend a helping hand.

Up the steps of the Johnson House the weak, tottering figure of the invalid was carefully guided. As he faltered, Little Violet, ever pityingly kind to all that were weak and helpless, stepped forward and offered the steady support of her strong, young arms.

All of the loungers saw the little act of kindness and courtesy, and no one was surprised. Not one present but had at some time benefited by the thoughtfulness and unselfishness of Little Violet. The incident would have passed unnoticed had it not been for the low-muttered remark of Pete.

"Look at the Don, boys—get your eyes on the greaser."

Don Antonio, standing on the little porch, was a picture for an artist. A splendid type of his people, and with all the intensity of their emotions. Love, hatred, jealousy were commingled in the look which he turned upon the young girl just disappearing within the house.

All unconscious of her Mexican admirer, Little Violet devoted herself to the care of the newcomer. He was nearer her own age than any of the cowboys of her acquaintance, and he lacked their roughness. She felt a pleasant proprietary interest and sense of responsibility when she heard his father's words of farewell.

"Good-by, my boy. I hate to leave you, but I daren't neglect the business any longer. Brace up now and get strong. The landlord here says he'll look out for you, and I can see that this young woman is going to make a capital nurse." Then, turning again as he reached the door, he added, with almost motherly solicitude: "You'll take good care of him, wont you?"

Landlord Johnson had promised, and Violet had promised. Each, for very different reasons, would take the best of care of the boy.

Tom Gordon's convalescence proved slow. He was not anxious to hasten the day when he should go away from the tender ministrations of his little nurse with the violet eyes. He had been quite an athlete at college, but over-study during his junior year, combined with a long, tedious attack of typhoid, combined to give him an appearance of feebleness and invalidism which completely misled the fun-loving plainsmen. He had seen cowboys and the sheepmen, too, when they came to the hotel day after day, but had avoided much conversation. Realizing his own weakness, he dread-

ed their jokes and ridicule. Out under the shed and on the porch the boys always assembled to watch for the incoming train. Songs, jokes, wonderful narratives and frequent exhibitions of horsemanship served to make the time pass when the train was late or the stage temporarily out of commission.

"Howd'y, stranger; how're you feelin'?"

Texas Pete suddenly sang out the inquiry as Tom slowly walked past the group of cronies in front of the shed.

"Better, very much better, thank you, but not very strong yet——" commenced Tom.

"That's beans, I tell you; Boston baked beans. Couldn't get all that pretty converse nowhere else."

"Irish" spoke in too low a tone for Tom to hear, but Brainy Morris, in loud voice and with his most professional air, interrupted vigorously.

"What you need, young feller," said he, "is exercise. Good, wholesome exercise like Pete and me here takes. Git off that buckskin, Pete," he commanded, "an' let this here gent hit th' saddle for a spell."

In vain Tom pleaded recent illness. He was not frightened, but riding a bucking broncho was not exactly the exercise of which a highly-paid specialist would approve.

"That's all right, sonny," thundered Pete's voice, "but that there Boston doctor o' yourn dont understand th' climate out here as we do. Th' fust thing you got to learn in Arizona is thet it ain't healthy fer a likely young feller ter stand round an' watch other folks do things. He's jest natchually got ter git up an' rustle. It may seem mighty queer ter you, but it's in th' climate."

Pete might have rambled on indefinitely, but, much to his surprise, the tenderfoot interrupted.

"That so?" he inquired. "Well, I'll go you."

The unexpected reply startled even "Irish." He watched the invalid's slow efforts to mount with considerable interest.

"Look here, bub," he inquired, solicitously, as the reins were picked up

TOM SECURES A WILLING NURSE

and put into the rider's thin hand, "are you from Boston?"

"N-n-no. D-d-de-troit——"

A thud of hoofs and a rising cloud of alkali dust almost drowned the broken reply. The buckskin was living up to his record as the champion bucker of the country. To the surprise of all present, "Beans," as the tenderfoot had already been generally dubbed among the cattlemen, kept on the horse's back.

"Hoo-ray!"

"Go it, kid!"

"Whoop 'er up!"

"Biff—bang—bang!"

The shouts and the shots rang out in joyful accompaniment one to the other. They served a double purpose, since they not only encouraged the rider, but stimulated his steed to increased activity. Finding he could not shake his burden off, the ugly brute started pell-mell out over the prairie.

Violet, out picking flowers, heard the uproar and glanced toward the town. The galloping horse was no more unusual than was the sound of the jollification, but, as the animal came into clearer view and she recognized the rider, the girl cried out in alarm. Faster and faster came the galloping, plunging, bucking buckskin, and tighter and tighter clung Tom to the animal's neck, for he had quickly realized that his strength was not sufficient to warrant his trusting to hold on to the reins and keep his position. As the pair neared her Violet sprang to her own horse.

"Hang on!" she called, as the rider swept past her. "I'm coming."

Suiting the action to the word, she was off like a flash in pursuit of the runaway. On and on went the tearing buckskin and Violet on her own horse galloped after, slowly but steadily gaining as the race went on. At times it seemed to her that the man ahead would surely be thrown to his death. Still he contrived to keep on the horse's back, tho it was plainly evident that the strain was telling upon him. The well-recommended "exercise" was not giving the renewed strength which the jokers had guaranteed. Violet herself was in almost as much danger as Tom. Twice her horse had stumbled and once reared back suddenly at sight of a rattlesnake. Her voice alone, however, was all that was necessary to urge her well-trained horse forward, and the mad race continued. Not until both horses were well spent and the buckskin had brought up against a mesquite that in his excited condition he was unable to drive thru, was Violet able to get close enough to seize hold of the bridle.

"Are you hurt? Do you feel sick?" she gasped, as she came abreast of the rider of the buckskin; "shall I go back for the wagon?"

"What! For me?"

Tom looked at his pretty rescuer with plain affection. "As if you hadn't done already what no other girl I have ever known would have done. It's my turn now to look after you, and when I get my strength back I'll get even with those funny men back there under the shed."

Tom was well exhausted, but he had the pluck of a long line of Canadian frontier ancestors. He did not propose to go back to be made the butt of the plainsmen's jokes. He even refused to exchange horses with Violet. An hour later Pete and "Brainy" and "Irish," now as enthusiastic in praise as they were before in their gibes, welcomed the horseman back.

"You're all right, Beansie, dont you worry," was their shouted greeting. "You've got th' makin' of a first-class puncher."

"When yer ready, say th' word an' I'll git ye a job on th' ranch," yelled Pete, delighted at the whole performance.

"Thanks, I'll remember that," Tom smiled as genially as his aching bones would permit, and started on to the house. Violet stopped to scold the men, but he interrupted.

"Never mind," he assured her. "There's no damage done. I'll try it again some day and do better."

Violet turned her horse's head and followed Tom to the house.

THE PATIENT'S HEALTH STEADILY IMPROVES

"That's the lad for her!" exclaimed "Brainy." "Th' best product we've had around here for a dog's age."

"He'll never git her," grumbled Pete. "Antonio'd kill him, and I dont reckon Bill 'ud ever let 'er marry a tenderfoot. He'd ruther giv' her to th' greaser."

"Sure!" muttered "Irish."

That ride was the beginning of many delightful trips for Violet and Tom, and, in substantiation of Brainy Morris's theory as to exercise and climatic conditions, the patient's health steadily improved. Six months later his own father would hardly have recognized him.

Don Antonio was quick to realize that he now had a formidable rival. He hated the stalwart, sunburnt young man, with a bitter hatred. Striding past the young Easterner as he sat with Violet on the hotel steps one morning, the Mexican proceeded directly to the family living-room. Always a picturesque figure, and widely known for his honesty in business dealings, Don Antonio was one of the few men Bill Johnson really admired. He had long thought of him as a possible son-in-law, but the subject had never been openly broached between them. When the Mexican appeared that morning he made no long speeches. He was too ful of anger against the young Easterner to take much time in telling of his love for Violet. He wanted the matter settled at once, the sooner the better.

"I have plenty of money," said he, "and I love the girl. She shall have a fine wedding, servants, everything she needs."

The landlord of the Johnson House had hoped and planned for this, yet, now that it had come, he hesitated. It seemed such a little time since his beautiful little girl was a baby. She had grown up so soon. He dreaded

"YOU LOVE ME?" HE ASKED

to think of her going away from the home roof. He turned toward his wife.

"Mary, Don Antonio wants to marry our Violet," he announced bluntly, yet with a half sigh. "What do you say? Shall I tell her to come in?"

The fond mother beamed. She, who had named her daughter Violet because of poetic fancies, had all the instincts of a society matron marrying her daughter into the peerage. She took the ring which the Don extended to her and turned it over in her hand again and again. Her husband had never given her any such pledge of his affection. Surely her daughter was fortunate in possessing a lover who could bestow such gifts.

"Violet, your mother wants you."

The tone in which Bill Johnson uttered the words brought the girl to her feet instantly. Tom, too, arose.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired, with kindly interest. The day had been such a happy one for him that he dreaded lest anything should occur to mar it.

"No. Time ter git supper, that's all," drawled Bill, and Tom was reassured. He watched Violet lovingly as she disappeared within the house.

The smile of happiness which all that day had brightened the violet eyes faded to a look of dismay as the young girl entered the room and found her parents in conversation with the Mexican.

"Don Antonio says he loves you, my dear." Mrs. Johnson was fairly radiant with importance. "It ain't often a young girl like you can have such a fine lover and so good a man as Don Antonio. Me an' your pa dont see nothin' to hinder, 'cept we'd like ter have you wait another year 'fore you go off an' leave us."

The Mexican took a step toward the girl.

"You love me?" he asked.

Violet did not answer. Instead, she shrank from his touch and turned, sobbing, toward her father. Neither would she reply when asked the cause of her tears.

"It's nonsense—pure nonsense!" exclaimed her mother. "She never

carried on this way before. There ain't anyone else, is there, Violet?''

Still no answer. Only sobs.

''She's got histericks, that's what's th' matter,'' announced her father at last, with a tone of finality. ''She's been over-het in the sun today. Violet,'' turning again to the girl, ''now you just shut up and behave yourself. You're goin' to marry Don Antonio an' there ain't no two ways about it, nother. D'y understand?''

The girl understood only too well. With a low cry she turned suddenly, and rushed from the room, out of the house, down the street and into the Chapel of the Lady of Sorrows. There, where only that morning she had placed a blessed candle, she knelt and prayed for help and strength for the struggle which was before her. Then, glancing up, she saw that the candle —her candle—was still burning. Was it the faint shadow and reflection from the candle, or was it imagination?—as she looked, the sweet, chaste face of the Blessed Virgin seemed to smile down upon her with the assurance of safety and protection.

''My prayer will be answered,'' she murmured. Kneeling there in silent adoration, she became conscious of a slight touch on her arm. It was Tom, there beside her. Clinging to him, she reached the nave of the tiny chapel before she spoke, lest the sound of voices disturb the solemn silence of the sanctuary.

''It is Antonio,'' she whispered. ''My parents say I must marry him.''

Again that solemn, reverential hush. Then the boy spoke. He was not so thoughtful of the respect due to sacred things.

''Do you love him?''

Tom watched the face before him intently.

''No!''

For an instant the beautiful eyes looked straight into his, then the long lashes drooped over and hid them; but in that instant each had read all that hearts feel and lips fail to utter. He clasped her in his arms and vowed that never in this world or the next would she belong to any other. Of a sudden came the recollection of a letter—that letter just received and the summons of which he was powerless to ignore. Slowly he unfolded the crumpled paper. ''Can you bear to read this now?'' he asked. ''I hope it wont grieve you,'' he added, handing her the paper.

''I can bear anything now,'' she said, smiling thru her tears. ''Sorrow cannot come to us now.''

Then she looked at the bit of paper and read:

> "I am pleased to hear of your complete recovery. Prepare to come home. Will arrive Thursday.—FATHER."

The blow was heavier than she had thought. If Tom went away how could she avoid the marriage with Antonio? ''My parents will have it,'' she sobbed. ''They will never give it up; but I will not—I will not—I'll die first! I have asked the Blessed Virgin for her help, and she has promised.''

Tom looked at the girl in wonder. He did not understand her faith. Then he took from his pocket a tiny locket and tenderly placed it about her neck and pressed her again to his breast.

''It shall not be 'till death us do part,' my darling, but 'for all eternity.' ''

And again the Blessed Virgin seemed to smile.

Next day came the end of the romance. Only the tragedy lived on.

The time of parting had come. Violet, from her position on the porch, saw them drive away—Tom and his father. It had been but a formal leave-taking, for her parents were beside her, and Antonio was not far distant. Nobody noticed the sad, drawn face. They saw Tom turn and gaze wistfully into her eyes, but none knew what was passing between those two hearts.

As the stage, bearing the one person in all the world who could stand between her and the dreaded marriage with the Mexican, turned down the winding valley road, Violet felt, intuitively, that she had looked into her lover's eyes for the last time. As the stage was lost to view behind a

TOM LEAVES FOR THE EAST

clump of trees at the turn of the road, Antonio stepped up and whispered something to Violet's father. What it was, Violet never knew. Then the father tenderly placed his hand upon her shoulder and spoke, but she did not hear. Then he shook her and spoke louder. Suddenly the girl turned as if awakened from a sleep, and stared first at one and then at another of the group, inquiringly.

"Well," grunted the father, "you've finally woke up, have yer?—it's 'bout time. Th' tenderfoot's gone, an' you'll never see him ag'in. Now you kin marry Antonio."

"Yes, dear," interpleaded the mother, "Antonio 'll make you a fine husband."

Meanwhile, Antonio had drawn nearer, and his eyes fairly gleamed. Noting Violet's hesitancy, he mistook it for silent consent, and took her hand in his. The girl made no attempt to resist.

"You'll marry him, wont you, Violet?" asked the father. For the first time, then, the girl gave visible and audible expression to her real emotions.

"No! a thousand times no! I'll never marry Antonio—never!" she cried, in a low, tense voice, straightening herself up and withdrawing her hand from Antonio's.

"What's that?—wont?—yes, you will, too!" shouted the father, shaking his finger close to Violet's eyes.

Violet did not reply. She looked her father unflinchingly in the eye for a moment, then suddenly turned and rushed from the house. This time she did not go to the chapel. Up the steep hill back of the hotel she climbed, up higher and higher, now and then gazing behind her at the long, winding road which ran for miles across the prairie. Up the rocky cliffs she mounted, until, almost at the summit, she could see in the dim distance the lumbering vehicle that was bearing her lover away. Up and up, still higher, she climbed, breathless, exhausted, her heart beating wildly, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

On the gray dusty road, many miles to the east, a tiny dot was visible on the horizon. Then it faded away, and with one despairing cry the girl fell in a heap upon the sharp, jagged rocks.

When they found her, some hours later, the violet eyes were closed, and the hands lay cold and rigid upon her heart.

Years after, when tourists climbed the terrible cliff, they paused by a lonely grave, marked by a crumbling cross. Moss had grown over the little mound; dead leaves encircled the base of the cross; but the little sleeper was undisturbed. A young woman brushed aside the leaves and peered at the worn inscription underneath. "Poor little girl," she murmured, "so young —so woefully alone! Holy Mother, pray for her!"

And the dead leaves fell back over the inscription, grown dim with the wear of years:

VIOLET, AGED 15.

Queer Qualifications

SOME of the reasons advanced by applicants for positions with Motion Picture stock companies to prove their availability are odd, to say the least.

At least three companies received a letter from a man who wrote that he was well fitted to play "sad parts" as his own life had been passed in the deepest gloom, and he knew he could "act pathetic" to order. Just to prove his point he gave three pages of generous size to his many woes. He didn't get a job.

Another letter writer was anxious to get with a "film troupe" because his life ambition was to be a cowboy, and he was convinced that the cowboy in the pictures had the better time of it, since the night riding and contact with cross cows was avoided.

Unique was the writer who confessed that he liked to see his own photographs, the inference being that he wanted to see himself on the screen; while another argued his fitness for romantic rôles because his feminine friends all applauded his love-making.

A jockey whose license had been taken away frankly confessed that he could keep his horse in any position the director decided, and could show others how to do the same; and a carpenter wanted to help build the scenery in the intervals of his acting, and draw double salary.

One dramatic actor actually obtained a position because he had been a hospital steward before he had gone upon the stage, and his knowledge could be utilized.

But the lady who offered as a bonus to tell the sad story of her life, and act it in the pictures, was turned down, as was the army private who created a sensation last summer by escaping from the U. S. Hospital for the Insane, at Washington, and marrying a girl he had been engaged to. He was released on court order, and pending this action he applied for a steady position, with his own romance as his first appearance.

A small Brooklyn boy wanted to act because he had read many stories about Indians, and another youngster urged that he possessed a sweet soprano voice that would aid in the effectiveness of church scenes.

A girl who had posed for a series of calendar pictures thought that qualified her for the moving sort, and another suggested that she was well known in her home town, and her engagement would assist in building up trade among its 5,000 inhabitants. Not many applicants realize that acting ability is essential, and are surprised to learn that this is the first requisite.

A New Fad

True 'tis, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,
We tired of Smart Society,
And long for something new;
So, searching for divertisement, we found the other day,
A charming way to wile the time – we saw the **Photoplay.**

DOROTHY HARPUR

Old Wine in New Bottles

By JOHN S. GREY

APOLOGIES TO BYRON

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
The land where burning Sappho sung"—
We see them for a dime apiece,
The Moving Picture films among!

A CASH TRANSACTION

How doth the little Picture Show,
With several hundred seats,
Improve the minds of those who go—
Likewise the gross receipts!

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE

From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strands.
The Moving Picture showmen
Have taken up their stands.

LONG WAY AFTER LONGFELLOW

The shades of night were falling fast,
As thru a village street there passed
A multitude who paid to go
And see a Moving Picture show!

WHEN TAKEN AT A DISTANCE

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a film is thrown upon the screen
Which costs a lot of cash to put it there.

WE DONT BLAME HER

Maud Muller, on a summer day,
Was in the meadows, making hay,
But she would rather—so they say—
Have seen a Moving Picture play!

The Ranger's Stratagem

(Kalem)

By ROY MASON

THERE was only a tent and a little cabin in the midst of the sage-brush on the California prairie. But where are there two children in the world who will not play hide-and-seek if there is even nothing more than a light and a shadow to dodge in and out? A tiny maiden of six crept along beneath the tent ropes, glanced roguishly behind her, and darted around the corner of the house. "He cant catch me, cant catch me, cant catch me!" she kept repeating in a breathless little whisper to herself. A freckle-faced, snub-nosed little boy, her brother, came pelting around the front of the tent, hesitated for an instant, and started around the house in

BAKER MAKES THE HULKING INDIAN SPARE WHITE BIRD

the other direction. But the laughing little maiden had divined his purpose, and started to retrace her steps in order to encircle the house in his rear. She shook her dark, clustering curls merrily as she caught a glimpse of his retreating form, and kept up her breathless whispered chant: "He cant catch me, cant catch me, cant——"

A lithe, sinewy arm shot out from nowhere, and a copper-colored hand stifled even the whisper upon her lips. She felt herself lifted into the air, and looked up into a horrible painted face. Striped like a rattlesnake, and as swift and silent in his movements, an Indian had arisen from among the sage-brush and was bearing away his pale-faced prey. He, too, had been playing hide-and-seek, lying close to the house and glaring with demoniacal hatred at the white trespassers upon his hunting grounds. He had learnt that the children were the chief of their treasures. This would teach them that if they wanted to keep the other child . . .

A piercing scream caused him to hasten his steps toward the copse of woods, where his horse was tethered. The boy's cry was echoed by one still more piercing as the captor threw himself upon his horse. The child's mother had rushed from the little cabin, and her hands were lifted to the overreaching heavens in God knows what agony of supplication and despair.

Three hours later the little girl was floating in a canoe between the frowning sides of a rocky canyon. It seemed like a nightmare from which she would presently awake. Her captor paddled swiftly down the stream till the tepees of the Indian village came in sight. The sullen braves and the flat-faced squaws clustered about her, admiring her delicate beauty. She struggled frantically and screamed as they tore away her clothes, which they coveted: "Mama! mama! mama!"

Mama was watching with despairing eyes the approach of the last two settlers who had ridden swiftly out on the hunt for her stolen little girl. No need to say the terrible words. Their dejected attitudes told the truth plainly enough. They had traced the fiendish abductor to the canyon, where it were worse than folly to follow. The arms of the two men's wives were about her, but she uttered no word. Where were the two tiny arms, the touch of which transformed this earth to heaven? Where was the rosy little mouth she had kist each day since it came into being? Her eyes fell upon the boy sobbing bitterly at her feet, and then at last her pent-up sorrow burst forth in tears.

"So they dug him a grave just six by three,
And they buried him there on the lone prairie,"

caroled Baker, the Ranger, in a resonant, merry voice that seemed to give the lie to the lugubriousness of the words. For it was good to be riding in the bright, strong sunshine on a horse that you knew to be your friend. Baker had never owned a horse that did not ultimately love and trust him. That was the nature of the man.

It was a dozen years since the disappearance of the little girl. Her mother had long since been mercifully gathered to her fathers, and now the white man had a stronger hold. But the Indian uprisings were all the more fierce and terrible on that account. Peace reigned at present, and Baker's eye fell casually upon the Indian brave and his squaw plodding dejectedly across the prairie. Was it his squaw, wondered Baker, or his daughter? She seemed very young. Her great eyes and delicate, aquiline features marked her as a member of some distant tribe. What a wonderful face for an Indian, the young ranger thought, as the couple drew nearer. Suddenly his expression changed to a look of supreme disgust. The hulking Indian had cast down his burden of skins and was motioning the maiden to pick them up

and add them to her already heavy burden. She stooped obediently and wearily, but the combined load proved far too heavy. As Baker rode impulsively forward she staggered and fell across his path.

It was both policy and orders not to interfere in Indian affairs. It was worse than lunacy to attempt to adjust Indian domestic troubles. If the brave wanted to treat his daughter like a pack burro that was entirely the brave's affair. Therefore Baker was at a loss to understand how he came to be covering the brave with his rifle and angrily ordering him to pick up the skins.

"You tote those skins yourself," he heard himself saying, "and tote them all the way into camp. Dont you see the girl is tired, you lazy, good-for-nothing, yellow-livered pup?"

For some dimly descried reason, which he failed to understand himself, Baker refrained from all profanity. The language of frontiersmen and rangers is not characteristically polite, but those dark eyes brimming over with gratitude, which were gazing so earnestly up at him, somehow seemed to render impossible the easy flow of objurgations which might have replaced his comparatively innocuous adjectives at another time. The look remained with him as he wheeled his horse and rode away.

As for the "brave," he had found the experience of gazing into the unwavering mouth of that rifle so intimidating that he obeyed orders literally until they were nearly in sight of his camp. Then dignity and honor compelled him to transfer the greater part of his burden to the slender shoulders of the girl at his side. His version of the occurrence to the Big Chief in camp stirred the smoldering embers, ever ready, in those pioneer days, to burst forth into flame. The white man had threatened him, treated him brutally, pointed a rifle at his head. Angrily he clamored for vengeance. Chief after chief added his voice to the clamor. The Big Chief himself was not unmoved, and little White Bird, the cause of all the trouble, was terrified to overhear their words in the now familiar Indian tongue. "Death, death to the pale-face tyrants!" urged her captor, capering angrily. "Death, death!" another re-echoed, joining in the cadence of the grotesque dance.

The word "captor" is used advisedly, for it must be revealed to those who have not yet guessed, that White Bird was the name bestowed a dozen years before on the trembling little girl captive of the Indian who warred on women and little children.

She glided unnoticed from their midst as the clamor for the war-path rose higher and higher. When the sun had set and the fires burned low she was stealthily leading a pony thru the sleeping camp. Ten minutes later she was galloping down the mountain trail, beautiful to gaze upon beneath the moon. Riding to her was as familiar and easy as a rocking-chair to a civilized woman. All of that night she swayed gracefully to the motion of the horse racing tirelessly beneath his light burden. Scarcely once did she slacken her speed.

Baker came yawning out of his solitary tent and nodded amiably to the sun, his only companion. But, after a plunge in the nearby stream, he fell into a study as the eyes of the squaw maiden came back to him. The Indians had taught White Bird to move silently, and so deep was Baker's abstraction that he heard no sound until he found himself gazing once again into those eyes which filled his thoughts. His own eyes filled with a welcoming light, and he started forward eagerly, stretching out both hands. But her eyes remained dark with apprehension as she faltered out in hurried words the warning she had ridden so far to bring.

"War-path!" she uttered. "Murder! scalp! burn! War council this afternoon!'

She gracefully executed a few of the steps of the unmistakable war-dance. Baker, his faculties now all alert, hastily drew forth a piece of paper and a stub of pencil.

"Indians meet in council this afternoon to plan an attack against us," he wrote. "Call in the settlers at once, and care for this girl until I return. I am going to impersonate a visiting chief and attend the council to learn the Indians' plans. "BAKER."

"There," he said. "Will you take that to the stockade?"

To his surprise, White Bird perceptibly hesitated.

"And you?"

"Oh, I," he replied, evasively; "I follow later. My—my horse is a bit lame. You must go. There is need for haste."

Obediently she mounted her wiry pony, who dashed away as if oblivious of the many miles he had galloped already.

"There is need for haste," whispered White Bird tremulously to one inquiring equine ear which was pointed back. The ear flickered intelligently, and the willing pony settled into a steady, tireless run.

In front of the hut outside the stockade two rangers lounged and cast anxious glances at the woman who was preparing their midday meal.

"I declare," observed one of them lazily, "I could eat the raw edge of a buzz-saw. What's that?"

The sudden question was occasioned by the clatter of hoofs along the stone-strewn trail. The other ranger had instinctively grasped his gun and half risen to his feet. He sank back in a moment with a laugh.

"Only an Indian gal," he remarked, "but she certainly is ridin' some. Wonder what in tarnation she wants."

He had not long to speculate. With a movement lithe and graceful as that of a panther White Bird was on the ground almost as soon as her pony had stopped. She silently extended the note.

The midday meal, so anxiously anticipated, was destined never to be eaten.

"Bill," shouted the ranger who had received the note, "git Maria inside the stockade as quick as God A'mighty will let ye. The Indians is loose, and do you know what that tarnation fool of a Baker has done? He's dressed himself up an' gone in among them to learn the critters' plans."

Maria held out her arms to White Bird, who came forward and nestled there comfortably. Perhaps a fleeting memory of another pair of woman's arms a dozen years before came to her subconsciously. Their close embrace seemed strong and sweet.

"I'm very tired," said White Bird.

After she had dashed away on the trail that morning Baker had turned back into his tent. A white man, and a rather good-looking one at that, went into the tent, but an Indian chief in full war regalia emerged. In times of peace Baker had often succeeded in going among them without detection. His rather high cheekbones and habit of silence, which lends a peculiar expression to the countenance, had aided him in the deception. But now?

"I've got to do it," muttered Baker. "If they're headed up the valley, instead of down, I've got to give those people warning."

The Indian chiefs were sitting in council near the tepee from which White Bird had flown. Her absence had caused no surprise or uneasiness. No one gave it a thought, except her captor, who made a mental note to give her a beating when she returned. He thought she was hiding for fear of his vengeance. There were more important matters on foot at present, however. The war spirit was abroad and must be fostered. Already several outlying chiefs had ridden in, and a clatter of hoofs announced another arrival. The newcomer flung himself from his horse and saluted the assembly with uplifted arm. Then he cast his blanket at the feet of the Big Chief in token that it was a present, and the attention of all was centered on that, the attention of all but one. As Baker squatted and took his puff at the peace pipe, which was passed to him, the Indian next to him eyed him keenly. Were those the eyes that he had seen behind the muzzle of that

THE INDIAN CHIEFS WERE SITTING IN COUNCIL

steady rifle? He reached over suddenly and snatched the head-dress and coarse wig from Baker's head.

His action was no quicker than Baker's fist, which felled the Indian to the ground. In one spring the discovered spy was astride of his horse, but in the same instant they were swarming all about him. A tumble now meant certain death. Two flail-like sweeps of his powerful arms, and his horse buck-jumped across the last prostrate figure. With hideous cries the Indians ran for their ponies and rifles.

Oh, it is good to know that your horse is your friend when his hoofs are striking fire from a stony trail, and their steady rhythm is all that stands between you and certain death. Keep *up,* keep *up,* they seemed to say. We are doing our best to save you. Keep *up,* keep *up,* and we will be safe. Keep *up,* keep *up,* and then splash, stagger across a stream, and then keep *up,* keep *up,* keep *up,* keep *up,* incessantly. It seemed to run in Baker's head like a sort of rhythmic tune: Keep *up,* keep *up,* keep *up,* keep it *up,* as a hoof striking a stone added an extra syllable. Keep *up,* keep *up,* across the prairie, thru a defile into a canyon. Keep *up,* keep *up,* and then *bang! bang!* White puffs of smoke hung above the trail behind him as the tune was punctuated by sharp reports. But Baker knew that his sure-footed pony had the legs of the Indians if he could only last. He had already galloped far that morning, and Baker was no such lightweight as White Bird. Keep *up,* keep *up,* the tune was going more slowly. The shrill war-whoops of the Indians, which had fallen far in the rear, began to sound nearer and nearer. At the brink of a river Baker's horse stumbled and almost fell. The end had come. By the time he had crossed it they already would be on the nearer

bank. Then a shot in the leg, and they would cross and get him. Baker shuddered uncontrollably as he flung himself from the tired pony's back.

His eye fell upon a hollow reed almost mechanically as he tore off his coat. He gazed at it stupidly for a moment as the war-whoops sounded nearer along the trail. Then the training of a frontiersman, used perforce to make the hand follow the thought of the brain with the speed of lightning, caused Baker's hand to shoot out and pluck the trembling reed. He placed it between his lips as he waded rapidly out into the stream, and drew on it once, twice, thrice—yes, thank God, it was clear!

When the galloping Indians rounded the corner of the trail, nothing was visible save the riderless horse, the coat upon the bank and a reed sticking out of the water far out in the river.

While some galloped off in pursuit of Baker's horse, others snatched up the coat and ranged eagerly up and down the banks. There were no footprints on the further side, no sign of Baker anywhere. To their simple lore the signs were unmistakable. The exhausted pale-face, plunging hot into the river, had been seized with cramps and drowned. After an interval they rode away.

An eternity passed for the man in the river, breathing thru the hollow reed, his hands gripping the stones at the bottom, lest his big lungs should carry him to the surface. The rush of the rippling water drowned out every other sound. He could not tell whether hoof-beats were dying in the distance or it were the beating of his own laboring heart. His limbs grew cramped, and his chest was leaden. He opened his eyes and saw the greenish light thru the water, perhaps the last light he would ever see. To raise his head might mean the crash of a bullet and—obscurity. He would wait a little longer. He could not. He must. How long was it now? A minute, an hour? Were they there? Were they gone? Should he rise to the surface to meet life or death? Human nature could endure it no longer. He stood up, dripping, in the rippling waters, and glad sunlight and silence were all about him. He staggered to the river's bank.

Inside the stockade the settlers were gathering. Time and again the great gate swung part way open, and a man and his wife, astride the same horse, would come whisking nimbly thru. Hour after hour White Bird and the two rangers peered despairingly across the prairie. They were strong enough now to defy attack, but where was that madman, that hero—Baker? They had all understood his motive well enough. If the war-path were up the valley instead of down, then the others must be warned. But who but Baker would have dared! A shrill whoop in the distance settled the question forever. The war-path lay down the valley. White Bird uttered a piteous cry, and then another—the second cry was triumphant, glorious! Running swiftly across the prairie, Baker was coming with tremendous strides. The stockade gate was thrown wide open. Bullets pattered against the wood as the men rushed it shut again behind the runner, who was unharmed.

"It's all right," gasped Baker after a few moments. "Just a bit winded. Is the little girl here? What's that?" fiercely, "give her up? Never!"

"The chief has ridden up and is demanding her," said a ranger.

"Open the gate," commanded Baker.

Outside stood the chief, statuesque, immobile, a white rag fastened to his gun. As the gate creaked on its hinges Baker stepped forward, covering the Indian with his rifle, but White Bird thrust the muzzle aside.

"What do you want?" asked Baker, menacingly.

"Give us White Bird," replied the chief. "Then peace will come."

The men seemed to growl a sullen assent, but Baker whirled upon them, glaring. When he turned to White Bird his expression had softened.

"Will you go back to your people," he asked, "or——"

"GIVE US WHITE BIRD, THEN PEACE WILL COME," SAID THE CHIEF

He held out both his arms.

White Bird gazed at the silent chief for a moment. Then her eyes sought the young ranger's face. There was something divine in the look which she gave him before she sought the shelter of those outstretched arms and tasted the supreme moment when "arms open, eyes shut, cheeks flush and lips meet."

Picture Soldiers Unruly

Mob scenes are sometimes wonderfully done in Photoplays, but most of them are made only after a greater turmoil than ever shows in the picture. Most pictures with large crowds are usually battle scenes, for it is generally possible to get some local regiment to pose, but now and then an impromptu army is raised and a battle scene made with the raw material.

The men enjoy the work, but those who are told to "die" off early in the scene are apt to resent the assignment. They want to stay alive and fire off their blank cartridges, and more than one battle scene has been played thru at rehearsal without a single fatality on either side. Not long ago an army grew insubordinate, and when the director apportioned the cartridges so that those doomed to an early death were given but one or two, they promptly fought with the more fortunate privates for a more generous supply, and a half dozen police reserves had to be called in to club the army into submission. It was an odd sight to see the policemen thrash an army, but they performed the task with thoroness and speed until the insubordinate promised to die according to schedule.

Marooned

(Pathé Frères)

By GUY SHAW

OVER the captain's old gray coat, worn with the work of many winters, dingy with deposits of spray and fog, bent the bowed back of the frail little figure that was his wife. In and out flew the busy needle, guided by trembling fingers and faded eyes filled with tears.

Season after season had she seen him sail away, month after month had she worried and waited, and then had come his joyful return. But there was always the chance that each time might be the last, that she might never see him again, and she could not keep back the tears.

Lounging in his favorite chair, Captain Barton was reading his newspaper—the last that he should see for many a day. His face was seamed and bronzed; a firm-set mouth and chin betokened determination; while from under bushy eyebrows a pair of steel-gray eyes looked fearlessly forth, shaded by long, dark lashes. He was of medium height, with broad, shapely shoulders and large, capable hands.

"Mary," said the captain, "I wonder where the boy is. I'll be leavin' within the hour and I want to see him afore I go."

At the mention of her name the little woman looked up, but her eyes fell to her work again when her son was spoken of, and she was silent.

"He's with that fool gang of good-for-nothin' loafers, drinkin' and playin' cards," cried the captain. "I know; you needn't deny it, mother. But he'll never learn to stand on his own feet so long as you pamper him and try to shield him. He ought to go to work, that's what. He ought to be a sailor on one of the coasters. A few storms and narrow escapes will set him right and make a man out of him."

Just then the individual under discussion shambled into the room. He was overgrown and awkward, with a shifting gaze and a petulant expression around the mouth.

"Matthew," his father began, "I was thinkin' about sayin' good-by to you, but I've changed my mind. I'm goin' to take you with me on the cruise and put you to work as a sailor."

"Aw, dad, go 'long and quit your foolin'!" said the youth. "I ain't nothin' of a sailor—don't know the first thing about handlin' a ship."

"Then it's time you did. I'll have no son of mine foolin' his time away; you're goin' to work, sir, and you're goin' within an hour."

"Well, I ain't goin', so there," said the boy, sullenly.

"Then you're no son of mine. I disown you. Here, take these duds and go, and dont let your shadow darken my door again."

Matthew walked toward the door and paused with his hand on the knob, expecting his mother to come to his rescue; but the captain had silenced her with a gesture, and, pointing his finger toward the door, thundered, "Go!"

And now the time was come for the good ship *Eulalia* to weigh anchor and set sail for distant seas. The last load of supplies had gone aboard and the yawl was coming ashore for the captain.

Upon the shore he stood, holding his wife in a fond embrace. They had parted and met many times upon this shore, but never had the parting been more difficult. She clung to him like a child and seemed unable to make up her mind to release her hold upon him.

At last, however, it was done and he was in the boat, riding the great waves and drawing nearer and nearer the ship, further and further from the home-shore.

The little woman watched intently, shading her eyes with her hand. The breeze tugged at her skirts and blew strands of iron-gray hair across her face, but she heeded it not. Silently she watched, hour after hour, straining her eyes for the last glimpse of the ship as it rounded the distant headland; then she turned wearily homeward.

Ah, who shall say that it is not hardest for those who are left behind? Every storm means distress at sea, every wind a hurricane. Doubts assail and fears disturb. Dreams by night picture still more vividly the phantoms of the daytime and there is no rest under the sun.

"But men must work and women must weep,
Tho storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning."

In his cabin that evening Captain Barton looked long and tenderly at a photograph of his wife. It had been hard to leave her this time, inexpressibly hard, and the matter of the boy only made things worse. There had been no time to confer, to plan for the future. The command had been given, the lad had gone; but the man knew that he was doing the best thing for the boy. His mother meant well by him, but she could not see how she was weakening his nature, ruining him by love. Thrown, as he now would be, upon his own responsibility, the latent spark of manhood, which could not yet have died out, would be stirred, and then how proudly would he be received into fatherly arms! And so the captain sat and dreamed, and hoped.

A month passed, a month of strong winds and heavy seas.

One morning, Andy, one of the sailors, who had been ordered to polish the ship's brass, and who had several times neglected his duties, was pretending to work while gazing off into space and whistling a popular hornpipe.

"Here, you lazy loafer, stir your stumps and get that brass done—think you're at a party?" growled the

THE CULPRIT IS PUT IN IRONS

second mate, as he came upon the easy-going Andy.

"Naw, I dont. But, blast ye, I'll give ye a party all right if ye go on talkin' to me like that."

"See here, you're takin' orders from me. You hurry up with that brass, and dont talk back."

"Belay yer jaw! I ain't takin' orders from ye nohow, and this here brass'll be done when I git plumb ready and not afore."

"You blasted idiot!" shouted the officer, stepping nearer, "are you goin' to do yer work?"

Andy said nothing, but quietly put down the can of polish.

"Then I'll make you!" shouted the now furious officer, grabbing him by the neck.

In the fight which ensued it was quite evident that Andy had the best of it, and it might have fared ill with the mate had not Captain Barton appeared on deck in the midst of it.

"Break away, there!" he commanded. "What do you mean by fighting with my mate?"

The men were quickly separated, and, turning to the mate, the captain ordered: "Bring the irons and put that sailor down in the brig for the rest of the voyage. I'll have no such firebrand loose in my ship."

So amid mutterings and curses the culprit was dragged below.

As the sailors were leaving the brig, Andy managed to attract the attention of the bo'sun, who immediately remained behind on the pretext of making sure that everything was properly fastened.

"Say, mate," whispered Andy, "me and you has always been pals. Air ye goin' to see me set down in this here rank hole for the rest of the cruise?"

"I'd like to git ye out, Andy, but how'm I goin' to do it?"

"Do it? That's easy. Git the crew on our side, take possession of the ship and land them dastardly officers somewhere."

"I don't jist like to do that, Andy. The captain's a good sort and the first mate ain't half bad."

"The whole gang of 'em is only fit for sharks. If we put 'em on a desert island they'll git more'n they deserve," declared Andy.

"Besides, mate," he added, confidentially, "there'd be some'at in it for ye. I'd perpose ye for cap'n and the crew'd fall in 'cause they all like ye."

This touched the bo'sun's weak spot, and Andy saw that he was hesitating.

"I'll go and sound 'em," said the bo'sun doggedly, and then left the brig.

With a little persuasion the bo'sun finally won the crew over, and, after conferring with Andy, a plan of action was laid out: They would watch for an opportunity when the three officers were in the captain's cabin together, overpower them by a concerted attack, and land them on an island that was now looming up on the weather bow.

They did not have long to wait for the desired opportunity. That evening, as Captain Barton and the two officers were studying the charts in his cabin, the crew rushed in upon them, bound them with chains and thrust them into the hold. The attack had been so sudden that the officers were powerless to resist.

The new captain, and the new officers, then took charge of the ship, and the *Eulalia* changed her course two points to windward. The successful mutineers were now intent on ridding themselves of the prisoners, and the unknown island seemed to have been mysteriously thrown up in their course for that very purpose. Some hours later the *Eulalia* dropped anchor, and one of the small boats was lowered. Several sailors were then sent to fetch the prisoners, and soon Captain Barton and his two officers, still in irons, were thrust into the yawl and four men rowed them ashore. In vain they pleaded to be spared; in vain they finally pleaded for at least food, clothing and ammunition: the only favor they received was to be released from the irons that bound them.

The men drove them off with cocked pistols, and the officers, with sinking hearts, watched the mutineers row off and climb up the side of the ship. They were freed of iron bonds, to be

THE MUTINEERS SURPRISE CAPTAIN BARTON

sure, but only to be imprisoned still more hopelessly by the vast, interminable expanse of sea.

Captain Barton was first supplicant, then mad with rage as he saw the *Eulalia* "up" anchor and sail away. Then he and his fellows fell down in despair as they realized that they were marooned upon a desert island.

And at home, tear-filled eyes watched the unbroken horizon day after day, and anxious hearts sent out silent prayers.

One day, six months later, under cover of a heavy fog, the *Eulalia,* after a successful voyage, dropped anchor, with the new captain and a crew of jolly sailors aboard, in a harbor of their native country, not far from their home port. That night the entire crew went ashore, and the first place they made for was the tavern. Now, it so happened that Matthew Barton, the wayward son of Captain Barton, was one of the several loungers in the saloon, but he was not known to any of the *Eulalia's* crew, nor did he know them.

Before long one of the sailors started to quarrel with a Chinaman, and the result might have been serious had not Matthew stepped quickly into the fray and floored the sailor with one blow. This so pleased the prowess-loving ex-bo'sun of the *Eulalia* that he offered special inducements to Matthew to join his crew, as he needed another strong hand to help keep order. Matthew, who had grown tired of the humdrum village life, decided to join the pirates.

They took him on board the ship that night, and Matthew soon made himself at home. Next morning, while in the cabin showing the new hand around, the captain took out a peculiarly carved box and was remarking its oddity, when Matthew started and seized it with eager hands.

"Where did this come from?" he cried. "I've seen it before." Then he raised the cover, and his eyes lighted upon a photograph. For a full minute he stared at the picture, then asked who it was.

"Oh, that's Captain Barton," said the ex-bo'sun. "He used to command this ship until he put Andy here in chains for fightin' one of the officers. Then the crew got mad and we caught him and the two officers in this 'ere cabin one night and chained 'em up in the hold. The next day we left 'em on a desert island and sailed off, and I was elected to be the new captain."

CAPTAIN BARTON IS TAKEN TO A DESERT ISLAND

Just then the scuffling of feet overhead caused the new captain and the sailors to rush up on deck, and Matthew was left staring fixedly before him.

"My father—abandoned, lost—perhaps dying—on a desert island!"

It seemed as if his mind could hardly grasp the facts.

Suddenly he rose, grim determination in his face.

"I'll find him. This crew shall take me there. If necessary, I'll *force* them to do it!" and he rushed madly up on deck.

For a moment he recoiled with amazement at the sight which met his gaze. In the midst of a ring formed by the howling crew, the captain was trying to separate two fighting sailors who turned angrily upon him, while the onlookers shouted: "Git out of here. This ain't your business."

At that moment the captain fired his pistol and one of the sailors dropped dead. With a bound Matthew fell upon the captain and forced him to the floor; then with his knee upon the victim's chest he wrenched the pistol from his hand.

"Two of you bring the irons," he ordered. "Chain this man and put him in the hold."

Shouts of applause broke from the assembled crew.

"Three cheers for our new captain," shouted one of the sailors, and the cheers were given with vim.

"Speech! speech!" was the next cry.

Matthew stood quietly with folded arms during this outburst. There was strength in his figure now, which had been lacking six months before, and power in his face. His eyes had lost their shifting tendency and his mouth was set firm.

"I'll be your captain on one condition," he said, "that you help me find Captain Barton, whom you deserted and left on a desert island at the instigation of that man who has just been taken below. The men hung their heads. Then they whispered among themselves, until Matthew interrupted them.

"Stand by, men," he cried; "you owe it to me, because that man you deserted was my father!" A hush fell over the crew at these startling words.

MATTHEW'S PLUCK IS ADMIRED

"Yes, Captain Barton was my father, and I have sworn to find him and bring him back to my mother."

Something in the young man's voice and eyes won the sailors' confidence. They were a vacillating crowd, following the lead of the strongest. It was not dislike of Captain Barton which had made them desert him; it was only the momentary power of the mate and the lure of new adventures. And when this young man asked them to stand by him, without even reproaching them for their past deed, the blush of shame mounted to many a sturdy brow, and the rough sailors took the lesson to heart.

There was a ring of honest feeling in the cheer by which they signified their willingness to take up his cause, thus proclaiming him captain.

Many days and many nights they sailed, thru rough seas and thru smooth, ere the sailor in the look-out shouted the good news of "Land, ho!"

A tiny speck it was at first, gradually growing larger and larger, until at last trees could be seen. Then the *Eulalia* dropped anchor, and the very same boat that had borne the prisoners thither was now filled with rescuers to take them away.

Matthew stood in the bow of the boat, his gaze riveted on the shore. He had hoped to see some signals flying, to hear some cry which would tell them where to land. Was he too late! No, that could not be! He would not harbor the thought. Oh, how slowly the men rowed! With every stroke he found himself pushing the boat along mentally.

They are coming nearer now, near enough to distinguish—yes, a figure! A human figure! But it does not notice them.

The men row faster. They shout. The figure looks up, but there is no answering call; then it kneels quietly upon the ground, beside two mounds.

They have almost reached the shore. The figure evolves into a man with long, white unkempt beard and hair, and his clothes are ragged and dirty; but those eyes—one would know them anywhere!

With a cry Matthew springs from the boat.

"Father!" he cries, holding out his arms appealingly.

The kneeling figure does not respond.

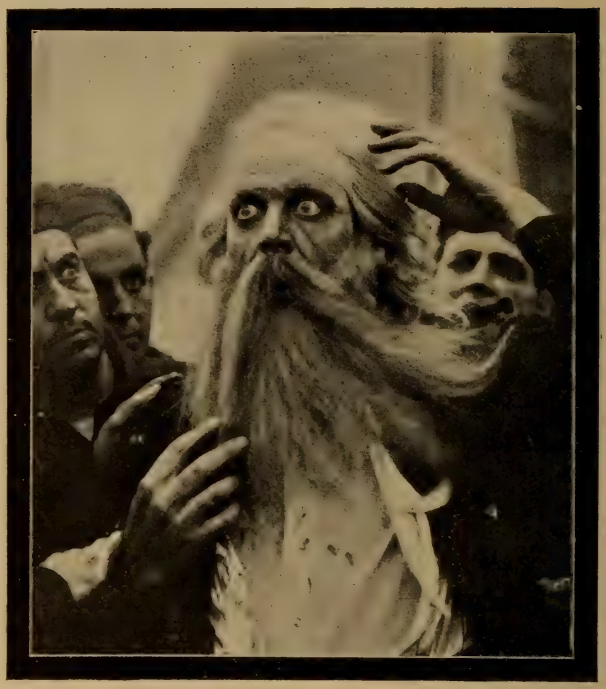
"Father, it is Matthew. I have come to save you!"

The gray eyes are turned full upon him, but there is no answering gleam.

Suddenly, Matthew stops, and from drawn lips goes out an agonized cry:

"My God! He has lost his mind!"

Very tenderly the sailors lifted the unresisting figure from beside the graves marked with two rude crosses, where he was kneeling, and placed him in the boat. Tender hands waited upon him at the ship, and kindly, cheering words were poured into his ears by the sad, remorseful son.



BEREFT OF HIS REASON

They led their captain around the deck, showed him the wheel and the compass, but no gleam of comprehension crossed his face. They took him to his cabin and put maps and charts in his hands, but he laid them down listlessly. At last, just as they were ready to give up all hope of restoring his reason, Matthew thought of a picture that he had lately discovered hidden away among the former captain's treasures. It was a picture of mother. Eagerly he took it and placed it in the captain's hands. Captain Barton at first gave it but a casual glance, and was about to lay it aside; then, of a sudden, a bright light came to his eye, and his hand ran across his brow, as if to wipe away a cloud from his vision.

"I remember—I see it all," he cried.

The picture was pressed passionately against eager lips, and with a glad cry Matthew sprang into his father's arms.

The Life-Saver

(Lubin)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

OH, the power of a smile!

When the daughter of Herodias danced before a court and snared the heart of a king in the maze of her flying feet, he offered to give whatever her heart should most desire. Then he refused her the head of John the Baptist until she smiled at him from her insolent eyes.

When the fairer daughter of a nobler race than that of Salome was granted a greater gift than kings can bestow, because the dawn of youth in her heart ever shone in her eyes, it was what she had wished for, a light that should illumine the whole world—she was given a sun-kist smile. But that might have been only for the many who loved her, of the few who lived near her, so it was transmuted to the swift-moving pictures and thus scattered to all parts of the earth, strewing the dust-gray paths of the weary and heart-hungry with flowers of encouragement and good cheer.

JACK AND JESSICA

Such was the smile of Jessica.

Daughter of a coast-guard captain, with only life-savers for a corps of admirers, and the best of them, John Ronald, stationed at Cape Elizabeth, where he had to be signaled when needed, Jessica's environment was too narrow for one of her rare gifts. Jack was big and strong, but he had known Jessica as a child and was boyishly slow in lighting the vernal fire in her bosom. He seemed not to comprehend why the bud of girlhood suddenly breaks into full bloom and becomes strangely sweet with a fragrance that stirs the heart of man. He glared and scowled at her instead of laughing with her when she laughed at him, not knowing that the hearts of women are the hearts of children for the sake of children. All that he knew was that Jessica had a flame of yellow hair, merry blue eyes, cheeks ever responsive to the smiles trembling on her lips, and wit as sharp and dangerous as a hatpin. Also, Jack did not realize that Jessica was clever. For each happy hour in her company he had to spend a day among his fellow-men to recover from a tremendous sense of his own importance.

SHOWING CALVIN'S PARTY AROUND

Such was the state of things where there was plenty of fresh air and wholesome food, besides the night song of the sea to sweeten sleep, but little else to enliven existence, when news reached Jessica's father that State Inspector Calvin's son was to pay them a visit, together with a party of friends, and requesting that an exhibition drill be given for the entertainment. The inspector's letter was nearly coincident with the arrival of the guests—there was no time to be lost, so Jessica was sent to wig-wag the news to Jack Ronald at the sentry-house.

A giant in physical power and glorying in his strength, Jack Ronald came to the station prepared to conquer, and thought he did, for there was more than one inspiration to a display of prowess when he entered the exhibition of the life-saving corps. In young Calvin's automobile party was an attractive woman who had often placed the laurel wreath upon the brows of college athletes, Miss Vera Stanhope, if you please, fresh from the city and gowned so becomingly that Jessica's best frock might have caused her to remark (had she been of an uncertain age) that she "had nothing to wear." Miss Vera exploited a royal poise of the head, and she had the art of compelling interest by making men suffer, so the giant life-saver fell an easy victim. She was exceedingly fair, with carmine lips and pink cheeks, and Jack had never studied chemistry. It was all in vain that Jessica murmured so that he could hear her:

Her ruby lips sought expression
In a kiss that was pure and meek,
And they made a decided impression,
For the ruby stayed on his cheek.

Young Calvin overheard and understood the laughing daughter of the station captain.

"Let us pretend that we know each other very well," he whispered to Jessica; "come with me."

She followed, her curiosity aroused, and found him cranking up his car.

"Let us fly," he said, inviting her to enter.

"Am I to be taken in?" she asked demurely.

"I am not a married man," he assured her, and she consented to fly along the beach in plain view of the others.

"Shall I make love?" he asked, as they bowled along together.

Jessica gazed at him with an ecstasy of dumb worship in her eyes that she had been practising for weeks before her mirror.

"You are keyed to the right note, my accidental darling," said young Calvin. "You may be frivolous, but you are awfully sweet. I can steer with one hand and hold you with the other. No? I did not know violets grew so near the sea. Shall we talk about what might have been if I had seen you first? Yes. We would have been living over again the luckiest day in our lives, when we first met, and the happiest, when we first loved, and the kiss that sealed our love. No? Our confessions, then, our dreams and plans. If I would find any joy in life I must go back to those days, for you do not love me now. I would give all I have to read what is back of those soft eyes. Of what were you thinking, sweetest?"

JACK PRETENDS TO BE CHEERFUL AT CALVIN'S RETURN

CALVIN MAKES ADVANCES

She smiled mysteriously.

"Tell me," he threatened, "or I will never turn back."

"Well, then," she sighed, "I was thinking of how nice you must have been when you were sincere and—and —young."

He turned back and they rode facing the breeze and the critical eyes of the others in discreet silence.

"But," she said—it was the inevitable last word, as they were about to rejoin the party—"that could not have been long ago."

These softly murmured words were augmented by a smile that was at once a lure and a spark to kindle serious thought in the mind of a man experienced enough rightly to value fresh beauty and health when he saw it in a marriageable woman; and it brought young Calvin back again, a few days after the exhibition, almost in time to witness a clash between Jessica and Jack Ronald.

These two happened to meet for the first time since the visit of the inspector's party, and, while words were scarce, there was a cold interchange of glances calculated to freeze any remnant of sentiment left in the hearts of either. Jessica watched Jack curiously as he coiled a new supply of rope in the station, occasionally the faintest shadow of a smile on her

face, but he finished his work without glancing at her and started off.

"What is the matter, Jack?"

He barely halted. "Nothing is the matter," he growled. "You and I are friends and that is all."

"That is all?" she echoed; then persuasively, "Can I go with you?"

"No," he thundered; "I am going to clear out of here in a few days, so you need not bother."

Suiting the action to his words, he strode away.

"Jack!" she called.

No answer.

She stood watching him awhile, the tears starting in her eyes.

He was only going to the house; it was not necessary to follow him there; she turned about and walked toward the cliffs, well estimating that either Ronald or her father would see her setting off in that direction where she had been warned that it was perilous for a woman to walk unattended.

There were more ways than one of ending it all.

At that critical moment young Calvin arrived. He was first to notice that Jessica was ascending a bold headland, and, leaving his machine at the station, he set off in swift pursuit. He was, in truth, young and handsome in the well-groomed way of a city man, a seeker of pleasure when fancy called, with a finer appreciation of beauty in native purity than country-bred men, for whom it was an accepted fact. If the rude life-saver, to whom she seemed to be attached, had no idea of the treasure within his reach, so much the worse for him. Then, again, it was possible that she was unresponsive to the boor's wooing; he acted a little like a jealous and discarded wooer. Calvin tapped his forehead and smiled, while he kept on in brisk pursuit until Jessica disappeared over the brow of the cliff. It was then that Jack Ronald woke up.

He was merely a big man, with powerful shoulders and limbs, who took a pride in whipping the conquerless sea into occasional submission, without enough self-repression to be courteous on all occasions. He had a directness of speech that was disconcerting to women, tho he might believe woman's love to be the most vital element in the world. He followed the man who had gone in pursuit of Jessica, possibly to protect her, but undoubtedly from a complexity of motives that appeared in the ferocity of his expression. Included in his general awakening was the spirit of the fighting male.

When Jessica mounted the headland and walked alone with her daydreams, the fire in her eyes died down; she was too young and hopeful to cherish ill-feeling. Perhaps her spirit was soothed by the monotonous boom of the breakers beneath her—it was low tide, and the after-swell of a gale curved and crashed upon the beach below—or the gray void above and around her served to calm her perturbed spirit. She sat down to watch distant gulls in their wavering flights, when she was aroused by a hoarse cry in the direction from which she had come. It was a long-drawn-out scream from a man's throat—one of death-agony—then silence.

What had happened?

Jessica rose and looked back along the path she had pursued.

There was no one.

Ah, yes! Crouching against a ledge of rock, his eyes distended with horror, was Jack Ronald.

What did he see?

His eyes were fixed upon a narrow path where the cliffs had crumbled away during winter storms.

Jessica kneeled down and peered over the rim of the point where she was standing.

At the water's edge, with his foot jammed between two large rocks, was young Calvin, alive. He was very much alive, calling for help and making a game struggle, but unable to release himself; and he would soon be at the mercy of the incoming tide.

When Jessica stood erect she saw Ronald walking away. She called to him, then scrambled along the dangerous ledge in pursuit.

Ronald jogged steadily on toward the station, indifferent to her cries,

but turned when she came up to him and faced her sullenly.

"Are you a man, Jack Ronald?" she appealed to him. "Are you an officer engaged to save human life on this coast? Inspector Calvin's son is lying there in peril of death. How did he come by this plight? *Did you try to kill him?*"

The life-saver paled under the girl's pointed inquiries, then hung his head.

"Get the rope," she commanded. "Hurry, or I shall believe that you are a coward at heart."

Taunted into action, Ronald dashed away to the station, while Jessica returned to a spot where she could look down at the helpless man and call out to him to reserve his strength until help came.

Jessica was brave until Ronald came with a rope fastened round his waist and secured it to a huge boulder. Then, at last, it became apparent that she was asking one man to risk his life in order to save that of another he had ceased to value. It was not a great height—that of the headland—but mere contemplation of the dangers to be encountered was enough to turn the girl dizzy and sick at heart. When Ronald disappeared over the cliff's edge, she sank down, pale and unnerved, only to be aroused by the appearance of her father and other men from the station.

Jack had summoned aid, but had taken the full burden of risk on his own shoulders. He descended in safety and worked with all the great strength at his command until Calvin was released from what looked like a death sentence. It was he who fastened the life-belt to Calvin's waist and waited until the anxious group above raised the injured man to a place of safety. Calvin was not seriously injured when drawn over the cliff's edge, but Jessica was sent to aid him on his way to the house.

"I will take care of Jack," her father called out. "Never fear!"

There was small need of apprehension about Ronald's physical safety, but the expression of Jessica's face told the story of a secret in her heart.

JACK DASHES THE PROFFERED MONEY TO THE FLOOR

Calvin had come down to the station for the purpose of renewing pleasant relations with her; Jack had seen him follow to the headland, and closed upon the city man in a struggle that had the dark appearance of attempted murder. What would be the result? In view of the rescue, the inspector's son might not openly denounce the life-saver, but his secret enmity might be as dangerous, and the shame of Jack's situation would be unbearable. For the present, Calvin was too much engrossed by his possible injuries of a physical nature to reveal the true state of his mind. Jessica watched him closely after they reached the house—he was much worried over wounds undiscovered and positively distressed about the disordered state of his attire. When, at last, it was found that he was suffering from a few bruises and a bad shaking up, and his equanimity had been restored by some changes of costume that enabled him to appear at his accustomed advantage, Calvin began to assume a jaunty air and affected to treat the entire episode as an interesting adventure, one which had brought him in closer touch with new friends by making him the sole object of their profound solicitude. He was the center of attention and engaged in receiving congratulations upon his prompt and complete recovery, when

SHE SAT DOWN NEAR HIM, WITH AVERTED FACE

Jessica's father brought in Jack Ronald.

Now was her opportunity to study the two men in a new and dramatic relation.

She watched them closely as they faced each other, Calvin erect, handsome and smiling; Jack rudely powerful, awkward and ill-dressed; and she was not as uncritical as the audience of a low-priced show.

Calvin extended his hand in theatrical magnanimity. "You saved my life!" he exclaimed. "What can I do for you in return?"

Jessica drew in a sharp, quivering breath. It was impossible for a man as brutally sincere as Jack to dissemble.

"That's all right," growled the big life-saver. "I suppose it was my fault—I startled you when I called —you turned and slipped—we'll call it quits."

Jessica gave vent to a sigh of intense relief.

Jack was not guilty.

Calvin looked the roughly dressed fellow over, and drew a roll of bills from his pocket. "I think it is on me," he said, peeling off some notes of large denomination and thrusting them upon Rowland. "I dont know as I can say anything very appropriate to the occasion, but money talks."

Jessica's eyes blazed with indignation. In attempting to belittle the act of a man who had saved his life and stimulate appreciation of his own generosity, Calvin had produced an effect on the young girl which was decidedly the reverse of that intended. Her bosom swelled proudly when Jack dashed the money to the floor and stalked angrily out of the house.

"So that is your price?" she demanded of Calvin—her eyes were blazing and her fists tightly clenched behind her. "Money talks! It talks too loud. Go back to those who like to hear it talk. Down here it only whispers. *Manhood* talks!"

SHE SMILED: HE STAYED

Jack Ronald went back to the headland where he could quiet his troubled spirit, where he could fill his lungs with air less stifling than the atmosphere of a self-advertising gentleman with a roll.

There was nothing before his eyes but the dreary expanse of the sea and the fathomless, gray sky. There he sat, straining his eyes in a vain scrutiny of the unattainable, when he heard a soft voice—it was that of Jessica—and he saw her out of the corners of his eyes.

She sat down near him with averted face. "Going away?" she asked.

He refused to look at her. "I leave today," he muttered.

"Where are you going?" she pouted.

"To another part of the world," he growled.

"For good?" she frowned.

"For good," he scowled.

There was a curious charm given woman 'way back in Egypt's time, tho not an amulet wrought with pearl and chased with rare ivory, then enwrapped in gold tissue and placed in a sandalwood box for safe keeping. Woman wore it not on her brow to crown her purity, nor on her bosom as a pledge of passionate love, nor carried it to her grave. In only one place is it preserved immortal, on the face of the Great Sphinx.

Jessica and Jack looked at each other.

She smiled.

He stayed.

THE SENORITA'S CONQUEST

The Senorita's Conquest

(Lubin)

By HELEN M. COOLIDGE

"Now then, if some of those blamed greasers dont give evidence to the tune of five hundred dollars, I miss my guess."

Ralph Duncan, the new sheriff of Guarez, viewed the result of his literary efforts with satisfaction. He was more accustomed to handling a six-shooter than a pen, but by dint of patience and perseverance he had evolved a proclamation which the local printer had now reduced to a triumph of black art. It informed the reader that $500 would be promptly paid for the capture of the chief of the band of Mexican bandits, whose depredations along the American border had been terrorizing the country.

Among the crowd that watched the posting of the placard was a Mexican ne'er-do-well called Pedro.

Pedro was not interested in the printer's work from an artistic point of view; neither did he seem to care much for the promised reward; but he went up close to the offending placard and deciphered as much of it as his limited knowledge of English would permit.

"Go blazes!" he muttered, tearing down the paper with one quick jerk. "I take him with me. Mebbe Juan, he like to read."

An hour later, in a house just across the border, Pedro joined the other members of the band for whom the price was offered.

"See!" he remarked, holding out the offending paper; "see the work of the Americano!"

"To —— with the Americanos!" growled the chief, snatching the paper from the other's hand. "Five hundred devils!"

"One week now has he been sheriff, and he expects already to overthrow us — a plague on him!" cried one.

"We expect many things in this world which we do not get."

The last speaker was Dolores, the beautiful daughter of one of the oldest members of the band.

"Why do you not take the sheriff yourself, Juan?" she inquired, tauntingly. "So great a bandit as thou shouldst not hesitate to go boldly among the Americanos and capture whom thou wouldst."

"Heart of Saint Peter! Thou little fool! I fear thou wilt yet marry one of them," exclaimed the girl's father, grasping her roughly by the arm.

Dolores turned angrily. She was a beautiful girl, with features small, but sharply cut. The square chin and firm, sensuous mouth had the lines of courage and violent emotions. Her dark, sparkling eyes interpreted a terrible power of love and hate.

"I—I marry an Americano?" she cried; "Dios! Never! They are ingrates—cowards. They would make beggars of us all. I hate them."

The chief took a step forward.

"Thou speakest well," he thundered, "else we should have thought thou favored them and thyself wanted to win the reward. I would the man who offered it were in my power."

"Shall I bring him?"

Again Dolores' eyes flashed, but now there was a suspicion of laughter in their depths. She liked to see Juan in a rage. She was sure of herself. Her blood tingled with the thought of opportunity for plot, intrigue, action. She would go, she explained, to the cafés. She would sing, dance, smile. She would win the affection of the man—the sheriff who wrote the proclamation—and would entice him to her home. Once there, Juan might take him and do what he would. She cared not but for the triumph. If she succeeded, they could pay her a reward. Since the Americanos were so

"FIVE HUNDRED DEVILS!" CRIED JUAN

willing to pay for the capture of Juan, it was but right that Juan should return the courtesy.

The girl's scheme sounded reasonable, but the gang scoffed at the possibility of her carrying it thru successfully. She stamped her foot in rage.

"I can," she cried. "I will prove what I have said. I will bring the man like a lamb. I can go safely where you cannot. Juan would be captured if he set foot in the town."

"Dolores speaks truth," said her father, his bright eyes flashing like his daughter's. "She can go safely where we may not. Let her do as she suggests. Let her bring the Americano here, so we may deal with him as he would deal with us."

And so it was agreed. Nevertheless, there were those who remembered those first taunting words of Dolores, and feared treachery. The reward was large. Dolores might have a lover—it were best to guard against treason. Therefore, when she crossed over to Guarez that evening, Pedro stealthily followed her at a safe distance.

"Click-click, clackety-click!"

The rhythmic music of the castanets, to the accompaniment of light-tapping feet, and the murmur of the guitar, brought every one to the café over at the corner whence the sounds issued.

Sheriff Duncan and his deputies, just back from a long ride out over the hills, sat at one of the tables and rested after their day's journey.

"What's up?" he inquired, laconically, as the habitués gradually moved nearer the music.

A tall, lank cow-puncher, seated at the next table, half rose to his feet, looked over the heads of the men in front of him, and answered the question for the benefit of every one within hearing.

"Lord! boys, there's a little greaser gal up there that's the slickest thing I've seen this side o' Montana. Watch

'er do them steps. Ain't she a picture?"

The enthusiastic cattleman, quickly elbowing thru the crowd, reached the front of the café in a few strides.

"Say, Susie," he roared, familiarly, "that's bully. You're all right. Give us some more."

The dark eyes of Dolores stared for an instant and took in the situation at a glance. Then the lids drooped over them again, and she danced on, making plans the while for the overthrow of the despised sheriff. She did not resent the cowboy's familiarity. On the contrary, it only aided her in carrying out her scheme.

"Stand aside there, boys! Let the cracker-jack sheriff of this part of the United States get into th' ring," yelled an enthusiastic supporter, as he propelled his esteemed superior forward into the heart of the merry-making. "Say," he whispered, "she's a peach, all right, ain't she?"

Sheriff Duncan looked casually. Then he looked again, long and earnestly. Where had he seen such a face before? Then it slowly dawned upon him that the girl before him was the personified ideal of his imagination—the counterpart of one he had seen in his dreams all his life long.

He watched her as she bent and swayed in time to the Spanish music, and wondered who she was. He determined to find out; to speak to her by herself; to learn, if possible, how such an irresistible affinity could have existed before they had ever met. Just then the large, brilliant eyes opened again and rested upon him. It was more than a gaze, it was a stare—an involuntary stare.

There was no doubt now in Dolores' mind as to the identity of the sheriff. His coat was thrown back, and his badge of office glistened conspicuously. This, then, was the man she sought. But a strange and unaccountable tremor passed over her. She paused in her resolution. Her courage was ebbing away. The strong, clear-cut, honest face of the man with the badge made her loathe herself and despise her errand. His was a face before which deceit and duplicity could not stand. The frank, steady, smiling eyes looked back at her and seemed to pierce her thru and thru. She almost faltered in the dance. Then the music ceased, and she paused to rest and to pick up the money that was thrown to her.

The tall, half-drunken cattleman lost no time. Swinging boldly over beside the girl, he attempted to embrace her. "Set up th' drinks, boys!" he shouted. "This gal's a friend of mine. She dont dance no more for the general public while I'm in town. Savvy? Come on, Susie," he continued, trying to pull her toward the door; "I'm goin' ter take you with me."

Dolores was frightened now, and she gave one appealing look at the sheriff.

The next instant the cattleman found himself looking into the muzzle of the sheriff's six-shooter.

"This ain't your town, stranger," Sheriff Duncan remarked in a low voice. "Them manners of yours dont go here. I'm runnin' things in Guarez. When you talk to a lady here, you talk respectful or else git out. D'y understand?"

The sheriff's star was still shining brightly. The tall cattleman understood.

"Now, Miss, if you'll accept th' sheriff's company, I'll see you safely to yer home," continued Duncan, turning to Dolores. "That locoed stranger may be standin' 'round somewheres ready to bite again, an' you dont seem to hev no escort."

Neither Dolores nor Duncan knew that Pedro was close at hand, an interested spectator of the little scene.

But Dolores had changed her plan. Much to Pedro's rage and astonishment, she firmly refused the escort of the very man she had promised to take with her; and, much as he wished to accompany the girl—not only for his own happiness, but for her protection—he would not force his company upon her. Instead, he sighed and gratefully accepted the rose which she handed him, and permitted her to go

unattended, hoping that the kind fate which had permitted them to meet once would allow them to meet again.

Arriving home, Dolores was at once entangled among difficulties.

"He would not come," she declared. It was the only statement she would make to her father and to Juan. She calmly accepted the derision of others of the band who had doubted her ability to ensnare the sheriff, and she insisted that she had done her best. Then Pedro came and all was changed. Pedro, for once in his life, told the truth, and the result was as if a bombshell had exploded in their midst. Never had Dolores seen Juan more terrible in his anger. He threatened her with every kind of death and disaster. Even her own father dared not interfere in her behalf.

"I'll fix you!" growled the chief, at the same time seizing the girl by the wrist and pulling her to a table. "Now you write a letter. You speak —you write the English. You write it now for your life."

Dolores, now badly frightened, could but obey, so she wrote as Juan directed. She wrote to the sheriff of Guarez that she was in great trouble, and begged his assistance at once. Pedro delivered the letter, and it had the effect desired by its inventor.

When next she saw Duncan he was a prisoner in the house of the bandits.

"You did it," he exclaimed, when he saw her. "You—why, I'd have staked my life on you last night. When I got your letter, I couldn't come fast enough—fool that I was."

And he wondered why Dolores burst into tears.

"Me — the sheriff of Guarez — tricked by a girl! And to think that you, the idol of my dreams, are but a false, treacherous woman!"

Confined by the bandits in a room on the second floor of the house in which they made their headquarters, Sheriff Duncan paced to and fro and ground his teeth, as he realized how powerless he was in the hands of his captors. He looked out of the window and measured the distance to the ground. Too far for a jump. Nothing in the room by which he could make a descent. He heard the lazy Mexican, supposed to be standing guard outside his door, sit down on the floor and roll a cigarette. Perhaps when he had smoked it he would fall asleep. The prisoner waited until the smoke of the cigarette ceased to come in around the crack of the door. Then he softly tried the latch. It was fastened securely. He was about to turn again to the window, when a slight sound at the door caught his attention. Some one was trying to unfasten it from without. He listened. The next moment he heard Dolores cry out. The guard had awakened. There was a rough struggle. Others came running. Broken sentences of Spanish caught his ears. The lariat? Why should she be trying to pass him a lariat since it was she who had entrapped him? Why should she be so ill-treated and beaten because of him? He could hear her cries and struggles as she was forced up the stairway to the room above his. Could it be that he had wronged her? Perhaps she had not written the letter—it might have been the work of one of the bandits! Duncan looked again from the window. It was night of the darkest kind. Not a star gave its light. The house at last was still. Evidently, even the guard slumbered again. The captive turned back toward the door.

Hark! A noise at the window! Some one was there. Before he could decide upon a course, there was a flutter of something white in front of the casement; then the gradual appearance of a dark figure sliding down the ladder of white until the window-sill was reached. Then the swaying stopped. The person, whoever it was, was going no further.

"Are you there?"

The words were scarcely whispered, but Ralph heard. It was Dolores' voice. He would know it anywhere. He stepped nearer the window.

"What do you want?" he asked in a low tone. There was still the lin-

gering thought that she was the cause of his captivity.

"I want you to know that I was forced to write that letter. When you really believe me, then I want you to take this lariat and make your escape from the window, for Juan means to kill you. I will wait here in your place. In the morning you can come and arrest them all—except — except my father. You must let him escape."

"But to leave you here—while I go—never!"

"You must—you must," she breathed.

The sheriff drew a deep sigh of relief as his confidence in the integrity of the girl returned to him, and his whole big soul went out to her.

"I've waited all my life for you, dear heart," he whispered. "I know you now, and I'll never leave you again!"

"But you must, now," she pleaded. "Go—for my sake! It is the only way to save us both. You are the sheriff — you must do your duty. Fetch a posse. I shall be safe—till you return. Go—do go quickly, or it will be too late."

"On one condition," he cried, in a hoarse whisper, as he drew her to his breast with passionate fervor. "You must marry me when I return. Dont say no—will you, dear?"

"I am yours, love!" she said; "yours forever—but you must fly—go, go quick, ere it is too late," she panted, in an agony of fear lest the guard awake and discover them.

Ten minutes later Ralph Duncan had lowered himself safely down the lariat to the ground, and was riding madly in the direction of Guarez.

Hours went by. Dolores waited and watched until the dawn appeared, straining her eyes and attuning her ears for the first sign of the return of her lover. She tried to calm her fears and prepare for the struggle which she knew she would have to face.

"GO—FOR MY SAKE!" SHE CRIED

At last the guard opened the door. Juan had ordered that his prisoner be brought before him. As the astonished eyes of the guard peered into the room, they looked directly into the brilliant black orbs of Dolores.

"Did you want me, Pedro?"

The girl's voice was ominous in its calm.

Pedro made no reply. He backed out of the room with a howl of rage and quickly spread the news.

"Take her to the chief," was the cry; "let him deal with her.

And Dolores was dragged before the angry Juan.

She knew that now was the time for all her courage. She must keep steady and play for time. She knew that Duncan would not fail her. He could not be far off now. She faced Juan boldly.

"Give her to me," he thundered; "stand aside!"

His small eyes were blazing. The thick wrinkles of his swarthy face quivered. His lips twitched; his cheeks burned with a dull, dark red.

"You traitor!" he hissed. "You she-devil! So you would try trickery with me—you would betray me! By the holy Saint Peter, I'll kill you where you stand!" With that the enraged bandit drew his stiletto and sprang toward the trembling girl.

Just then the sound of galloping horses came in at the open window. Juan heard them and paused for a moment. But he thought it was the bandits making ready to pursue the escaped prisoner, and turned with renewed frenzy to the now hopeful Dolores. She was facing the window. Aid could only come that way, for the door, she knew, was locked. As Juan's brutal arm was again raised, she saw the muzzle of a gun on the window-sill. Then a face appeared behind it. Duncan had arrived in the nick of time.

"Señor, quick! For the love of heaven, pull!" she cried. That wild, resounding cry startled the bandit and stayed his murderous hand. On the next instant the finger on the trigger pulled. Juan's arm fell powerless at his side, and the body of the bandit fell lifeless at Dolores' feet. The struggle that followed was a brief and one-sided one. Not one of the bandits escaped save Dolores' father.

DUNCAN WINS A DOUBLE VICTORY

It was a great feather in the cap of the sheriff of Guarez. Everybody told him so for months after, but he would not accept the praise.

"Do you want to know who did it —every bit of it?" he would say. "Well, it was Dolores, my wife!"

The Dark Romance of a Tobacco Can

(Essanay)

By JOHN OLDEN

"WHEN he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the *Arcadia*. I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in *Arcadia* detests arguing with anybody about anything."

So Barrie said in those unenlightened days when blends were deftly mixed by hand; a touch of Turkish here, a pinch of Latakia there; a liberal sprinkling of that glossy treasure from the Parish of St. James; the whole embodied with a generous portion of Clay or of Burley.

I could dwell at length on those good days, did not my story confine me to a simple can and to what havoc its contents wrought.

It must have been a half-score of years ago, when, in a diminutive, whitewashed tobacco factory on the outskirts of Louisville, Ky., our heroine sat at her accustomed bench, and from a golden pile of tobacco adroitly filled the hungry cans.

She was about the same color as the weed, and the myriad kinks that crowned her quite outrivaled the curling leaf.

Down the length of the long bench a row of dusky maidens were as industrious as she: a contented lot; care-free, merry; the umbra and penumbra to the rushlight of her color.

Strange as it may seem, our heroine did not join in the merriment of those about her: with some dignity she maintained a proper reserve. To say the truth, she was as timid as she was sentimental.

As she leaned in a muse over her task, what whispering of courage urged her to do it I cannot fathom, for she took a pencil stub from the mysteries of her kinky hair and scrawled a few words upon a bit of the oiled packing-paper. Then, to prop her flagging courage, she passed it on to her seat-mates. One held the missive and drawled it aloud, while, at its simple confession, the others laughed boisterously. When it came back to its author—as most all good things do—without more ado she popped it into a full can of tobacco, gummed the stamp, and set it ready with its fellows. How it sped westward, arrow-like, with its message, and how with its barb it lay lurking until the hands of fate should open it, he who follows it may read.

Some six years after the episode of the tobacco can, Mr. George Jackson, bachelor, was sunning himself with an afternoon stroll in one of the unfrequented suburbs of Chicago. It was a place where rows of small houses, each with its porch and little railings, stretched out interminably, like so much merchandise on the shelves. George was not a student of the beautiful, however, and eschewed the broad avenues where bristled the mansions of the mighty. He was, in fact, a very industrious clerk to a hardware dealer; and on a pleasant day off like this was not above his stroll, a pleasant reading under some spreading tree, and immoderate pipes of tobacco.

It was this latter solace, forbidden at the shop and frowned upon by his meddlesome landlady at home, that caused the finger of fate to hover so lucklessly over the head of Mr. George Jackson. For, on that cloudless day, had he but known it, the feckful thing was surely seeking him out.

George, then—whatever his judgment in other matters—had a fine taste for tobacco; and, finding his supply running low, searched in vain the by-shops of his jaunt for a replenishment. One and all they might have

THE LOVE MESSAGE IS PACKED INTO A TOBACCO CAN

satisfied him, had he not been set upon a particular rare brand that alone seemed to bring contentment to his pipe. Everywhere he was doomed to disappointment. Knocking out the last remaining ash from his pipe, he essayed one more dingy little shop. As luck would have it, the shopkeeper, after a muttered denial, pulled a dusty, neglected can from his shelves; and George, clutching it up, like a chiding parent, put down his half-dollar and made for the open.

He had scarcely closed the door, with its janging bell overhead, when an immaculate, elderly gentleman, in gleaming top hat and buttoned frock coat, brushed briskly by him. George recognized the strutting walk as that of Mr. Harvey K. Dickson, his uncle's lawyer; and, in his less settled days, having solicited several minor loans from that worthy gentleman, he deemed it prudent to resume his stroll in an opposite direction.

Yet he had taken a scant dozen steps toward tranquillity, when, hearing his name called out heartily, he turned to find the beaming Mr. Dickson descending upon him. George put a limp hand into his cordial one and wondered why the great Mr. Dickson, the adviser of plutocrats, should so go out of his way as to fix him with that compelling smile. He stared at the worthy man as if he were wearing a mask, assumed for some opulent client, which, in his case, would fall away to disclose a sinister countenance. What was his surprise, however, to find that Mr. Dickson's cordiality seemed to be permanent, if not contagious; for, taking George under the arm, he discoursed pleasantly on various subjects, even so far as the steps of Mr. Jackson's lodgings.

Here, under the bright eyes of the landlady's daughter in the front parlor, he evidenced a strong desire to enter; and before the faint-hearted George could protest he found himself leading the spruce attorney up sundry flights of dark stairs, and so into his somber chamber.

The adviser of his maternal uncle had something on his mind to be rid

of; and, as he cocked his sharp eyes on him, George was prepared for the worst, even to the spoiling of his holiday. Mr. Dickson, with becoming formality, pulled a packet of papers from the breast pocket of his coat, and, selecting one, leveled it at the harmless young man.

"Calm yourself," said the complacent attorney, "and read exactly every word as it is written."

George glanced at the formidable manuscript, and the type danced before his bewildered eyes. He could make nothing of the jargon, and was tempted to read it from right to left, as he had heard that Hebrew was written. What was happening, anyway? Was he in the clutches of the law?

The words lay still for a moment as a fragment found its slow way into his brain. "Cherishing a wish," it read, "that my nephew, George Martin Jackson, shall lead an upright, honorable life, I hereby bequeath to him my entire estate, upon the one condition that he take unto himself a wife not later than one week from date of my death. In case of his death or non-compliance with my wish, the estate shall revert back to ——"

The dizzy pirouetting of the type began again, and George laid the fluttering paper on his table.

"Mr. Dickson," he began feebly, "what am I to say about this? If my uncle chooses to seek me out with such a silly hypothesis, I would be only right by passing it up without a reply."

"Why, man," said the astonished attorney, "haven't you heard? Your esteemed uncle"—and here he made a flitting, tho quite respectful gesture—"recently passed away. As for the slight condition——" He summarized it with a smart snap of his fingers.

George looked at the cloud-dispeller with lusterless eyes.

"In the first place," he began, "I must confess I am a confirmed shunner of women; and, secondly, I dont know any of them at all; and, thirdly, to make the matter sure, I could never be led to believe that one could be captivated on such summary notice."

Mr. Dickson fixed the contingent legatee with a look of deepest commiseration. "George Jackson," he said, touching his head, "do you lack anything above?"

"Yes," said George, smartly; "I'm wanting my pipe badly."

And with that he reached out for the unopened can and proceeded to pry off its lid. He had poised his pipe to run it thru the fragrant tobacco, when a slip of stained paper nestling in the contents held his fleeting attention.

George drew it out and, holding it up to the light, read the dim penciling: "Miss Grace Williams, 1214 South Ninth Street, Louisville, Ky. Object matrimony."

Mr. Dickson told me afterwards he had never seen more varied expressions than those that flitted across the countenance of George. Incredulity, wonderment, doubt, hope, resolve, came and went quick as flashes on a picture screen.

Without a word to the attorney, the inspired bachelor sat him down, and the words fairly skipped from his flourishing pen.

"There, I've done it!" he gasped in a high voice. "Post it, please; she'll wire a reply."

Then, as if his emotions of the day had quite exhausted him, he flung his letter and the fateful slip of paper at the flabbergasted Mr. Dickson, and sank back feebly into the depths of his chair.

There is a calciferous deposit in the soil of Kentucky to which not only all nature bountifully responds, but which is excellent for the washing of clothes.

In the six years that have sped since we glimpsed the fair Grace, surprising changes have taken place. Not only has that sentimentalist retired from the promiscuity of the tobacco factory, but she has flourished deservedly. Her latter days are given over to the laying on of flesh, which comes with the climate, and to the plying,

MISS GRACE WILLIAMS, NOW OLDER AND FATTER, RECEIVES AN ANSWER

or rather rubbing, of her trade, now that of blanchisseuse, or—shall we say it?—washwoman.

On the day following the posting of that inspired letter of Mr. George Jackson, the finger of fate, ever swinging in its arc, stopped at Grace's cottage in the disguise of a postman and left a mysterious envelope, postmarked "Chicago," in her suddy hands.

The timid creature fingered it for some time fearsomely, and had not her damp clasp like to have destroyed it, she might yet have been holding it in fat perplexity, for all I know.

It was only by careful reperusal that she dully grasped its meaning:

Dear Miss Williams: Have just found the slip of paper containing your name and address in can of tobacco today. If you really want to marry, cash the enclosed check, *take first train,* wire me, and will have auto and chauffeur in gray livery waiting at Englewood station for you. Hurry! Yours expectantly,

GEORGE M. JACKSON.

Grace's eyes fairly bulged with her effort to give the ranting lines some sense; and then suddenly the memory of her coy act years before flashed before her, and the puzzle fitted surely into shape.

She sat down on the one doorstep and rocked like a ferryboat, with ponderous merriment. "I'se sure comin', Mistah Jackson, 'deed I is," she chuckled in pure hilarity. Then, as she noticed the underscoring with the imperative "Hurry!" trailing like a call for help, she grew quite serious. "I 'low dat man des crazy 'bout me," she mused, and all her stifled coquetry seemed to steal forth like a sunflower.

Her wavering mind once made up, she became quite lion-hearted, and proceeded to her adornment with the exactitude that is necessary to arrange a sky-pink bonnet and a gown of large-flowered calico. With a heart beating with high resolve, she realized the seriousness of her adventure, and, locking the little cottage door, she made a slow but sure way for the depot. Her simple telegram read: "Am coming on first train.—Grace Williams."

GRACE SENDS A TELEGRAM OF ACCEPTANCE

It is quite needless to say that its message shook down with a bang the tottering gates of George's flinty heart.

And now, as the one most involved in her coming, it behooves us to go back to the venturesome George, whom we left quite prostrated in a lounging-chair. From being a poor clerk at every one's beck, he was become a man of wealth; and how soon would position come knocking at his door! From being the most heartless scorner of the fair sex, he, with a mighty stroke of his pen, had conquered one, to fall, in turn, quite humbly at her feet.

So mused George as he toyed with his new clothes of the best fashion, and wreathed his glossy shoe toes with puffs from that delicious can of tobacco. What a fortunate thing it was, quite like Aladdin's lamp! He had but to grasp it, when that stern attorney, his slave, appeared and laid riches and a wife at his feet.

Her simple avowal lay, in its yellow envelope, by his side. Dickson—that good man—and the minister were coming, as were two awed clerks from the shop; and there in that bachelor's chamber, under the glow of the recluse's lamp, she would be joined to him.

As if not to disturb him, the great Mr. Dickson tiptoed softly in, and with a proper flourish laid the scarce-dry marriage license in his hands. The others entered somewhat more humbly, as befitted them; and when all had come, they stood around him in a little group, Mr. Dickson patting George's tie in place, and the Reverend Mr. MacSorber looking on with the kindliest of smiles. The two pale clerks, the perspiration beading on their foreheads, took a determined stand very close to each other, and tried to think of what they had read about society weddings. Ever and anon, with discouraging regularity, Mr. Dickson would pluck at his fob, and, having consulted his watch, would mutter: "It's going to be a narrow squeak, by George, it is!"

At length, when everybody's patience was at an end, and Mr. Dickson, grown quite white, would hold his watch like a timekeeper at a boxing show, a commotion sounded on the stairs, a man's voice was raised in strong protest, the door flew open, and Grace, the long-desired one, holding at bay the faithful chauffeur, walked slowly into the room.

They might have thought her the duenna, or mammy, or what not—according to their lights—of her beautiful mistress, had she not advanced in queenly fashion, and, opening out that calling letter of George's, exclaimed: "Here I is, honey! Yo' Gracie humped right atter dat telligramp."

Kind reader, let me draw the veil before the livid face of luckless George.

When he could be brought around with difficulty, the fleshy arms of Harvey K. Dickson were well-nigh withered from their long support. Under the lashings of Dickson, whenever George unclosed an eye, Grace's endearing fondlements started anew. The Reverend Mr. MacSorber's kind smile had become one of frozen horror; the hardware clerks grinned like educated baboons. Only Grace, poor thing, remained faithful to the letter.

But why continue our hero's sufferings further? Suffice it, that he could have jumped into his fatal tobacco can and have clapped down the lid on this vulgar scene forever.

GRACE DEMANDS HER BRIDEGROOM

When his scattered wits had at last given him back his usual dignified demeanor, Harvey K. Dickson—invaluable man—had again come to his rescue. With a faint show of resistance the stricken Gracie was being paid off with several generous yellowbacks; Dickson graciously acting the part of teller to her payee.

And now, lest my hero seem miscast, and but a poor, wretched clerk shorn of his panoply, I must show how his luck—that teasing jade—finally came home to him.

The attorney was at his wit's end, for he plucked out his telltale watch again and, striding up to his unlucky client, fairly shouted: "You have just fifteen minutes in which to marry or lose your fortune."

It could not be noticed that the pallid George had heard him, as he stretched his hand forth to the neglected tobacco can. He might as well smoke a consolatory pipe and be done with it! Wife and fortune swept away with just one wee wag of fate's finger!

As the neglected pipe found its place again, quite without warning, George leapt from his chair, and, bounding deerlike from the room, slammed to his door in a trice.

They heard his pounding steps on the stairway, and then all was quiet for anxious moments.

He had just thought of the pretty, watchful eyes of the landlady's daughter. These he had seen taking toll of his comings and his goings from beneath their deep lashes, and had never stopped to think how clear they were until now!

The two pale clerks had folded their white gloves, and the Reverend Mr. MacSorber had put on his rubbers, while he readjusted his smile—a far-away one now—to the occasion. Even that indomitable warrior, Harvey K. Dickson, had slipped back his watch like a falling plummet, with an air of finality, when the door opened ever so softly, and George, with she of the wondering eyes, stood on the dim threshold.

"Friends," he said in a voice of young hope, "this is my fiancée, Miss Clarabelle Clancy."

His First Show

By GEORGE B. STAFF

When Hiram went to see the show,
He watched the pictures with a glow
Of utmost pleasure on his face,
As he sat mutely in his place,
While in his widely staring eyes
Were looks of wonder and surprise.

"How did you like them?" asked his friend,
When lights were turned on at the end;
Then Hiram gazed hard at the sheet,
While getting slowly to his feet;
"Huh! Movin' Pictures! Caint fool me!
Why, them was people! I could see!"

Answers to Inquiries

R. S. A., Columbia City.—We do not answer inquiries as to the matrimonial or other personal affairs of the players. (2) The lady is not now connected with any company.

C. S. K., Brooklyn.—Miss Fuller is still with the Edison company. Matrimonial information is not supplied. We never had the nerve to ask the age of any actress in Photoplays. Miss Gauntier is in Ireland with that section of the stock company summering there. Pictures with Irish settings, in which she will play the leading rôles, will soon appear now—possibly before this issue does. The other question will be answered in the next number.

Miss E. D., Milwaukee.—Rather a large order, but here are the companies and the home studios. (Most of the companies maintain one or more field companies.) Biograph, New York; Edison, New York; Essanay, Chicago; Kalem, New York; Lubin, Philadelphia; Méliès, no permanent studio, at present in California; Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Selig, Chicago; Pathé Frères, Jersey City and various European studios; Eclipse and Gaumont, Paris; American, Chicago; Champion, New York; I. M. P., New York; Nestor, New York; Powers, New York; Solax, Flushing; Thanhouser, New Rochelle; Yankee, New York. (2) We cannot give the names of all players. (3) There are group pictures of many of the companies, but these are not offered for sale. The Motion Picture Story Magazine has been published since February, 1911. Back numbers, with the exception of the first, may be obtained by addressing the publisher.

Mrs. J. J., Pontiac.—We would advise you to abandon the idea of getting a position in a Photoplay company. There are too many experienced players idle to argue well for the chances of an amateur. It is necessary to start as an "extra," being paid only for the days you work, and these days are few at the start.

O. C. K., York.—We may publish the pictures you desire, but cannot make any promise.

"Pub," San Francisco.—Miss Florence Turner has been killed by rumor more often than any other player, but she is still very much alive. The report may have been caused by the fact that for a time she was threatened with a nervous breakdown, due to the intense energy she puts into her work, but she is now happily recovered and doing notable work. (2) You appear to have hit upon Mr. Costello's studio nickname, "Dimples." (3) We will try and answer in our next. (4) Master Casey is still with the Vitagraph. (5) Miss Gene Gauntier played the rôle, and the picture was taken in Ireland. The Kalem company has another company, with Miss Gauntier, over there this season.

"Mac," St. Joseph.—We have no record of the player. Biograph players have no official identity. (2) The question has been sent to the company. We hope to answer next month.

E. C., Birmingham.—Possibly the lady is his wife, and then, again, possibly she is not. We do not delve into matrimonial affairs and personal matters. The company will probably remain in the West, moving up and down the Pacific coast, as the scripts require. Headquarters is in Los Angeles.

"An Enthusiast," Pittsburg.—The question is too loosely framed. You may not possess "very great talent" and be a Photoplayer, but you will not be able to get better than commonplace rôles. (2) Age runs all the way from five to eighty, according to the line of parts. (3) Never heard of the Vitagraph making any pictures in Cincinnati. The home studio is in Brooklyn, New York City, and they keep many field companies busy. Possibly the photograph to which you have reference was intended for the new topical release. Thanks for your compliment. Glad you like us.

W. M., San Francisco.—The idea of this magazine is not to advertise the players, but to render into permanent prose form the pictured action of the best plays. Your second question will be answered next issue. Thanks for your suggestion.

G. M. D., New York.—This is as "quick" as we can let you know. You can probably get photographs of the leading players, with the exception of the Biograph company, by writing the companies for information. Any Photoplay theater manager will give you the addresses. We do not know what they will cost. Back numbers of this magazine may be had of the publisher at the regular price. The first issue is out of print.

A. V. E., Yonkers.—Any Photoplay theater manager will give you the addresses you ask for. We cannot afford the space. Manufacturers do not want stories in poetry and prose. They want scenarios, in which the action only is briefly stated, scene by scene, the story itself being told by the action. Save postage on poetry. Questions cannot be answered by mail.

A. M. J., Baltimore.—Declined with thanks. We know "the prettiest girl in Motion Pictures," but do you suppose that we are going to tell and get the other 499 down on us? Never!

J. H. A., Brooklyn.—The device known as Kinemacolor is neither colored photographs nor photography in colors. The film is black and white, the color coming from screens.

G. M. P., New Haven.—There were two parts to the Biograph's production of "Enoch Arden." It is evident that you saw but one.

F. W. S., Hagerstown.—It is probable that the Lubin actor whom you miss is Richard Wangemann, who left the company in the spring. He is now with a stock company playing in German. Yes, he was decidedly clever.

W. P. M., Pueblo.—We do not know whether the Vitagraph company will send its Western company your way or not. If you can suggest scenes that are not to be found elsewhere in the Rockies, you might communicate with the home office.

H. M. T., Detroit.—The Kalem company has three distinct companies headed by Gene Gauntier, Alice Joyce and Frederic Santley (Bertie), respectively. The latter is the comedy company.

"Clifton," Montreal.—We cannot approximate the time required to make a Motion Picture, but a week to ten days should cover the ordinary production. The Vitagraph's half reel, "He Fell in Love with His Wife," was written, rehearsed and acted in about four hours. Kalem's "A Tragedy in Toyland" required about three months to make. The twenty or thirty feet of Wakefield in the recent Pathé "Washington Relics" involved an arduous trip of three days, and the entire reel required several weeks.

L. P. F., Clinton.—Fred Walton is not now with the Selig company.

W. W. D., Troy.—The company was a detachment of Edison players who made pictures at Fort Ticonderoga and Ausable Chasm. Your second question is answered above.

L. M. I., New Canaan.—We are interested in scenarios only after they have been produced by some picture-maker. See editorial announcement in the front of this issue.

G. D. R., Biloxi.—The Vitagraph released "A Tale of Two Cities" in three parts because it makes almost 3,000 feet. The thousand-foot reel is the standard. No company releases more than one thousand feet a day. The release was completed in a week. You do not object to waiting a month for your magazine serial, do you?

S. L. C., Vineland.—Albert McGovern has not left the Lubin company. He has filled many dramatic engagements and was stage manager for Robert Edeson. Yes.

V. M. M., Paw Paw.—Charles M. Seay played the challenger and John R. Cumpson the challenged in Edison's "A Famous Duel." Yes, it was good work all thru.

"Is Maurice Costello, of the Vitagraph, married?"—E. V. T., Chicago.—We will give you three guesses. Such information is not furnished.

Mrs. S. J. G., Dundee.—Miss Turner played the leading rôles in "Renunciation" and "Brother Man." (2) Miss Mary Fuller is now working with the Edison company, but was previously with the Vitagraph. She is not a "double" for Miss Turner. (3) The lady is still abroad on a vacation.

Bernice B., Santa Clara.—Leo Delaney took the part of Charles Darnay in "A Tale of Two Cities." He is not related to Maurice Costello.

R. S. and M. H.—See answer to Bernice B., above.

F. M. H., New York.—The nurse in the Vitagraph's "The Inherited Taint" was Helen Gardner. William Shaw was "Intrepid Davy." Maurice Costello and Leo Delaney are not related. Apply to the company for pictures. Single pictures 25c. By the dozen $2.50.

H. W. W., Brooklyn.—Frank Lanning, of the Kalem players, is not an Indian, no matter how much he may look like one in the pictures.

J. R. C., Baltimore.—Kalem's "The Badge of Courage" was played in Southern California, some of the scenes being played in Los Angeles. The leads were Miss Alice Joyce, Carlyle Blackwell and George Melford.

"Information," Huntingdon.—If you are competent, as you so confidently state, apply to the manufacturers, stating your experience and enclosing stamp for a reply.

"Admirer," Norwich.—Mr. Costello's picture appeared in the March issue of this magazine. Officially, we do not know whether he is married or not.

"Thank You," Philadelphia.—Not the same.

R. L. W., Ada.—Frank Lanning played the part you mention. We do not know if he ever played with the company you name. The Kalem company cannot furnish the information.

"Enthusiast," San Jose.—See answer to J. R. C. above. Stories sent to manufacturers must be original and not taken from books, etc. Most magazine stories are protected by copyright.

E. C. H., Denver.—The Motion Picture Story Magazine deals only with the produced scenario. Send your script to the company most likely to use that style of story. There is no fixed price for manuscripts, but the average is about $25, altho $100 and more has been paid to authors of reputation.

"Pub," San Francisco.—Miss Gladys Field is the leading woman of the Essanay Western stock company.

H. P. E., Washington.—Jack J. Clarke was the Lieutenant in the Kalem Photoplay, "Jack's Reformation."

Florence Inquisitive.—Carlyle Blackwell was the medal winner in the Kalem Photoplay, "The Badge of Courage."

F. D. V., Morristown.—Miss Gladys Field was the wife, and Brinsley Shaw the author in Essanay's "The Backwoodsman's Suspicion." You are right. E. R. Phillips, who played the Doctor in Vitagraph's "Courage of Sorts," was formerly leading man with Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Tourist."

"Irish," McAlester.—William Duncan, who played Dick in Selig's "The New Editor," is the former proprietor of the Duncan Stock Company.

R. W., Crystal Falls.—Miss Pickford is not dead, nor has she been in an accident at this writing.

Admirer, San Antonio.—This question has been answered several times. Mr. Johnson is seen in both Reliance and Lubin films because he was with Reliance and is now with Lubin. Miss Leonard is not working at this writing. She is still in Paris. The pictures asked for have not been printed. Your other question will be answered later if possible, but it is a large order.

Miss J. E. K., Huntingdon.—See answer to "Admirer" above.

J. S., Bridgeport.—The name of the leading man in "The Cook"? Spottiswood Aitken. Is Al McGovern dead? No.

H. P. E., Washington.—The name of Jack in "The Accidental Outlaw"? Jack Standing.

Helen, Montgomery.—Who played opposite Miss Lawrence in "A Good Turn"? Ethel Elder.

M. M. Y., Buffalo.—The Motion Picture illustrated weekly is a new idea in this country, but has been standard abroad for some time, both the Pathé and Gaumont companies offering a weekly release covering the news events. Many American events have been "covered" by the Pathé photographers for the European edition.

C. L., St. Louis.—The Selig "The Way of the Eskimo" is probably the Photoplay you mean. It was written by Columbia Enuteseak, said to be the first Eskimo born in the United States, apart from Alaska. She was born at the Columbian Exposition.

George F., Spokane.—"State Rights" means that a Photoplay is not released thru the exchanges in the usual manner, but that the right to exhibit in each State is sold separately to some speculator. The custom is followed only in the case of some special release.

Ed. R. G., Cincinnati.—The Méliès Company is now located in Ventura County, California. Gaston Méliès is the director—the only one. It is his own, and not a trade name.

"Bunk," Boston.—"The Battle of Bunker Hill," in the Edison historical series, was made up on the shore of Lake Champlain, where a prominence was found that looks, as you suggest, "like Bunker Hill, with the buildings and monument removed." It was impossible to follow the plan observed in the Ticonderoga picture and make the negative on the actual site, so the other plan was successfully followed.

W. R. S., Denver.—You've got it half-right. A part of the Kalem Stock Company is in Ireland, making pictures, but only a part. Other companies are in New York (the comedy section) and in California. The latter section has just completed some rural bits on the big O'Neil ranch.

"Puzzled," Houston.—Surely you are joking. The moral of "The Veil of Happiness" is obvious, and the story has been printed in this magazine. The mandarin destroys his recovered sight because his illusions are shattered.

F. G. J., Washington.—The picture you saw taken in Atlantic City was "A Gay Time in Atlantic City," made by A. D. Hotaling, of the Lubin company. An Atlantic City comedy is one of the Lubin features each summer.

G. G. J., Auburn.—Why the player's personal address? You have his name and the company he is connected with. Write him in care of the company. Any Photoplay theater manager will give you the studio address.

T. N. M., Binghamton.—Marie Pavis was the Mammy in "Easter Babies." She is not a negress. We do not know of any negro employed in a studio as a player of parts. Write the company for this information. It is outside of our line.

"Aspirant," Wichita.—We would not advise you to go to Chicago with the expectation of supporting yourself by acting in pictures. The training is slow and the pay of an "extra" is seldom large.

D. D. S., Lima.—F. X. Bushman and Dorothy Phillips played the leading parts in "Her Dad, the Constable." Both have appeared in other Essanay productions.

W. H. K., Newark.—Miss Storey is with the Vitagraph, not the Kalem company. A comedy scenario will be worth anywhere from $10 for the idea to $50 for the complete script.

Miss M. R., San Francisco.—There is no relationship between the three players you mention. To your first question—No.

D. R. H. G., Pottstown.—The lady is understood to be enjoying a vacation in Europe at present.

O. B., Galveston.—Miss Storey will remain with the Vitagraph. The studio is at East Fifteenth street and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

S. Y. L.—Mr. Anderson was formerly a dramatic player of prominence. There is no record of his having "punched cows." The "leading actress in Motion Pictures" is a matter of personal opinion. Certainly the lady you mention is among the foremost. Essanay films are manufactured in Chicago. The negatives are made there or along the Pacific coast, according to their character. Most Western pictures are made in the West, but some few are made on the Atlantic coast. It is not always easy to tell which is which. Be more specific in asking as to personalities. Edna May Wieck is the Edison child, if you mean the very little one. Gladys Hulette, who recently was in "The Blue Bird," plays the older girls. No.

R. B. A., Montgomery, Ala.—We do not answer questions as to the matrimonial or other private affairs of the players. This disposes of most of your questions. Miss Turner and Mr. Costello occasionally play opposite parts, but since the companies produce four reels weekly, it is more usual that they head separate casts. The wind is not "always blowing in the pictures, even when they are indoors." You cannot believe all you see in the newspapers, and this item has been going the rounds for more than a year.

E. D., Brooklyn.—Almost any Photoplay theater presenting licensed pictures uses Vitagraph subjects. If yours does not, it is the exception, and for the answer we must refer you to the manager. Miss Turner has been working steadily, tho for a time she had to let up a little in her work. Mr. Costello has been "on the job" right along.

F. S., Bradford.—See note regarding Biograph players.

"Busyboby," Ashland.—We do not know what Mr. Costello's wife's name was before she was married, and we do not care to ask him. We do not answer such questions. "Jean" is the property of Lawrence Trimble, who generally plays in the cast. You probably have reference to King Baggot, not Mr. King. Again, we are silent on the marriage tie. What does it matter, so long as he is a good actor?

"A Reader," San Francisco.—You probably mean Miss Florence Lawrence, now with the Lubin company. Her photograph has appeared. Thanks for the suggestion. We already have that scheme in hand, but appreciate your interest. A Motion Picture Story Magazine that goes from here to San Francisco, and then to the North of England, certainly does some traveling.

Mrs. A. W. C., Indianapolis.—We are not interested in scenarios until they have been filmed by some company. Submit your manuscript to some manufacturer.

"Reader," Detroit.—A thousand feet runs eighteen to twenty minutes, according to the subject. The positive print is the one you see on the screen. The negative is the one from which the positive is made, as in plate photography.

Miss B. E. B., San Francisco.—Matrimonial information is not given. Address him, in care of the company, East Fifteenth street and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Generally in appropriate rural settings. Water scenes are taken the same as other landscapes. Usually there is a man who travels around marking down picturesque localities.

F. J., Flagstaff.—Answered elsewhere in this department.

"Information," San Jose.—Pathé, 41 West Twenty-fifth street; Melies, 204 East Thirty-eighth street; Biograph, 11 East Fourteenth street; Kalem, 235 West Twenty-third street, all in New York; Vitagraph, East Fifteenth street and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lubin, Twentieth street and Indiana avenue, Philadelphia, and Essanay, 521, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

Mrs. B. Y., Philadelphia; B. M. U., Troy; J. K. K., Logansport; B. M. W., Washington; S. S. P., Chicago, and Others.—Only questions of general interest are answered in the Question Box.

"Jean," Montgomery.—Leo. Delaney took the part. He is no relative to Mr. Costello. Matrimonial information withheld.

"Subscriber," Los Angeles.—Mr. Costello has not left the Vitagraph.

B—, Hillsboro.—Miss Turner is still with the Vitagraph. You cant believe all the piano player thinks he knows.

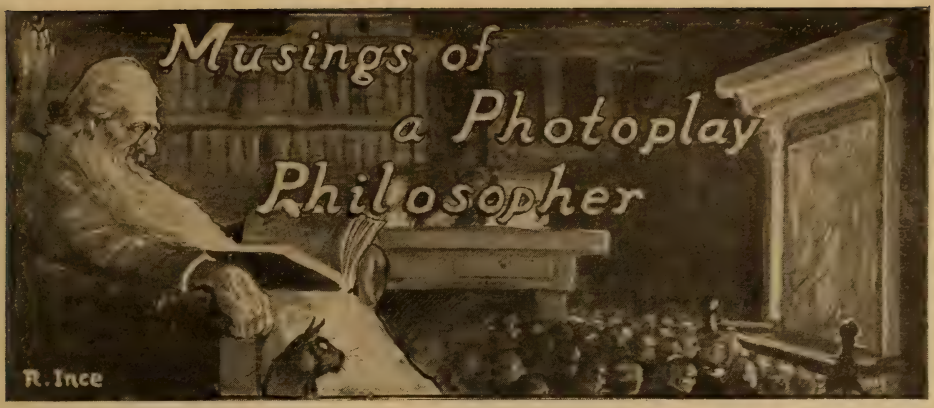
"Louisianna".—We do not supply matrimonial information.

L. H. L., Brooklyn.—No, in answer to both questions.

Florenz, New York.—We do not know whether Harry Myers is married and has a son or not. The question is out of order.

Inez.—Mr. McGovern of the Lubin company is still in the land of the living. See answer to Florenz.

M. E. L., Des Moines.—Mary Fuller is still with the Edison company.



Every time I see a good comedy picture, I feel like saying, "God bless the man who makes us laugh." Was it not Chamfort who said, "The most completely lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed"? I believe that every time a man smiles he not only helps himself to live longer and better, but that he also helps others. The world has a habit of looking lightly on the funny men, and of underrating their importance; but the longer I live, and see the sorrow and suffering all about me, the more I feel like reiterating, "God bless the man who makes us laugh."

When Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Sutro celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary recently, they gave one of the most unique entertainments that has ever been given. For weeks previous they had been making preparations, and when the guests were informed that they were to be treated to a Motion Picture show, everybody was surprised, and some were disappointed. But when the picture was shown, and it became plain that the bride and groom had carefully rehearsed their courtship, their wedding, their honeymoon, and the main incidents of their happy after-life, before a Motion Picture camera, so that the pictures were almost exactly like the real scenes they represented, each guest was amazed and charmed at the wonderful ingenuity of their host and hostess. There seems to be no end of the possibilities of the Motion Picture.

Let not your judgment give way to your inclination. Remember that your opinions are formed by your interest.

According to Punshon, Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? Conscience asks, Is it right? But since we are all controlled more or less by Cowardice, Expediency, Vanity and Conscience, we usually ask, Is it safe, is it expedient, is it politic, and is it right? Discretion is always the better part of valor, and conscience does not always make cowards of us all. If a thing is not expedient, or safe, it is not usually right. If it is popular, it is usually wrong, but self-interest is always king.

It is strange what strong effect anger has upon our disposition and upon our countenance, and it is stranger how little we can really accomplish by its use. Wrinkles are but fret-work upon the face, and anger is a file that grinds off the joys of repose. Reprove me angrily and I obey reluctantly, if at all; reprove me kindly, and I am doubly indebted.

Since they introduced Motion Pictures into the asylums of Kentucky, Judge Garret announces that he has observed a marked improvement in the cases of both the mildly insane and of the incurables. And still the work goes on. Is there any limit to the good that the film can do?

Mr. Edwin Markham, who is perhaps the best known poet and man of letters in the world, was going over the prize-contest letters recently, when he came to one in which the writer used the word "jealousy." A look of impatience came over his face, and then he said to me something like this: "Here's a fine, scholarly letter which I am inclined to exclude because of this word *jealousy*. I shall not, however, for I shall lay aside my own prejudices. I never could see any justification for jealousy. What right has a man to be jealous of his wife, whatever she may do? What right has he to exercise dominion over her?" I would not like to match my humble opinion against that of so learned a philosopher as Mr. Markham, but I would suggest that, if the dictionary definition of jealousy is correct, viz.: "Anxious apprehension for fear of being displaced by a rival," jealousy is not only natural but quite proper. A wife has promised to love, honor and obey, and while there may be some question about the obedience, there is no doubt that she owes her husband loyalty, and if she gives cause for her husband to think that he is losing that, I think he should get very busy and find out. If her affections are transferred to another, it may be a question what the husband should do,—whether to give her up generously, as did Ruskin to Millais, or whether he should seek to hold her to her contract. But, anyway, I think he has a right to be jealous.

The reason pipes are growing more popular is that it is getting too effeminate to smoke cigarettes.

We do not destroy a balky horse, or an unruly child, but we seek to train them. If there are, or have been, objectionable features to the Motion Pictures, why do some very good people want to destroy them altogether, without first inquiring whether their evils are removable? Would it not be just as logical to smash a piano merely because it is out of tune? Or to amputate the leg to cure a bunion? For every evil in the world there is a remedy or there is not. If there is, let us find it. If there is not, let us endure it; for, that which cannot be cured, must be endured. It would be useless to pass a law to stop the tides from rising and falling, and it would be equal folly to try to destroy a form of entertainment and education that is patronized by fifteen million persons daily.

Every person has some unreasoning aversion, or infatuation, that slams the door in the face of truth. Many there still be who refuse to recognize any merit or power for good in the Photoplay. None so blind as they who will not see.

It is easy to believe that which we hope for earnestly, and we discard easily the truth that gives us pain. All our opinions are weighted with self-interest. How true it is that every cloud has a silver lining! Dark clouds make bright sunshine: rough roads make smooth destinations. Were there no cloudy days, we could not appreciate the sunny ones. Until we have suffered pain, we cannot know the luxury of health.

The saloons have been complaining that the Motion Picture business is ruining theirs, and some saloons have been contemplating installing Motion Pictures to attract trade. The church has always looked on the saloon as its greatest enemy, and, now that the saloon recognizes the Picture Theater as its own great enemy, why does the church not lock arms with the Photoplay and make war on the saloon? A good general does not desert the field because the enemy appears upon it, but he fights all the harder. And a good general is always quick to take advantage of opportunities. If, then, the Photoplay is such a powerful weapon for good or evil, why does the church not seize upon it and harness it before it becomes the accessory of the enemy?

Every newspaper office seems to have a rubber stamp, "Blames Picture Shows for Downfall," which they delight to use on the slightest suspicion. Since fifteen million persons see the Motion Pictures every day, it would be strange indeed if occasion did not arise once in a while to warrant putting the familiar title at the head of a column, and every institution must have unfortunate experiences; but editors should exercise just a little judgment and not cry too often, "Wolf, wolf!" when there is no wolf.

Five years ago there were no Motion Picture theaters in England, while now there are no less than 2,000. England is progressing.

Extremes meet. It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. In the midst of life we are in death. Great wits are sure to madness near allied. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Discord is a harmony not understood. We may have pleasure-pain, and a thing may be bitter-sweet. Too far east is west. In fact, all wisdom and all wit consist in the meeting of extremes. The reconciliation of apparent irreconcilables is wisdom, and the apparent reconciliation of real irreconcilables is wit.

Is it better to be good, do good, or make good? I pause for an answer, as the speakers say when they expect none. There is no answer, because these three things all amount to about the same thing.

Do not condemn alone that which pleases all, or nearly all. That which pleases many has merit, even if we cannot detect it; and to condemn it is but to display our ignorance or our incapacity.

I am informed from reliable sources that there are more than 10,000 Motion Picture theaters in this country, and that the average daily attendance is over 4,500,000, which is five times that of the other theaters. It has been estimated that of these 4,500,000, only one-ninth are children between the ages of four and sixteen, and that only one-quarter belong to what is called the working class. It is a common occurrence now to see at the Photoplay, men and women in evening dress; and Mr. Montgomery, who is perhaps the prince of Southern exhibitors, tells me that many of his Picture Theaters are attended by "society" who drive up in carriages and automobiles.

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KALEM COMPANY - 235-239 WEST 23d STREET - NEW YORK

No less than eight letters were received by the Inquiry department of this magazine asking if it was true, as reported at various times, that Mr. Arthur Johnson, who is a popular Lubin Photoplayer, was dead. With pleasure we have always announced that the report was untrue, and we account for the persistency of the report only by the fact that Mr. Johnson lives in Philadelphia. Whatever may be said of other Philadelphians, those who are familiar with the quality of the work of Mr. Johnson, and, for that matter, of the entire Lubin company, Mr. Johnson is very much alive.

To Miss L. T.—The best advice I can give you to help you in your literary efforts is to read Addison often, particularly just before you take up your pen to write a story. Addison's prose style is inimitable (you should not imitate, anyway) easy, graceful, full of humor—and good humor, too—delicate, with a sweet, kindly rhythm, and always musical to the ear. Dr. Johnson said of his prose: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style—familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious—must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." And Lord Lytton remarks: "His style has that nameless urbanity in which we recognize the perfection of manner; courteous, but not courtier-like; so dignified, yet so kindly; so easy, yet high-bred. It is the most perfect form of English." After reading Addison, I suggest that you read some of the stories of Montanye Perry that have appeared in this magazine, particularly "Elaine," "Herod and the Newborn King," "The Story of Esther," and "Enoch Arden." I know of no modern author better to recommend to a young writer, whose style is so pure, simple and graceful.

One of the first things to give out with an old actor is his larynx. When his voice is gone—and his voice usually goes first—the stage has no further use for him, and that is one of the reasons why we see so many excellent actors in the Motion Picture stock companies. They can act just as well as they ever could, and they can speak to their present audiences just as well. The Photoplay is a godsend to those who cannot hear, and to those who cannot speak.

Mr. Elias North writes me an interesting letter in which he says in part: "The sense of sight is most necessary to our educational development. Long after the pain of an injury has disappeared, long after the perfume of a beautiful flower has ceased to exist, long after we have forgotten what we have heard, our memory recalls at will what we have *seen*. This is why traveling is such an education. This is why we remember 'Old Mother Hubbard,' 'The Forty Thieves,' 'Little Red Riding Hood.' These stories were told in pictures, more than in words, and it is the mental photographs stored away that assist our memory to recall them; pictures that depict great letters of the forgotten past and resurrect most vividly our old studies and reflections; pictures rehearsing in dress parade, line for line, those novels that have robbed our sleep, hold us in their magnetic spell, and we again realize the influence they had upon our minds in days gone by; pictures that bring us thousands of miles and show us in detail the various methods of manufacturing and distributing different products, instruct us on subjects that books cannot properly cover."

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SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATED STORIES

VOL. II NO. 9

SCENE FROM "THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR"
(Edison. See page 88)

STORIES FROM THE WORLD'S BEST PHOTOPLAYS, BEAUTIFU[illegible]Y

This Magazine

is published for the public. It has no connection with the Motion Picture industry. It is in no sense a trade publication. It is a magazine of illustrated stories from the notable Photoplays of the month, written by special writers, for the fiction-loving public. As everybody knows, Motion Pictures have come to be an all-important and permanent institution—more so than the drama ever was—and it has been estimated that, on an average, 15,000,000 persons see the Moving Pictures every day. Not for these alone is this magazine intended, altho, doubtless, to them it will have a double interest. These 15,000,000 attend the Silent Drama for various reasons—some because they prefer it to the regular drama, some because they can see four or five plays in two hours, some because they receive the benefits of travel, enlightenment, instruction and moral lessons, combined with entertainment, and some because it is cheaper. The plots of many of the Photoplays furnish superb themes for short stories, and the pictures themselves add the additional charm of illustration; hence, this magazine is designed to supply the public with the best fiction, and, what no other magazine can do, to illustrate each story with life-like pictures of real characters and real scenery.

Again, when a story is read in this magazine, the reader may go to almost any nearby theater and see the story played; and those who have seen a notable Picture Play will be doubly entertained by reading the story in this magazine. Thus, he who reads may see, and he who sees may read, the best plays of the day. Who reads the wonderful stories and admires the beautiful pictures in this magazine, will want to see the characters *move,* and who has been charmed with a Photoplay will want to have it retold in story and to preserve the important scenes in permanent form.

But, aside from Motion Pictures, and leaving them out of consideration altogether, this illustrated magazine is able to stand alone on the quality of its literature and art. While the reader will inevitably find himself attracted to the theaters to see the characters *move,* we try to make this magazine, for its own sake, compare favorably with any other magazine in the world.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter Feb. 21, 1911.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. J. Stuart Blackton, President; William J. Hilburn, Vice-President; Eugene V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. and Managing Editor; Montanye Perry and Edwin M. La Roche, Ass't Editors; V. H. Kimmelmann, Manager of Advertising; Guy L. Harrington, Manager of Circulation. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba and Mexico; in Canada and in other foreign countries, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. All manufacturers of Motion Pictures are invited to submit scenarios and photos, which, if accepted, will be paid for at usual rates. The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff, who write all stories that appear in this magazine.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MISS JULIA STEWART (Lubin)

Rose E. Tapley
(Vitagraph)

Max Linder
Copyright 1911 (Pathe Freres)

Miss Ruth Roland
(Kalem)

Some Essanay Players

VICTOR POTELL

FREDERICK CHURCH

AUGUSTUS CARNEY

MISS
ALICE JOYCE
(KALEM)

Pathe Freres)

Chas. K. French
Copyright 1911 (Pathe Frères)

Miss Mildred Bracken
In "Tommy's Rocking Horse"
(Melies)

A GROUP OF POPULAR VITAGRAPH PLAYERS
CHARLES KENT
WILLIAM SHEA
JOHN BUNNY

Miss Mary Fuller
(Edison)

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. II OCTOBER No. 9

The Colleen Bawn

(Kalem, in Ireland)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

From the Drama of Dion Boucicault

THE blue waters of Killarney Lakes, with all their mirrored mountains, all their islands clothed in softly massed arbutus, reflected no fairer image than that of Torc Cregan, the baronial estate of the Cregans. With its hilly sweeps of woodland, its oozy stretches of bogs and its fertile farm lands, it formed a possession that might well kindle the eye with admiration and rouse envious longings in the breast of the passing traveler.

But the fair prospect of Torc Cregan was as a poisoned cup of nectar to the mistress of its hall and lands. She alone, of the family, knew of the heavy mortgage that threatened to wrest from its owners the ancestral home with all its ties and associations. The only hope of retaining the estate lay within the power of the handsome young Hardress Cregan, the scion of his race; and that he would retrieve their wasted fortune she never doubted. In truth, motherlike, she had had all her plans laid before Hardress had left college and had maneuvered an engagement between him and his cousin, Anne Chute.

It was a very comfortable family arrangement all around: the young folks had grown up together and were fond of each other; they made a handsome couple, and that boded well for the future Cregan stock, which had always made a boast of its fine men and its lovely women. Then, what most pleasantly colored the Mother Cregan's view of the affair, was the fact that Anne's fortune was of such proportions as to lift the mortgage from Torc Cregan.

But all her careful plans were as chips in the wind when Hardress set eyes upon Eily O'Connor. "The Colleen Bawn," she was called, and a lovelier face and a more graceful form were not to be found in all Munster. The Colleen Bawn was an enchanting vision, from the crown of rippling chestnut hair to the shapely feet so ingenuously exposed by the saucy short skirt of the Kerry costume. Within the charming head there was not much wisdom and there

COLLEEN BAWN ROCK

HARDRESS MEETS THE COLLEEN BAWN AND WOOS HER

was less book lore, but what the head lacked was made up by a warm and generous heart.

Hardress wooed the simple maid with all the impetuous warmth of his young Celtic blood. And Eily, loving him in a shy, adoring way, could scarce believe her good fortune when he asked for her hand, and so they were quietly married. It was easy to persuade her to keep the marriage secret—she did not aspire to a place by his side in his world. So Hardress confided her to the care of old Sheelah Mann and her hunchback son, Danny. Their humble hut was within a few steps of a quaint little thatched cottage that perched on a rocky point jutting out into the lake, opposite Torc Cregan, and this cottage became the nest of the young bride, from which, after dark, signals were flashed back and forth from a window in the cottage and one in the hall. And, in the deep silence of the night, the smooth bosom of the lake was ruffled by the passing of a boat, as the young husband stole across to the welcoming arms of his Colleen Bawn.

While this charming romance was transforming the beautiful banks of Killarney into a Garden of Eden for Eily, Mrs. Cregan was sheltered in the conviction that events were marching toward the fruition that she had so wisely ordained. She would have preferred a trifle more demonstration and eagerness on the part of the engaged couple, and she deplored the attitude of Kyrle Daly, a college chum of Hardress, who was his guest for a few days. This Kyrle Daly was entirely too ardent in his address when with Anne Chute. He was a very attractive man, larger and more forceful than Hardress, and the dashing, breezy, witty Anne appeared not to discourage his attentions; all of which the watchful mother considered good grounds for offering a word of warning. Her opportunity came when she overheard a conversation between Hardress and his friend. They had strolled out into the garden

MYLES LEARNS THAT HIS LOVE IS HOPELESS

and were standing on the edge of the lake.

"Hardress, a word with you," said Kyrle, suddenly. "Be honest with me —do you love Anne Chute?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because we have been fellow collegians and friends thru life, and the five years that I have passed at sea have strengthened, but have not cooled, my feelings toward you."

"Nor mine for you, Kyrle," responded Hardress. "You are the same noble fellow as ever. You ask me if I love my cousin Anne?"

To the discomfiture of both men, Mrs. Cregan stepped between them.

"I will answer you, Mr. Daly," she said; "my son and Miss Chute are engaged. Excuse me for intruding on your secret, but I have observed your love for Anne with some regret."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Cregan, but are you certain that Miss Chute really is in love with Hardress?" asked Kyrle.

"My belief is," broke in Hardress, "that Anne does not care a token for me and likes Kyrle better. Woo her, Kyrle, if you like, and win her, if you can. I'll back you!"

The shock to the mother's hopes upon hearing her son coolly renouncing what she had set her heart upon was quickly followed by another. This was in the shape of Squire Corrigan, who was *persona non grata* to Mrs. Cregan, for more reasons than one. That he held the mortgage on Torc Cregan was galling enough, but there was about the man an obsequious impudence, suggesting the vulgarian in possession of the whip hand, that was maddening to this woman of quality.

Mrs. Cregan was at her haughtiest when he greeted her, and she was no less haughty when he took his leave, tho her pride had suffered an affront, and a feeling of perplexity and insecurity had supplanted her calm assurance. For Squire Corrigan had said much in few words. He had coarsely threatened foreclosure of the mortgage, offering the harassed woman

MYLES AND HIS WHISKY STILL IN COLLEEN BAWN ROCK

two alternatives: either she must accept his proposal of marriage or he must have from Anne Chute her written promise to marry Hardress. The squire was at no pains to conceal his skepticism concerning the projected marriage between the two cousins, and, furthermore, he enlightened the mother, much to her surprise, as to her son's nocturnal trips.

When she taxed Hardress with those visits to Muckross Head, he admitted them, and told her of his love for Eily, but concealed the fact of his marriage. He had not the courage to face an outburst arising from his mother's disappointment and outraged pride.

His faithful shadow, Danny Mann, had overheard the conversation between mother and son, and it set him brooding. Danny Mann carried within his misshapen body a primitive soul attuned to one theme—the worship of the young master, Hardress Cregan.

Danny knew all of Hardress' escapades. He had been the only witness to his marriage with Eily. He had tried to dissuade the proud son of the Cregans from allying himself with one of so humble birth. Tho he admired and loved Eily, he determined in his loyal, ignorant heart to help his master out of the scrape he had heard him confessing and to put him in the way of marrying Anne and thus retrieving his fortune. He started his clumsy scheme of deception and intrigue by delivering to Anne the letter that Eily had given him for Hardress, at the same time implying that he was waiting to row Kyrle Daly across the lake. Anne naturally concluded that Kyrle Daly was involved with a peasant girl, and her nascent love for him received a blow, with the result that one more mind focused its speculative rays upon the little cottage on Muckross Head.

Within that cottage, on this night, was good cheer and song while the Colleen Bawn awaited the coming of her husband. Father Tom, a bibulous, easy-going priest, sat beside the fire sipping from a jug of hot punch, made from Myles na Coppaleen's moonshine whisky. Myles had just brought in a keg for Father Tom—his tithe offering to the priest. Every tenth keg of the illicit spirit Myles put to one side, calling it "his riverince." "It's worth money," he said, "to see the way it does the old man good, and brings the wather to his eyes—the only place I iver see anny about him —Hiven bless him!"

Under the influence of the warm punch the visitors grew garrulous. Father Tom playfully chided Eily for being the cause of Myles' downfall from a prosperous horse-dealer to a poacher and moonshiner, and Myles was frankly confessing that he loved her yet, when there came a call from the lake.

"Whist! it's the master!" exclaimed Sheelah.

There was a scurrying to clear the things away, and Father Tom and Myles vanished just as Hardress entered the room. It was evident to Eily that something was amiss, for he appeared irritable and captious. He sniffed the odor of tobacco and punch, causing her to tremble with apprehension; he found fault with her brogue and criticised her for having such a friend as the vagabond Myles. Then, bitterly, he announced that, after the morrow, there would be no necessity for concealing their marriage.

"For," he explained, "I shall be a beggar, my mother will be an outcast, and, amidst all the shame, who will care what wife a Cregan takes?"

"And d'ye think," said Eily, her eyes big with sympathy and sorrow, "I'd like to see ye dragged down to my side? Ye dont know me. Never call me wife ag'in; dont let on to mortal that we are married. I'll go as a servant in your mother's house. I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passing, and I'll be happy if ye'll only let me stand outside and hear your voice."

"You're a fool," he answered, savagely. "I told you I was betrothed to the richest heiress in Kerry; her fortune alone can save us from ruin. Tonight my mother discovered my

visits here, and I told her who you were."

"Oh! what did she say?" asked the frightened girl.

"It broke her heart," was the gloomy reply.

"Hardress, is there no hope?" she asked, wistfully.

"None. That is, none that—that—I can name."

"There is one. I can see it."

Then he explained that her marriage certificate was the only witness he had to fear.

She drew it from her bosom and tendered it to him.

"Oh, Hardress," she exclaimed fervently, "I love ye! Take the paper and tear it!"

He had accepted it from her hand, and, in his anxiety and extremity, would doubtless have taken advantage of her sacrifice, but the door opened suddenly and Myles strode forward.

"No," he exclaimed, "I'll be damned if he shall!"

"Scoundrel! You have been listening?" demanded Hardress.

"To ivery word," calmly replied Myles. "I saw Danny Mann with his ear agin that dure, so, as there was only wan keyhole, I adopted the windy. Eily, aroon, he will give ye back that paper; ye cant tear up an oath."

"Vagabond! outcast! jail bird! Dare you prate of honor to me?"

"I am an outlaw, Mr. Cregan, a felon, maybe," admitted Myles, "but if you do this thing to that poor girl that loves you so much, had I my neck in a rope, or my fut on the deck of a convict ship, I'd turn 'round and say to ye, 'Hardress Cregan, I make ye a prisint of the contimpt of a rogue!' "

"Be it so. Eily, farewell!" said Hardress coldly, throwing down the paper and picking up his hat with a fine show of scorn. "Until my house is clear of these vermin, you will see me no more."

Unheeding her imploring cries, he hurried from the cottage. Eily ran after him, calling piteously to him not to leave her, but, at the door, Father Tom stopped her.

"He's gone! he's gone!" wailed Eily.

The priest commanded her to kneel and replace the precious paper in her bosom. Then, word for word, he forced her to repeat after him a vow never to part with the proof of her marriage to Hardress.

After his ineffectual scene with Eily, Hardress realized that he was powerless to avert the ruin that was advancing upon him and his mother. His loyal henchman, Danny, grieving to see his beloved young master so troubled, suggested sending Eily out of the country.

"Fool!" growled Hardress. "If she still possesses that certificate, how dare I wed another?"

"Thin, by the powers," answered Danny, "I'd do by Eily as wid the

HARDRESS FLINGS THE MISSHAPEN CREATURE FROM HIM

ANNE CHUTE DISCOVERS HARDRESS AND DANNY DEPART FOR MUCKROSS HEAD

glove there on yer hand—make it come off as it came on. And if it fits too tight, take the knife to it!''

''What do you mean?'' demanded Hardress.

''Only gi' me the word,'' answered Danny, ''an' I will engage that the Colleen Bawn will never trouble ye anny more. Dont ask me anny questions at all. Only, if ye're agreeable, take off that glove from yer hand an' gi' it to me for a token—that's enough.''

But Hardress, selfish and spoiled tho he was, had contemplated no harm to the simple girl who loved him, and Danny's brutal suggestion aroused him to a fury of indignation. He flung the misshapen creature from him and warned him that if he ever again uttered such a suggestion those words would be his last.

It was now useless to hold Anne to her troth, so when, the next morning, the unhappy young man stumbled upon Anne and Kyrle, and heard the latter announce his intention of going away because of his love for Anne, Hardress intruded to release her from her engagement, assuring her that there was a bar between them. Thus freed, her impulse was to rush to Kyrle's embrace, but there rose up on her mental horizon the memory of that letter and what Danny had told her of the nightly trips to Muckross Head. The high-spirited girl tried to trap Kyrle into admissions, but only succeeded in mystifying him.

''Mind me, Kyrle, if I find you true, as I once thought, there's my hand. But if you are false in this, Anne Chute will never change her name for yours.''

Anne was not a dawdler nor a procrastinator. There was a mystery to be cleared up—a mystery that threatened her happiness—so the logical thing to do was to proceed immediately to the clearing up.

A quarter of an hour later she was riding toward Muckross Head, can-

tering briskly over the rocky and undulating road that wound round the banks of the lake. Coming in sight of the cottage, she dismounted and continued up the promontory on foot.

Eily, winsome but sad, sat knitting and singing softly to herself, trying to persuade herself that Hardress would return. At the end of the song she looked up, and the two women faced each other. During a moment's silence they paid tribute to each other's beauty. Then Anne introduced herself and announced: "We are rivals!"

"I am sorry for it," softly said the Colleen Bawn.

"So am I," retorted Anne. "For I feel that I could have loved you."

"That's always the way of it," said Eily, plaintively. "Everybody wants to love me, but there's something spoils them off."

Anne showed the letter, asking Eily if she recognized it. The poor child expressed her surprise that her pitiful little note should be in Anne's possession, and then Anne told of seeing the signals and watching his departure the preceding night.

"But, now that I have seen you," she concluded, "you have no longer a rival in his love, for I despise him with all my heart, who could bring one so beautiful and simple as you are to ruin and shame."

"But he didn't — no — I am his wife!"

She had not intended to reveal it, but she could not bear to hear an injustice done him.

"What!" exclaimed Anne, "you are his wife?"

As she went away there beat upon her wounded spirit, like hammer-strokes, Eily's statement, "*his* wife!" but she thought that the Colleen Bawn spoke of Kyrle and not of Har-

DANNY PREVENTS EILY FROM SHOWING ANNE THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

dress; and when, a short time after, she met Hardress in the woods on the edge of the lake, she quite startled him.

"Hardress," she exclaimed, "I have been very blind and very foolish; but today I have learnt my heart. There's my hand. I wish to seal my fate at once. I know the delicacy that prompted you to release me from my engagement to you. I dont accept that release. I am yours!"

"Anne," he protested, "you dont know all."

"I know more than I wanted—that's enough. I forbid you ever to speak on this subject."

And thus hushed up, he could only moan, "Oh, Anne, my dear cousin, if I could forget! If silence could be oblivion!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Cregan and Danny Mann were discussing a similar topic. Danny had appeared at a window and had engaged Mrs. Cregan's attention by telling her that he knew all about Hardress' affair; and, as the young master was so wrought up over it, it was his opinion that it would be a mercy to pack the girl off somewhere. Mrs. Cregan was only too agreeable to any plan that would rid the neighborhood of the obstacle to her son's welfare. So when Danny asked her to find out if the young master had changed his mind about giving the glove as a signal, the mother left the room as if to consult her son. Upon her return the proud and ambitious mother unblushingly gave Danny a glove belonging to Hardress.

"Did ye ask him, ma'am?" he queried.

"I did," answered Mrs. Cregan, biting her lips for shame, "and here is the reply."

With the guilty token, and actuated by the mania to do the bidding of his lifelong friend, Danny went at once from Torc Cregan across the lake to Muckross Head with murder in his heart.

He told Eily that he had a message from Hardress—that she was to meet him that night on Devil's Island, and

MRS. CREGAN SECRETLY GIVES HARDRESS' GLOVE TO DANNY

that she was to tell no one of the appointment.

At the hour set she was impatiently awaiting Danny at the landing-place below the cottage. A storm had risen. The mountains were swathed in clouds. The thunder rumbled across the lake and blinding flashes seemed to cleave the water like fiery darts, tipping the dancing white-caps with momentary flecks of silver. Danny appeared with the boat. He was pale and wild. When Eily remarked upon his looks, he said the thunder made him sick. He bent to his oars and rowed across the roughening lake to an island that loomed black and forbidding.

"I dont like this place," said Eily, with a vague terror as he commanded her to get out. "It is like a tomb."

But, thinking that she was to see Hardress, she stepped out upon the rocks, and Danny followed. No sooner were they out of the boat than she knew that he had deceived her, for he coolly demanded the marriage certificate.

"I cant," declared Eily; "I've sworn never to part with it — ye know I have."

Still he demanded and still she refused. Then, exasperated and hopeless of gaining his end, he seized her with hands that trembled as if palsied and, with a mighty effort, threw her into the dark waters of the lake. She reappeared, clung to the rock and begged wildly to be saved.

"He wants ye dead!" the man cried, then savagely loosened the cramped fingers and flung her off.

"I've done it! She's gone!" he muttered, then shuddered violently.

With these words he himself reeled, lurched, toppled forward, and the water closed over him in foamy ripples. At that instant the sound of a shot rang out, and a thin trail of red tinged his wake as he was carried by the current to a rock, where he lapsed into unconsciousness. When he awoke, he found his boat floating close by. Painfully he crawled into it, and, late that night, staggered into his hut and fell upon his truckle bed, racked by fever. For ten days he raved. During lucid intervals, he said he had been shot while poaching salmon. When the delirium was on him he spoke of the glove and Eily and Hardress. Sheelah, terrified, went at last for Father Tom. After getting the boy's confession, the wise old man meditated.

"HE WANTS YE DEAD!" DANNY CRIED, THEN FLUNG HER OFF

"Myles na Coppaleen is at the bottom of this; his whisky still is in that cave, and he has not been seen for ten days past," he said to himself. "I'll go and see Myles. There is more in this than has come out."

Unknown to the others in the room, there had been a third witness to Danny's confession. It was no less a person than Squire Corrigan, he of the disappointed hopes and the black and vengeful heart. He had been ordered from Torc Cregan by Hardress when he had called for Mrs. Cregan's answer to his proposal. He had been ignored by Miss Chute; his letters to her had been returned unopened. There were mysteries and doings afoot, including Eily's reported suicide, and he suspected that he could make very good capital of them if he could only run them to earth. So, with this in mind, he had hidden in the hut during Sheelah's absence. As Father Tom questioned the boy, the eavesdropper made notes of the answers and gloated over the evidence

CORRIGAN INQUIRES THE WAY TO EILY'S HUT

that would incriminate Hardress. Then he stole out softly, after Father Tom, and started off briskly for Garryowen.

Meanwhile Father Tom had hurried along the lake shore and climbed the rugged hill, to the side of which Myles' hut clung like a barnacle on a rock. Myles was outside, and he greeted the father in his customary cheery manner. Information was hard to draw out of the rogue. But the father had great patience, combined with a wit as sharp as Myles' own, and, bit by bit, he learnt that it was Myles who had shot Danny by mistake, thinking him an otter on the rocks. Before the priest could question further, the door of the hut opened and Eily stood revealed to his startled and doubting eyes.

"D'ye think ye'd see *me* alive if *she* wasn't?" said Myles as he embraced her. "I thought ye knew me better! It's at the bottom of the Pool a Dhiol I'd be this minute if she wasn't to the fore."

So pathetic and despairing was the Colleen Bawn that it would seem that Myles' heroic rescue of the drowning girl had been rewarded by scant gratitude. She begged the priest to take her far away from the place, so that Hardress should not know that she lived and thus be tempted to hate her.

"D'ye know that in a few hours he is going to marry another?" asked Father Tom.

"I know it," she answered, wearily. "Myles told me—that's why I am hiding myself."

"What does she mean?"

"She loves him still," explained Myles. "That's what she means."

"Eily," said the priest, "ye have but one home, and that's my poor house. Ye're not alone in the world—there's one beside ye, your father, and that's myself."

"Two," interposed Myles; "bad luck to me, two. I am her mother. Sure, I brought her into the world a second time."

They suddenly became aware of a rhythmic tread on the road below.

"Whist!" exclaimed the priest, "look down there, Myles. What's that on the road?"

"It's the sojers—a company of redcoats. What brings the army out? Who's that wid them? It's ould Corrigan, and they are goin' to Castle Chute. There's mischief in the wind!"

"In with you," Father Tom advised Eily, "and keep close a while. I'll go down to the castle and see what's the matter."

Within the stately halls of Castle Chute the wedding festivities were in full swing. In the midst of the gaiety the prospective bride and groom appeared to be the only ones not imbued with the spirit of the occasion. Hardress wandered about like a ghost, and Anne, her dash and vivacity all a-jangle, left a trail of wonder and discomfiture behind her.

Hardress grew more agitated as the

DANNY CONFESSES THE CRIME

hour of the ceremony drew near. He was verging on the breaking point when Anne precipitated the crisis by asking him what was the matter.

"I will tell you," he answered, desperately; "it may take this horrible oppression from my heart. At one time I thought you knew my secret. I was wrong. The girl you saw at Muckross Head——"

"Eily O'Connor?" prompted Anne.

"Was my wife."

"*Your* wife?" cried Anne.

"Hush!" he cautioned. "Maddened with the miseries of my act, I treated her with cruelty, and she committed suicide. She wrote to me, bidding me farewell forever, and, the next day, her cloak was found floating in the lake. Since then I have had but one feeling: my old love, wild and maddened, has come back upon my heart with a vengeance!"

At this point Mrs. Cregan rushed in, livid with fear.

"Hardress, my child," she cried, "fly! fly! Not that way — the doors are guarded. There is a soldier at every entrance! You are trapped and caught! What shall we do? Ah, the window in my chamber! Come—quick! quick!"

"Of what is he accused?" asked Anne.

Hardress spared his mother the answer.

"Of murder," he said. "I see it in her face."

"Hush!" commanded Mrs. Cregan. "They come—begone! Your boat is below that window. Dont speak. When oceans are between you and danger, write. Till then, not a word."

There was a loud knocking at the door, followed by a crash as the door was broken in. A corporal and sol-

diers entered. Consternation held the women guests spellbound, while the gentlemen drew their swords to resent the intrusion into Miss Chute's castle. Kyrle Daly attempted to restore calm, but just then Hardress was brought into the hall a prisoner. His friends crowded about him, assuring him of their belief in his innocence. Then Corrigan, he of the vengeful heart, took up the word.

"I will lay before you, sir, the deposition upon which the warrant issues against the prisoner. Here is the confession of Danny Mann, taken at his deathbed. Bring in that woman," he called.

Sheelah was led in between two soldiers.

"The deponent, being on his deathbed," continued Corrigan, "in the presence of Sheelah Mann and Thomas O'Brien, parish priest of Kenmare, deposed and said——"

He looked up to greet Father Tom.

"Oh, you are come in time, sir!"

"I hope I am," said Father Tom.

"We may have to call your evidence," said Mr. Corrigan.

"I have brought it with me," calmly answered the priest.

"Deposed and said," continued Corrigan, "that he, deponent, killed Eily O'Connor; that said Eily O'Connor was the wife of Hardress Cregan, and stood in the way of his marriage with Miss Anne Chute. Deponent offered to put away the girl, and his master employed him to do so."

"Sheelah, did Danny confess this crime?" asked Magistrate O'Moore, who was one of the wedding guests.

"Divil a word!" snapped Sheelah. "It's a lie from beginning to end!"

"Father Tom will scarcely say as much," unctuously remarked Corrigan, turning to the priest. "Did Danny Mann confess this in your presence?"

"I decline to answer that question."

"Aha! you must; the law will compel you!"

"I'd like to see the law that can unseal the lips of a priest!" replied Father Tom, firmly.

"So much for your two witnesses!" called out Anne, who was beside herself with rage and indignation.

"We have abundant proof," continued Corrigan, unabashed; "Danny isn't dead yet. Deponent agreed with Cregan that if the deed was to be done, he, Cregan, should give his glove as a token."

Hardress spoke up.

"I confess what he has read is true. Danny did make the offer, but I repelled the horrible proposition."

"But you gave him the glove?" insisted Corrigan.

"Never! By my immortal soul, never!"

"But I—I did!" cried Mrs. Cregan, "I—your wretched mother! I am guilty! Remove those bonds from his hands and put them here on mine!"

" 'Tis false! Mother, you did not know his purpose! You could not!"

"I will not say anything that takes the welcome guilt from off me!" declared the devoted mother.

A new voice now projected itself into the scene. It belonged to the ne'er-do-well, Myles na Coppaleen, and, as usual, he had something of interest to say. After confessing the shooting of Danny, he begged leave to introduce a witness to the drowning of Eily O'Connor, and gave a sign toward the door. To the amazement of all, Eily entered, and Corrigan wilted in the face of the neatly arranged coup.

Sensation succeeded sensation. Hardress clasped the Colleen Bawn to his heart and acclaimed her his wife before the delighted and admiring guests. Then Mrs. Cregan drew her from Hardress' arms, begged her forgiveness and offered her a mother's love. Next Anne, at the height of the excitement, bewailed the fact that she had been left husbandless. A host of admirers stepped forward, but she beckoned Kyrle to her side and promised him the speedy reward that his constancy merited.

"Dear heart," said Hardress, turning to Eily, "I know now that I could not have lived without you. I dont

HARDRESS JOYFULLY WELCOMES THE COLLEEN BAWN AS HIS WIFE

deserve you, but I will, from now on."

"It's a shamrock itself ye have got, sir," said Myles, "and we're all glad ye've got her."

"Yes," said Anne, "and we are all Eily's friends forever!"

Everybody loudly approved this sentiment.

"Oh," cried Eily, "if I could hope that I had established myself in a little corner of your hearts, there wouldn't be a happier girl alive than the Colleen Bawn."

Two Little Maids Were They

By ETHYL MAY ROBBINS (Age 11)

Two little maids came down the street,
And very alike were they;
They wore long cloaks of crimson cloth,
And bonnets with ribbons gay.
The breezes blew and the sun shone, too,
And very alike were they.

Just then a cloud came o'er the sky
(For this was an April day),
And drops of rain came tumbling down
To spatter the ribbons gay.
Then two little faces upward turned,
And very different they.

For one face frowned, "It always rains
When we have a holiday!"
The other laughed, "Now we can go
To the Motion Picture play;
'Cause my mother says it's just the place
For a rainy Saturday."

DOLAN presents "THE STOLEN GREY" to his daughter

The Stolen Grey

(Méliès)

By MONTANYE PERRY

"DADDY, oh, daddy!"

There was a glad, affectionate note in the call, and the man bending over a broken fence wire lifted his head quickly to smile at the girl who was running across the field toward him.

"I've had such a good ride," she said, looking up at her father while she bent to pat the neck of his horse, contentedly cropping the short grass. "I went way up the canyon. It's a glorious day."

"An' where's Beauty now?"

"I left her by the front gate. She's tired enough to stand quietly. Oh, you were so good to get her for me, daddy. It's the nicest birthday present I ever had. But I'm afraid you spent too much money."

"Now, dont worry about that. I always meant you should have a good horse when you got home from school to stay, so when I seen that gang over to the station shippin' horses East I stepped up to look at 'em. The minute my eyes lit on that grey I says to myself, 'That's the horse for Doris.' Pedro didn't want to sell at first, said he'd promised to ship a grey one, and didn't have another, but money talks, so Pedro listened to reason."

Doris laughed—the musical, irrepressible gurgle that never failed to bring a responsive twinkle to Dolan's eyes.

"You spoil me, daddy," she said.

"I reckon they ain't much danger o' that. I got to make up to myself somehow for them two years you was away to school. It was a good while, and I was always wonderin' if you'd ever want to come back."

"If I'd want to come back, daddy?" She drew close to him, placing a round, sunburned arm about his neck, looking up at him with reproachful eyes. "You surely didn't think I would want to stay away from you?"

"How could I tell, child? Most girls that go off to school learn to hate the ranches. I wanted yer to see the East and have yer chance, but I thank the Lord yer come back to me. Yer all I've got."

"And you are all I have," said Doris, "just you—and Beauty."

"There's that Pedro and his crowd now," exclaimed Dolan. "They're comin' this way. That's Pedro ahead; he's the one I bought Beauty of. They seem to be in a terrible hurry."

DONALD MAYNARD GOES FOR A RIDE

Pedro did not glance at them as he galloped by with a half dozen other half-breeds, their horses' hoofs sending up a cloud of dust from the dry mesa.

"What a villainous looking face!" said Doris. "I'm glad he isn't riding Beauty now. But look over there, daddy!"

Dolan's eyes were bright and keen as he studied the squad of horsemen just riding into view.

"It's the boys from Don Maynard's ranch," he declared, "and they're ridin' hard. Looks as if they was after somethin'."

He turned quickly and looked after Pedro and his companions. They were riding furiously, almost out of sight now, just turning into the trail which led up thru a wooded ravine.

"Wonder if them half-breeds could have been stealin'," he muttered. "Never heard of Pedro bein' a thief, but them boys that's comin' are sure chasin' somethin'. Doris, I'm goin' to take after that gang and keep 'em in sight and hearin'. You go back to the house, and when the boys come by tell 'em which way to go. Tell 'em Pedro's gang took the ravine path and I'm trailin' 'em."

Being a child of the plains and thoroly accustomed to the life, Doris wasted no time in nervous remonstrance, tho her face was troubled as she quietly watched her father gallop away after Pedro's gang. When he disappeared in the wooded trail, she turned homeward.

"I must hurry and get there before the boys," she thought, quickening her steps thru the cluster of trees which hid the house from her view.

Donald Maynard, wealthy young ranchman from Santa Paula, coming out to visit his own ranch, had arrived at a very exciting moment.

Far out on the mesa the keen eyes of two of the cowboys had just detected suspicious movements among the mavericks. A powerful field-glass revealed a gang of half-breeds busy with branding irons, and Maynard came up to his ranch just as every

MAYNARD ARRIVES AT HIS RANCH

man on the place was mounting to ride in pursuit of the thieves.

"Just a minute and I'll go, too," he said, as his foreman excitedly explained the situation. "I need excitement. I came out here for a change, and guess I'm going to get it."

So, after a quick change to cowboy attire, Maynard galloped across the mesa at the head of his men. The watchful half-breeds saw them afar off, and, abandoning their work, dashed away on fleet little ponies, their red shirts making gay splotches of color against the brown plain.

"They're makin' for the ravine trail," said the foreman. "We'll cut across by Dolan's place and save a few miles."

As they neared Dolan's, the foreman gave a yell: "Hi, Dolan, get yer horse!"

There was no reply.

"Guess there's no one here," said one. "Let's not lose no time."

But Maynard, riding up to where a clump of scrub pines with their low-growing branches made a screen by the front gate, suddenly gave a cry that brought them all to his side.

"Here's my grey!" he exclaimed. "She was stolen last week. I rode out the trail from town one morning and left her a few minutes while I went to get a drink. When I got back she was gone, and the prints on the trail showed that she had been led off. There was nothing I could do but walk back to town. Now, how do you suppose——"

He was interrupted by a sharp exclamation as one of the boys jumped from his horse and caught up a branding iron from the grass.

"Look at this!" he shouted, "and it's warm, too! It's just been used."

They crowded around, examining and gesticulating, but the foreman's face grew set and stern as he looked from the handsome grey to the iron.

"Boys," he said, "it looks bad for Dolan. I was here a week ago when he come home from town leadin' that grey for his girl's birthday present. Said he bought her down to the station. Now here's the horse, hot and

MAYNARD FINDS HIS STOLEN GREY

tired, and there's the iron, just been used and throwed down there, and where's Dolan? It sure looks mighty suspicious."

"But it cant be," urged Maynard. "Dolan has queer ways, but he's lived here for years. He's no thief."

"He's all wrapped up in that girl of his," replied the foreman, "and he's spent a lot of money, sendin' her East to boardin' school. You cant tell what any man will do when he gets daffy about a woman, no matter whether it's a wife or a child or a sweetheart. A man will risk his life and soul to get 'em what they want."

"Is that the girl?" asked Maynard, sharply.

They all turned to look. Coming thru the grove was Doris, bareheaded, flushed from running, waving a hand in greeting as she ran toward them.

"Lord! We cant tell her," groaned the foreman.

But Doris began the conversation breathlessly.

"Father's gone up the ravine trail as fast as he can ride. Go after him, quick! I'm so afraid!"

The boys exchanged puzzled glances. Was this a clever ruse? Could this girl with the fair face and clear, frank eyes of a child, be in league with thieves? After a moment's silence, Maynard bent forward, looking straight into the girl's dark eyes.

THE THIEVES TOSS THE BRANDING IRON IN DOLAN'S YARD

"Are you sure your father took the ravine trail?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied in surprise. "I was over on the mesa and I watched him until he turned into the trail out of sight."

The crowd breathed more freely. Evidently the girl was speaking the truth. She knew nothing of the facts, they thought; she had simply seen her father galloping away, and was vaguely alarmed.

"Go on, all of you," directed Maynard. "I'll stay here and see to my horse."

The men looked astonished. It was unlike Maynard to be anywhere but in the thick of things, but his tone was final and no one questioned it.

As they rode away Maynard turned to the girl. Her clear eyes and trustful manner had touched him deeply. She looked very lovely and childish standing there with the troubled look in her dark eyes, her rich color coming and going with excitement.

"I'm so afraid father will be hurt," she said, "and he's all I have in the world—he and Beauty." She laid an affectionate hand on the grey, bravely trying to smile thru a sudden mist of tears from which her eyes shone like jewels.

Thru Maynard's brain flashed a vision of Dolan when that grimly pursuing band should catch him. What would this poor girl do when she learned the truth? Who would take care of her? He spoke hastily to shut out the unwelcome thoughts which came crowding into his mind.

"Why should you think he will be hurt?" he asked. "Who would hurt him?"

"Pedro and his gang, of course, if they see him following them. Daddy's all alone, you know. Oh, I hope the boys will soon overtake him!"

"Pedro's gang?" questioned Maynard, perplexed; "who are they?"

"Why, the half-breeds; the thieves, of course. Weren't you chasing the thieves?"

"We certainly were. But your father—I dont understand."

"Oh, you dont understand how father knew. Well, we were out on the mesa when Pedro and his gang rode by. It looked queer, their riding so hard, and just after they passed I saw your men coming into sight. You see, we were on that little rise of ground, so we could see both ways. Father knew from the way you were coming that there must be something wrong, so he dashed off after them and I ran to tell you which way to go."

A sudden light broke over Maynard's understanding.

"Did Pedro's gang ride by this house?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And did your father buy your horse of Pedro?"

"Yes."

"Great Scott!" cried Maynard. "Pedro stole that horse from me. When he saw it here he dropped the branding iron beside it to throw suspicion on your father, and his infernal scheme worked. My boys are after your father! They think he's the thief!"

The girl's eyes flashed fire as she drew herself up proudly.

"My father a horse thief!" she stormed; "my daddy, who——"

She broke off suddenly as the realization of what it meant swept over her, and swayed faintly. Maynard sprang toward her, but she recovered herself instantly, and with one swift bound was upon the grey's back, turning a white face over her shoulder as she sped away.

"We must catch them!" she gasped.

Straight as an arrow across the brown, parched mesa dashed the grey, followed closely by Maynard's horse. As they reached the ravine and turned into the narrow trail Maynard rode close, trying to speak an encouraging word, but the words died out, silenced by the dread and anguish on the girlish face.

Up they climbed, urging their horses where the trail was smooth, picking their way carefully along sharp, stony rises where a misstep would mean accident and delay. The air was cool and quiet in the ravine.

A ground wind, rustling in the ferns, stirred a faint earthy smell that mingled with the spice of the pines. Birds called from tree to tree, their wings glinting in the sapphire light that flickered thru the foliage; a red chipmunk chattered saucily along the trail before them. It seemed incredible that so sweet and peaceful a trail could lead to the dark, sordid tragedy which both were silently fearing to come upon.

Suddenly the trail ended in a broad, open space that stretched straight away before them. As they paused for an instant, sweeping the clearing with anxious eyes, Doris, with a cry of horror, leaned close to Maynard, snatched the revolver from his belt and was off like the wind.

The man rode after her, only half comprehending at first the significance of the ominous scene which her clear eyes had grasped instantly. But as they rode he saw clearly, and his blood chilled, his breath came in harsh gasps, his heart seemed to stop. Must the girl witness that scene? He tried to ride closer, to catch the grey's bridle, to stop the headlong flight and turn the girl's face away, but she kept a yard ahead of him, plunging on to the ghastliest scene that ever a daughter was called to witness.

There was one lone pine standing out sharply against the golden wonder of the sky, and beneath the green boughs, on his own pony, sat Dolan, his hands pinioned, a rope about his neck drawn taut over a bough. The men, too absorbed in their grim task to hear the approaching hoofs, fell back, holding the rope, and the foreman stood ready with his quint, to lash Dolan's faithful beast from under him. Still the girl rode desperately, straight in her saddle, never faltering.

The quint fell. Dolan's horse plunged forward and at the same instant a shot rang out and the rope dangled free!

It was a full minute before any of the dazed group realized what had occurred. They stood gazing, hardly believing their own eyes, from the swaying rope to the girl whose swift, sure shot had severed it.

It was the foreman who found his voice first.

"That was some shootin'," he remarked, tersely.

When the story had been told and the boys, with profuse and abject apologies, had ridden on in search of Pedro, Maynard turned to Dolan.

A SHOT RANG OUT, AND THE ROPE DANGLED FREE

"Of course the stolen grey belongs to Doris," he said slowly, at the same time turning slightly so that Doris could not see his face.

"How do you make that out?" replied Dolan.

"Why—er—well, you see," stammered Maynard, "yes, of course, the grey belongs to Doris, and, for that matter, so does his former master—if she will have him."

Dolan looked hard at Maynard for a moment, then scratched his head as if in doubt of what Maynard meant. Meanwhile Maynard was gazing out over the plain and Doris was unusually intent on uprooting a tiny weed with the toe of her boot.

"Well, I'll be durned!" suddenly burst out Dolan as the truth dawned upon him. Then a broad smile came over his brown face, and, stooping so that he could look up into Doris' eyes, he playfully tucked his finger under her chin and drew her face up to his.

"Well, Doris, what's the answer? Maynard's waitin'."

The girl was white and trembling now with the reaction from her fearful ride, but as she stole a quick glance at Maynard a tiny smile flickered on her face, where the color was creeping slowly back.

"I'll take whatever goes with Beauty," she said.

We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height, and, in order to gain strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroly unselfish; we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it!—*Goethe.*

My Old Dutch

(Vitagraph)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

MRS. HAWKINS was a motherly, comfortable looking woman. She had no sharp angles and corners, physical nor mental. Her figure was round and ample; her face was round and shining; her black eyes were round and twinkling; in short, she was the personification of benevolent good nature.

It was small wonder, then, that the little shop which displayed over its door the gaily lettered sign,

WM. HAWKINS, GREENGROCER

was popular. It was situated in a modest little street, in one of the poorer sections of London, but it was clean and shining within and without, and a friendly word and smile went with every ha'penny's worth of potatoes and greens which the smiling mistress of the shop measured out.

This particular afternoon was an unusually busy one. It was Saturday, and every thrifty housewife was laying in a joint and a supply of vegetables for the next day's dinner. Between measuring out portions of vegetables from the counter on the sidewalk, hurrying in and out of the shop for fresh supplies, exchanging neighborly gossip with customers, and making numerous inquiries about Mollie's whooping-cough, Johnnie's measles or the old man's rheumatism, Mrs. Hawkins' round face became flushed like a peony, and her breath was uncomfortably short. She gave a sigh of relief when a vegetable cart, drawn by a fat donkey, came up, and her husband climbed down from the seat, saluting her with a hearty kiss!

"Hello, old girl! How's business?" he inquired; "I'm all sold out."

Mr. Hawkins was the rough, sturdy type of Briton, with that air of well-fed peace and contentment seen only in men whose wives are round and good-natured.

Mrs. Hawkins beamed as she peeped into the empty cart and glanced back at her empty barrels and boxes.

"It's been a fine day for trade," she declared, "but I'll warrant you're tired and hungry. I'll put the kettle on and have tea ready as soon as ever you've put Ned up."

"Do you know, old girl," said Hawkins, as he sat by the hearth in their cozy kitchen, disposing of unlimited quantities of bread and butter and herrings, washed down with innumerable cups of tea, "if business keeps up so good as this for another year, we'll be able to retire and buy the little cottage."

The round, black eyes danced happily. It had been the dream of their forty years of wedded life—that cottage in the country. It was to have roses over the door, a neat little garden with a green hedge, a real Jersey cow, and chickens.

"Won't it be fine!" she exclaimed, but her face fell as she glanced toward a closed door at the back of the room.

"I wish every one had good fortune," she sighed.

"What's the matter?" asked Hawkins, anxiously. "Hasn't the lodger any luck yet?"

"Not one picture sold since he came here, four months ago. He pays his rent regular, but I know his money is about gone, and he looks so sick and discouraged. I'd gladly give him a meal now and then, but he's that proud he won't accept a thing. There he comes now, Hawkins; ask him to have a cup of tea with you."

Clive Huntley, the lodger, certainly

did look sick and discouraged as he came into the kitchen, with a portfolio of drawings under his arm.

"No luck yet," he said, wearily, in response to their kindly questions. "I guess my work is no good."

"Indeed, your drawings are beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. Hawkins. "I was wishing to-day that Hawkins would buy one for me. It would be fine to hang in the cottage when we get it."

She glanced appealingly at her husband and he nodded with quick understanding, but the artist interposed before he could reply:

"No, I won't have you buy my work out of charity. I appreciate your kindness too much to let you do that. To-morrow I shall try to get some work to do—anything that I can find. Then, maybe, I can save money enough to take more drawing lessons. I shall succeed yet!"

Bravely trying to smile, he crossed the room toward his door, while the

"I GUESS MY WORK IS NO GOOD," HE SAID, WEARILY

"IT WILL BE A LONG AND DANGEROUS ILLNESS," HE ANNOUNCED

old couple watched him with pitying eyes. Suddenly the woman cried out:

"Catch him, Bill; he's falling!"

They both sprang forward, but an instant too late. The artist lay fainting upon the floor.

"A little of the brandy, old girl, quick!" and the man's rough hands lifted the white face tenderly, forcing the liquor between the bloodless lips.

"There, he's revived a bit. I'll help him to his bed and get a doctor. Poor fellow! he's completely worn out."

"Completely starved, I believe," replied Mrs. Hawkins, half-crying. "Right here in our own house, too! Oh, dear!"

The doctor looked very grave as he examined the artist, asking short, crisp questions meanwhile of the anxious pair who watched him.

"It will be a long and dangerous illness," he announced, finally; "you had better have him taken to the hospital at once. He needs expensive medicines and good nursing. He has no money; let the city care for him."

The artist's brown eyes opened as the doctor was speaking, and their look of anguished hopelessness went straight to the woman's heart.

"Cant we keep him here, Bill?" she begged, turning to her husband. "Let's treat him like we would our own boy. Little Bill would have been as old as him if he had lived, and his eyes were brown, too. I cant bear to send this poor fellow off to die among strangers!"

"It will be very expensive," began the doctor, but Hawkins interrupted.

"The old girl always has her own way," he said, cheerfully; "we can do it all right. The cottage in the country can wait another year, if it's necessary."

For weeks the artist lay in a burn-

ing fever upon the little bed, faithfully tended by the devoted couple, who had taken him into their hearts. Then the fever turned, and slowly he struggled back toward health and strength. It was a happy day when he was able to sit up by the kitchen hearth, and Mr. Hawkins smiled at him proudly.

"You're beginning to look like a man again," he declared; "the old girl is certainly a good nurse."

The artist's pale face flushed and the brown eyes filled with tears as they looked affectionately at Mrs. Hawkins.

"I dont know how I ever can repay or thank you for what you have both done for me," he began.

"There, there!" interrupted Hawkins, "dont try to talk about that, now. You're too weak to be talking so much. Here's a letter I got for you," and he produced a long envelope, glad of an excuse to change the subject.

Clive opened the letter listlessly, but as he read it his eyes brightened, and, forgetting his weakness, he half rose from his chair.

"Hooray!" he cried, "this is wonderful news! Listen!"

Dear Sir: By the death of your cousin, Sir Giles Huntley, you have fallen heir to his title, estates and fortune. I shall have the honor of calling upon you shortly, with necessary papers.

Yours respectfully,
GEORGE KEEN, Solicitor.

"It seems too good to be true," Clive kept repeating that night and during the days of waiting and preparation for his departure. He was going to Italy to continue the study of his beloved art, and tho the old people rejoiced in his good fortune, they were very sad at losing him, for, during the days of his helplessness, he had crept deeply into their hearts. The little cottage looked far away now, but Clive knew nothing of this, and they steadily refused his offers of money.

"We dont need it, Clive," they said; "we cared for you in your sick-

HATCHING THE PLOT TO SELL HAWKINS MINING STOCK

ness because we wanted to, and now we have learned to love you, so that it would spoil our pleasure in your recovery to take your money. Keep it all for your studies."

So Clive departed, full of hope and joy, and the old couple, left alone, gazed at each other with wet eyes.

"He was a dear boy," declared Mrs. Hawkins, "and I dont regret a bit of it."

"Nor I," replied the husband; "and now, old girl, 'My Old Dutch,' we will begin to save for the cottage again."

Two years passed by, and Mrs. Hawkins, round and good-natured as ever, continued to sell the greengroceries in the little shop, while Mr. Hawkins made his daily trips with the donkey cart. Trade was good and the business was profitable, yet a little frown of anxiety showed between the round, black eyes as the shopkeeper stood in the doorway, awaiting the return of the donkey cart.

"It seems as if we ought to get the money from our mines," she said to herself; "they said we would get it in six months, and it has been over a year. Bill's worried, I know, but there cant be anything wrong. Ned Barker wouldn't have persuaded us to buy the stock if it hadn't been all right."

She was uneasy, and felt relieved when the familiar cart appeared in the distance. But, as it drew near, one glance at her husband's face told her something was wrong. He was holding a newspaper in his shaking hands, and his face was white as he came into the shop and put his arms about her.

"It's come!" he said, brokenly. "It's all here in the paper. The Consolidated Empire Mining Company was a fraud. That Morton that sold us the shares was a crook, and Ned must have known it. We are ruined, old girl! We will lose this place, and we'll never have our cottage!"

For a moment the woman seemed crushed. They had been so happy in the thought of the great investment which their false friend had persuaded them to make. Their confidence had been so implicit. They had looked so eagerly for the promised returns, which would give them their long-talked-of home. Now it was all gone!

But the sight of her husband, sinking into a chair, shaking with sobs,

"WE ARE RUINED," HE SAID

brought all the woman's love and strength to the surface. Kneeling beside him, she took his hands in hers.

"We will get along, somehow," she declared bravely; "we are not too old to work, and, whatever we have lost, we have each other yet. Maybe it's not so bad as the paper says."

Alas! it was even worse than the paper said, and within a week the dreaded bailiff was in the little shop, making an inventory of the furniture. Hawkins, his head bowed upon his hands, sat, the picture of utter misery, while this was going on.

"I wouldn't care so much for myself, 'My Old Dutch,'" he groaned, "but you've worked so hard, and I bought the stock and lost all the money!"

"No," declared the wife, "we bought it together, and we've lost it together, and we are together yet.

Dont grieve so. Last night I dreamed of Clive. I thought he stood in the doorway and smiled at me in the old way and said, 'Dont worry, I have not forgotten you!' Somehow, since I woke, I have felt comforted."

"But Clive is far from here," said Hawkins, sadly.

Just then the door opened suddenly.

"No, he isn't, he is here to help you!" said a merry voice, and there, in the doorway, stood Clive, strong, handsome, prosperous, his brown eyes shining with delight and affection.

Just outside the city of London a lane, bordered on each side with hawthorn hedges, runs down thru green fields to a tiny white cottage with scarlet roses climbing over the door. There, every summer, comes Clive, with Mrs. Clive and Clive, junior, to visit Grandpa and Grandma Hawkins, and to admire the garden, to eat the fresh eggs and to milk the Jersey cow. And there, by the fire, on winter nights, the old couple sit, talking of their Clive and the wonderful pictures that have made him famous, until the logs burn low, and they sit silent, hand in hand, watching the pictures which the red coals paint.

A Motion Picture Enthusiast

By ANITA LOUISE SMITH

Come, Molly, put your bonnet on; we'll see a picture show;
For raisin' up one's feelin' it's the quickest thing I know.
I know we're both dead tired, sis, with all our daily cares,
But let's forget about 'em, while we rest in easy chairs.
We will look at roarin' waters, and the sands of Dead Man's Land,
We'll see crags of mighty mountains, and the snows of Arctic Land;
Waterfalls like old Niagara, cowboy pranks on Western ranch,
Afric's hunts where there's no danger, tho they cause your face to blanch.

Gee! but dont I like them birdmen! Then I want to yell out loud
At them hits by Honus Wagner—dont he tickle all the crowd!
We can see the billin' and cooin' of the maiden and the man,
There it is, the whole durn courtship from the time their love began.
Gosh! I couldn't see for laughin' when that crowd began to run
After that poor "sheeny" peddler when he vamoosed with their "mon."
Then a great big, square-jawed bulldog grabbed him as he climbed a tree,
Took a piece from out his trousers, of a size some six by three.

Moll, them cowboy nags can run some, when they hunt the villain down,
And you bet they'll get the right one and they'll do the chap up brown.
Dont them great big Injun war chiefs make a gol-durn pretty sight
As they prance about their wigwams when there's goin' to be a fight!
When they see the cowboys comin' then they scamper to the brush;
Gee! I like to see them cowboys come a-whoopin' with a rush!

Moll, some pictures are like sermons—make one want to do some good;
I dont loaf now in the barroom as I used to always would;
It's because these Moving Pictures makes a place we both can go,
And it doesn't cost a dollar like an ordinary show.
Molly dear, I see you're ready. My, you look some brighter now!
You're a three-score-year-old beauty, like a picture gal, I vow!

Special Messenger

(Kalem)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

FAR up on the hill, relieved against the sky, rode Stuart, his plume floating back on the breeze, his drawn saber whirling and flashing in the sun, the *beau ideal* of a dashing cavalry officer. To one of his followers, a handful of officers, he gave orders:

"To the head of your column, and charge where Aldie has fallen back!"

The Federals had dismounted a double row of marksmen, and, at the same time, their artillery was seen coming into position on the opposite hill.

"There is a hornets' nest," Stuart muttered. Then shouting to another of his command, "Tell Wyckham to form on the hill!" the brilliant leader paused and glanced in swift examination over those who remained.

"You, Captain Milroy," he called sharply—a handsome officer mounted on a gray hunter rode up—"you go back and tell Pelham to bring his guns up at a gallop. Diverge and scout to the east—you know the way—and inform me if Bayard's men are swarming up in that direction."

Milroy's face flushed with pleasure, and he echoed a peculiar smile on the great general's lips. Stuart, of unshrinking courage, exhaustless resource and untiring activity, was beloved by his officers and the idol of his men. To the audacious temperament of a born adventurer, this "flower of cavaliers" united the cultivation and experience of a trained soldier; the impetuous charm that won him a thousand devoted friends was only part of a character embodying military genius of the highest order. Brave men were plenty; leaders growing more scarce every day, he was one of a pitifully small group on whom the fate of the Confederacy hung.

Why Milroy was chosen for a mission so important was not a matter of great consequence—it might have been because of the gray horse he rode. His mount was a Leicestershire hunter, which had taken many a double ditch and fenced bank in the old country and had often hung on to the last of a straggling field with the same free-lance owner on his back that he now bore. Rupert Milroy was an Englishman by birth, with the spirit of a sportsman in his blood, but without the necessary length of purse to follow the hounds in High Leicestershire for any extended period. Unable to keep the financial pace of his fellows, this light-hearted gentleman had betaken himself and his three-hundred-guinea mount to the fair fields and fairer gentry of Virginia, where he had remained to such good purpose that he had married the heiress of a fine estate and settled down to be a new-world old-fashioned gentleman. When war was declared, and all the neighborhood in which he was now fighting had gone frantic with joyous insanity, he had offered his services in defense of his home, as he would have done anywhere else in the world, irrespective of all circumstances not calling upon him to play traitor to the land of his birth, and he had gradually reached the notice and confidence of splendid Stuart. The fleeting smile he had caught on his general's lips and the one with which he had responded were born of a joint knowledge that his scouting mission would take him within view of Fairwood, the house of his Virginia bride and her mother. Whether or not they had remained at home, with the prospect of battle so near—it had devastated territory to the west of the old manse—he had been unable to ascertain. Stuart was a sleepless, ever-ready fighter, who kept his men on the go; but Milroy knew that pure

hearts were offering prayers for his safety, and tears would be quick to flow from shining eyes should he fare ill in the fray.

By hard riding, Milroy found Pelham in time. That wondrous artillery officer, a boy in years, with a spotless record of bravery and success, was jogging along on a huge artillery horse, his knees drawn up to the holsters by short stirrups, when Milroy came dashing along and delivered his orders. Pelham received them with radiant anticipation of action and immediately urged his force to the front.

Leaving the heavy roll of wheels and beat of artillery horses' feet behind, Milroy made a detour to the east and set off like a good hunter, not knowing what is coming next in the way of obstacles and unseen dangers. The region he first entered had felt the hot breath of war. Its green fields and sweet flowers were no more, and there were scarcely enough trees standing to make a camp fire. All of Nature's endearments had disappeared with its peace of years.

Further on, when he entered the lanes and byways, he found the face of Nature less defiled—the devastation of conflict, like that of commerce, was limited to territory adjoining the arteries of travel—yet the farms were dominated by closed country seats standing in reproachful and settled melancholy; only the twittering birds and smiling flowers seemed to be unaware that the horrors of war were not far distant and ever threatening. In the soft-rising hills he reached what seemed to be a highway not recently used, but was in truth an approach to a red mansion whose tower was visible above a far clump of trees. The road ran straight to Fairview.

To the wearied soldier this glimpse of home was a temptation. It was heart-sickening to think of its inviting rest and comfort so near, with the privations of a seemingly endless campaign as the enforced alternative. Horse and rider turned their heads to the unfailing fountain of comfort and serene happiness—home was so near!

To the northwest, the distant thunder of guns told that gallant Pelham's batteries had reached the scene of battle and gone into action in time to aid Stuart in desperate resistance to Bayard's attack.

Milroy sighed and set his face to the east—he had a duty to perform, and one of greater magnitude than even his astute leader had dreamed. He crossed Fairview road and picked his way thru a forest toward a wide stretch of water, where it might be crossed by swimming his horse. He was far south and east of the battleground; it hardly seemed possible that any considerable body of bluecoats had penetrated that distance, but he might be flanking their pickets, and he proceeded with greater circumspection. He was in full uniform and armed. It was not likely that he would be taken for a spy, but it was easy to make short shift of a wandering soldier, "commanding in the field." Detached service of any kind bristled with hazard and required not only a man of daring soul, but of quick hands and keen eyes.

The scout paused at the brink of the flooded stream to let his horse drink. There was a ford some distance below, but it would necessitate a wide detour and might be watched. Above, and around a bend, was a long bridge, with a double approach at one end. He could pass from side to side at the point selected without being seen by pickets at either of the main crossings. He examined the opposite banks thru his field glasses; there was not a soul visible. He entered the stream and gazed cautiously about him; there was naught to be seen and no sound but the rush of water. His horse struggled gamely in crossing, swimming occasionally, but finding a foothold most of the way. The greatest depth was at the bridge above, where the Englishman had often enjoyed tranquil hours of fishing.

On attaining the other bank the humane rider dismounted and allowed his game hunter a breathing spell. They were now secreted in

MILROY IS PURSUED

thick woods and screened from sound as well as vision, but a strange rumbling, unlike the boom of cannon, came from the north, and Milroy decided to push on. He ascended a gradual incline until he reached a country road with a stretch of view north and south.

What was that?

He rose in his saddle and made out a drift of dust, near the ford, to the south.

To the north, near the bridge, there was another settling cloud, not of smoke.

There were no Confederate forces in either region.

It began to appear as tho he had penetrated the enemy's lines unawares.

He urged his horse to a commanding eminence and leveled his glasses at the bridge. The last caissons of a Federal artillery corps were crossing.

To the southwest an army! There were thousands of bluecoats forcing the ford, with cavalry guarding the approaches.

He had passed beyond the lines of a flanking battery and a deploying army of many thousands, intent on pocketing Stuart while that gallant leader was engaged in resisting a fierce attack from the north. The general of Confederate cavalry, with the flower of his troops, would be surrounded and annihilated or ignominiously captured.

Milroy's hour had come!

He had entered upon the struggle with a great mass of men who believed they were defending their homes from a fanatical invasion, and had done his fair share of fighting with uncomplaining resolution, but he fully realized that he had been risking life and liberty in a cause regarded as hopeless by those of his discerning

LIKE A FLASH, HORSE AND RIDER PLUNGED DOWNWARD TO THE WATER

countrymen who secretly favored it. Now all was changed. The opportunity to save Stuart converted the protracted struggle into a splendid game far more exciting than following the hounds. It opened an arena for the display of Milroy's strength and accomplishments in the saddle and stirred his arteries with the spirit of adventure that had animated hardy members of his race in Colonial days.

He raised his glass to scan the opposite shore before retracing his course.

A detachment of Federal cavalry was there, watching him!

Even as he regarded them thru his glass, a small body of troops sent their horses into the stream and headed straight for where he was resting.

There was a moment of doubt.

He could not cross in the face of their fire. To seek the ford was to be made prisoner beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The bridge!

The artillery had passed and might now be unlimbering on some hill near Fairview!

He must take a desperate chance in that direction and trust to his wits. A whistle of bullets, uncomfortably near, accelerated his decision, and he dashed away at full speed to the north. Knowing not what was coming, nor where the fickle winds of chance would waft him, he sped on his way, his splendid gray—almost worth his weight in guineas at that moment—responding nobly as he put forest and field behind them. In a whirl of excitement he reached the southern approach of the long bridge, well aware that troopers were after him. Their carbines sang out attestation of pursuit. He had passed the junction of approaches, when he noted another detachment coming after him from the north.

He was in for a hard ride.

Halt!

Directly in front, at the farther end, was the detachment he had seen on the opposite shore.

He was hemmed in on all sides, and directly above the deepest pool in the river.

It was do or die! His capture meant that of Stuart.

At the throw-off in hunting he could pick his own time, tho, even then, it was necessary to have a fearless mount long accustomed to obey. There was only a two-barred fence at the side, with a fair fall of twenty-five feet to the water. Dare he take it? Could he force his fearless steed to jump the fence and take the plunge? He must! There was no al-

ternative. Straight at the fence he urged his horse, and clear over it they flew. Like a flash, horse and rider plunged downward to the water, and beneath it, like divers. Bullets came like heavy raindrops when he rose, but he swam by the side of his horse until the spirited animal gained a footing, then mounted, and skirted the bank so close that the detachment opposing was obliged to follow in the stream to get at him. Milroy had the advantage of having explored every foot of the shore, and soon disappeared amid the enveloping foliage, but he realized that while he had ridden far and hard, there was more than one band of determined men, on fresh horses, in pursuit, and he must fail unless he could secure a new mount.

His wife's horse at Fairview!

He turned his tired hunter's head thru the woods toward home, when a volley from behind came with better aim than those directed near the stream. He felt the knife-like thrust of a bullet in his side and swayed in the saddle.

It was all over!

No, there was a fighting chance!

He caught an overhanging bough, as his weary gray slacked speed, and drew himself up by a magnificent exhibition of strength, allowing the hunter to follow his own free will.

The ruse succeeded. The Federal detachment swept by in pursuit of a horse running wild.

Milroy dropped in a state of semi-exhaustion from the branch and crawled away into the brush. There he dressed his wound with soldierly submission and dragged along painfully until he reached Fairview.

The old house was so completely isolated by forest and rocky hills, so remote from main roads and traversable fields, that it had been given a wide berth by passing troops, and the family had remained at home undisturbed. Amid the insidious charms of antique furniture of quaint design, long worn comfortable, and the amplitude of Colonial chambers, Hester Milroy and her mother held Fairview, aided by an old servant, who protected them against marauders during the murderous sway of military forces on all sides of their home. They were as unreached by the lust for blood and the groans of war's victims as the heartless wild flowers in the deep tangled wood, the pale primroses in the lane, or the gay little blades of grass bending to the sportive breeze, except when an officer in gray came with a requisition for blankets, and Hester longed to give him her swan's-down quilts for the asking, because he was so gallant-looking. They were delicate women in appearance, with cameo faces framed in lustrous hair black and gray, still addicted to old silks and laces as to Chippendale furnishings, too far away from the trumpeting of politicians to realize why white men should kill each other by hundreds of thousands for the sake of a few black ones, and loyal from habit to the community of their birth and near ancestry.

Into this refuge, redolent with home fragrance, Milroy crawled, making one last, desperate attempt to carry the news that should save his commanding officer. He managed to gain his feet before the ladies entered, and instructed the old servant to make no mention of his condition.

"Sorry to have disturbed you," he apologized to his wife and his mother-in-law, with an attempt at a nonchalant smile, when they appeared, "but the fact is that I've had a ducking in trying to escape from the Yanks—they near had me at the river—and my horse is dead beat. May I ask the loan of yours while I carry the news to that devilish fine fellow Stuart that the bluecoats are surrounding him?"

"General Stuart in peril!" Hester exclaimed—the gay cavalry leader never lacked friends among her sex.

"He's a goner!" Milroy explained, then he fainted.

Meanwhile Federal troops were beating the woods in all directions to discover the daring scout who had escaped with knowledge that there was a detachment approaching Fairview.

Milroy came out of his faint long

enough to give his wife a clearer idea of the situation, and wrote a message to be sent in case his strength failed:

GENERAL STUART,
Commander-in-Chief of Confederate Cavalry:
Federal artillery about to flank your left with a large force deploying to the south.
MILROY, Captain Virginia Troopers.

sage to the Confederate lines, but Hester took charge of it, and all returned to the house.

When a Federal squad, under Lieutenant Foster, entered Fairview they were received in a stately drawing-room by Hester Milroy, with her timid mother and the trembling servant. She was politely saluted by the officer in command, but he lost no

SAFE FROM HIS PURSUERS, THERE IS A MOMENT OF DOUBT

He then became so weak and giddy that the women guided him from the house to the stable. There it was seen that he could not proceed, and, as the bluecoats were drawing near, it became necessary to hide the wounded captain in a manger where Hester's horse was munching hay. The old servant volunteered to carry the message to the Confederate lines, but Hester took charge of it, and all returned to the house.

When a Federal squad, under Lieutenant Foster, entered Fairview they were received in a stately drawing-room by Hester Milroy, with her timid mother and the trembling servant. She was politely saluted by the officer in command, but he lost no time in stating his mission, and he insisted that the house should be searched without delay.

Hester paled. She listened in proud silence until the officer gave orders to his men, then volunteered to lead the way. The lower chambers were subjected to a rigid examination for secret hiding places. Then the

HESTER LISTENS IN PROUD SILENCE

men scattered themselves over the house, looking under beds, into closets, behind dresses hanging in wardrobes, in a vain search. Sabers were thrust into the beds, and the walls were sounded for hollow places. In the garret old trunks were opened and the rafters sharply scrutinized by the light of candles, with no trace of the scout.

"Is he an important man?" Hester inquired.

"A whole regiment is looking for him," Lieutenant Foster answered.

It dawned on the indolent mind of the young wife that her husband had only half stated the urgency of the duty he had undertaken to perform. The message he had given to her was one of those on which the fate of armies hang; its delivery might serve to rid the country of men bent on organized destruction of life and property. Woman's natural grandeur of soul began to shine in her eyes and her bosom rose high when her mind conceived a daring project.

After the intruders had searched the outhouses, with no result satisfactory to themselves, she sent her mother to the barn to console plucky Milroy, while she changed her gown for a plain white dimity, and drew a cloak over her improvised habit.

She would carry the message her husband had failed to deliver.

While she was dressing, her awakened mind was busy devising, with all the infinite cunning of her sex—that art which has made mistresses of intrigue in all ages—how to secrete the message so that she could, as usual, compass the ends of mere man. The bluecoats would never find the message where she chose to hide it.

Lieutenant Foster was among those who examined the barn where Milroy lay, and the Federal officer glanced sharply at the manger, but Hester's saddle mare did her part so well, munching hay directly above the concealed scout, that the search passed on. It was of vital importance that no one should reach Stuart with information of carefully laid plans for his destruction. In the dark glens north of Fairview heavy batteries were being massed to check the great Confederate leader should he try to cut his way out in that direction when he found himself caught between two fires. The scout, who had attempted to reveal the Federal position, had been traced to a point so near the house that Foster was not satisfied with the result of his search. He secretly posted his men in the woods and fields to the west and awaited developments.

The signal event was the appearance of Hester on horseback, carrying a small reticule. She jogged along as complacently as if she was going to market, and she tried to disarm suspicion in a primitive way when Foster's men intercepted her. She claimed that her delicate mother had been prostrated by the rude intrusion and that she was going down "yon way" for an old family doctor. Foster smiled, in spite of himself, at the childishness of the ruse. Hester had pointed truthfully toward the house of a venerable physician, but a half-mile dash from that point would enable her to reach Stuart's videttes.

Hester's guiles and wiles availed nothing with Lieutenant Foster—he seemed to have no illusions—for she was arrested and taken before a grim old artillery colonel, charged with attempting to carry important information to the enemy. The colonel was a man of science, inclined to treat all situations neutrally until the facts were set forth. Hester was sent to a tent for strict examination at the hands of a trained nurse, while Foster's men ripped up the saddle and bridle of her mount. Hester returned, crimson with indignation over the inspection to which she had been compelled to submit, and the enthusiasm of Foster's men cooled after they had wrecked the lady's handsome saddle. There was not a shred of evidence to be found that this simple and unaffected young woman from an honest country house was on other errand bound than that of mercy.

The artillery colonel instructed Foster to ride with the young lady to the doctor's house, and gave her a pass for herself and the physician to return thru the Federal lines.

Lieutenant Foster was not satisfied, but obeyed orders, and conducted himself gallantly as an escort. It was an unusual and not altogether disagreeable situation that had been thrust upon him. In the midst of this storm of war he was engaged in riding by the side of a dainty Virginia beauty, whose cheeks were still the color of a passion rose because of the indignities of rigorous physical examination. Her modesty and sweetness were in perfect accord with the purity of the old home in which he had found her, but his keen scrutiny of her face indicated that he did not regard her as being above suspicion in this case. She had been simply reared, and, when the war was over, the small round of her life would soon reclaim her, but there are unexplored depths in the nature of woman harking back to generations of adroit self-defense against man's innate brutality. The spotless purity of her soul was visible in her eyes; the perfection of her breeding was manifest in her refined simplicity of manner. It was pitiful that man's instruments of torture and death should be deluging with blood the land where our most beautiful flowers of womanhood grow. She rode with bowed head, helpless and humiliated, at his side, as tho overwhelmed by her first glimpse of war's horror.

Lieutenant Foster sighed and set his face sternly toward their destination. They jogged along a drowsy country road and up a sheltered lane to a frame house, gray with age and surrounded with a wide spread of neglected undergrowth.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Hester, "what if he should not be at home!

The closed shutters had an inhospitable aspect, but the physician might have fastened them as a precautionary measure in strenuous times.

Foster dismounted, led his horse to the entrance and knocked.

"Thank you," Hester smiled; then, by way of encouragement, "he is very deaf and sleeps hard."

The lieutenant threw his reins over a post and knocked vigorously at the door.

There was no response.

When he turned to announce this discouraging fact, he saw no one, but caught a glimpse of his own horse's tail as the animal disappeared in the brush. He drew swiftly and fired with accuracy on a line with the spot where her steed should have been, but

he underestimated the speed of the sly-eared mare she rode. Her mount was deceptive in appearance to all but true horsemen like Milroy, who had discovered the animal and had trained her to keep pace with his hunter. Hester had urged her mount to high speed in an effort to escape unseen and was towing the officer's nag at an unheard-of gait when Foster's well-aimed shot brought his own horse down, nearly dragging Hester from the saddle. She hung on like a monkey, her whole nature changed by rising instincts of self-preservation and keen delight in the success of her maneuver. She rode as only a country-bred girl can ride after a period of fine training, with no thought of other danger than that of obstacles, and they were few. No fences, water ditches and hedge-topped banks to take in her country; only an occasional low wall, or three-barred rail, or rippling streamlet to jump. Once free from the undergrowth, with a clear stretch to the northwest, she pounded along over high-scented meadows at a pace that set her stable-weary mare wild with joy. Furrow or ridge, stone wall or rail fence were taken in a romp until she drew rein at a small stream and listened.

Beyond the line of trees, on the other side, were no woods and no fences; no human face nor complete habitation was visible. The land was waste and desolate, and the few houses remaining were dismantled or charred by the torches of war. To the north she heard the sullen roar and boom of distant thunder in a sky clouded only by rising smoke.

There, where the battle was, she must go.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, half fainting with fear at the thought of facing the storm of bullets and shell. "If they would only stop a while!"

Her mare, refreshed at the stream, stood waiting for orders from the timorous rider, and it seemed that she

"THE MESSAGE!" STUART DEMANDED, HIS EYES BLAZING WITH EXCITEMENT

would falter in the extreme moment, when a gallant soldier in gray rode up and doffed his soiled hat.

There was instinctive recognition between these children of the South.

"I have a message for General Stuart," Hester gasped, "and I have ridden so hard that I am dreadfully tired. Will you please hurry him here?"

The cavalier in gray reassured her.

For once in his life gallant Stuart was not on the firing line, but was at that moment in conference with a handful of officers near by as to a line of retreat. The persistency of the attack in front had awakened his suspicions. It was at this critical moment that Hester was led into his presence.

"I am sorry to say," she reported, "that you are in a bad fix. My husband, Captain Milroy, was wounded in trying to get to you, so I had to come in his stead with a message. I was very much annoyed by those soldiers in blue——"

"The message!" Stuart demanded, his eyes flaming with excitement.

"Oh, yes," she replied, removing her gloves.

She went to her mount and dexterously unbraided a little knot in her mare's mane, with the same deliberation she used in combing her hair, and handed the general of the Virginia Cavalry what probably saved him from an earlier, less glorious death than that achieved in the bloody engagement at Yellow Tavern.

The face of the general flushed as he received intelligence that he was being surrounded. With Bayard's invincible force in front, and thousands of Federal troops closing in upon him from the east and south, his little brigade seemed to have been caught in a trap. But it was his peculiar faculty to extricate himself from all kinds of tight places. He ordered Wickham to move back slowly while Pelham limbered up, and the column was soon headed to the left thru a small by-road, unperceived by the enemy. The whole Southern force vanished while Hester was jogging along toward home in company with an old gentleman who had volunteered for the occasion to impersonate the family physician, and thus aid her in passing thru the Federal lines.

Stuart continued his splendid career like a man bearing a charmed life, bullets cutting his hair and clothes and killing a dozen horses under him, yet never inflicting a wound, until his fatal day came at the height of his fame.

One shot ended it all before the war closed, and he was spared the final sorrow of seeing the black curtain of surrender fall.

Song of a Photoplayer

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

"LIFE's like a play," we've often read: may I the phrase repeat?
It has a charm, when all is said; ling'ring, sad and sweet.
The frail would consolation borrow, the strong, impatient, leap
To join the drama of love, of sorrow, and after that—a sleep.

Choosing our "props" for the passing hour, by vagrant Fancy led,
We flaunt our wealth and our little power: aping the great and dead.
The children wait for strength to flower, the aged and feeble creep
To view the drama of love, of sorrow, and after that—a sleep.

Friends (may joys your paths embower), to-day, we kindly greet:
Under the turf we'll be hid to-morrow, God grant us slumber sweet!
Vainly do pain and evil lower, vainly the tempests sweep
O'er bygone actors of love, of sorrow, and after that—a sleep.

A Spanish Love Song

(Melies)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

JACK was no diplomat. Worse, he had no knowledge of woman's nature, or he would never have agreed to Helen Gray's last remark. He realized these facts a few moments later, with mixed emotions. But it had been the simple truth, and if she realized it also——

"Our marriage seems to me an absolutely impersonal affair," the girl had remarked, in the peculiarly irritating, petulantly grieved voice which Jack impatiently recognized as her usual tone. "Our fond and business-like fathers have arranged everything for us so nicely that we have absolutely nothing to do but say 'yes' to the minister. Doubtless, if we had been allowed to follow our natural feelings and individual inclinations, we would not have chosen each other at all."

Whereupon, Jack, thinking not at all of the construction that she would place upon his words, and intending merely to agree with whatever she said, as the easiest way of getting thru a rather wearying hour, carelessly responded, "Guess you are right."

Helen's eyes narrowed, but Jack did not observe. He was thinking of how thoroly good it was to be back in sunny old San Antonio—except for this marriage business.

"It would be a simple matter for you to refuse to carry out the arrangement," she suggested, coldly.

"Simple matter? Great Scott! You dont know John Mason!" he ejaculated. "Why, when I got father's letter, the day before I left college, in which he intimated that he hoped that his only son and the daughter of his best friend and business associate would find each other mutually attractive, I knew the game was up, and told the fellows to stand ready to send flowers—or, rather, butter knives, and all that sort of junk."

"Therefore, you did not think it necessary even to pretend that you cared for me—just took the whole thing as a matter of course—just a detail of business in the proposed combination of the Mason and Gray mine and ranch interests. Well"—suddenly the control which she had exercised gave way before a flood of rage and tears—"*I* have been taking too much for granted. If *you* purpose to allow your father to select your wife, as he did your ponies, when you were a child, it is no concern of mine—for I am to be left out of the calculation. Understand, please, and tell your father, that I wouldn't marry you if it meant the control of every mine in Mexico! No! My husband must be a *man*—not an overgrown kindergarten baby!"

"Oh, very well, then! Suits me!" Jack retorted, his dignity much ruffled. "Nothing to get sore about, tho," he added, as he moved toward the door.

Helen's only response was a glance which she intended to be filled with contempt, but which was, in fact, only an angry glare.

At the opportune, or inopportune, moment, according to the point of view, John Mason and Henry Gray

THE QUARREL

entered the library. Less astute men than these shrewd Texans would have realized that the air was charged with electricity, and they exchanged significant glances, while Mason's lips silently formed the words, "Lovers' quarrel."

But it was soon apparent that the matter was not to be smoothed over with a few soothing words, tho the good-natured Jack, under the commanding eye of his father, offered his hand, with the suggestion to "shake, and forget it."

"This is intolerable!" Helen cried, furiously. "I hate you! Hate you!" and rushed from the room.

With an understanding glance at Mason, her father followed her, and Jack and his annoyed parent took an unceremonious departure.

"I suppose you know that I am displeased, young man?" Mason demanded, some hours later, as he entered his unrepentant son's room.

"Oh, I say, governor!" Jack protested. "What's the use? Helen is all right, I guess, but, really, I dont wish to marry her——"

"We will not discuss that. Gray and I decided some time ago that your marriage would be a decidedly advantageous thing for both of you. I do not care at all which of you started this silly quarrel—it was your business to avoid it. You need a few lessons in the practical affairs of real life, young man, and I think a month or two of hard work at the mines, or on the ranch, will teach you to govern your temper. Not a word! You'll receive definite instructions, and start in the morning."

With a final snort, the old gentleman stamped from the room. The apparent gloom which had overspread Jack's face lighted swiftly, and, with a grin of delight, he began to throw things into a suitcase.

"First time I ever knew the governor to go wrong in judgment," he remarked, with considerable satisfaction. "Ranch or mine—either will beat the office a mile. By Jove! I feel just like the rabbit that was thrown into the brier patch."

Only one who had seen a glorious flower lifting its fair blossom serenely above the fetid mud of a tropical swamp could appreciate the miracle of Juanita, whose dark beauty glowed in stronger contrast to the hideous poverty, the rags, the wretchedness that had surrounded her since birth. Amid lust, cruelty, and crime, the pure soul of her glowed steadfastly thru the soft depths of dark eyes. Moreover, the god of music had stood beside her mean cradle, and, smiling, had touched her lips and slim, brown fingers. Pity it was that these divine gifts should bring to her shame and suffering, but, from the first, besotted greed had bent them to mean ends.

In acute misery, Juanita stood in the poor hovel that was her home, while the low-browed peon that was her father raised his voice angrily.

"Ingrate! Unnatural child!" he snarled. "Have not the priests taught you your duty to your parents? Do you sit idly by and let us starve? What has your poor old father here? Rags—empty pockets! What use make you of your pretty face? Twice have you refused the handful of gold that Don José, the fine, rich gentleman, would have thrown in your lap! Take your guitar, and go out—and see to it that you bring money when you return!"

"Yes, get you to the saloons—your songs will win a little silver, even tho you are too great a fool to gather gold!" her mother hissed, an ugly leer upon her evil face.

With heavy heart, the girl took her guitar, and passed out of the hovel, making her way to the nearest of the low Mexican saloons. Overcoming her repulsion, she entered the place, tho timidly. Like a breath of clean, sweet air, the music of her song stirred the foul, smoky atmosphere of the dive, while the notes that tinkled from the guitar brought to mind the splash of a tiny mountain stream of crystal water.

With his back to the girl, Don José suddenly paused in his drinking, and a gloating light came into his bleary eyes. Tony, the villainous-looking

"GET YOU TO THE SALOONS!" THE FATHER ORDERED

greaser, whose begging appeal for a drink Don José had just granted, leered fawningly.

"Don José selects the best cattle in the herd," he said. "When does he take her to his house?"

"When I please," José growled, and turned to look at the girl.

At sight of his bloated face, Juanita started, and her song came to a sudden pause. Then, with an effort, she continued the music, but began to back toward the exit. As Don José arose, she turned, and quickly disappeared. With a lazy laugh, and meaning wink, Don José followed her.

When outside the saloon, Juanita ran swiftly for some distance, then paused in another street, and began to play and sing. Perhaps the young American over there would be generous, and it would be unnecessary for her to go to the other saloons. Certainly he was listening to her song.

Abruptly she ceased to play, as Don José turned the corner, and, with an oily smile, drew near her.

"Why run away, pretty one?" he asked. "Is it to have the satisfaction of making Don José follow? But there has been enough of shyness, and a kiss must pay for my walk."

Before the girl could avoid him she was caught in his arms, and her struggles, tho desperate, were futile. Then came a swift fall of running feet, the impact of a blow, and Don José collapsed limply. The girl raised her frightened eyes, to meet the cool gaze of Jack Mason, who removed his hat and bowed.

"Take my arm, señorita," he said, gravely, and, without a glance at the prostrate Mexican, he led her away.

JACK RESCUES JUANITA FROM DON JOSE

Don José sat up, and fingered his jaw tenderly. The filmy eyes glowed with hatred.

"Fear not, señor, you shall pay!" he hissed.

In some hearts, love grows slowly, from a tiny seed; so slowly that the hearts themselves are scarcely conscious of it until the blossoms are ready to open, when, alas! the summer of life may be spent, and the flower may open in a world growing cold. In other hearts, love blazes with the sudden glory of a tropic dawn, complete, unquestioning, and with mighty power to shape and mold lives to forms of beauty, or to leave them blasted and riven, like storm-twisted trees. It was so with the two who met in the sunlight of the little Mexican town, and in the grip of it Jack Mason became, in a breath, a man, and the soul of the girl shook itself free from the mean bondage it had so long suffered. Few words were spoken as they made their way toward Juanita's home, for each was busy with the wonder in their hearts. With a long and silent look into each other's eyes they parted at her door.

With the spell of her new-found love upon her, Juanita entered the hovel. Instantly her father stretched forth a dirty and greedy hand.

"Give me the money!" he growled.

"I have none, nor shall I ever beg for you again," she said, slowly.

For a moment the man stood in speechless anger, then raised his hand to strike her down. But the blow did not fall, for at that moment Don José entered the low door. He surveyed the father and daughter with a black scowl.

"Look you, Pedro!" he declared. "There has been enough, and too much, of fooling on account of this

girl. Think you she is the only handsome woman in Mexico, or that Don José is used to being put off by the child of a peon? The girl comes to my house to-night, or not at all. Is gold so plentiful with you that you fail to seize a handful, or are you not master in your own home?"

With a furious gesture, Pedro turned upon the girl, but shrank, cowed, before the strange, new light in her eyes. Mastering his anger, he sought to beguile her with soft words, while Don José leered, and held out his arms.

"How I hate you all! How I despise you! And I defy you all!" Juanita suddenly burst out, passionately, and rushed from the place.

Had fate granted more than one brief, chance meeting to the lovers; had not Jack's racial caution caused his passion to spend itself in rosy dreams, instead of activity in the seeking of his fair one; had Juanita been less imbued with the idea of parental control, or had her gentle nature been of stiffer fiber, probably the girl's declaration that she would beg no more for her drunken father and unclean mother would have been adhered to. But, unsupported from without, and with heart heavy with the thought that to the young American she had been less than a passing fancy, she was soon driven back into the habits of years. Moreover, she hungered, for the only food that came into her home was that purchased with the money her singing provided. And, so curious are the ways of Providence, had she not again taken her guitar to the saloons, the promise of Don José that Jack Mason should pay for that knockout blow would have been fulfilled.

In a vague restlessness, Jack had come into the town from the mines, and injudiciously, being alone, en-

JUANITA OVERHEARS THE CONSPIRACY

tered one of the Mexican saloons. A Mexican saloon is no place for a man to fall a-dreaming, but that was just what Jack did as he leaned idly against the bar, a fact which Don José quickly noted. With a grin of delight, he whispered a few words in the ear of the villainous Tony, and that worthy sidled softly, and with apparent carelessness, to within arm's reach of the unconscious Jack. With a deft movement the Mexican drew the other's revolver from its open holster, opened the breech, threw the cartridges from the cylinder, and returned the weapon to its place. A few seconds later, Jack started, became aware of his surroundings, and left the place. As he walked away, he failed to see Juanita, who approached from the opposite direction. With a quickened pulse, the girl moved as tho to follow him, then paused.

"No, I will let him go his way. I was mad to cherish such a dream. What am I that he should even remember me? I will try not to think of him," she whispered, and entered the saloon.

As she played and sang within, Juanita suddenly became aware of the presence of Don José, and would have retreated had she not realized that the Mexican was too deeply engrossed in his conversation with Tony even to be conscious of her singing. Then her sharp ears caught a few of the whispered words and she moved cautiously nearer. What she heard sent the blood in a sudden rush back to her heart, but her fingers continued, mechanically, to shower silver notes from the guitar. Presently the two men arose and left the room, Don José giving her a preoccupied glance as he passed.

"Oh, Mary, Holy One, help me!" the girl prayed, and her eyes turned desperately from side to side, tho her music rippled on unbrokenly. Within reach, on the end of the bar, lay a revolver, and she moved near it. When the bartender's back was turned she stretched out a swift hand, and the next instant the weapon was

"GO!" JUANITA ORDERED

THREE WEEKS OF GOLDEN SUNSHINE AND SONG

concealed in her dress. Then, with well simulated languor, she strolled out into the street.

As soon as she felt that she was unobserved, Juanita ran, swiftly and tirelessly, in the direction of the mines. At a lonely spot she came upon a scene of desperate conflict.

Carrying out their plan, Don José and Tony had waylaid Jack, where interference was most unlikely. As they sprang upon him, the young American had drawn his revolver, but only the clicking of the lock had responded to his pulls upon the trigger. He barely avoided the knife-thrust which Tony aimed at his breast, and, unarmed, closed with his assailant. Not for an instant was Tony a physical match for Jack, and it became obvious that Don José would have to come speedily to the aid of his man. With ready knife he stole forward, but a revolver cracked sharply, and, with a yell of pain, he dropped his weapon, catching at the place where blood spurted from his arm. Tearing himself free, Tony fled the field. Still holding her revolver in readiness, Juanita came forward, and smiled scornfully at the wounded man.

"Go!" she ordered, and in compliance with the motion of the threatening muzzle, Don José went swiftly.

Jack, thoroly embarrassed, put out his hand.

"Thanks, awfully, and all that sort of thing, you know," he said.

She raised her eyes shyly.

"You thank me as tho I were a man," she said, softly. "You think a girl should not do a thing like that? I—I wanted to help you."

There was a pitiful little droop at the corners of her red mouth. Jack's racial caution, and the resolutions he

had made, vanished. Without a word, he caught her in his arms, tenderly, passionately.

Three weeks later—three weeks of golden sunshine and song they had been—Jack received a brief letter that sent him, stumbling, for miles across the rough country, while he fought out his battle. The note ran:

My Son:
Helen is over her pique, and has set the wedding day. Come home at once.
YOUR LOVING FATHER.

He tried to persuade himself that he was undecided, that he would put the matter squarely up to Juanita, even when he started to keep the appointment he had with the girl, tho he knew in his inmost heart that he would go, and hated himself for the knowledge. Because he was ashamed of the part he intended to play, he told her brutally; but beyond a single gasp, she gave no sign of her pain, and bravely said good-by. The next day Jack was gone.

Because the heart of a woman is a secret place, and its workings hidden from the curious eye, one may not know what it was that finally drove Juanita from her miserable home, for conditions were no worse and no better than before. Nor may one know whether it was chance, or a mad hope, that turned her wandering steps to the streets of San Antonio; but a week after Jack's return to the city, men listened with delight to her songs, and showered her with small silver.

In the handsome Gray home, Helen, in her bridal dress and veil, was turning slowly, for her father's inspection, when John Mason and Jack were shown in. Despite the proximity of the wedding, the principals were evidently not overenthusiastic, and not until Gray had laughingly suggested it did Jack bestow a cold kiss, that was as coldly received.

"Better leave them alone, dont you think?" Mason suggested, and the two fathers left the room. The young couple fell into a somewhat bored conversation. Presently, in the middle of a word, Jack fell silent, listening intently.

"What is it?" Helen demanded, impatiently.

"Er—nothing. It couldn't have been anything," Jack responded, absently, and again took up the conversation. A moment later he again listened, and made as tho to rise.

"What is the matter with you, Jack?" the girl angrily demanded, and caught his hand. From the street came the plaintive sweetness of an old Spanish love song.

"Let me go!" Jack exclaimed, and, rudely freeing his hand, sprang to the window. After a single glance he hurried toward the door.

"Stop! Come back!" Helen ordered, but he passed out without heeding her.

Stepping to the window, the angry girl looked into the street, and, at sight of the dusky beauty of Juanita, flushed angrily, her teeth closing with a determined snap.

"Juanita!" Jack exclaimed, as he reached her side, and at his tone a great gladness flooded her heart.

John Mason had observed his son's rush from the house, and now appeared at the door, seeking an explanation. Jack led Juanita forward.

"I wish to bring this young lady in," he said, and there was a new ring in his voice that caused his father to open his eyes.

"Ah, I am sure Mr. Gray will have no objection, if it is necessary, or desirable," he said.

"It is both necessary and desirable, and will be to the best interests and happiness of all," Jack responded, and they entered the house together.

They found Mr. Gray with Helen. The latter turned scornful and angry eyes upon Juanita.

"Why this honor?" she asked, coldly.

"It *is* an honor!" Jack retorted, angrily; then, with an effort, spoke more coolly. In vivid words he pictured Juanita's miserable home, and the life of crime and grime amid which she had lived, unsmirched. Briefly, but forcefully, he told how

JUANITA ACCIDENTALLY PLAYS AT HELEN'S DOOR

she had saved his life from Don José's knife; of how, tho he had won her heart, she had let him go, without one reproachful word, because, he now knew, she had believed it would be for his good to leave her.

With a gesture of fury, Helen hurled her wedding bouquet at the stranger's feet, and tore off her ring.

"If you think so highly of her, why dont you marry her?" she taunted.

"You are free to do so. I will have nothing further to do with you."

"I will," Jack replied, gravely.

In a perfect fury, Helen rushed from the room, both Mason and her father accompanying her, and vainly endeavoring to calm the storm.

Jack turned to Juanita, gravely smiling, and with the ring in his outstretched hand.

"You heard me, dear," he said. "Will you be my wife?"

For an instant her eyes lit up with a wondrous joy, then she shook her head sadly.

"No—it cannot be! It would ruin your life. What am I? A street singer, a beggar, the child of a drunken peon! You cannot mean it—you do not realize what the result would be!" she cried, brokenly.

"I know that I love you," he replied, and held out his arms.

"I cannot, for your sake! I will not!" she moaned, and turned to leave him.

In hopeless misery, Jack sank upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

At the door the girl paused, and tears fell, unheeded, from her dark eyes. Softly she recrossed the room, and knelt beside Jack's chair.

"I cannot go, beloved!" she whispered. "I love you so!"

Joyously he caught her in his arms.

"What else matters when we have each other's love, sweetheart?" he asked, and found his answer in the long years of happiness thru which they wandered, hand in hand.

At the Theater

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

ONLY a picture! Yes, but when the playhouse lights are low
And dim surroundings quicken keen imagination's flow,
Surrendering to the wizardry and magic of the scene,
An audience lives the story that's portrayed upon the screen;
We laugh or sigh, in spirit feel the rhythm of the dance,
Enjoy the ironies of fate, the comic circumstance.
Life's little tragedies and joys are brought so very near,
In sympathy one's mood must yield—a smile, a sigh, a tear!

Two Fools and Their Follies

(Melies)

By GUY SHAW

"MORNIN', Missus Pike!" called out Jim, the general errand boy of the little rural town of Barton, Texas, as he trudged shamblingly up the path which led to Farmer Pike's barn door, lashing the long grass with his willow whip as he went; while the cows, for whom the whip was originally intended, grazed contentedly in the dusty, unhygienic grass by the roadside.

"Mornin' to yer. I brunged yer this here journal to look at. It come to the post-office a year ago, addressed to somebody we ain't never heard tell on, and Sam put it in the pile that was to go to the dead-letter office. Last night we was clearin' things out a bit, and I snitched this fer yer, 'cause I knowed you'd like it, bein' as it had picture ladies in it, and I'd heard yer tellin' Widow Jones the other day, when yer was down to the store, buyin' calico, that yer was wantin' a new alpacky dress, and was wonderin' how to have it made. So when I seed this here book in the pile, thinks I, this'll please Missus Pike a lot more'n it will them dead-office fellers, so I kep' it out and brung it along on m' way to pasture."

If Jim had been an agent, trying to sell furniture polish, he couldn't have found a surer way of enlisting the friendly interest of his prospective customer. Mrs. Pike was known as the strongest woman in the town—strong of disposition, strong of tongue and strong of muscle. She was equal to any emergency, from a mouse to a horse-thief. Her reputation was prairie-wide, and equally ruthless. Not a farmer or rancher round about but knew from sad experience the power of her tongue, or her fingers—according to his misdemeanor—and one had but to glance at the thin lips and puckered brow to know what kind of a life Farmer Pike led.

But, with all her strength, she had one weakness—love of dress; and as she took the fly-specked, old fashion-book from Jim's grimy grasp the thin lips stretched themselves into a smile, and, altho she didn't thank the boy, she forgot to chide him for leaving the gate open.

Jim trotted off, whistling cheerily. He had had the good fortune to please the dame before, and he knew the signs. Besides, Farmer Pike's fruit was ripening, and Jim was wise. To the uninitiated, the sudden "cherries-are-ripe" politeness which attacks small boys at certain seasons of the year is amazing, but to the enlightened—*we know!*

Full of excitement, Mrs. Pike rushed into the kitchen, unearthed her spectacles from the pile of old letters and almanacs on the shelf beside the stove, and quickly adjusted them.

For a moment she let her eyes rest happily on the foreign name of the

WITH ALL HER STRENGTH, SHE HAD ONE WEAKNESS—LOVE OF DRESS

ONE DAY A NUMBER OF BOYS STOPPED IN TO CHAT WITH HIM

magazine, with its curious accented letters, and on the tall lady in a cerise-colored gown, standing with her parasol held at a graceful angle, while she watched a lanky horse take one of the hurdles in the miniature racecourse which occupied the front page. The artist had proved decidedly weak in the drawing of the horse, but even Mrs. Pike's Texan eye saw it not, so great was the glamourie of the lady.

Then she opened the way into the Parisian paradise within.

New wonders met Mrs. Pike's eye at every turn, and color ran riot. Blondes in blue, and brunettes in red, flashed forth their charms. Page after page of sweeping trains and floating draperies, followed by an array of long, mannish coats, and turned-down hats, trimmed with stiff wings or drooping feathers. Each lady wore her hair waved in the most remarkably regular ripples, and Mrs. Pike's heart glowed with pride at the thought of the stir she could make at the next county fair if her hair were arranged in like manner.

After much careful scrutinizing of the models, and weighing of their respective merits as to becomingness, style and usefulness, she at last selected one which seemed to meet all her requirements, and when Farmer Pike came home to dinner she laid it before him for inspection.

He rather objected to a chopping-bowl for a hat, and to the scantiness of the trailing skirt, but when his wife pointed out their economical advantages he could not but agree; besides, he liked the aristocratic way the collar reached well up under the ears, and the sleeves extended down to the knuckles. So he gave his consent to a shopping tour to Kansas City, where a dressmaker could, no doubt, be found who would be able to reproduce the picture in shiny, new alpaca.

Accordingly, bright and early the next morning, John Pike stood on the platform of the little station, waving

good-by to a thin, wiry figure in a faded brown dress, with a prim little bonnet tied securely under her chin, a battered traveling bag gripped firmly in one hand, and a cotton umbrella in the other.

"Good-by, John! Good-by!" she called. "Dont you forget to feed the pigs, and be sure to see Sam Simpkins about that horse he wants to sell.

"And look here," she added, with a menacing shake of her umbrella, "dont let there be any high jinks going on while I'm away. I didn't marry a drinking man, and I'm not going to have one for a husband, so just you remember that, or I'll be Mary Ward again before you've had time to sit up and turn around." And she snapped her thin lips tight shut with a precision which augured ill for John if he forgot those parting orders.

The memory of that look stayed with him for nearly a week, and kept him in the straight and narrow path of duty and freedom from overindulgence in his weakness; but one day a number of the boys having stopped in to chat with him, John felt that the occasion called for some special recognition, so he decided to treat them all. Glasses and bottles were brought out, and the boys were soon enjoying themselves to the full.

John felt so pleased with himself and the occasion that he was moved to give them a song, so, with a bottle in one hand, and a glass in the other, he broke forth into the strains of "My Wife's Gone to the Country. Hooray! Hooray!" accompanied by a characteristic dance, with steps especially inspired for the occasion.

Roars of laughter and hearty applause rewarded his efforts, and he was just getting ready to try another specialty when a letter was brought to him by one of the townsmen, who had ridden over to the store for the mail.

Setting the bottle down on the steps, John proceeded to open the letter, and found the news that Mary was coming home that day, and that she had been fitted out in the latest style by a dressmaker whom she had met on the train.

RETURNING, SHE SPIED THE EMPTY BOTTLE UPON THE TABLE

Visions of her parting look rose before him, and roused him to a realization of the necessity of getting the boys out of the way before she arrived. So he lured them away behind the barn, with the promise of more songs and capers.

Hardly had they disappeared before Mary drove up in the one rig of which the country station could boast, which served all purposes, from an ice-wagon to a funeral carriage, and, spying the empty bottle which John had left in plain view upon the table, picked it up, and started for the barn in a rage, quickly sensing the situation.

Truly awe-inspiring was the object which met the view of John and the boys as she turned the corner and came upon them, making merry behind the barn. The scanty, trailing gown which John had expected to see was supplemented by a full Turkish skirt, combined with a Dutch-necked bodice and a Parisian overdress. Instead of set, rippling hair, great puffs and curls bobbed in every direction.

"Good land, Mary Ann Pike! What you doing with them meal bags on?" shouted the astounded John, while the boys held their sides with laughter, and pointed derisive fingers at a particularly rampant puff which hung down in the middle of her forehead.

Mary Ann Pike didn't keep the boys long in suspense as to what she could, should and would "do." With flashing eyes, she started for them, brandishing the bottle, and putting them all to precipitate flight.

WITH THE BOTTLE FOR A CLUB, SHE STARTED FOR THE BARN, IN A RAGE

THEY LASSOED HER IN SIGHT OF HER OWN FRONT DOOR

Around the yard she chased them, until finally they slipped behind the barn door, and had the satisfaction of seeing her rush by them in the chase toward the house. Then the tables were turned, for, gathering up a long rope, they followed on her tracks, and lassoed her in sight of her own front door; whereupon John made her hop ignominiously into the house, with the command to "take off them fool duds!" And Mary Ann Pike was conquered for once.

She had her revenge, tho. Having been cured of her own folly, she made up her mind to make sure that John was cured of his. So the next day, while he was taking a nap on a bench near the barn, she went slyly up to him, grabbed him by the ear, and, before he realized what she intended to do (so accustomed was he to obeying her), he had allowed her to push him into the trough, where, amid sputterings and coughings, she managed to secure from him a promise that his days of rollicking should end then and there.

Thus they helped each other to see the folly of their ways, and added one more couple to the list of those who have learnt that a good motto for married life is

Non Nobis Solum.

The Moving Picture Show

By FLORENCE E. HARLEY

SCENES of fact and fiction,
Unrolled before our eyes;
What wonder that our nation
Is wonderfully wise!
If you should care to travel,
Or to scenes of grandeur go,
What better way to reach there,
Than the Moving Picture show?

The doors are always open,
At any time of day.
The pictures, wide and varied,
Will range from sad to gay.
No matter what your mood is,
Make sure, before you go,
Your time is never wasted
At the Moving Picture show.

Fate's Favorite

By CLYDE TIMBLIN

IF I had my wish—if I had an unrestricted, unconditional choice of occupation—I would say, "Give me a job on a ranch. I want to be a cowboy."

Now understand me. I dont want to serve in a roundup. I dont care to sit all night in a saddle, thru a cold and sleety rain, singing songs to soothe a frightened herd. I have no desire to test my skill on a vicious and unridden mustang. Fact is, I am put to my limit to keep my seat on a trotting horse. My lungs rebel at the very thought of brushing dusty horses in a close stall, and I have a marked antipathy for wearing blue jumpers. I positively decline to arise at four-thirty and carry water to a flock of ungainly steers; and as for milking cows before breakfast, I recall once having inhaled a portion of the odor emanating from a dairy barn, and I quote these lines from Thomas Moore merely by way of a striking contrast to my recollection of the episode:

"Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,
A fragrance that breathes of it many a year."

No. Those duties might have been expected of a cowboy when Chicago was a village, but I pride myself on keeping abreast of the times. I want to be a latter-day cowboy, and what I particularly desire is a job on a ranch near the foothills, where there is ever an abundance of bright and shiny, gold-bearing quartz awaiting discovery.

Now, it is essential that I have a costume, and it must be complete. Give me a sombrero, preferably one with a rattlesnake band encircling the crown; however, braided leather will answer. I must have chaps and a red shirt. Get me a pair of high-heeled Mexican boots and two sharp and shiny spurs. Next I wish a cartridge belt, at least three inches wide, and fitted with holsters, in which must repose two villainous-looking blue-steel guns. Don't forget a flowing black tie and a red kerchief to tie around my neck. There. Now set before me a Moving Picture camera, mount me on a fiery steed, and turn me loose.

Confidingly now can I entrust my fortunes to the fates. For to whom are they more kind, I ask you, than to the cowboy? The Great American Cowboy, as typified nightly on canvas at the Lyric, the Grand, the Comique, or at the Bijou Dream, as the case may be.

Much of his time is spent in the saddle. Invariably he is just around the barn, on the shady side, from whence he emerges at a lope, dashing and debonair, upon the advent of the stylishly gowned guest from the East.

He is ever a favorite with the ladies—particularly with the rancher's daughter. And, indeed, why not? When that winsome lady's pony, becoming suddenly and unexpectedly unruly, darts like an arrow across the plain with its fair cargo, who rises up from a clump of mesquite bushes and, with a troubled frown, keenly scans the horizon? Who leaps upon his faithful mustang, grazing idly by, puts spurs to the beast, and is off in hot pursuit? Who, indeed, but the cow youth?

Your pulse beats quicker. Full three minutes' start has she, and her mount, in a very frenzy of terror, is going like the wind. Will he save her? Fear not, my son, he will; and you shall see—provided that blamed usher seats those people back of us. And there, that woman with the big—Ah! she's taking it off.

Does he want for diversion? Not

for long. An obliging citizen of the Orient shuffles into view, and becomes the unresentful target, the plaything of his fancy.

Does he pine for the excitement of the gaming table? His steed is tied at the rack. A short, sharp ride, and he is seated at the green cloth. He buys chips. He buys again, loses, and arises as if to quit.

Have the fates deserted him? Just keep your seat, and see it out.

Look! Gracefully gliding between the chairs, past rough denizens of the gaming den, comes a dream of femininity. Thru the thick haze of tobacco smoke she appears strangely unreal, an apparition of angelic beauty. To the chair of the cowpunch she advances, catches his eye, and immediately his sharp Western instinct interprets. Quickly she leaves the room, our hero following more leisurely, so as to excite no suspicion.

Leaning demurely against the hitching rack, she awaits his coming. Rapidly she acquaints him of the situation. She is Careless Kate. Her foster-father, Crooked Luke, is the dealer. She had noticed him playing, and, knowing he had no chance of winning, felt she ought to interfere. He was not like those roughnecks in there. He was, somehow—well, he was different. Then she outlined the system whereby Luke got the kale.

Ha! With this knowledge he can beat the game! Gallantly he salutes the heroine on her cherry lips, the while gazing with fond intensity into her expressive eyes. With seeming reluctance he releases her soft, white hand and nonchalantly re-enters by the front door, Kathryn meanwhile repairing to the rear.

One hour later he starts ranchward, riding his faithful bronc, and at his flank a packhorse, groaning under its burden of gold coin, and—more precious to him, by far—she of the indiscreet cognomen.

Ah! Is it not a vocation to pine for—a boundless field of opportunity? Doubtless, even now, o'er many a Western ranch hangs the gloom-inspiring atmosphere of a near-due mortgage. An old man, crippled and wan; a blue-eyed lass, with golden hair, ministering tenderly to his every want. Affectionately she bends over him, whispering soft words of hope—a hope she does not feel.

Soon will come the Shylock, with an insolent air of proprietorship, striding across the threshold to claim his pound of flesh.

Far up in yonder canyon, at the northwest corner of the ranch, lies a moss-grown rock, unsuspected guardian for ages of a vein rich in yellow metal. Some favored son of fortune even now awaits his cue to uncover the precious quartz, forestall the flinty Shylock, and bask forevermore in the sunny smile of Goldylocks.

Against a background of granite boulders his lithe figure stands out in bold relief, and over his shoulder a flowing black tie billows in the wind. A venturesome sunbeam wends its way thru a rift in the heart of a giant boulder, and in direct range of a murderous six-shooter dances trustingly on a sharp and shiny spur.

. . . . .

While I sit here in a cage of glass, unromantically snipping off small squares of pasteboard and shooting change thru a rathole, ever and anon ejaculating: "How many?"

OFTEN HAPPENS SO

" 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,"
Restrained by sudden call or shower
From seeing a Moving Picture play.—*John S. Grey.*

Peggy, the Moonshiner's Daughter

(Kalem)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

An observer standing under the leafy trees of Capitol Square, Frankfort, would have noticed a young man come down the stone steps from the United States District Attorney's office and walk off rapidly toward the railroad station. Could the eyes of the passer-by have penetrated to the packet of papers in the young man's pocket, he would have noticed the scarcely dried ink of the government attorney's signature on several of them. That they were urgent was shown by the bearer's haste; that they were important, the determined set of his face attested; and when he swung onto the steps of a south-bound train, it was evidence enough that they would carry their mission, friendly or otherwise, beyond the lines of Franklin County.

The traveler settled back in his seat and contemplatively watched his passage thru the blue-grass country. The train stopped interminably at Lexington, as if it had reached the Mecca of chosen places. On across the fertile plateau it crept, as if unwilling to leave the open country. Wayside stations, never ending: Berea, Lily, Flat Lick, were approached with a grinding of brakes, and left behind with derisive snorts at the grades. The country became wilder, more timbered, less fertile. The lowering sun cast heavy shadows in the deep ravines that led thru to the Cumberland uplands.

Hatfield was athletic, fearless and cool-headed, the necessary requisites for the success of the trip he had undertaken. An illicit distillery, or moonshine plant, had been reported to his superior, the district collector, and in the absence of a regular raider the young office man had been selected to unearth it.

His instructions were to run down to Tellico, and, as best he could, work over to Calabasas, a little crossroads settlement some thirty miles in the heart of the mountains. Near this place, one Seth Hardy was reported to be running the outlawed still. Hatfield's further instructions were, with the utmost secrecy, to locate this plant, get the facts as to its operation, and, on confirmation, to meet a band of revenue officers at an appointed place and time.

He had weighed well the danger and delicacy of his mission and the character of the people with whom he would have to deal; still, he had his chance to prove his worth, and so did not hesitate.

When the shuttle train had covered the last few miles of the branch to Tellico, he got off the train, with his preliminary plans mapped out. He would stay overnight in the little town, and, in the cool of the morning, set out on horseback, with his saddlebags for a wardrobe.

As the sun awoke smiling on the tableland village, the day following, Hatfield, in riding-boots and flannel shirt, mounted his horse and started up the road that led to the mountains. The air was buoyant with the touch of early morning, and the country was a mass of bloom by the roadside, and leafy and cool overhead. Rhododendrons and laurel, like carnival sisters, lined the way, in glorious clusters, and pushed up their pink and orange tints among the branches of the oaks and poplars. Far into the woods the fresh grass was clean, and free from brush; canopies, formed from broad-leaved trees, and carpeted with rich grasses, opened up beautiful vistas to the city man's eyes. Scattered here and there, dainty as became Nature's pattern, bloodroot and anemone touched the greenwood with white, red, and purple-blue. As the young man's lithe body gently rose and fell

to the beast's motion, he felt that here, and nowhere else, the man, the soil, and the climate were so well fitted to one another that ugliness, disease and poverty could encroach on this paradise in vain.

It was as if he had been in a tender giant's garden, for, passing into a defile of the hills, he came upon almost sterility. The broad, gentle curves gave way to sheer cliffs and stunted vegetation. Layers of stained rock lay piled high with seamed, bare sides to the wayfarer.

When he had worked thru the gap in the hills he came out upon a broad mountain valley, with the far-reaching Cumberlands stretching away interminably on its western boundary. He descended into the flat of dense trees, mountain streams, and winding, rocky road, and made a slower way in this wild country.

At rare intervals he passed thru a frontier hamlet, mostly a trading store and the inevitable blacksmith's shop, for the roads were always fighting against the wagons, and getting the best of it. The occasional teamster or ox-driver that passed him, did so stoically, with an unfriendly look behind the fixed stare. "Furriners" were not welcome in the Kentucky mountains, and were scarcely tolerated unless their business and pedigree were well established.

He gathered from a lanky boy, homing some scraggy cattle, that Calabasas boasted a hotel, "The Hunter's Inn," with strictly first-class accommodations, minus the luxuries, over the general store below.

At last he entered the straggling settlement, the most pretentious in the valley, and brought his tired legs down in front of the unpainted hostelry. The storekeeper-boniface stood on the threshold, with one long leg almost wrapped around its mate, and contemplated him dreamily. He wore a scattered beard, slouch hat, and homespuns, like most of the mountaineers, and his actions appeared as if his prospective guest were anything but welcome.

Hatfield lost no time in preliminary palaver. "This is a hotel, isn't it?" he inquired, in the tone of one who expected to be told that it was a crematory.

The rangy doorway ornament came slowly to life, and, disgorging a small fountain of tobacco juice, descended deliberately to hold the horse's bridle. At this overt act of hospitality Hatfield unslung his saddlebags and guncase, and waited for further courtesies.

"What mout yo' name be, stranger?" the landlord finally drawled; "an' what's yo' business over heyh?"

Hatfield knew that these coupled questions were inevitable to a newcomer, so he merely smiled.

"When we get better acquainted," he said, "I want to ask you all about the coal outcroppings in this country. And a little about the hunting, too," he added, glancing at the sign over the doorway.

Now a seeker after mineral wealth, and a huntsman, too, is no mean addition to any country, for he pays for both liberally. The mountaineer's fixed stare softened somewhat, and, hitching the horse, he turned and led his guest to quarters above.

Hatfield slicked up, and, coming down, sought the little boarded room off the store which served as a bar. A few thick glasses and scattered bottles, with a rough board counter, completed its outfit, and he had barely time to glance around it when the tall landlord, entering, faced him.

"Give me some whisky," said Hatfield, coolly, and as his host poured a generous glassful from a bottle, he watched its color closely. It was of a light amber shade, and had probably made its bow to the government.

"Pretty good," he gasped, uneasily, setting down the empty glass, "but not so good as the liquor I had on my trip last year."

"Sho!" the ruffled mountaineer exclaimed, "I've got better spirits than thet thar."

He reached below the counter, and plucked forth a jug, from which a clear, white liquor flowed into Hatfield's glass. It was moonshine, un-

JIM AT HUNTER'S INN

tainted by fusel, color, or government stamp! The volunteer raider drained his glass, and felt that the first engagement had been won. He looked contemplatively at the disappearing jug.

"That is right good, but the stuff I had was thicker, and tasted sweeter."

"Haw! haw!" the amused host laughed. "Why, thet's metheglin, an' a shore powerful licker. Hit's made from honey, an' haow hit kin buzz," he explained, with an appreciative snicker.

By such artless ways Hatfield got acquainted with his now softened landlord, and, by eager questions on coal traces and game possibilities, led him off to pastures new.

With the first slender meshes of his ensnaring net in the making, Hatfield started out on foot the following morning, ostensibly for a reconnaissance of the coal-bearing mountain, whose rough trail wound down into the hamlet.

He mounted the narrow way over the torn spur of Pine Mountain, thru a snarl of brush and stunted oak, with a feeling that he was hunting a far more resourceful and powerful animal than his shotgun had yet covered. Should he succeed in locating the moonshiner, his capture would be but a beginning. The news would fly on the silent wings of the mountains, and every brush and covert would be a lurking ambush for the friends of the trapped one.

As yet, he had seen no signs of life; even the birds were hushed in these higher places, and distant sounds from the settlement were like tiny taps of a hammer.

Hatfield rested beside the fresh ferns that framed a mountain brook, and, sprawling, soothed his eyes in the reaches of water-maple overhead. The caressing aroma of balsam came to him on the high airs, and, far below, a violet mist curtained across the valley.

A soft splashing in the brook brought him suddenly to his feet, poised, and wary. The intruder, man or beast, might have been miles away in the thick brush, yet his sound was very close.

The raider crawled noiselessly into the brush, and worked toward the warning splash. If there was any stalking going on, he preferred to be the stalker. Coming to a little widening in the brook, a most disarming sight met his eyes. A young girl, in gingham dress, stood, barelegged, in the running water, and whipped a beech-stick fish-pole across the shadowy pool. She was anything but disquieting, for she seemed a part of the woods. Her simple, brown dress, brown eyes, and heavy pigtail of chestnut hair, blended unjarringly with the soft shades of reflected trees in clear water. Her fresh brown skin matched the shaded, sandy bottom, and her slightly rounded cheeks were tinged with the pink and olive of the high-climbing arbutus. As Hatfield watched her bare-armed, vigorous motions she seemed the personification of nature, with nature's protecting colors.

He felt that he was rudely disturbing the recreation of a young doe, yet such is the perversity of man. His gentle halloo reached her, with arms bent backward for a cast, one as if protecting her bosom, and so, spellbound, she held them, as he broke thru the barriers of her pool. To cover her confusion he muttered something about losing the trail, yet if he had expected her to be afraid of her brown flesh in the sight of man, he was in error. She had no thought of self and self-appearance, as her later actions showed, but merely stared at the intruder, in curious wonderment at his coming into her world. He was a strange sight, come unknowingly upon her, and she was entitled to drink her fill of him.

She required no second invitation. She waded out of the knee-deep water, and, with a slight gesture, cut back to the trail; and, where it divided over the crest of the mountain, she paused, as with a duty done.

Hatfield stood with her at the cross trail, chatting the while, and looked far down into the sweeping bottoms below. To the right, on a barren, rocky knob, a primitive settler's hut perched giddily, commanding a view from all approaches. He would have liked to have stood on this pinnacle and to have discoursed eloquently on the uplift of nature to a brown audience of one; but something in her manner, and his own sense of duties yet to be done, chilled his enthusiasm: so, lifting his hat to her, and bidding her a smiling "Good-day," he set off down the northward trail.

Had he looked backward he would have seen the girl standing above, watching his downward journey with unabashed, inscrutable eyes; and it was not until he had disappeared far down the crooked path that she turned and made toward the sentinel shack. A man was seated in the doorway, with a long rifle resting in his lap. Beneath his dingy slouch hat grizzled elf locks fringed a massive head; a long, gray mustache, worn Kentucky fashion, down to the lines of his chin, half hid a wide, sensitive mouth. The eyes were singularly like the girl's, wide-set, fathomless, and of a glowing brilliancy when aroused. Unlike most mountaineers, he wore laced hunting boots, and a gray flannel shirt which fitted snugly over his still pliant muscles.

The girl reached the shack, and the old man laid down his weapon and rose to meet her.

"Hit looks ez ef a city man hed smelled my mountain flower," he said, humorously, "and hed come to pluck hit."

She laughed a care-free assent, and described how Hatfield had come upon her at the pool. The woodsman shook a sorrowful head at her disclosures.

"Peggy," he said, with a tinge of anxiety, "yo' air gittin' too growed up to be prowlin' 'round this heyh mount'in alone. I hain't got the mount'in habit o' bein' curus about furriners," he continued, "but yo' jest be keerful like."

"Co'se I will," she rejoined. "Dad, they is mo' an' mo' strangers comin' into the mount'ins, tappin' round with little hammers, an' pryin' on us folks. I reckon some day they'll

HE DISCOURSED ELOQUENTLY TO A BROWN AUDIENCE OF ONE

be spyin' on yo', too. An' I jest wish we c'ud mosey an' shet down on yo' work, an' go off somewhere—cant we, Pappy?''

The old man stared in moody silence.

''Whar to? Whar to?'' he muttered, in absent tones. ''Gawd gave us th' mount'ins, an' He fetched yo' heyh in yo' mammy's arms, when th' Gaps opened th' way. An' ez for th' still, I've watched th' sun an' th' rain ripen th' corn for mos' a score o' years, now, in th' bottoms, an' I've toted it up th' mount'in come freshet an' fire-scald. Hit's kep' me an' yo' together, an' yo' ol' dad spects to keep yo' good fo' a long spell yit.''

He stretched his big frame, as if girding for neglected duties, and shambled down the rocks to the friendly timber.

Hatfield made a slow way homeward, with the vision of a flitting brown thing dancing ahead of him. Who was this lithe-limbed nymph of the mountains? And why did the pesterer dance so across the path of his duty? He resolved on the morrow to solve her identity, and, not to be remiss, that of the sentinel shack on the knob.

And so it came that in the early morning he climbed the now more friendly mountain, and, with soft footfalls, sought the shaded pool. She was there, seated on the bank of the ferny basin, with her idle pole lying beside her.

A conquering desire came over him to steal up and to blind for a moment her solving eyes. He had never been a ladies' man, and only half suspected that the action might be construed as unduly familiar. Howbeit, the unruly impulse was upon him, and he did it; clasped two firm hands across her eyes, and held them captive. I cannot say what a blue-grass girl would have done under this shocking provocative; she might have screamed, fainted, or have risen in haughty wrath, according to her lights, but simple Peggy did none of these things. She just said "Oh!" and waited for his hands to come away. Then she saw him, and smiled quite trustfully; smiled with her eyes and mouth and a row of glistening teeth. Could anything have been more absurd? Yet, if she liked the man, why not show it? For so she felt, and the benighted girl had not been taught repression either of feelings or of her waist line.

"What's yo' name?" she asked, with justified curiosity.

He was on the point of saying "James Clay Hatfield," but, on second thought, said "Jim."

"Jim," she repeated, disappointedly.

"Yes," he laughed; "did you expect something better?"

"I know a heap o' Jims," she continued. "Jim Knox, th' tanner; an' Crazy Jim Sevier, an'——"

"Is he related to Jim Jams?" he interrupted, in a search for consanguinity, but she only stared in bewilderment.

"Let's shelf Jim," he began again, hopefully; "and, by the way, you haven't told me your name."

"Hit mought be Peggy," she said, mischievously.

"Oh, yes," he bantered; "female of Pegasus, I suppose. Peggy and Jim, Darby and Joan," he mused. "Could anything be sing-songier?"

The brown eyes swept his face inquiringly, as if waiting for this born leader of conversation to continue. It must be reported, regretfully, from what followed, that he did not.

Hatfield caught the sweep of long lashes and the brown depths beneath, and a second unruly impulse came over him. Quickly his hands stole back of her raised head, and his lips gently brushed her cheek. This time there was no flash of teeth, nor answering smile, nor even expostulation. The mountain girl was deeply hurt, and, like a wounded creature, arose slowly and started for the homeward trail.

The raider, truly repentant when he saw that he had hurt her, followed after.

"Miss Peggy," he shouted, in various keys of apology, but she did not heed him, and her agile shape was soon lost to his view. He sat down, bewildered, by the pathside, and cursed his folly.

His self-arraignment probably chastened his humbler soul a little, but it did not ease the poor creature flying up the trail. Like a homing pigeon, she sought the rude shack and the solitude of her room.

"Fool!" muttered Hatfield to himself. "I was too abrupt. I startled the pretty little wild bird."

As the crestfallen raider turned down the trail, a little gully near the mountain-top opened up a narrow view to him, enough to catch a rift of smoke floating lazily above the timber belt and across the knob.

Where did it come from? What was it? His eager eyes took in the tell-tale smoke, and he breathed quickly with the discovery. Sighting the point well, he plunged into the woods, and across gullies, fissures and sheer rocks, and made a treacherous way toward the origin of the fire.

Coming out upon a path leading upward to the knob, he crawled behind a boulder to ease his weary legs and to plan a nearer approach. But luck seemed to meet him more than half way. He had scarcely eased himself on the mossy rock when he heard shambling footfalls on the path, and a mountaineer, big, and white-haired, appeared, making upward for the knob. In his hands he carried a straining, fat jug, whose contents

PEGGY AND THE MOONSHINER

chug-chugged against its sides with the rapid motion.

He had seen enough. The moonshine jug in the hamlet, the mysterious smoke on the mountain, and the huge woodsman with the laden jug on the path, were a chain of evidence that set his heart to beating joyfully as he realized that the meshes of his net were ready for the casting.

The rendezvous with the revenue officers was to be held at a crossroads some two miles east of Calabasas, and as he pounded down the mountain he planned the details for the surprise and capture of the moonshiner. They were waiting for him on the lonely road, as he reached them, flushed and panting, from his half run, half slide, down the grades. The noonday sun sparkled in his eager eyes, and told them wordlessly that his news was good.

Hatfield briefly outlined his plan to them. They were to make a detour around Calabasas and strike the Pine Mountain trail. This they should follow upward to where a blazed tree, near the gully, marked their turning into the woods. They should keep to the woods, working toward the knob, until they came to the end of the timber line. From there the sentinel shack, and the concealed still below it, could easily be located. On no account were they to show themselves until a series of shots from his magazine revolver warned them that the moonshiner was either covered or captured. The climb was to be started at once, and they could expect to hear from him near sundown. In case of success or failure they could then make a night retreat from the inimical mountains.

The raider had allowed himself some seven hours to perfect his final scene, and, in spite of his morning's exertions, felt singularly fresh and buoyant.

It might have been the brownish shade of a creaking load of fodder, that tawny oxen pulled by him, or, mayhap, the vision of a lithe brown girl, darting, like one wounded, up the trail, that turned his steps upward, for soon he was climbing out of the valley, on the familiar trail.

The calling water and delicate sand of the shadowy pool, her lofty Siloam, seemed a fitting place to wait out the long hours. In the nearing man-hunt he might be the first one laid low, and—— He turned from the trail, and in the crystal water of the deserted pool bathed his heated face and neck. The spot was very still now, and even the buzzing wood flies annoyed him.

What ailed the enchanting sanctuary? The same soft light filtered thru the leaves, fragile ferns cupped the same clear water, and uncaught trout made arrowy shadows across its bed. It was nature, breathing, peaceful, latent, yet he felt as if looking thru a window at a blank wall.

Then, a gentle rustling came behind him, and a soft bandage covered his eyes. He knew what it was, so did not struggle, but when his time came, turned to look. A beautiful smile played across Peggy's face, half wistful, half joyous.

The wall crumbled from Jim's vision, and the glory of her beauty stood revealed to him. His hand reverently

sought her young shoulder, and, when she did not start away, it slid down to her pliant fingers, and gently pressed them.

"Little girls shouldn't frighten big men," he said, quite fatherly, but he felt more tender words creeping up into his throat. She thrilled him. He held her close, yet felt that he himself was captive.

For delicious seconds his glad eyes searched hers, and a dozen endearing terms and lover's words were about to find expression, when, suddenly, a pricking something held him tense, and he was silent. A sickening thought came to him.

Yes, he knew it now; it was the smoke over the tree-tops, and the slapping of white liquid as it tossed in the mountaineer's jug. Close to him, with soft eyes raised, and tender mouth unrobbed, the brown girl clasped his fingers. He swayed as if struck with fever; then the thick smoke seemed to drift between them, and the woods and the girl were lost in its coils, as he quickly turned away, with sudden resolution, and staggered off like one dazed.

It must have been near sunset when Hatfield's head cleared, and he came out of the blind stupor that had possessed him. In his furious rush thru the woods, the look of Peggy, and his devil's work, seemed to drag him, a helpless thing, hither and thither, striving for his will. The hot waves in his head, like gun flashes, had ceased, now, and he was nearing the located still. Duty—that was the call he must obey!

The nauseous smoke had ceased, but the regular blows of an axe told him that the moonshiner was there, and was making ready to fire up. Soon the sounds of chopping ended, and Hatfield watched the tree-tops for the first signals of a fire. A thin wreath of blue vapor, then black, resinous clouds, covered the sky-line. It was his time to act.

The raider stole into the little clearing around the slab shed, and entered its only door. It would have been dark inside but for a roaring fire under a huge copper tank, that streaked the place with dancing, rosy shafts of light. The broad back of the moonshiner was bent over the seething mash, like a he-witch over a caldron, and Hatfield coolly waited until he should turn.

He must have scented danger, known that it was hovering behind him, for the back did not turn, but the hands stole softly out.

As the raider shouted a stern warning, the old man turned upon him, his clasped rifle half way to his shoulder, his fingers around the lock. The menacing tube was seeking his breast, and, with a rush, Hatfield closed in, and deflected its muzzle. The old man's fingers had found the trigger, and it exploded past the raider, like an angry cannon, in the crowded hut. A viselike hand gripped his belt, and drew him forward. Jim knew it would be a struggle for mastery with arms and straining backs, with a grip on the loser's throat at the end. He closed with the silent giant, and felt his heavy arms wrap around him like a warping rope. In the mellow light from under the seething tank the gripped struggle went on. They swayed, treelike, pliant, the merciless arms forever sinking deeper in their grip. Jim's breath came in gasps, his knees trembled; the inexorable crushing process was sapping his very blood. Then he placed his crossed arms against the moonshiner's chest, and pressed with all his remaining strength. By this maneuver the raider was bent far backward from his clasped waist, toppling for a fall. Suddenly his bent elbow sought its place under the giant's corded chin, and, pressing with both hands, and with every ounce of strength, the terrible fulcrum slowly pressed back the massive head. As the leverage increased, the mouth opened, and creamed from the pressure at its roots. The mountaineer uttered a choking cry, his grip relaxed, and then he fell like a log at the raider's feet.

As he stood over the prostrate man, the same swift, rustling sound that

had greeted him at the pool came to him, and he turned to see Peggy, with horror in her eyes, run past him and fall on her knees before the moonshiner.

Clasping his limp hand, she bent over the swaying head.

"Pappy! pappy!" she called, entreatingly. "Is yo' much hurt?"

Then, as his eyes sought hers, she stroked his forehead and crooned soothingly.

Jim, panting and weak, had stood aside at her swift entry, but her first words had struck him with the force of a sledge. He could not grasp their meaning all at once—she, the brown thrush of the mountains, the old moonshiner's daughter? Alas! He saw it like a flash now: the parting of the trail on their first day, and the sentinel shack on the knob. That was where she and the mountaineer lived!

Two things remained to be done: to signal the officers, and to retreat, with their capture, out of the mountains. Duty had drilled these things into him with a steel rod. As for Peggy—yes, surely she was kneeling there, quite helpless, beside the broken woodsman. Why, unsmiling, did she stroke his forehead, in her lap? He had always seen her smiling.

As he held his revolver up to fire the warning shots, he remembered, as if a long time ago, that he had thought her brown like the sand, and clear-souled like the pool, and——

His brain cleared with a warm rush of thought. Heavens! Yes, he loved the little girl! Loved her so that he had almost gone mad in the woods. He must save her, if he had to go thru a thousand such struggles.

A quick plan broke upon him. He shut his eyes, turned the tiny muzzle against his arm, and fired. The thing seemed to bite like the jaws of

THE OLD MAN TURNED UPON HIM

"I WANT JIM TO COME, TOO," SHE MURMURED

an angry dog, yet he gripped hard, and shot the remaining cartridges aimlessly into the air.

"Peggy, dear!" he shouted, as he sprang to lift the mountaineer. "Get your father up to the house, and leave me to work this thing out alone!"

She did not speak; there was no time; a distant crashing in the woods heralded the onrushing revenuers.

Hatfield staggered to the glowing coals and rapidly kicked them around the floor, and, as the government men broke cover, and came, yelling, across the clearing, he saw the first flames lick along the walls. They found him, white and bleeding, but their offers of assistance he waved aside.

"Go find him," he muttered. "He has escaped me, after the devil's own row. He took a course down the mountains," he added, pointing with his uninjured arm up the valley.

A few minutes later he joined Peggy and the woodsman on the knob, in front of the sentinel shack, and the three watched the flames devour the still, each busy with his thoughts.

As the flames, the color of the sinking sun, died out, and the knob was bathed in soft twilight, Hatfield turned toward them. The old man's eyes seemed to be looking over the mountains to a far-away rift in their side. Almost a score of years ago he had come thru it, with Peggy in her mother's arms.

"Come, little yun," he muttered, taking her hand, "hit's time fer us to cross the Gap."

But Jim held her other hand, and so she stood between them.

Peggy looked at her father tenderly, then at the other equally so.

"Yes, pappy, but I want Jim ter come, too," she murmured.

"Well, dear one," said Jim, tenderly, "I have done my duty to the government in destroying that still, and am due back home, but I shall not go without you."

Down the steep mountain pass rode the revenue officers that night, happy in the thought that their mission was accomplished, but they rode alone.

Hatfield had decided to seek his fortunes in the mountains.

The Last Drop of Water

(Biograph)

By MARIE COOLIDGE RASK

"I'm going to get rid of that kid. He's been loafing around, raising Ned, generally, ever since his mother brought him out here. I'm tired of it. I told Matilda the very first thing, that I wouldn't be responsible for him, and I wont."

The speaker brought his fist down on the table heavily. It was not often that Abner Harris raised his voice in protest, but when he did he waxed vehement.

"I've given that boy every chance in the world," he continued. "He might have settled down in the store here, and made good, but it wasn't in him. He's too easily influenced. He cant stand being laughed at, and he wont be dictated to. He's off now with Ramsay's bunch of sheepmen, and the whole kit and caboodle will come back roaring drunk. I'll not stand for it. He can strike out tomorrow and get a job for himself. I'm done with him."

But for once, "the kid" did not return, as his uncle had expected. The sheepmen came, heralded by yells, maudlin songs, and the wild firing of revolvers, but the youngster was not among them. An unexpected series of events had combined to keep him out of mischief.

Johnnie Elliot, the gay, the popular one, the wildest yelling, the most reckless riding, the loudest blustering and readiest fighting boy in the neighborhood of Cat's Paw, had literally fallen into a pit. He didn't realize it himself, uncomfortable as the position was, for Mulligan's whisky was decidedly numbing in its effects. It usually sent a little red devil hounding Johnnie's footsteps, with whom he was wont to remonstrate vigorously, much to the delight of the carousing sheepmen.

They had shouted uproariously when they beheld the pedal extremities of their young companion idly waving in the air, while head and arms were well submerged in the muck and filth of a veritable slough of despond. They reasoned not that if they left their capsized companion in that position a horrible death must soon result. They saw only the humor of the situation, and rode boisterously on to "shoot up the town," and spread the news of the miring of their companion.

All day long there had been a ripple of excitement at the Two-star Ranch. A letter had arrived, announcing that Mary, the pet of the household, was coming home from the academy where she had been a pupil for the past year.

"She'll be here Saturday, for sure, boys," called Jim Burgess, cheerily, as he carried the milk cans toward the dugout. "We'll have to get up a dance, I reckon, just to let her know we haven't forgot her."

There was no likelihood that Jim would ever forget Mary. The two had grown up together. His father's ranch had adjoined the Two-star. When Jim was six years old there had been an Indian uprising. A small band of Indians, separated from the main body, had surprised the little

JIM AND JACK, RIVALS FOR MARY'S HAND

family one dark night, and killed his parents. Jimmie was taken prisoner. Later he was recaptured by settlers, and given a home on the Two-star Ranch. Mary, the sweet-faced little daughter of the rancher, had been his playmate, and always his special charge. He had been lonely during her absence at school, for Jim Burgess was not sociable, and had no boon companions. Quiet, steady, reliable, he was never conspicuous, either by words or acts, but he held the respect and admiration of every man on the ranch.

It was Jim Burgess, who, laden with recent purchases at the nearest trader's, and driving a team attached to a light buckboard, drove steadily along the trail over which the roistering sheepmen had galloped but a few moments before. Suddenly the bronchos halted. There, right before them, at the side of the trail, braced against the remnants of a fence that had once encircled a ranch house, long deserted, waved a pair of unmistakable cowboy legs, and equally unmistakably upside down.

"Hello, pard! What's the trouble?" called Jim, springing from the buckboard and striding toward the now feebly kicking legs. "Good thing you caught on the side of the fence, or you'd have been gone for sure," he remarked, pulling the maudlin and bedaubed youth from the pool into which he had fallen.

The man's horse was nowhere in sight, so Jim bundled his unsavory burden into the bottom of the buckboard and drove homeward at a sharp clip.

"If the boys ever hear of it, he'll be called 'Stick-in-th'-Mud' forever after," thought Jim, looking back over his shoulder at the man in the wagon. "It's the young Easterner, Squire Harris' nephew. Those sheepmen from the South Annex have been giving him bad whisky. I'll do th' best I can for him."

So it happened that Johnnie Elliot awoke next morning to find himself clean, and well shaven, clothed in Jim's garments, and occupying a bunk in Jim's quarters. Slowly he looked around upon his strange surroundings, and as slowly recalled the unpleasant events of the night before.

"It was that little red devil," he muttered, angrily, to himself, as he recalled an imaginary imp. "He dared me to jump that fence, and then he pushed me into the hole."

He was still apostrophizing the little red devil when Jim entered. There was something about Jim's kindly, honest face and self-reliant poise which appealed to the man in the bunk. Gratitude was one of the few virtues which Johnnie Elliot possessed to a pronounced degree, but he had been given little opportunity for its cultivation.

"It just seems as if everybody has been against me from the time I came out here," he remarked, fretfully, to his rescuer, as the two were exchanging confidences.

John soon learned, however, that Jim was not against him. His heart went out toward his grave-faced young rescuer, and he readily promised the future good behavior which Jim insisted upon, under condition that the episode of the previous evening be kept secret. From that time on there existed a friendship and comradeship between the two which no one could understand.

And so Abner Harris had no opportunity to carry out his threat of turning his nephew adrift. The very next day a cowboy brought him a message to the effect that the youth had a good job on the Two-star Ranch, and would send over later for his outfit. It was to get this outfit that Johnnie accompanied Jim the following Saturday, when the latter drove down to the Forks to meet the returning schoolgirl.

Mary Baird was undeniably a beauty. She would have graced any drawing-room. Her brief sojourn at the little Western academy had been just sufficient to make her socially ambitious, and desirous for travel. She had not been particularly pleased at the prospect of returning to the ranch, tho she looked forward happily

to seeing again the faces of those who loved her.

"Here she is!" exclaimed Jim, triumphantly, as he lifted the slim young girl from the steps of the train and presented her to his new-found friend.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Mary," said Johnnie, now thoroly cleansed, clothed, and in his right mind. He extended his hand, and his face illumined with a smile so bright, so winsome, and so fascinating, that Mary, like others before her, at once fell a victim to his charms.

There still lingered about John Elliot a touch of the East. Clothes seemed to set more jauntily upon him than upon the other boys at the ranch. Moreover, he was the nephew of the wealthiest man in that part of the country, and, unconsciously, Mary Baird was influenced by these considerations, and it was soon evident to all that Mary, the pet of the ranch, was yielding to the genial charm of the smiling young Easterner.

Jim's honest face was radiant with happiness for the next few weeks. No thought of jealousy ever entered his mind. Mary was home, and he could see her, and hear her voice, every day. His protégé and friend, Johnnie, was doing well, and keeping his compulsory promises to the letter, and it pleased Jim to have Mary approve his choice of a friend.

"He's simply splendid," she exclaimed, one day, when sounding John's praises in Jim's ear, with as little restraint as tho the latter had been her brother. "I've never admired any one so much in my life as I——"

Mary paused abruptly, realizing that she had said too much. Jim was gazing upon her with a look such as she had never seen on his face before. Surprise, dismay and disappointment were plainly mingled in the glance. There was an uncomfortable pause in the conversation.

"What's the matter, Jim?" Mary inquired. "Isn't John all right?" and Jim's keen eyes seemed to read her very soul.

"Yes," he replied, with a half suppressed sigh, "he's all right—now. I'm—I'm glad you like him."

That was all. If Mary liked John, it was not in Jim's nature to interfere, no matter what he himself suffered in renunciation. The course before him seemed plain. John must be kept straight for Mary's sake.

John lost no time in his wooing, and it was only a few weeks before every one for miles around was present at the marriage of pretty Mary Baird to John Elliot, nephew of Squire Harris, of Cat's Paw.

Mary had expected that her handsome young husband would take her for her long-dreamed-of trip East. He had often talked of his mother,

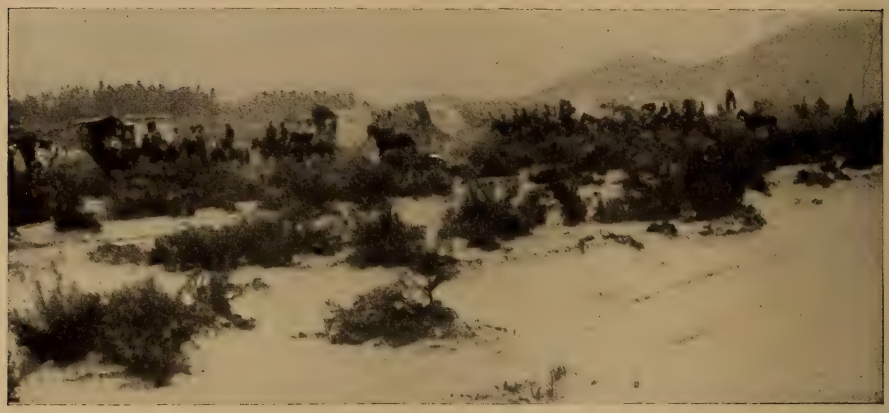
MAKING UP THE CARAVAN

and had promised his little bride that the trip should be made very soon. Then came the tidings that gold had been discovered farther West, and pandemonium reigned among the plainsmen.

"We'll make our fortunes first, my dear," said the happy bridegroom, laughing away his wife's disappointment, "then we'll go East in style."

Reluctantly, Mary joined in the hasty preparations for the long trip across the plains to the gold fields. Others were going besides themselves. The wagon trains were to meet just before the long stretch was to be crossed.

"It's a bad time to start out," warned an old hunter, riding toward Cat's Paw for a supply of provisions.



THE WAGON TRAIN MAKING ITS WAY ACROSS THE DESERT

"You'll have to keep a sharp lookout. Them pesky redskins are gettin' ready for trouble again, all along th' line."

Elliot laughed at the old man's warning. Jim looked grave and thoughtful. He had a vivid recollection of the tragic scenes enacted in his own young life. He glanced at Mary, busily engaged in making the huge prairie schooner look cosy and homelike. For weeks, possibly months, it was to be their only habitation.

"John," he suddenly observed to his friend, "I reckon I'll join you. It'll be too lonesome here at th' ranch with all you folks gone. I'm goin' along. I can do th' foragin' an' outridin, an' you can stay around th' outfit an' look after Mary."

"Oh, yes," echoed Mary. "Do come, Jim. It'll be the very thing. I've just been dreading that awful trip ever since John proposed it."

That settled the matter. When the schooner started on the long, venturesome overland trip, Mary sat with her husband on the front seat of the wagon, and Jim, as outrider, rode alongside. It was Jim who kept the little bunch of cattle together, who found the best site for camp to be made each night, and who helped with all the numerous little odd tasks which had to be performed each day. As the trail grew more dreary and monotonous, Jim was the one who skillfully scanned the horizon for possible Indians, tho he never intimated to his companions that there was anything whatever to occasion uneasiness. Twice, when he had made little detours far to the left or right, ostensibly in search of water, he had discovered recent camping places of the redskins. Not a blanket nor a feather was visible, however, as the little party made steady progress toward the awful vastness of the great American desert.

One day there crept up to their side, slowly and solemnly, one behind the other, eight bunches of cattle and eight more heavy white wagons, from which children's faces were thrust; and thin-featured, careworn women, or buxom girls, sat on the front seat, silently sewing, or knitting, while the men of the party walked or rode by the side of the wagons.

The emigrant caravan, augmented by the newcomers, now presented an imposing spectacle, stretching away in a long line across the land of sagebrush, cactus and snakes. The additional numbers brought dissension. No longer could the clear judgment, cool head and experience of Jim Burgess, born and reared on the plains, select the route and form the plans for the party. There were other guides and other ideas. Every one clamored to press on more rapidly. Indians had been sighted by the newly arrived caravan three days' journey back. Altho nothing unusual had happened since, the women were di-

THE ATTACK

vided between regrets for the homes they had left behind and apprehension of the desert and savages ahead.

It still lacked several hours of nightfall when the outriders of the caravan came upon a grove of cottonwood trees by the bank of a tiny, twisted little river bed, now dried and baked in the sun.

"Here's the place to camp," insisted Jim, well knowing that sufficient digging in the sandy bed of the stream would furnish a supply of water for the cattle and horses. "After we cross here we're in th' desert for sure."

In vain he whispered to two of the older men that several solitary Indian horsemen had been sighted at intervals during the past forty-eight hours. Evidently they were keeping a sharp watch on the caravan.

"Lame Wolf and Red Fox are on the rampage up in th' North," said Jim. "Every Sioux on the plains will soon be on the way to join them. Mark my words, they're ugly. One of them I saw had on a war-bonnet."

But it was of no use. Jim was out-argued. The long, slow-moving wagon train passed clumsily down one side of the dry stream bed and up at the other, then on and on, out over the gray, lifeless plain.

It was moonlight, and the train kept moving until a much later hour than usual. They camped without water that night, for it had become evident at last that none was in sight. Ten men, well deployed, had been placed on watch. Suddenly, Jim Burgess, looking off toward a slight rise at the north, saw a thin wave of smoke slowly ascending. Quickly glancing in the opposite direction, he detected a second smoke, the answering signal. Another and another sprang up.

CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO GET WATER

"Mirror fires!" he cried. "By thunder, they're all about us!"

In an instant all was commotion in the emigrants' camp. The cumbrous wagons were brought into position to form a hollow square, from within which the men made ready to defend the women and children. Out on the plains the Indians could be seen, their lithe, painted bodies fairly gleaming in the moonlight as they went galloping, circling, sweeping to right and to left, clinging with one leg and arm as they sheltered themselves behind

THE INDIANS CAPTURE TWO OF THE TRAIN

FAMISHED, WAITING FOR WATER

their horses' necks, and yelling and screeching like a band of coyotes.

A deadly fire poured forth from behind the barricade, and two of the wagons were captured and rifled by the attacking party. John Elliot and Jim Burgess fought steadily side by side, tho all had not been pleasant between them of late. John, surrounded by wilder spirits than his own, had several times broken his promise to Jim, and had vigorously resented the latter's mild but timely interference. But all differences were forgotten now. Both felt that they were fighting for Mary's life.

The struggle was short and sharp. The plainsmen, most of them expert shots, made every bullet tell. For five minutes the desert rang with yells and with the sputter and crackle of firearms. For five minutes the feathered riders circled about, ever at full speed. Then, bearing away their bleeding and dying comrades, and leaving several hapless, quivering ponies in their last struggles, the savages scampered away with their booty, deterred, but not discouraged, in their efforts to wipe out the entire party.

"They'll be up and at it again," predicted one of the older men, "but they'll wait for reinforcements. We're too strong for them now, and they know it."

"But they'll keep us here so long the children will die of thirst," whispered an anxious mother to her husband. She remembered the many little graves left by other wagon trains, and which they had passed along the way. "Even now the water is almost gone. It will not last thru to-morrow."

But where could water be found in that horrible, sun-baked wilderness? None but the Indians knew—and Jim Burgess. The latter had lost his compass, and did not realize how far afield of the regular trail the foolhardy leaders had brought the caravan in their efforts to make haste in reaching the coveted gold fields.

"I'll go find some water," Jim volunteered. "If it's to be done at all, right now's the time to do it, while th' redskins are having their powwow. I'll go for the water, but some one else had best scoot out with th' fastest pony. Ride east until you reach the dry stream bed we passed yesterday," he continued, as a man stepped forth and signified his readiness to go. "Follow it north until you meet scouts or soldiers."

Jim had gathered his information piecemeal from various solitary riders and friendly Indians whom he had passed as the caravan proceeded on its way. Now his advice was taken with quite as much promptness as it had been discarded the night before.

About the same time Jim also crawled slowly forth from under one of the schooners and started on foot in quest of water. Alone on the track-

JIM, OVERCOME WITH THIRST

less plain, Jim Burgess thought over the many events of the past few months. He wondered what the future would be for himself and for Mary. He tried to sum up the virtues of her husband. John must be worth loving, he thought, or Mary would never have married him. How little Jim knew that Mary had already discovered that it was ambition, not love, which had caused her to see in John Elliot the embodiment of her ideal!

In vain Jim sought for water. Neither could he find any trace of traveling parties. There appeared no familiar landmarks. Fatigue and thirst were both beginning to tell upon him. Twice he had to refresh himself with a swallow of the precious water in his canteen. There was still a little left when an old, gray-bearded plainsman came riding toward him on an almost exhausted pony. The rider swayed in his saddle. Feebly he reached forth his hand, and gasped one word:

"Water!'

There was not a moment's hesitancy in Jim's response. As he held the canteen to the man's parched lips he watched calmly while the stranger drained the very last drop, and then plodded on.

Back with the wagon train the situation was not much better. The Indians had not yet renewed their attack, tho occasionally a bunch of feathers would be seen over behind a clump of sage-brush, or the dim outlines of a mounted sentinel, motionless as a bronze figure, would appear off in the distance. Within the barricade, the strain of the long journey, and the excitement of the encounter, were beginning to have a reactionary effect. One young girl was in hysterics. An older woman, whose child had been buried in the sands a week before, had developed brain fever. The children were crying for water, and the few horses that had been saved from the Indian raid were becoming restless. They, too, wanted water.

Mary Elliot sat beside an older woman, and tried to comfort one of the crying children.

"I cannot understand why Jim does not come back," she said to her husband. "It must be he couldn't find the water—or perhaps the Indians have seen him——" Her face whitened at the thought. "He might have fallen and hurt himself," she hazarded.

John Elliot passed his hand across his forehead hastily. Mary's accidental remark had brought with it a train of memories. Jim Burgess had befriended him, had rescued him, had saved him, but what had he done for Jim? Only two days before he had deliberately started again to drink bad whisky, and had threatened Jim's life for daring to interfere. His face flushed at the recollection.

"I'm going to look for Jim," he suddenly exclaimed. "Fetch on the canteens—all there are left. If he hasn't found water, I will!"

Mary rose, with a little cry, that almost contained a note of gladness.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, her arms encircling his neck. "How good of you! You always said you would do something worth while some day, and then I would be proud of you. Now I am!"

"I'm not worthy of you, Mary," he whispered. "You'd ought to have married Jim."

It was a strange farewell. It rang in Mary's ears for years afterward. She watched him slip out from the wagons, elude the vigilance of the Indians, and disappear, as Jim had, into the night.

If Jim had been baffled and helpless out on that arid desert, John, who had never crossed it before, and whom nature had never intended for a plainsman, was doubly helpless. He searched to the right and to the left. He went around in circles. He thought he espied clumps of trees in the distance, and walked miles to reach them, only to discover a bunch of cactus on a little mound of sand. His drinking bouts of the previous evenings had served to unnerve him and also to make his thirst almost unbearable. Again and again he drank eagerly from the canteen which hung

THE LAST DROP OF WATER

from his shoulder. He tried to find his way back to the wagons, but only succeeded in pacing in a circle. Then a dark spot in the distance attracted his attention. Slowly and wearily he dragged himself in that direction.

"Hello!"

The call was faint and husky, but it reached Jim's ears. The dark object seemed trying to come to meet him. John hastened, and reached the reeling figure just in time to catch the man as he fell.

"Jim! Jim!" he cried, recognizing his friend, and trying to rouse him to consciousness. "Wake up, Jim, old pard! See! It's me—John! I've come to fetch you. Here, take a drink!"

John caught up the canteen of the fallen man.

"Empty!" he gasped.

He realized that Jim had not succeeded in locating water, and that he was dying of thirst, rather than of fatigue. Involuntarily, John reached for his own canteen. He was so thirsty himself that he wondered if he could spare any of the water it contained. Perhaps there was enough for both. He shook the bottle gently. There was only the faintest gurgle in reply. "Enough for one—not enough for two—but he'll die if I dont give it to him."

Unconsciously, John spoke the words aloud. His fevered eyes gazed, over the form of his friend, at a bit of sage-brush just beyond. He thought he saw it move.

"You'll die yourself if you give it to Jim," a voice seemed to say. The words echoed in his ear. They seemed to come from the sage-brush. He looked again. Yes, there it was, that same little red devil that used to follow him about after he had visited Mulligan's saloon with the sheepmen. How did he ever get out there on the plains? What business was it of his whether he gave Jim Burgess a drink of water or not? John shook his fist at the sage-brush.

"You devilish imp!" he muttered. "D'ye think I'm going to give in to you now, when Jim Burgess pulled me out of the pit you pushed me into? You go—where you belong. You used to tell me not to drink water. Now you stand there and grin, and say 'Drink it! Drink it!' I won't drink it! I'll give it to Jim!"

The delirium of fever was fast getting the better of John Elliot, but a wave of consciousness swept over him again as his hand touched that of his fallen friend. Tears came into his eyes. Then a strong resolution took possession of him. He seized the canteen with one hand, and gently lifting Jim's head with the other, he held the vessel to his friend's lips and watched him slowly drink the last drop of water. That precious water would have been sufficient to take himself back to his girlish bride at the emigrant camp, but he was content.

"I had to do something worth while," he murmured, as he gazed at the haunted sage-brush, the pitifully

JOHN RETURNS TO MARY

weak mouth parted in a slight smile; "and so I've saved Jim's life. I know Mary will be pleased, and it's all for the best."

Then he buried his face in the sand and fell asleep.

It was there they found him, next day, and there they left him—sleeping.

It was Mary herself who knelt by the lonely, new-made grave, in the midst of the burning sands, and placed the roughly carved inscription at its head:

"Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend."

IT WAS THERE THEY FOUND HIM NEXT DAY—SLEEPING

A Motion Picture Traveler

By LIZZIE PINSON

At Villa de Luxe there could always be found
An assemblage enraptured, admiring,
When J. Vanderbillie de Gould was around—
Entertaining was he and untiring.
He'd tell of the Orient, France and the Nile,
Of Great Britain and Africa, too;
He'd climbed up the Alps where he lingered a while
To enjoy the magnificent view.
On the various industries, customs and dress
Of the countries both near and afar,
He'd declaim in a manner that needs must impress—
He'd met Emp'ror, King, Sultan and Czar.
But, alas! to that charming vacation resort
Came a stranger from Brooklyn one day,
Just as J. V. de G. was describing some sport
He had witnessed in far-off Bombay.
"It was really amusing to watch them," said he,
"The natives in garb so fantastic
Were jumping and tumbling, each vying to see
Who could make the most ludicrous antic.
I sat next to the King, and when luncheon was served,
On gold trays set with rare, precious stones,
We—" he broke off abruptly, completely unnerved,
As a voice called out: "Hello, Bill Jones!"
With a muttered remark, sounding almost like "jam,"
He was off of that porch in one bound.
Then the stranger observed: "He's a beautiful sham,"
While the boarders all gathered around;
"You believed in the stories Bill loved to relate,
And he feared that the truth I'd disclose;
Why, he's never been out of his own native State—
'Twas the Pictures taught Bill all he knows!"

The Moving Film as an Educator

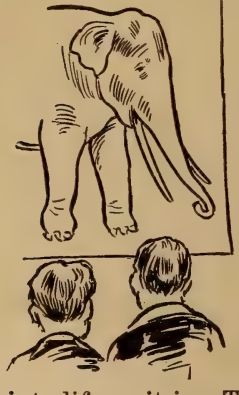
By H. F. EVERS

It is apparently only during the past year that the importance of the Motion Picture as an educator has been fully appreciated. No invention during the past century has such a great influence in attracting and instructing the young and the old. The range of subjects covered by Motion Picture films is well nigh limitless, and therein lies its ministry in education. Educators are now learning that no factor in the school or lecture-room can take the place of the moving film in vitalizing and crystallizing the process of instruction.

The conquest of the Motion Picture as an educator is complete. Its future is beyond calculation. As printing made the world-wide advance of literature possible, so the Motion Picture has come to make the drama universal, and to disseminate knowledge all over the earth. Its mission is to tell one-half the world how the other half lives. It has become an important instrument in the education of uncivilized natives of the Philippine Islands, who have thus been led toward the high standards of twentieth century customs and civilization.

The Motion Picture has given its aid to all departments of instruction, for the extension of all studies and scientific methods and discoveries. The teaching of surgery with the aid of Moving Pictures has become an assured fact. Its influence has been especially potent in the dissemination of special knowledge in the field of medicine. There are many evidences of the practicability of the Motion Picture for vitalizing the study of other exact sciences, thru a systematized and graduated series of films. Zoölogical subjects are thus being effectively presented in public schools by Moving Pictures. There are yet revelations to come, in the world of education, thru the genius of the Motion Picture photographer.

Could anything be of greater help in the study of natural history than the films which the patient cinematograph operator has secured, after untold effort? Never before have birds of every species been brought so near to the vision of man. They "sit for their picture" in natural repose, and their habits, caring for the young, feeding, and life, are dramatized pages on the Motion Picture text-book. No kind of animal, in fact, has escaped the attention of the Motion Picture man, who has braved even the lion in his den in his fidelity to his trust. The clumsy penguin with his innumerable family, on inaccessible cliffs, has been caught in his natural habitat, at close range, and the bird does not live which has not passed before the eye of the moving-film camera.



Indeed, this simple, but wonderful, invention is seeking new worlds to conquer. There is a new process by which life is pictured in its natural colors. This is not an artificial representation, but an absolutely accurate glimpse into life as it is. The wonder of it is in its new uses. Such films "magnify" the actual motion of natural subjects, till apparently inanimate objects and plants are presented in their life history. One may well marvel when he watches the bud blossom into the full-grown flower. It takes months to accomplish that metamorphosis! The world awaits new chapters to science thru the Motion Picture.

A Boy of the Revolution

(Pathé Frères)

By LEONA RADNOR

UPON the very edge of the woods, which crept down close to the settlement of Jamestown, stood the comfortable home of John Smith. Within the cozy living-room, one bright spring day, in the troublous times of the Revolution, John Smith, his buxom wife, and their young son, Bob, were seated about the table, when they were startled by an agitated rapping at the door.

"Open the door, Bob," commanded the father, as they all rose from the table.

The lad obeyed, and started back with a cry of surprise. There, upon their threshold, stood a Colonial officer, almost fainting from fatigue, his uniform bedraggled, his whole air an appeal for protection.

Staggering past the boy, the visitor addressed the father, in a voice husky with exhaustion.

"I am Lieutenant Ralph, of the Continental Army," he said, "and I must throw myself upon your hospitality and mercy."

"But how came you here?" asked Smith, with a perplexed frown.

"I was reconnoitering with two of my men, in the woods below here, when, without the least warning, bullets began to fly around our heads. There were British in hiding somewhere, but, of course, I didn't stop to look. I saw my two men fall, poor fellows, then I spurred my horse thru the woods as far as I could, but they were gaining on me fast, so I left the horse, crept thru a tangle of underbrush, and slid down a long, steep bank. There I hid under a ledge of rock. I could hear them shouting and hunting above me, but they finally gave it up, and I made my way here. I'm not wounded, only exhausted. Hide me until all danger of their search is over, and give me a chance to rest, and I'll be off again."

RALPH APPEALS FOR SHELTER

"We cant give you refuge," spoke up the woman. "It would mean our ruin, perhaps our death, if it were known."

"Wife," interrupted the man, "Lieutenant Ralph shall not be turned from John Smith's house in his hour of peril. I know the risks of war, and this man is welcome to the refuge I can offer him. That will do, wife—not another word. I shall find a place to hide him. The house is not safe, sir. It is liable to be searched, so I must ask you to follow me outside. Come along, Bob, and keep your eyes and ears open."

Mr. Smith cautiously led the way from the back door, thru the low shrubbery, out to where the woods grew dense. Here he stopped, before a large tree with a hollow trunk.

"Make haste, Lieutenant! Get in there, and I'll conceal the hole with bushes."

Lieutenant Ralph painfully crawled into the hollow, and Mr. Smith and Bob disposed shrubs over the opening so skilfully that none but an Indian would have scented a hiding-place.

There were no signs of the pursuing party, but, back in the house, Smith schooled his wife and Bob in the parts they were to play, in case they were questioned. Mrs. Smith was clearly

nervous, and it took much argument and expostulation to allay her fears.

"Now, wife, instead of wringing your hands, it would be a kindly and hospitable act to prepare some food for the unfortunate young man. I'll warrant he has not eaten since sun-up, and there is nothing like a chase to set the stomach a-gnawing—whether you be the chased or chaser," said the good man, trying to divert his wife's mind by engaging her in a humane task.

This was a clever appeal. All the woman's fears were forgotten, as her motherly and benevolent instincts came to the surface.

"The poor lad," she ejaculated, hurrying toward the kitchen. "Probably it's been a month since he had a good meal."

With many admonitions, Bob was entrusted with a plate of goodies and sent out to the famished guest in the tree. Mrs. Smith would never have given another thought to the risks they were running, could she have seen the ravenous appreciation accorded her viands.

"That tastes like home and mother," exclaimed the lieutenant, gratefully.

"I'll fetch you some more later on," said Bob, replacing the parted branches carefully, before he started back to the house.

In his absence, the dreaded searching party had arrived. Their captain told the object of his visit, and, in spite of the assurances of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, that Lieutenant Ralph was not in their house, he ordered his men to search. Discovering nothing on the lower floor, he sent four men to search upstairs, while he and the others went outside.

As she watched the sentries filing thru the back door, Mrs. Smith's fears increased. Bob had not returned—the soldiers might surprise him near the tree! Mr. Smith made vain attempts to soothe her. He was much wrought up himself, and only the presence of the soldiers in the house enabled him to maintain an appearance of calm and indifference. No sooner had the soldiers descended from the upper floor and rejoined their comrades than the anxious parents hastened out of the front door,

"PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOUR MEMORY," SAID THE CAPTAIN

to observe what was taking place and to find Bob.

Alas, the luckless boy had run into the captain and his party! At first, he withstood the captain's badgering, stoutly, scornfully refusing the gold coin which was offered for information.

"Now, my lad," coaxed the captain, "if I give you this bag of gold, dont you think you will remember having seen our man?"

"No, sir; I have seen nobody."

"What! Not a man, in the uniform of the Colonial Army?"

"No, sir."

"Well, perhaps this will help your memory," said the captain, placing a pistol to the boy's head. "Now, take your choice—either the bag of gold and tell what you know, or be shot!"

The boy hesitated. He was but a child in years, tho developed under the strenuous conditions of those pioneer days. He stood here, alone, a mere child, alone in the first great crisis of his life, facing a party of armed men, threatened with death for refusing to divulge the whereabouts of a man who was a stranger to him. His mother's frightened face, his father's courageous one, swam before his eyes. What would they tell him to do? he wondered. Trembling with a sense of his helplessness, his present fear obscuring his usually clear perception of right and honor, his hand closed, almost unconsciously, about the bag dangled before his eyes, and, suddenly, he led the band of soldiers to the hollow tree.

They tore the branches away and dragged the lieutenant forth. As they placed him between two of their number, his glance met Bob's, and the boy, ashamed and remorseful, turned from the man's accusing eyes. An understanding of what he had done began to grow, as he heard the marching command and saw the prisoner led away.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, concealed behind bushes, were astonished to see the patrol sweep by, with Lieutenant Ralph in their midst. His hiding-place had seemed so secure that they had not dreamed he would be captured. With sincere regrets for the young officer, they sadly returned to the house, speculating anxiously as to what had become of Bob. At last he appeared, looking very crestfallen.

"Ah, Bob; we were worried about you. What do you know about Lieutenant Ralph's arrest?" asked the father, eagerly.

"I know nothing about it, father," answered the boy.

But his downcast look belied his assertion and aroused the father's suspicion. He grasped his son by the shoulder and shook him, with the idea of extracting a truthful explanation, and the boy, driven to bay, began to cry. As he drew out his handkerchief, something jingled upon the floor. It was the bag of gold coins. Mr. Smith picked it up, and, with a fierce exclamation, sent it spinning thru the window.

"My boy!" he gasped, overwhelmed. "Can it be, my own son is a coward and a traitor!" As he gazed at the shrinking little figure, his anger rose fiercely.

"Leave this house!" he shouted. "Go! I will not harbor a coward and a traitor beneath my roof!"

"John," pleaded the mother, clasping the boy in her arms, "he is but a child, and the temptation was very great. Do not send him from us. He is our only child."

But the father, beside himself with rage, tore the boy from her arms, and drove him from their door.

Even in his bewildered state, Bob realized that it would be useless to return to the house. His father's "yea" and "nay" had ever been final. So, broken-hearted, and with the desolation of the homeless upon him, he wandered aimlessly down the lonely road. His punishment seemed greater than he could bear. Then his childish thoughts flitted to the cause—to the man he had delivered into the hands of his enemies—and, gradually, he comprehended the magnitude of what he had done. He had betrayed a man—had sent him to his death! His father was right—he was

a coward and a traitor! Could he never retrieve himself? Was there no way to atone? If he could only aid Lieutenant Ralph to escape!

Forgetting his grief, as his newborn resolve gave wings to his feet, he sped toward the British camp. Finally, in crossing a clearing, he stumbled over the body of a British officer. Evidently shot from ambush, he lay, stiffening in the grass, unmissed as yet by his brother-officers. Approaching the body, cautiously, the boy thrilled with a sudden inspiration. The uniform would serve as a disguise for Lieutenant Ralph! With deft little fingers, he stripped off the handsome coat, rolled the hat in it, and crept cautiously on, with new courage.

"HOW DARE YOU COME HERE AND FACE ME?" HE DEMANDED

At the enemy's lines, he hid behind a small haystack, while the sentry passed. Then, crawling and slipping behind rocks and trees, he reached a sheltering wagon, just as two soldiers conducted Lieutenant Ralph to a nearby tent. A sentinel remained on guard, pacing back and forth. Watching his chance, Bob made a dash, and flung himself into the tent.

Lieutenant Ralph stared in amazement at the trembling, disheveled little figure standing before him.

"How dare you come here and face me?" he demanded, sternly. "Haven't you done me harm enough? Go!"

But the lad stood his ground valiantly.

"Lieutenant," he pleaded, "I didn't know what I was doing. I was all alone, and I was so scared. I'm awful sorry, now. I've run all the way here to help you. Please, do forgive me."

"What do you think you can do?" asked the officer, his voice softening at the little fellow's sincerity.

"See, I brought this. I stole it off a dead Britisher. Put it on, and get away."

"But then you will be here in my place."

"I dont care. It will make up for what I did, and father wont be ashamed of me any more."

"They would never execute a babe like him," thought the lieutenant. "If I can escape, he will get off easily."

He donned the uniform, and grasped the boy by the hand, smiling down into the upturned, eager face, with a mist in his eyes.

"You're a brave boy," he said,

"and a true patriot. Your father will be proud of you." And the boy's face glowed with joy, as the lieutenant left him alone, a prisoner in the British camp.

As Lieutenant Ralph stepped from the tent, the sentry turned, and, seeing a superior officer, saluted. After that, it was easy for the disguised American to pass the sentries. Once out of the lines, he made off at top speed, in the direction of the American camp.

He had gone about a mile, when the sound of hoofs and the tramp of feet reached his ears. With a joyous shout, he recognized a detachment of his own regiment. After enthusiastic greetings, the captain in command explained that they were on their way to rescue him; that Mr. and Mrs. Smith had come into camp and told of his capture. In fact, the couple had accompanied the detachment, and were among the first to express their happiness at his escape.

Then, Lieutenant Ralph told of Bob's share in it, and how the brave boy had insisted upon remaining in the officer's place. Mrs. Smith's face blanched with terror, and the father's eyes grew dim, but the captain announced that they would proceed to the British camp and save the boy. So, with a cheer, away they started at "double quick," with Lieutenant Ralph in the lead.

After the excitement of stealing thru the enemy's lines and aiding Ralph to escape, Bob found it tedious work waiting, apprehensively, in the lonely tent. The moments dragged so wearily and anxiously that he fairly welcomed the soldiers, who ended his suspense by entering and leading him out.

In front of the tent, he came face to face with Captain Brown.

"Why, what is this?" spluttered that officer. "What are you doing here? Where is the prisoner?"

"You are too late to get him," answered Bob, exultantly. "I helped him escape. By this time he must be safe in the American lines."

"Then you will be shot in his place, you confounded little rebel!" stormed the captain.

"I am willing," answered Bob, meeting the furious officer's gaze, calmly.

That calm reply from the boy may have startled the captain, but he showed no relenting. He was accountable to his superior for the prisoner's escape. That this boy was so young, a mere child, only added to his fury. Marching his squad to another part of the camp, he lined them up before the boy. So young, so childlike he appeared beside those hardened campaigners, that it seems as if they should have mutinied, should have flung down their muskets, and declared themselves against such slaughter.

But they were soldiers, inured to the taking of human life. To them, Bob was of a generation of rebels, and their duty to obedience probably caused them no anguish.

"Will you have your eyes bound?" demanded the captain, brutally.

"No," answered the lad, without a quiver; "I'm not afraid."

So the boy faced them, his arms folded, his head held high, his eyes open—exultant. And when, upon the command to fire, little clouds of smoke floated from the muzzles of the muskets to the serene blue of the heavens, he fell without a cry.

Like an echo of their grim volley, shots rang out at the rear of the camp. Captain and men turned, and ran toward the firing. The American detachment had made their attack, and the British, taken by surprise, were unable to repulse them. The Americans followed up the impetuous onslaught by sweeping thru the camp, crushing every attempt at resistance.

When the skirmish was over, Lieutenant Ralph, with the distracted parents, began a search for Bob.

It was the mother who found him, and lifted him in her arms. He was not quite dead. There may, after all, have been some tender hearts behind those muskets. Just a flickering gleam of life lighted his white face. He

JUST A FLICKERING GLEAM OF LIFE LIGHTED HIS WHITE FACE

recognized those about him, heard his father's and mother's supplications and endearing words.

"I'm not a coward now," he said, faintly. Then, serene in the knowledge that he was more than forgiven, and that his mistake had been expiated, he sank to rest within his sobbing mother's arms.

Reverently, the color-bearer dipped the "Stars and Stripes," until its folds enwrapped the slender form—a fitting shroud for him who had died a soldier's and a hero's death.

An Obstruction Removed

By LILLIAN MAY

I love to go sometimes to see a Motion Picture show,
It's rest and relaxation just to spend an hour or so
With interestin' scenery and things that make one laugh,
Be it Edison or Lubin or the famous Vitagraph.

But alas! of the fleeting pictures only glimpses can I see,
For something big and black and wide is between the screen and me;
But I know relief is coming, so serene I sit and wait,
While my neighbor twists and cranes his neck and mutters at his fate.

I hear the tramp of many feet, the sound of a shot rings out,
The people laugh and clap their hands—I dont know what it's about;
But now, oh joy, my vision clears, I can see what I'm looking at,
There has flashed upon the screen these words,—

WILL YOU PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HAT?

Billy's Marriage

(Pathe Freres)

By RUTH BREWSTER

"Over the garden wall,
The sweetest girl of all,"

hummed Billy, as he strolled about the garden, gathering a great bunch of crimson roses, and carefully trimming their thorns.

"That's a nice, appropriate tune you're singing," laughed a soft, lilting voice, and Billy whirled, to confront a girl's mischievous face peeping down from the top of the high, ivy-grown wall which surrounded the garden.

"Do you know the end of that song?" she asked, saucily, and Billy, first tossing her the crimson bouquet, began hunting for footholds in the wall, clinging to the friendly ivy branches, and chanting gaily, as he clambered:

"She had beautiful eyes and beautiful hair,
She was not very tall, so she stood on a chair,
And many a time I have kist her there,
Over the garden wall."

"No, indeed," the girl protested, when he was perched beside her, looking adoringly at her flushed face, half hidden by the mass of fragrant blossoms. "That's only the middle of the song. Listen to the end."

She tilted her fair head backward, like a bird's, a teasing, provocative light glinting in her gray-blue eyes, as she caroled:

"We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while her dear father was soundly asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall."

"That's the way it will have to be, all right, if I ever get you, Betty," said Billy, ruefully. "I cant see why your father is so dead set against me, when he doesn't know me at all. Why, he has never even seen me since I was sent away to school, almost fifteen years ago. I was a little, freckle-faced kid in knickerbockers then."

"Yes, and your ball used to bounce over into our yard, and break windows in the greenhouse, and your dog used to worry our cat, and you wrapped yourself up in a sheet, one night, and frightened the best cook we ever had so that she left, and that settled it. My father vowed you should never in your life set foot on our side of the wall again."

"But those were childish pranks. It doesn't seem reasonable to hold them up against a fellow after he has grown up. Do let me come over and see him, Betty. He is a judge; surely he will let me state my case."

"No; you dont know dad. He never changes, once he has decided. And you see, Billy"—Betty's color deepened here, and the gray-blue eyes flashed mutinously—"he and Mr. Harvey agreed, years ago, that John Harvey and I should marry when I was old enough. See this ring John gave me?"

"But, Betty dear," protested Billy, grasping the tiny hand and looking vindictively at the flashing diamond, "it isn't an engagement ring, is it? You dont for one moment think of marrying him, do you?"

"Indeed I dont!" reassured the girl, emphatically; "but I dont know what to do. I couldn't bear to quarrel with dad. He likes John, and then he has promised, and dad makes such a point of keeping his word. Why, they say that if dad once gives a decision, he stands by it thru thick and thin, regardless of who lines up on the other side."

"Hum-m-m," mused Billy, thoughtfully. "Wonder if I couldn't get some of his advice? If he should ad-

vise me to elope with you, would he stand by it?"

"What a perfectly crazy idea!" scoffed Betty. "Cant you think of anything more sensible than that?"

But Billy was staring thoughtfully down into the garden, and seemed not to hear her. After a few moments he turned and looked gravely at Betty.

"Are you afraid to trust me?" he asked, seriously. "Will you marry me now, dear, if I can find a way?"

"Yes," replied the girl, unhesitatingly, "but I cant see——"

"I cant explain now," said Billy, "but you come here to the top of the wall to-night, at five, and I may have something to tell you. Now run home. I've got to get busy."

Billy watched the slender figure descend the ladder, and trip daintily across the fern-bordered walks of her father's garden. Then he clambered down into his own garden, sought his den, and began to compose a letter. There was a queer expression upon his face as he wrote, half daring, half whimsical, but as he read over the finished letter, and folded it into a long envelope, the smile faded, and his lips set in a straight line, while his chin grew square. Billy's ancestors came from Holland.

"This thing is going thru now," said Billy.

"What is it, Miss Burton?"

Judge Ross spoke with the crisp courteousness of the man who has spent years in directing subordinates. He frowned slightly at the interruption, and the girl in the office door hesitated slightly before she replied.

"It's a young man with a letter. He refuses to give any name; says he was sent to deliver the letter to you, personally, and to wait for a reply."

"Show him in," directed Judge Ross, and a moment later a well-set-up young fellow stood before him, holding out a letter. He was a self-possessed chap; his clear eyes met the judge's squarely, his lips made a straight line, and his chin was square. His gaze never flickered when, as a roll of bills dropped from the opened

BILLY, IN DISGUISE, CONSULTS JUDGE ROSS

letter, the judge turned a keen, suspicious gaze upon him.

"I see this letter is not signed," began the judge, portentously.

"Read it thru, sir," replied the younger man, imperturbably, "and you will see why my employer, tho desiring your advice, felt it best for all concerned that he remain unknown to you."

As Judge Ross read, his frown gave place to a smile, which gradually developed into a chuckle.

"Your employer seems an extremely original man," remarked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"This is a most unusual proceeding."

"Yes, sir."

Abandoning the attempt to draw the young chap out, the judge read the letter again, while his hand rested on the two hundred dollars in bank notes which had been enclosed:

Dear Sir:

I love a girl who returns my love, but tho I am amply able to support her, and there is nothing against my character, her father refuses consent to our marriage. She is of legal age to marry. What shall I do? Enclosed is $200 consultation fee.

The smile grew more benignant. Two hundred dollars was a large fee for so small a service. Moreover, the judge, like all other men, had a weakness for those persons who deferentially sought his opinion.

"Well," he remarked, carefully stowing the bills in an inner pocket, "a chap with enough brains and foresight to ask advice in this way must be all right. I'll answer him."

Accordingly, the self-possessed chap with the square chin walked sedately out of the judge's office, a few moments later, bearing a letter, which he proceeded to open and read, the instant he was safely around the corner. Then, to the great amazement of those who looked on, he threw his hat into the air, and danced hilariously around a lamp-post. This demonstration over, he glanced at his watch, which said, plainly, "five o'clock," and made a wild dash down the street.

Betty was waiting upon the top of the wall, a distracting picture, in a frilly pink gown and a rose-laden hat.

"Hurrah!" cried Billy, clambering upward, and waving a folded paper. "Look at this! How's that for advice?"

Betty's gray-blue eyes opened wider and wider as she read the document:

Dear Sir:

The parents are often wrong in forbidding children to marry according to their hearts. If your character and position are as good as you say, I should advise you to flee with the girl and marry her at once. Undoubtedly the parents will relent and forgive you both.

Yours very truly,
M. Ross, Att'y.

"It's dad's writing, all right; but how did you ever get it, Billy?"

"Well, I'll tell you," began Billy, gleefully, but just then a sound behind them made that wary young man look around. What he saw brought him to his feet in an instant. Bearing down the fern-bordered walk was Judge Ross, his face flushed, his fists waving threateningly.

Billy's mind always worked well in emergencies. "Some one has tipped your father off," he said, calmly. "Come on, dear. It's now or never."

With one dexterous jerk he hauled up Betty's ladder and flung it down on his own side of the wall. In an instant they were down, and running swiftly thru the crimson roses, out the gates, and down the long, shady street. Betty was too breathless to ask questions; she simply trusted in Billy, and kept on running.

At the end of the street Billy turned sharply, and hurried the girl down a bank to a broad river. His quick eye had spied a canoe drawn up on the bank, temporarily deserted.

BILLY REMOVES HIS DISGUISE

WITH ONE DEXTEROUS JERK, HE HAULED UP THE LADDER

"Oh, Billy, it isn't ours! We might be arrested for stealing it!" gasped Betty.

"Cheer up. They won't catch us," retorted Billy, confidently, settling her among the cushions, and pushing off with swift, steady strokes. But as the canoe grated on the farther shore, a wild shout floated across the peaceful waters.

"That's your father. He seems excited," remarked Billy, looking back at the judge, who, hatless, coatless, and also boatless, was prancing frantically up and down on the opposite shore.

"He cant get across, can he?" cried Betty, in terror.

"No," answered Billy. "No—yes! By George, he can, too! There's a lock a few rods downstream, and he's making for it. The constable lives right at this end of the infernal thing, too, and they'll take horses and catch us!"

They were running down the bank, and could see Judge Ross stepping gingerly out upon the lock.

"Can your dad swim?" suddenly asked the resourceful Billy.

"Yes, indeed. Like a fish."

"Whoop-la!" cried Billy, exultantly. "It's all right. I learned a thing or two about this old lock when I used to play hooky."

Running down to the water's edge, he grasped a handle, manipulating it dexterously. A flood of water swept over the judge, and Billy waited only to see that he was swimming safely, but very slowly.

"I hated to do it," he grinned, as he helped Betty, tenderly, up the bank, "but all's fair in this game, you know."

"I'm afraid I cant run much farther," sighed Betty, a moment later. "I'm getting so tired."

Billy looked both sympathetic and worried, but the kindly fate which watches over young lovers intervened just then, in the form of a villainous-looking man, in green goggles, driving a brilliant red touring car.

"Cant possibly accommodate you," he said, curtly, in response to Billy's

cheerful suggestion. "No, I dont need money, thank you, and I'm in a great hurry."

"Oh, but couldn't you just take us to the parsonage? It is so near, only a few miles," begged Betty, just as the villain bent forward to put on speed again.

Billy always said it was the quiver in Betty's voice that conquered the villain.

"She has such a fetching little shake to her voice when she wants something," he now says—and Billy ought to know.

At any rate, the villain lifted his dusty goggles, looked into the gray-blue eyes, and promptly capitulated.

"Jump in," he directed, and they promptly obeyed.

It was easy now, speeding along sandy roads, thru cool little groves, over rustic bridges, past daisied meadows, like the wind. Their spirits rose with every turn of the flying wheels.

Alas! The wheels suddenly stopped flying. The villain was out in an instant, turning cranks, opening levers, and poking into things generally.

"Every drop of water out of the radiator," he announced, tersely.

"Thunderation!" exploded Billy. "Isn't there a brook anywhere?"

"We passed the last one a mile back," said the villain, "and—look there!"

He pointed backward. Over the brow of a hill, a couple of miles away, two horsemen were galloping furiously—the judge and the constable.

Billy cast one swift, comprehensive look over the surrounding landscape, then, with a whoop like a Comanche chief, he darted from the car, over the fence, and into a daisied meadow, where a wide-eyed country lass was making her way thru the tall grass with two pails of foaming milk.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" yelled Billy. "Here, dont stop to talk! Give me that milk!"

Tossing the astonished girl a bank note, he seized the pails and sped back to the car.

"Give it this," he spluttered. "It'll work all right, won't it?"

As if ashamed of its unchivalrous conduct in delaying a bride within a

"THE LAW WILL ATTEND TO YOU, YOUNG MAN," HE SHOUTED

mile of the parsonage, the car actually took to the fresh milk like a baby, started without a quiver, and did the last mile at a speed that would have startled Betty fearfully, if anything could have made an impression on her after her series of thrilling adventures.

In the tiny, rose-wreathed parsonage they were married by the gentle, white-haired parson, with the villain—who didn't look villainous at all when his motor togs were removed—for a witness. And just exactly two minutes later, Judge Ross, accompanied by the constable, mad as a wet hen, and considerably wetter than one, galloped into the yard, and began to roar wild, thick, unintelligible sentences at every one in general, and Billy in particular. He was too excited to recognize the square-jawed, clear-eyed young chap who had visited his office that afternoon, and Billy waited patiently while he raved.

"The law will attend to you, young man," he shouted at last. "This shall be annulled! It is illegal!"

And right there that audacious young rascal, Billy, stepped briskly forward, holding out a folded paper.

"I hardly think so, sir," he said, calmly, handing the letter to Judge Ross. "I acted upon the advice of eminent counsel."

The judge stared in amazement at his own letter. Then he stared at the calm and serene Billy, at the sweet and coaxing Betty, at the villain, at the parson, at the milk-fed auto, at the constable, at the panting horses, at his own dripping, disreputable self. Then, to his everlasting credit be it said, he began to chuckle.

"Young man," he said, "I'm glad I got a good fee for that opinion. I thought it was easy money, but, on the whole, I believe I have earned it."

Back over the long road sped the obliging villain, with the bride and groom, and as the big round moon came out, and smiled benignly down upon them, Billy sang, exultantly,

"Over the garden wall,
The sweetest girl of all!"

Helping the Blind

THE wind was blowing a bit more than a gale recently when a benevolent old chap stopped to put a dime in the hat of a shivering blind man on the public square.

The donor nearly dropped the coin, but the mendicant shoved his hat underneath it and skilfully rescued it.

"Why, you're not blind!" cried the giver scornfully.

"No, sir," confessed the beggar. "I'm just takin' a pal's place while he has a bit o' rest. He's blind, sir—been blind from birth."

"Where is he taking his rest?" demanded the stranger, still unconvinced.

"Why he—er, why, he's gone to a Movin' Picture show."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Gordian Knot

(Essanay)

By LULU MONTANYE

It certainly was a queer situation. Here was a girl, sweet-faced, charming, just twenty years of age—the age when the glamor of youth is strongest, and the heart of every girl is filled with rose-colored fancies. And here was a lover, a rising young civil engineer, handsome, devoted, chivalrous — everything that a maiden's heart requires. And here was a fond father, willing and anxious to receive the suitor with open arms. Could circumstances be more ideal?

The man was madly in love with the maiden, and proclaimed it, not only to her, but to all who would listen, as is the manner of men. The maiden was likewise in love with the man, but she was silent about it, particularly to him, after the manner of maidens. For, in love, the natural attitude of the sexes in regard to loquacity is completely reversed. Love loosens the tongue of man, while laying a silencing finger on the lips of woman. Which is only one of Love's ways of proving herself a miracle-worker.

Yet, matters were not progressing satisfactorily. In fact, they were not progressing at all. This wisp of a girl of twenty, with the delicate face and the wide, frank eyes of a child, had suddenly stretched out a slim finger and blocked the wheels of Fate's mechanism so effectually that everything stopped at once with an ominous jar.

"I cant marry you, Harry, nor any one else," she declared, firmly. "After mamma died, and my sister eloped, leaving Daddy and me alone, I vowed I should never marry while he lived, and I shall keep my word. Daddy needs me."

In vain the lover pleaded and the father advised and argued. Marion had decided to remain single on account of her father, and the fact that he had a comfortable home, an excellent housekeeper, that she could still spend her life beside him, and that he was really anxious to see her married, made no impression upon her determination. When a woman once decides to wear a martyr's crown, it is a thankless task to try to convince her that it is not becoming. It is hard enough to show a mature woman that her idea of duty may be a false one, but when it is a child-woman, with all her unshaken self-confidence, her lack of experience, her unshattered ideals, her superb trust in her own unproven instincts, the task is impossible.

Things were at this stage when Mr. Walker and Marion drove down to the village one evening, and were greeted by Dr. Crowe, one of Walker's most intimate friends, who was standing before the drug store.

"Hello, Walker! Come on in," said the doctor, with a sly wink. "I've got something to talk over with you."

"I cant," replied Walker; "this colt isn't more than half-broke yet, and I cant leave Marion alone with it."

The doctor looked disappointed, then his face suddenly brightened.

"Here comes young Robbins," he said; "I reckon he'd like nothing better than to drive that colt around for awhile."

"That's a bright idea," agreed Walker; "Marion wont object to a transfer like that, either."

So, while Harry and Marion drove off down the country road, ostensibly to see a bridge which Harry's firm was constructing, Dr. Crowe and Walker started into the drug store.

"Hold on, there comes the dominie," cried Walker, as a tall figure turned the corner; "this is luck. I've been wanting to get you two together.

I've a plan to work, and I need both of you to carry it out. Come on out in the back room."

He lowered his voice, discreetly, on the last words, but the newcomer glanced about, nervously, and shook his head.

"You know I cant, Walker," he said; "I have to think of my parish."

"Well, ain't Walker and I both respectable citizens, and members of your flock?" queried the doctor. "Cant you be seen going into the drug store with a medical man like me?"

THE DOMINIE ADOPTS THE REMEDY

Far back in the depths of his gray eyes, the Rev. Joseph Smiley, rector of St. Mark's, kept a worldly, whimsical twinkle, which was seldom allowed to creep out. It accorded poorly with his clerical garments. No one in the village, except these old college chums, had ever seen that twinkle, but it crept out now, and, recognizing it promptly, the two men each grabbed an arm of the unresisting dominie and marched triumphantly into the store. No one was to be seen, except a smiling clerk, so they marched straight on into the rear room, with a door marked "Laboratory—Strictly Private!"

A moment later the clerk entered, to find Dr. Crowe, watch in hand, gravely holding the Rev. Joseph Smiley's wrist.

"The dominie has a very bad turn, Bob," the doctor said, seriously; "bring me a bottle of that same remedy I tried last night, and dont let us be interrupted."

"Yes, sir," replied the knowing clerk, filling the order promptly.

"Now, fellows," began Walker, when they were comfortably partaking of the *remedy*, "I've a plan to carry out, in which it is actually essential that you both join me. It concerns Marion. I needn't tell you how dear she is to me. You know that I've set my heart on seeing her married to Robbins, and you also know how her absurd idea of duty to me is blocking everything. Now, as old friends and loyal classmates, you've got to help me out. It's a bold-sounding scheme, but it is justifiable."

The plan was unfolded, and both listeners shook their heads.

"You're crazy, man," said the doctor, pouring out another glass of the *remedy* to fortify himself against the persuasion, which he saw was coming; "I cant do it. Dont you see, it's unprofessional?"

"And if it is unprofessional for the doctor, what would it be for me?" inquired the Rev. Joseph Smiley, with all the dignity of his calling. "Can I use my holy office for the purpose of deliberate deception?"

"Look here, you haven't even got a glimpse of the right point of view," declared Walker, eloquently. "You fellows are so full of this professional etiquette and holy-office business that your mental vision is all befogged. What you need is the clearing light of common horse sense, as dispensed by an ordinary mortal like myself. Now, listen. What has a man got a family physician and a spiritual adviser for, if they're no use in a family crisis? Doc, haven't you looked after Marion's health since the day she was born? Dominie, haven't you watched over her since the day you read her mother's burial service? If you haven't, it is your own fault, for I've sent her to your services, as her mother wished, ever since she was big enough to sit up and keep still while you had your say."

The listeners exchanged furtive, uneasy glances. Evidently this was more than an idle whim of Walker's.

"I'm getting older every day," went on the speaker, his voice trembling slightly; "I want to see my little girl in her own home, with a husband to care for her, before I go. She loves Harry. She is just flinging away her life's happiness from a mistaken sense of duty. Dont quibble about methods. Results are what count."

There was a moment's troubled silence, then the lurking twinkle crept out of the gray eyes again, and the doctor's hearty laugh rang out in answer to it.

"Desperate diseases," quoted the doctor, "require desperate remedies. And, Walker, we'll do it now, tonight, before we have a chance to let our professional consciences overcome us again."

Marion and Harry did not look as happy as young lovers returning from a country drive should look. The way had been a pleasant one, the sunset had been gorgeous, the work on the new bridge was progressing satisfactorily, but their talk ended, as it always did, in a vain effort on Harry's part to break down the invincible wall of Marion's determination.

But, as they neared the drug store, it was apparent that some unusual excitement was in the air. All eyes were upon the young couple, and the druggist approached the carriage hesitatingly.

"Dont be too much alarmed," he began, "but Mr. Walker had a little bad turn, and they took him home. You'd better go, right away."

"Daddy!" cried Marion, piteously. "Oh! What was the matter? Where was he? Who was with him?"

"Him and the doctor and Mr. Smiley was walkin' up the street, when he was took, and they got a carriage and took him home."

"Please drive fast, Harry," was all that Marion said aloud, but as they sped home, thru the gathering shadows, the girl's heart cried out constantly: "Daddy! Daddy! How could I live if he should die?"

And yet there was something newly sweet and comforting about Harry's presence, and as he lifted her from the carriage, she clung to him, sobbing: "I do love you; dont leave me."

Mr. Smiley stood in the doorway, holding up a warning finger.

"You must be very brave and quiet, Marion," he said; "your father wishes you and Harry to be married now, by his bedside. The doctor says there is no doubt that this ceremony would ease his mind greatly, but are you willing? Try to think, calmly, dear child. Do you love Harry well enough to marry him?"

"Yes," answered Marion, steadily, and the look which she turned upon her lover dispelled the anxious, half-guilty doubt which was lurking in the reverend gentleman's heart.

In the sick-room, Dr. Crowe was bending above his patient, with a glass and spoon, and as Marion fell upon

her knees by the bedside, the guilty conspirators hastened the scene along. A kiss, a few words, and Marion arose, choking back her sobs, and stood quietly by Harry's side, while the simple ceremony was performed.

At its close, there came an uneasy silence. The doctor fumbled among his bottles, the dominie polished his eye-glasses, the patient tapped his coverlets, and all of them avoided one another's eyes, while Marion wept in Harry's arms. The scheme had been an admirable success, so far as they had planned it, but, unfortunately, they had planned it no further than this. Now, what was to be done? Who was to tell the girl? How would she take it?

"Marion," said Walker, in a weak voice, when the tension had grown unendurable, "I feel better."

She was kneeling by his side in an instant, looking eagerly into his face.

"Daddy!" she cried, joyously. "You do look better! Doesn't he, Harry?"

A puzzled look was creeping over Harry's face. Certainly, Walker did not look like a dying man, and the doctor and the dominie were wearing queer expressions, he thought.

"In fact, little girl," said Walker, suddenly sitting up in bed, determined to get the scene over, "I believe it was only the painful thought that I was keeping you two young folks apart that came so near to killing me. Now, that you're married, I feel fine."

Marion stared at him incredulously, and, suddenly turning to the doctor for reassurance, discovered a broad smile upon that gentleman's face, which he had tried hard to smother, while her suspicious gaze traveled on until it reached the Rev. Joseph Smiley's guilty eyes, where a whimsical twinkle, which the girl had never seen before, peeped out at her.

THE TRUTH DAWNS UPON HER

The truth dawned upon her, but the revulsion of feeling was too much. She turned deathly white and swayed, but her husband, waving the others back, caught her in his arms.

"I didn't know, truly," he whispered. "It wasn't my fault. Are you sorry we are married, sweetheart?"

For a long moment the girl looked into his eyes. Then, with a sigh, she laid down her martyr's crown.

"No," she whispered, softly.

"Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face;
Her aspect and her attitude."

—*Longfellow, Keramos,* line 382.

"Then You'll Remember Me"

(Edison)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

SIMON MORGAN, President of the Clinton National Bank of New York City, was about to descend the staircase at the Barney reception, when he became pocketed in a group of ladies, and overheard the remark which arrested his attention. It came from a charming young woman in a black lace gown, escorted by an elderly one overweighted with dignity.

"Who is that man with the snow-white hair?" she asked, in a gentle, appealing voice, "the one standing alone, and staring at the library door."

Her companion, a woman of sufficient *embonpoint* to establish the solidity of her social status, and of an age not above suspicion, tho calculated to inspire respect, put up her lorgnette and surveyed the fairy scene below.

"Jessica Raymond!" she replied, in a tone intended to be impressive, if not delicately reproachful. "You stated distinctly that you desired to see the house, and did not care to meet any one, particularly strangers."

"I know," Jessica interposed, sweetly. "I asked the question from curiosity, pure and simple. I like his face, it is so—so *human.*"

Banker Morgan was near enough to address the elder lady.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Van Antwerp," he said, with assumed deference, "I chanced to overhear the inquiry made——"

"Who is he?" Jessica begged.

"He is especially invited by General Barney," the banker smiled. "He is a stranger, but recently come, with a letter from our correspondents in Sydney, Australia."

"His name?" Jessica implored.

"Mr. Henry Waters," Morgan replied. "At present free, but soon to be engaged on important engineering work."

Mrs. Van Antwerp turned her lorgnette on the bank president, stared in surprise, then honored him with a mere salutation, as tho she knew him by sight but not in such an environment. The younger lady also bowed, but added a friendly smile in acknowledgment of his courtesy or in compensation for her chaperon's indifference.

There was another crush a few steps further down, and, this time, Morgan found himself at the side of Jessica.

"May I ask," he smiled, "why you used the term 'human,' as you did?"

Jessica glanced up brightly, hesitated, played with her fan, then responded:

"He looks as tho he had made a lot of mistakes which had cost him dear, but had faced them bravely and started all over again, softened by his sorrows."

"More than that," the banker added, "he has been strengthened in conquering difficulties that fall to the lot of few men. You are a keen judge of character."

"Ah, no," Jessica sighed, "mine was only a fortuitous guess."

She passed on with the throng, entering the reception-room, while Morgan, who had been temporarily separated from Waters, rejoined the white-haired Australian. The latter stood like one oblivious of his surroundings, an unnatural pallor showing under the tan of his sun-kist cheeks, his eyes fixed upon a small crystal luster hanging between two Ionic columns. The slender pillars of marble supported an arch over a graceful door. On each side were flowers in long Etruscan vases, breaking the straight lines of dark silken drapery and velvet wall panels.

"What is particularly interesting about that door?" the banker asked.

Waters started, and sighed heavily.

"It is very beautiful," observed Morgan, "and it leads to a restful feature of General Barney's house, a library of unusual comfort, but——"

"I cannot explain," the engineer sighed. "Let us say that some architectural feature is reminiscent. I have a bad habit, acquired in solitude, of trying clearly to reproduce faint images conjured up by this or that suggestive detail encountered. Would it be out of accord with your plans if we were to enter that library instead of following in the train of other guests?"

"We might as well go directly to our ultimate destination," said the banker, passing his hand under the other's arm. "General Barney is world-weary so far as these functions are concerned. He cares only for men, and particularly for those who use their brains to some purpose. He may, in fact, be waiting for us now."

No one was in the chamber when they entered. They sank into enveloping leather chairs, but one man after another, on similar errand bent, followed their example. These were presented, until an animated group surrounded the prominent banker and the justly celebrated engineer, while conversation turned by mere accident to questions of abnormal psychology. Waters had been somewhat distracted in manner while replying to questions pertaining to the great engineering work in progress at Panama, when his mind flamed out at a thought apparently kindled by Morgan's reference to his absent-minded air.

"We are all groping," the engineer suddenly remarked, his eyes aglow and his tones ringing out with the virile emphasis of one speaking under conviction based on knowledge. "While the profoundest researches of philosophy and the deepest instincts of humanity point to the mind as the only source of power, it is beyond any of us to state why that power comes uncalled and leaves us in spite of any effort of the will we may exert. Is the mind an individual possession, or is it but a part of some force as indeterminate as electricity, operating in varied forms thruout the limitless universe? One day a man is in full possession of what we call his faculties; the next a trivial accident occurs, an emotional shock, for example, and his mental machinery is so completely disorganized that he becomes of little more value than a congenital idiot. It is easy to conceive of the brain of an engine, driven by universal force and perfected by training and experiment until it runs smoothly, but where does volitional control come in? All men who have difficult problems to solve, sleep on them—so to speak. Consciousness is not an essential of brain activity—so it looks to me as tho we only *start* the machinery, and, even then, we depend upon suggestion for initiative."

No one of those present who watched the famous engineer during his animated discourse could fail to perceive that his own mind was under high tension. Whether or not that condition was habitual when he was aroused was not determinable. Men of his profession are more intellectual than they are emotional, yet his excited manner was impressed on all who beheld him. It particularly affected a soldierly-looking man, who had entered unperceived by the others, and who stood studying the speaker with a form of reciprocal agitation. The newcomer was none other than General Barney, their host; he filled the pause with an interrogatory observation.

"I chanced to note," he said, "that Mr. Waters closely studied the door of this room before entering, as if there was suggestion to be found in one or more of its architectural peculiarities."

"There was," Waters assented, rising. He was then presented to the owner of the house, and continued: "The very sight of it rendered me comparatively unconscious of my situation. It pulled the trigger of a set of new ideas. It seemed to me for an indefinite length of time that I was some other personality than the one with which I am familiar, and I strug-

"I WISH I COULD STRIP THE HUMAN MIND OF THE MYSTERY WHICH HAS SURROUNDED IT."

gled in vain to make the two states cohere. I passed from the known to the unknown in a flash, and then roamed in the vague until recalled to my actual existence by Mr. Morgan."

"It was not a dream?" the latter asked.

Waters shook his head.

"Introspection, maybe," he answered, "but I was conscious of a tremendous effort of the memory; my whole mind was concentrated on catching the fleeting impression of another existence and giving it material shape. I seemed to need a flower."

General Harvey nodded appreciation.

"The sense of smell," he observed, "acts as a powerful stimulus to memory."

"So does the sense of hearing," Waters added, quickly. "More than once, a similar state to that described has been set up by my listening to some far-off strain from an orchestra, or to a song faintly heard while passing a house. Nearly always this emotional condition was aroused by Balfe's old song, 'Then You'll Remember Me,' a ballad I have tried in private without effect. I wish I could strip the human mind of the mystery which has surrounded it for centuries."

The speaker flushed suddenly with the consciousness of a modest man who unexpectedly finds himself the center of attention, and Barney delicately changed the current of talk to the great national project to which Waters expected to apply his superior knowledge of engineering.

Morgan turned away, like one who had accomplished a social duty in launching the stranger, and left the room. Outside of the door, in listening attitude, he came upon Jessica Raymond. She was exhibiting such a surprising interest in the man from Australia that the banker regarded her with amazement. She must have overheard every word uttered by the engineer and been profoundly affected by what he had to say, for she was in a state of agitation, bordering on col-

lapse. Her dark eyes were burning with excitement, her face as white as the marble pillar to which she clung for support.

"I could not help it," she explained, breathlessly. "I became separated from Mrs. Van Antwerp and was drawn to this spot as if by some irresistible force."

The banker offered his arm and led her away. They drifted about in the human sea awhile without finding the chaperon, then Jessica begged to be taken to where she could breathe more freely. She was not a sickly woman; her figure was superb, rather mature for one so young, and her carriage had the natural ease of great strength; it was remarkable that she should exhibit so much feeling under the circumstances.

"Have you ever been in Australia?" the banker asked, as they wandered away toward the rear of the house.

"It was not that," she replied, passionately. "I have never been far from New York, but every woman knows, when she sees the right man, that his voice will make something vibrate within her that was unsounded before."

"How fortunate," Morgan observed, "that Mrs. Van Antwerp is not within hearing! She would declare that to be an injudicious remark."

"She has every one tabulated," Jessica frowned. "Your paragraph character is that of a sentimental old widower of doubtful intentions."

Morgan shook with silent laughter.

"You caught me eavesdropping," Jessica continued, "and I had to explain why I was at the library door. I freely confess that I should like to know more about Mr. Waters."

They found a nook in the morning-room, not far from an inviting piano, and Morgan, judging from his resigned expression, prepared to be interrogated by slow, subtle and essentially feminine methods.

By way of anticipating her inquisition, the banker informed her that he had received a letter from the firm of Shaw & Blair, Sydney, Australia, introducing Waters as a junior member of the firm, and asking that the usual courtesies be extended. That was the sum of his knowledge from outside sources; what little he knew of the engineer's private history had come out during confidential chats. He had started in a subordinate position and risen swiftly in spite of difficulties apparently insurmountable, because he possessed a form of genius commonly known as strict application to business—his waking hours were working ones. The self-revelation he had made in the library indicated that the engineer was attempting to apply scientific tests to his own emotions in order to discover if all thoughts were not merely the children of desire.

Jessica listened patiently, as one does to a friend engaged in self-flattering retrospect.

"How about his social life?" she asked, when the banker had finished.

"He apparently had none," Morgan replied, with a knowing smile, "for he is without incumbrances—he never married."

Jessica grasped Morgan's hand, as

ONE VISION CONSTANTLY RECALLED WHILE PLAYING

if she intended to kiss it, but she pressed it warmly instead.

"That means a great deal to me," she breathed.

While the banker's eyes roamed about the room, swiftly scanning one departing couple after another, as if he was wondering how much they had noticed in this young lady's strange conduct, she confided in low tones that she had been waiting and watching during many long years for the materialization of a persistent dream. She declared that she was no victim of self-deception in being constantly visited by a presence felt rather than seen, while, at the same time, there had been one vision constantly recalled while playing. It fixed her attention both day and night.

Morgan was of the opinion that women of excessive imagination, especially those whose temperament made them fit subjects for the biologist, might better utilize the rigid fixation of attention by diverting it to some such bright and shining object as a gold dollar. This might serve to eliminate impractical ideas and lead to material delights rarely attained by the wisest of philosophers.

"That is a matter of sex," she contended. "Men hunger for money, women for love. Both love and money are means to ends, only woman's accomplishment is the nobler one. With filthy lucre out of the question, there is such a thing as a man and a woman apparently created for each other. They are two torn pieces of paper, which no others match. Woman recognizes the right man by instinct. *He* only settles down to a steady affection when it is too late to change his mind."

"You think man is a changeling?" the banker queried.

"Man," this wise young woman decided, "is constant only to his ambition. In love matters, he never knows exactly where he is at."

They had been chatting for some time, neither appearing to observe that the orchestra had ceased playing and the guests were thinning out, when Morgan caught a flame of interest lighting up the eyes of his companion. The natural, high color of her cheeks spread over her face and neck, and she used her fan to hide her emotions. General Barney had entered at the head of a gay crowd, and, behind them, could be seen Mrs. Van Antwerp, in conversation with Henry Waters.

"I have just been told," said Barney, coming up and addressing Jessica, "that you are an accomplished pianist. Will you play for the belated ones and then join us in a little supper?"

Jessica's bosom rose high.

She pointed to a bunch of damask roses in a nearby vase.

"Place one of those on the piano," she requested. "I may need its presence to sustain me, if not for inspiration."

General Barney did as she asked, while Banker Morgan conducted her to the instrument.

Jessica, nonchalantly, seated herself at the piano.

A hush of expectancy fell upon the guests.

This regal woman in black was unknown to nearly all present—in fact, mutual inquiries exchanged by Barney and Morgan revealed that she was an accidental visitor, under the protection of Mrs. Van Antwerp. Neither had seen or heard of her before.

With a charming absence of self-consciousness, she placed her fingers on the keys and began a soft prelude.

The effect on Waters was remarkable.

Step by step, like a man under the influence of hypnotic suggestion, he advanced from the group of listeners, crossing the floor like a somnambulist, until he reached the piano.

There he stood, enthralled.

Into the silver fabric of an accompaniment was woven the golden thread of a woman's voice, trembling at first with emotion, then gaining strength, but always wondrously sweet and affecting.

Jessica was singing, "Then You'll Remember Me."

"YOU REMEMBER?" SHE WHISPERED

The effect on Waters was little short of uncanny. He stood, with blazing eyes fixed on the singer, his cheeks rich with color, then his heart seemed to cease beating. Every vestige of arterial blood left his face, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

Jessica sang with ever-increasing fervor. Then, suddenly, she raised her soft eyes to his, and it seemed as if she would collapse. Her fingers faltered and her voice became hoarse with suppressed sobs. She avoided betrayal of her intense feeling by a tremendous effort of the will, and continued bravely until she regained self-control, and her voice rang out with thrilling vibrations that seemed to find responsive echo in other hearts. There was a restless movement of appreciation thruout the room.

Waters became a pitiable object. Perspiration burst from his forehead; he covered his brow and eyes with one trembling hand, while the other groped on the piano until it clasped the damask rose. He raised the flower to his lips, and then he broke down completely.

"'Then you'll remember me,'" Jessica poured forth in song, as if the sentiment came straight from her heart. She rose after the last refrain and confronted the white-haired stranger.

He was quivering from head to foot; her eyes were brimming with sympathy.

"You remember?" she whispered, looking him tenderly in the eyes.

He nodded, but could not speak. Great tears were coursing down his cheeks from beneath nerveless fingers.

Barney called Morgan, and gently

HE WAS IN A DAZED CONDITION

drove the younger element from the room.

"This is a conspiracy," he whispered to the astounded banker, of materialistic experience. "Come with me to the library and I will enlighten you. Madame Van Antwerp, you had better remain."

The general's story began with a brief account of a Pacific Ocean trip, and led up to an incident. A man was picked up in mid-sea, clinging to a piece of wreckage, and Barney had caught a glimpse of the rescued unfortunate in the purser's cabin.

"He was in a dazed condition," said Barney, "but that is common enough in such cases. Because of his young face and white hair, I remembered him the moment I laid eyes on him this evening, but I refrained from mentioning the matter until Mrs. Van Antwerp came to me with anxious inquiries about her charge. The young lady had visited this house many years before I came to occupy it, and had sung at that same piano to Lieutenant Raymond, of the United States Engineer Corps, the same song you heard tonight. She was a brilliant girl of rare accomplishments, and he a strong character of positive temperament, when they married. Of course, they clashed while on the well-traveled route to mutual understanding, which sometimes ends in Heaven. He was suddenly called away to duty in the Pacific islands—they had just quarreled—and she sang his favorite song during the reconciliation before parting. He carried away a damask rose as a souvenir of their last moments together, and left her with the song ringing in his ears. His ship went down at sea, and all hands were reported lost, but this brave young wife never lost heart. She dressed in black for appearance's sake and lived in seclusion, but she could not be convinced that he was dead. Some day

he would return—of that she was sure—so she remained true to her promises at the altar. He kept silence all this time because the past was a blank to him. His mind was, however, to use his own words, ever concentrated on catching the fleeting impression of another existence. What rare happiness is theirs at this moment!"

It was true.

She was smiling thru her tears, as her husband held her tight in his arms.

"You will never go away again?" she murmured.

"I swear," he said, hoarsely.

"I knew you would come back," she whispered, her soft eyes shining with serene faith. "If you start to leave again, dearest heart, I will try to draw you back to where you belong, here in my arms, by singing 'Then You'll Remember Me.'"

The Truthful Tramp

By JOHN S. GREY

A TRAMP approached the farmhouse door
With feeble steps and slow.
The housewife coldly looked him o'er,
But did not bid him go.
"Believe me, madam," cried the tramp,
"I'm hungry, tired and lame.
I've seen tough fights in field and camp—
Your charity I claim!
"I've marked the conquered foeman yield
In actions fierce and fast,
Kept watch upon the battlefield
And thought each fight the last.
I saw the strife from day to day,
And heard the drum's loud beat"—

The woman cried, "Stay, stranger, stay,
Pray sit ye down and eat!"
She brought him of the best she had—
He ate and drank his fill;
She gazed upon that soldier lad—
Her hero filled the bill!

"Where was the war—I want to know?"
At last the woman cried.
"Why, at the Moving Picture show,"
The truthful tramp replied.

"Spike" Shannon's Last Fight

(Essanay)

By RICHARD LESTER WALLACE

KATHLEEN CASEY came down the steps of Mrs. McLaughlin's boarding-house, bearing an unusually well-laden basket of clothes. She hadn't expected the basket would be so heavy when she bargained with her younger brother to carry it, "just this onct." Ever since Mrs. Casey's "ad" had appeared in the daily papers, with the announcement that, owing to the death of her husband, she would do family washing at home, the McLaughlin boarding-house had been a fruitful source of revenue. To-day every boarder in the establishment seemed to have contributed an unusually large bundle. As Kathleen, the widow's pretty daughter, deftly packed each bundle into the basket, she mentally made note of ultimate profits, and smiled, cheerfully, tho inwardly groaning at the weight of the basket.

The long row of red brick houses, with their little strips of white marble steps and bright brass railings, made the narrow side street a bright splotch of color, that seemed to intensify the heat of the day. To Kathleen's imagination, the long block was like a trip thru an old-fashioned oven. She was glad when she reached the corner, and turned down a dirty, dingy business street, flanked by office buildings, small shops, Motion Picture theaters, restaurants and saloons.

Within a brown, one-story office building, dignified by a "false front" of clapboards, to give it additional height, "Spike" Shannon, the popular middle-weight pugilist, had just affixed his signature to a contract whereby he agreed to meet "Gunboat" Thomas in a fight before the Kensington Athletic Club early in the autumn. Thomas had already scrawled his name. Reporters and sporting men present had witnessed the signing, and had already laid wagers as to the outcome. The promotor, who had the reputation for pulling off some pretty stiff fights, and yet keeping within the police ordinance, beamed with satisfaction as he folded and put away the precious document. It had long been his ambition to arrange a fight between Shannon and Thomas. Now he felt that he had done clever work in bringing about the accomplishment of his pet scheme.

Shannon was a wonder in the ring, and Thomas was said to be "about the toughest proposition out." A fight between the two would bring the Kensington Athletic Club into enviable notoriety, and the gentleman who had promoted the game would have money in his pockets and guaranteed business for the rest of his life.

The little group around the promotor's desk slowly broke up. Tim Sullivan's café was just around the corner, and all felt the need of refreshment. But something was happening in front of the office. A large basket of family washing reposed on the steps of the building. A young girl, with the complexion of peaches and cream, guarded the basket from the smirking approach of a callow youth whose intelligence appeared small even in proportion to his undersized body.

The enthusiastic supporters of "the game" paused on the threshold of the office.

"What's th' row?" queried a voice from the rear.

The reporter nearest the door took in the scene at a glance.

"Pretty girl," he announced in a low tone. Then, in a louder voice, "Madame Sans Gene remonstrating with Napoleon."

"Now, young man, you've followed me far enough. You never paid

mother for the last shirts she ironed for you." Kathleen Casey had a clear, ringing voice, and every syllable fell distinctly. "I've put up with your impudence as long as I'm going to. Now I'm tired and I tell you I won't be pestered any more. I wouldn't let you carry that basket if I dropped in my tracks. What's more, you couldn't carry it even if I gave you leave. Now you get out or I'll have you arrested."

The speaker was warm, tired and almost ready to cry with vexation.

"I'll settle him, Miss."

Shannon, ever chivalrous, reached the side of the unwelcome swain in two strides. Gus Lighthead turned impudently to face the newcomer. The next instant he found himself in the gutter, studying astronomy.

"Good boy, Spike!" called a voice from the doorway. "He'll not forget that in a hurry."

But Shannon was not out for applause. He saw only the pretty face of the Widow Casey's daughter. Turning toward the girl, he touched his cap and smiled sympathetically.

"Excuse me, but isn't this Miss Casey, the lady who got the most votes at St. Michael and All Angels' fair last winter."

Kathleen Casey gracefully inclined her head, but did not venture a reply.

"Well, I'm Shannon — 'Spike' Shannon. I helped in that contest. Father Donahue give me a tip. Me an' some of the sports turned right in an' we didn't do a thing to them votes. We made sure that the one his reverence favored was the right one for us. I guess we put you thru all right."

The young girl blushed.

"Sure, you did!" she exclaimed. "I've always wanted to thank the gentlemen who did it, but Father Donahue couldn't remember their names." She extended her hand as she spoke and the pugilist grasped it cordially. "Now I've got double reason to be grateful," she added.

Kathleen's glance followed the limping retreat of the vanquished Lothario. Shannon, forgetting his engagement at Sullivan's café, promptly took possession of the McLaughlin "family wash," and a moment later he and pretty Kitty Casey were walking down the street together.

From that day on Shannon was a frequent visitor at the Casey home. Mrs. Casey grew to look forward to his visits almost as much as did Kitty herself.

"Sure, Mister Shannon," she remarked one day, "'tis you would be th' foine b'y on th' police force. If iver ye think to join jist sind yer name roight in to me husband's brother Patrick, him that is Sergeant in the East End precinct. He's got a pull an' kin git ye a job fer th' askin'."

But "Spike" Shannon at that time did not aspire to civic duty on the police force. There was big money ahead. He looked forward to the fight with Thomas as the sure thing that was going to make his marriage to Kitty financially blest. It never occurred to him that neither Mrs. Casey nor Kathleen recognized in him the popular pugilist of the same name. He had often talked of the pleasures of "the game" and took it for granted that both women knew what he was talking about. All summer long he kept steady company with Kathleen. As the date set for the fight drew near, he had told the girl of his love and that if no accident happened he would clean up enough money on the coming game to take them to Niagara Falls on a wedding trip some time early in October.

"It's booked for next Thursday, you know, Kitty," he had said enthusiastically, as they sat in the park one September evening. "Th' sports are all with me. I'm layin' ten to six. Nobody's ever afraid to back me. They know I play fair and win out every time."

"I just wish I could see you," Kathleen had replied, looking with admiration at her splendidly built lover. "I'd like to hear the crowd cheer you."

And neither knew that each was

"SPIKE" BECAME A FREQUENT VISITOR AT KITTY'S HOME

talking of an altogether different game.

Thursday morning dawned inauspiciously. A cold, drizzling rain was falling. Shannon had an uncomfortable presentiment that some great calamity was about to befall, and, try as he would, he could not shake it off.

"I certainly am goin' groggy," he remarked to himself. "Guess I'll chase over and see th' girl before I go down to th' trainin' quarters. It'll brace me up a little to talk to Kitty."

Half an hour later Shannon and a box of candy appeared simultaneously in the Casey sitting-room. Kathleen was there, arrayed in her Sunday frock and just putting the finishing touch to her elaborately coifed hair.

"I knew you'd come," she explained, after welcoming her lover. "I thought I'd surprise you by being on time. You won't have to wait for me a minute. I'm all ready except my hat."

Spike looked at his fiancée in astonishment.

"Ready!" he gasped. "Ready for what?"

"To go with you—to see the game——"

"But you cant go with me—it's impossible. I'd like awfully well to fetch you, but it's no go. Women ain't allowed."

"Women ain't allowed!" exclaimed Kathleen in amazement, her black eyes flashing back at his puzzled blue ones. "Why, Terrence Shannon!" she continued, "you know better than to think I'd believe that. I've been to baseball games time and time again."

"Baseball!" Shannon barely gasped the word. "Baseball! Say, what d'ye think I am, anyhow?"

That he, "Spike" Shannon, renowned, beloved by all the sporting fraternity, fêted and dined by athletic clubs, held up as the embodiment of all that a model, first-class, clean-lived, high-principled follower of the game, should be rated so far below his par value was to Shannon bitterness unspeakable. He drew himself up with such dignity that Kathleen found herself forced to admit that even without a uniform he was quite

as awe-inspiring as her Uncle Patrick of the East End precinct.

In the momentary pause which ensued, Shannon realized with a sinking heart what the truth would mean to Kathleen. She would think he had intentionally deceived her. She would be angry. She would never understand his disappointment. He had found such happiness in the thought that she sympathized in his interests and found nothing to condemn. Now, like lightning out of a clear sky, the blow had fallen upon him and must fall upon her. Slowly he produced his copy of the fateful contract and handed it to the wondering girl.

"Read it," he said. "Then you'll understand. I—I thought you knew."

When Shannon left the house he wore his cap pulled well down over his eyes, and strode along in moody silence.

"I can never marry a prize-fighter. You must give up the game or you must give me up."

Kathleen's ringing words sounded in his ears. They formed a rhythm to which his feet kept time. They goaded him to desperation.

"I cant do it," he muttered. "They'll say I'm afraid to meet Thomas. They'll call me a coward. They'll——"

He paused abruptly. "It's true," he exclaimed. "I am a coward. I'm losing my nerve. If I cant stand their knockouts when I've got a referee like Kitty Casey, I ain't worthy of her. Let them say I'm afraid of Thomas if they want to. Kitty knows better. That's enough for me."

At the training quarters the statement that "Spike" Shannon had given up the game for good, and that the long-talked-of fight was off, brought the promotor out of his office in a fine frenzy. In vain he hurled forth imprecations, threats and entreaties. Shannon flatly refused to go into the ring. Then came the insults. The despised name of *coward* sounded on all sides. Shannon heard it and clinched his fists. He was fighting a moral struggle that none could see. Surrounded by angry, antagonistic faces, he fought with himself, played clean and fair, and became a victor—for Kitty's sake. The game at the Kensington Athletic Club was off and Shannon, the coward, walked out of the training quarters, leaving not one friend behind him.

Six months of married life. Six months of uninterrupted happiness for "Spike" Shannon and his pretty little bride. Such was the reward of the victor, now generally nicknamed "the coward," tho Kathleen never knew it.

Then came that sudden, awful illness, during which the life of the little bride was for a time despaired of. "Spike", out of work, sat with his head buried in his hands, or rushed to good old Father Donahue, begging him to say masses with special intentions that Kathleen might recover and that he earn money enough to provide for her. For a few days the white-faced patient seemed to improve. Then complications developed.

"Appendicitis — operation — only thing to save her."

Mere fragments of the doctor's words reached "Spike's" ears.

"How much will it cost?"

He gasped the question almost automatically.

"I'll let you know in half an hour."

The doctor went away. The half hour passed.

The coward sank down into his chair and dreaded to open the note which the messenger handed him. It was only a hasty scrawl on the face of a prescription blank, but it bore the doctor's signature.

"Surgeon's fees and hospital expenses for your wife's operation will amount to $500. If you can raise the money let me know."

"Five hundred dollars!" Shannon slowly repeated the words as the note fell from his hands. "Five hundred dollars to knock out death. Oh, Father Donahue, pray," he groaned, as if the priest were actually present. "You pray and I—I'll get into th' game, and I'll beat death."

He seized his cap, pressed a long, lingering kiss on the brow of his

"IT'LL BE MY LAST FIGHT," HE VOWED TO HIMSELF

stricken wife, and rushed from the room.

"It'll be my last fight," he vowed to himself. "Nothing but this would make me break my promise to Kitty. If she lives, as true as I stand here, I'll hunt up Uncle Patrick and get on th' force."

"Here's the pug what showed th' white feather a year ago," announced a messenger at the promotor's office, where "Spike" presented himself an hour later. "Want ter see 'im?"

"Naw."

But "Spike" elbowed his way into the room and ignored the incivility of the promotor.

"I want to fight," he argued. "I had a good reason for quittin' and I've got a better reason for gettin' into th' ring again. I'll fight any man you say."

The promotor was deaf to all entreaties. He whirled around in his chair and extended his hand to receive a yellow envelope which a messenger was just bringing him. He read the contents at a glance.

"Hey, come back here!" he called, as Shannon turned toward the door. "Thomas wires he's hurt. Unable to fight to-night. I'll let you go in, and a thousand if you win—nothing if you lose. Is it a go?"

"Sure!"

Kathleen Shannon lay unconscious in the pretty little flat which she and "Spike" had taken such pleasure in furnishing.

Father Donahue knelt in the dimly lighted chapel before the altar, where burned the ever-lighted lamp, and prayed.

"Spike" Shannon, the coward, slipped off the long bath-robe which enfolded him, stepped into the ring at the Olympic Club and shook hands with his opponent.

The fight with death was on.

No one who saw it ever forgot that fight. The older man fought like a beast brought to bay. "Spike" saw only the white face and closed eyes of his wife, and the grim, silent, unbidden guest, wrapped in the mantle of death, that watched beside her.

The gong sounded. The first round

was a fierce one. Shannon, not in training, long out of practice, scorned and shunned by those who had cheered him in the past, received little encouragement. He tried to keep cool. He covered, blocked and fell into a clinch whenever possible. He bided his time and watched his man like a hawk. He rained blow after blow, as he got the chance, but in spite of all he could do he went down under an avalanche just before the gong sounded in the second round.

"Take the count—take the count!" yelled warning voices from the benches, and Shannon lay still while the referee leaned over him and slowly told off the seconds. The nine seconds just gave him breath enough to finish the round.

Shannon's strong point always had been to save his best for the last. He had not realized how much he had lost by the previous year's lack of training until the end of this round. As his seconds rubbed him, held ammonia to his nostrils, gave him lemon to suck, and used every known means to reinvigorate him for the struggle, the old fighting blood surged more and more thru his veins.

"I'll win," he muttered, "I'll win in spite of 'em! Th' man's already worn himself half out pounding me. Now I'll go after him so he'll know it."

Everybody knew it. What skill "Spike" had lost thru inactivity was supplied by the strength of sheer frenzy. He fought like a maniac. He landed all kinds of punches. He gave his man no time to attack, no time to clinch. He jumped after him as a wild animal jumps after its prey. The crowd began to realize that Shannon, the coward, was putting up such a fight as was seldom seen in a lifetime. They stood up with one accord. They shouted and cheered in reckless disregard of the fact that the station house which sheltered Sergeant Patrick Casey was within easy earshot. Round after round the fight went on, and after each it was plain that the crowd were not with Shannon. He was making a brave, gallant, "game" fight, but the "points" were not his.

Eight rounds were over, with honors almost even, and the ninth round began. Early in this round "Spike" delivered a telling blow that brought his man to the floor, but the fellow was up, staggering, on his feet again before the last second had been counted. Then, with a quick spring, Shannon landed a terrific left-hand swing on the point of the jaw which sent his adversary to the floor in a limp, shapeless heap.

"One, two, three," the referee shouted, his voice hardly audible above the uproar, but the fallen man did not move.

"Nine"—a pause that seemed like several seconds—"ten!"

The battle was over.

The next thing Shannon knew, he was being carried bodily forth upon the shoulders of the crowd. No longer Shannon, the coward, but Shannon, the victor, the winner, the champion! The man who played fair and won out; the man who had the backbone to be called a coward for the woman he loved; the man who had the courage to break a promise when a life was at stake, and to fight for the wife he loved.

In the chapel the priest still prayed on. The unconscious woman in the sick-room moaned slightly. At the Olympic Club a check for one thousand dollars was signed and placed in Shannon's hands.

Death had been conquered, and "Spike" Shannon had fought his last fight.

"A double task to paint the finest features of the mind, and to most subtle and mysterious things give color, strength and motion."—*Akenside.*

The Rebellious Blossom

(Lubin)

By MALCOLM CAMPBELL

On a certain morning in the month of June, in the year 19—, a fair young girl might have been observed stealing warily along the road that terminated at the railway station in the little town of X—. In her clear blue eyes was the light of courage, and in her hand a suitcase, which knocked distressingly against her knees as she hurried along the highway. This, dear reader, was no other than the beautiful Flora, whose romantic adventures we will now pursue.

Having written that much, I seemed to slow down with the distressing finality characteristic of the auto when we have gone out without having thought to fill the gasoline tank, and from that the dear reader will see that I am not a really-truly authoress. In fact, I have never before undertaken to write a story, so must ask the dear reader to overlook any shortcomings. Perhaps it would be well to explain right off just who I am.

My name is Flora, which I have always insisted on, tho Mama persists in calling me "Flo," which I have repeatedly pointed out to her, tho in the gentlest manner, is not in keeping with my natural dignity. Mr. Wilcox, who was a friend of Mama's even before she met Papa, called me, the first time he saw me, "The Blossom," and as that was a compliment, I could not resent his impertinence. He explained that Flora was Latin for flowers, and that I looked just like a rosebud, and every one seemed to think the name quite appropriate, and it gave the bashful boys a chance to say sentimental things without blushing themselves to death—you see, they could just come around and sing:

"You are my garden of beautiful roses,
My own rose, my own rose, that's you!"

Or something of that sort, and, of course, I would understand.

Being sixteen years of age, I am quite grown-up, and as Papa died years and years ago, I have been compelled to buffet the shocks of life, which probably accounts for the strength of my nature and the gentle sadness which sometimes fills my heart. Mama, you know, is quite too gentle to face the world alone, altho I have at times suspected that she thought herself capable, not only of judging what would be best for herself, but of selecting a path for me to tread. This characteristic has been one of the causes which have made me old even beyond my years.

In the matter of selecting my boarding-school, Mama showed a stubbornness that was most distressing, and, to avoid positive coldness between us, I finally yielded to her entreaties and went to Hillcrest Seminary, tho, by the instinct I have always possessed, I was forewarned that trouble would follow. My premonition was confirmed in less than two weeks, when Miss Sharpe, the principal, thrust herself rudely into my room when I was entertaining a few of the girls with a little midnight feast. Besides spoiling a delightful little party, the hateful thing was unjust enough to say that that was the seventh serious infraction of the rules which I had committed since I arrived at the school, when she knew perfectly well that it was only the sixth time, and that her old rules were silly, anyway—I mean she knew they were, not that she said so. And she wrote to Mama, for the third time—for the last time, she said, and I certainly did hope so, for Mama was never capable of taking such matters with the calm indifference they really deserved.

To say that I was astonished at the

THE MIDNIGHT TEA-PARTY

letter which I received from Mama is, indeed, putting it mildly, a thing I have always endeavored to do, even when most perturbed. Even when a baby, I would scream and scratch my nurse's face in the mildest manner possible. As you would never in the world guess the extraordinary nature of that letter, I will tell you the substance, which was—even yet I feel a thrill of amazement and staggering surprise, to say nothing of thunderstruckness and knock-me-down-with-a-featherness, and other forms of shock too numerous to mention—that if I did not behave myself at school I was to be expelled, and in that event, she, Mama, would be forced, in order to bring to the problem of my management the solution of a strong, controlling hand, to get married again! Furthermore, that a gentleman had already asked for her hand, and that on my actions the nature of her reply to him depended largely.

With that sure instinct I have already mentioned, I saw at once that in my absence, deprived of my supporting strength and guiding hand, poor Mama had fallen a victim to the wiles of a designing man—with as much certainty as tho I had been present, I knew that this base plotter had dictated that letter, and I determined, with the promptness and firmness characteristic of me, that the villain should be foiled. Thus we have arrived at the scene described in my opening paragraph. Suiting my actions to my thoughts, I hastily packed my suitcase, stole quietly from the buildings and grounds over which Miss Sharpe held despotic sway, made my way to the railway station, and was soon speeding on my mission of deliverance and revenge. I intended to deliver Mama, you know, and wreak revenge on the presuming man. At last I reached my native village—it isn't a village, really, but a city, and I was not born there, but avengers always at least reach their native villages, their blood aboil. Possibly my blood would have been boiling, only I stopped at the drug-store and had two ice-cream sodas—one strawberry and one chocolate, before mak-

TAKEN UNAWARES

ing my way to my home. With a sense of foreboding, I entered the house without ringing, the door being fortunately unlocked, but found no one within. But my sure instinct came at once to my aid, and I hurried thru the house and out into the garden.

Can I picture the scene which met my flashing eyes? I cannot. No one could. I cannot even describe it. No one could. I cannot even hint at the horror of it. It must remain locked in my heart, a terrible thing, like a corpse in a tomb. It must forever be secret. My mother and a man were seated in chairs placed close together. His arms were about her, her arms were about his neck. He was pressing his lips to hers! So far his vile plans succeeded that she seemed to *like* it! At my involuntary cry of amazement and rage, the coward sprang to his feet and fled—making his escape before I could identify him or be sure that I would know him when we again met.

Mama I treated with that mixture of gentleness, coldness, and pitying disapproval appropriate to the occasion. One thing I resolved, and firmly told her: that under no circumstances would I again leave her side, and particularly, that I would not return to Hillcrest. My attitude in this was strengthened the following morning, when Mama received a letter from Miss Sharpe, stating that under no consideration would I be permitted to continue at her school. Naturally, this made me only the more firm in my decision. Mama did not urge my return. Tho I was most gentle with her, she seemed to have come to fear me, an attitude of which I did not entirely approve.

A few days later the most remarkable incident occurred—tho the effect was more remarkable than the incident itself. It is utterly impossible to make this matter comprehensible, or even to relate it. I returned home unexpectedly from a visit which I had expected, and which Mama had expected, would last all day, but which had terminated abruptly when the girl, whom I had always thought a friend (O! the falseness of human nature!) intimated, unmistakably, that she thought her-

self competent to select her own boy friends, and that I should not criticise her selection. Of course, after such an exhibition of ingratitude, I left at once. Passing thru my house, as I did upon the occasion of my tragic return home from Hillcrest, I again entered the garden. At some distance stood my mother, talking laughingly with a man!

I advanced, but to my astonishment, the man did not flee, tho Mama did. As I approached him, determined that my revenge should now be fed to repletion, I was staggered to observe that instead of cringing, this man was smiling. Moreover, he was young—not more than half Mama's age—and he was as good-looking and well-dressed as the men in the clothing advertisements in the back of a magazine. As I drew near he continued to smile, looking right into my eyes, and I became conscious that I was smiling back at him! Then he put out his hand, and I took it! Then he began to talk, but I didn't hear a word, being completely engaged in my own reflections. I was overwhelmed with indignation. The idea of *Mama,* a widow, with a grown-up daughter, ensnaring this glorious youth! In a flash I made my decision. I would save him! I would save him from Mama's wiles, even if I had to marry him myself! My instinct told me, aside from the corroborative evidence of his warm glance, and the fact that he had not yet released my hand, that he was finding the bud more attractive than the full-blown, if not fading, flower. It did not take long for me to learn that his name was Dick Lancey, and that he was the nephew of Mr. Wilcox, Mama's old friend, and that he was visiting his uncle.

I must say that Mama behaved very well in the weeks that followed—probably she realized the futility of competition. At any rate, she abandoned her plans for the capture of Dick, and in no way interfered with our love affair. As was quite natural, Dick became passionately devoted to me as soon as he saw that I would receive his advances kindly and was not disposed to condemn him for the past. In a way I was sorry for Mama, who was forced to fall back on Mr. Wilcox as a companion, while Dick and I strolled, hand in hand, thru the sunshine and the wonderful flowers of love's dream. But such is life. Love belongs to youth. For old age—Mama is nearly forty, tho she doesn't look it—there is only the staid conversation of Mr. Wilcoxes—*he* is even older than she, perhaps five years older. I really pitied her, tho, when she happened to come upon Dick and me in the garden, just after he had given me my beautiful ring, and my golden head was resting on his manly shoulder, and his strong arm was protectingly about me. But she was brave enough to smile at Mr. Wilcox, who was with her, and they went away, leaving us to our happiness. We are to be married in a month!

P. S.—It is not usual to put a P. S. to a story, I know, but in the two weeks that have passed since I laid down the pen with which I wrote of my extraordinary and romantic life, on the stormy sea of which my little ship—so soon to be safely clasped in the harbor of dear Dick's strong arms—was wildly tossed, that I simply must relate the utterly unbelievable and impossible knowledge that has come to me, altho to do so is utterly beyond the possibility of tongue or pen!

I have been deceived! tricked! betrayed!

By her on whom I have always leaned. Whose lightest word was my law. Whose slightest wish was a command it was my happiness to obey. Whose mere whim I put before my heart's greatest desire. I feel just like Cæsar when Brutus stabbed. (That's out of a play by W. Shakespeare.)

What do you suppose?

Mama is going to marry Mr. Wilcox!

It was he right along. *He* dictated that letter in which my sure instinct

detected the hand of a plotting man. He thought of the plan of having me think that it was Dick who was the favored suitor, and so divert my suspicions. Oh, they were terribly afraid of me, and no wonder!

After all, I am happy, so what do I care if it was proved that I leaned upon a reed? (That's out of the Bible.) If poor Mama thinks she is going to be happy, too, with old Mr. Wilcox, I am glad, and I hope she is —happy, I mean, not glad.

And maybe this wont cause you the utmost astonishment: *We are going to have a double wedding!*

MISS JANE WOLFE (Kalem)

Scene from
The Modern Dianas
(Edison)

He Outshone the Pictures

By EDGAR WHITE

THERE was as good a comedy inside "The Idle Hour" Moving Picture show at Macon, Mo., the other night, as anything ever spun off the reel. Two stylishly dressed girls, wearing enormous plumed hats, were located midway of the room, and defied the printed prayer displayed before the pictures were started:

"Ladies will please remove their hats."

A youth, thin and pale, sat between the gorgeous butterflies. His hair was furrowed down the center with mathematical exactness, and neatly banged in front.

A Middle Fork rancher, big and strong-looking as a prize-fighter, strode in, with a sombrero under his arm, and lighted directly behind the two birds of paradise and their tugboat.

Like a huntsman after bear, the rancher squinted thru the foliage in front of him, and caught a glimpse of a brace of villains carrying a knocked-out citizen over to the railroad track, where they ingeniously placed him so the engine could cut his head off.

At this critical stage the big rancher became excited. He twisted about to get a closer look at the impending tragedy, but whichever way he turned a display of Parisian millinery was just ahead. He hadn't squandered five cents to see that, and he decided the only way to clear the track was to say something. So he spoke up loudly, but not offensively:

"Would you two wimmen mind taking off your headgear so us people back here can see the show?"

The "wimmen" treated the suggestion with cold disdain. Then the rancher tapped one of them on her beautiful shoulder.

"I say"—you could have heard him all over the house, yet it wasn't an angry tone—"your bonnets are in the way so us people back here can't see the show!"

The girls turned, not to the rancher, but to their cigarette-smoking escort, and looked questioningly at him. This, he understood, meant the "insult" was passed up to him. So he whirled about and tried to look like a man.

"See here, mister," he said as fierce as he could to a man big enough to eat him alive, "these young ladies are here under my protection! You must be careful what you say, sir!"

The rancher eyed him like a big Dane when a bit puzzled at the sudden appearance of a pet pug.

"Keep your shirt on, bub," he remarked gently. "I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but I paid a nickel to see this show, and so did these people behind me. Just tell your gals to take off their head-covers, and there won't be no hard feelin's. I spoke to 'em, but I guess they didn't hear me."

An angry retort was on the lips of the pale-faced youth, but the crowd, which was keenly interested, cheered the rancher, and the "protector" changed his mind. One of the girls jumped up and cried:

"Let us get away from this gorilla!"

"I'll see you later, sir," said the pale young man, as the "insulted" trio stalked out.

"That's all right, sonny," returned the "gorilla" good-naturedly. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's."

The big rancher now had a clear view, and from that time on he was a bigger show than the pictures. It was evidently the first time he had ever seen anything of the sort, and his interest was so great that he was dead to everything but the story the pictures were telling.

"Gambler José," a flashily dressed

fellow, ran off with the blacksmith's pretty young wife. The guilty lovers were in an automobile; the strong-armed pursuer—the blacksmith—on horseback. As the race became close, the rancher, forgetting those behind him, rose up and wildly waved his sombrero.

"My money's on the man an' the hoss!" he shouted. "Whoop-e-e-e! Go it, boy! You'll git the varmint! I'm wid ye till the cows come home! There they go — hell-bent! — Lawzee!"

The last observation was caused by the breakdown of the motor. The raging blacksmith caught up. "Gambler José" and the chauffeur leaped out. There was a swift exchange of shots, and the blacksmith fell, badly wounded. "Gambler José" and his understudy carried the injured man to the track and laid him across the rails. At this critical juncture the young wife was conscience-stricken, and ran to the rescue of her unconscious husband, 'spite of the protests of "Gambler José."

Here was where the big man from Middle Fork township seemed to be getting his money's worth. He literally jumped up and down with excitement.

"Good girl!" he bawled, so loud they could hear him two blocks away. "I knew you'd do it. Hurry! hurry! hurry! Stay wid him, little woman! Here comes the train! There you go! —hooray!"

If there had been real actors on that stage they would surely have had a fit. The audience, long since having lost interest in the pictures, was standing up and clapping hands at the excited rancher.

Finally the scene ended with a happy reconciliation between husband and wife, and the ranchman, suddenly recognizing where he was, and that he had been the real show of the evening, flushed as he looked into the battery of smiling eyes all around him.

"Used to be a blacksmith myself," he said apologetically.

When he went thru the lobby, on his way out, the proprietor tapped him on the shoulder.

"Like the show?" he asked.

"Sure, Mike! When I tell the boys over at Woodville that I seen a train o' steam cars run thru a house without knocking down airy brick, they'll all want to come in and see if I ain't lyin'."

"Well," returned the proprietor, "if you'll bring 'em in next Saturday night they can have seats way up in front, and it won't cost them a cent."

"Art has not yet come to its maturity if it does not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world, if it is not practical and moral, if it does not stand in connection with the conscience, if it does not make the poor and uneducated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer."—*Emerson.*

(VITAGRAPH)

Mario's Swan Song

By Beta Breuil

"WATER, water, give me water, my Mario!"

It was a bare, dreary, attic room, so cold that little Mario's hands shook as he held a cracked cup to the lips of poor old Antonio, who lay, burning with fever, upon the narrow bed. These two, the old man and grandson, were the only survivors of a happy family which had left Italy's sunny shores but a few months before, their hearts filled with joyous dreams of the wealth awaiting them in great, rich America.

Carlo, stalwart and muscular, his black eyes snapping with ambition and energy, easily found employment on one of the construction gangs of a great railroad. The old father refused to be idle, so a fine organ was purchased with their small capital, and, when the weather was fine, many a dollar was brought proudly home by the venerable musician to add to the steadily growing pile of savings. Daily they talked, and nightly dreamed of the day when they should return, with their fortune, to buy a little farm in the beloved homeland.

But an accident occurred, which snuffed out the lives of several workmen, including Carlo. It was a trivial occurrence in the great world of labor; one laconic line in the Division Superintendent's report covered it: "Six Italian laborers killed in cave-in"; but to the happy, hard-working little family it brought black despair and desolation. Three days later the pretty wife, Mario's mother, was laid to rest with a wee baby form in her arms, and Antonio, at the age of seventy years, begun the task of supporting himself and the little grandchild.

The small savings fund went for the burial of the dear ones, and only the organ, the violin, and the few pieces of furniture Carlo had purchased, remained. In the summer, life was comparatively easy, for the children of the quarter loved to dance to the wheezy strains of the organ, and the pennies came thick and fast. But, when winter set in, the coins grew scarcer and Antonio developed a racking cough from the unaccustomed cold weather.

Finally, when he found himself utterly unable to arise, he sent for Malatesta, a neighbor, who long had covetous eyes upon the organ. After much bargaining, sufficient money was placed in Antonio's hands to supply their wants for a time, and Malatesta proudly walked out with his newly acquired possession.

Only the violin was left to them now, the wonderful old instrument that Mario had christened "The Beloved One," when he was scarcely more than a baby. The child, from his cradle, had loved music with a passionate intensity and the happiest day of his life was when the grandfather decided to begin his musical education, and, placing the instrument in the correct position against the tiny shoulder, guided the bow across the strings. Since the death of his adored parents the lad's music had taken on a strange, new tone. With a rapt look in his soft, brown eyes, he would sit for hours, unmindful of anything about him, drawing from The Beloved One strains of unearthly sweetness.

"The good angels are whispering to him," Antonio would sigh, crossing himself reverently.

"PLAY NOW FOR THY OLD GRANDFATHER BEFORE THOU GOEST."

And now the old man was ill; too ill to rise from his bed, and the organ money was almost gone! The draught of cool water calmed the fever momentarily, and enabled him to speak calmly to the anxious child.

"Listen, Poverino mio," he said, caressing the curly head; "thou must go forth alone now in the streets, and earn our bread. Do not fear. Thou wilt play so tunefully that all will stop to listen, and all hearts will be touched by thy melodies. But play now for thy old grandfather before thou goest."

Tenderly Mario lifted "The Beloved One" from its case. Very softly and tenderly he played, first the Italian airs that Antonio loved, then a rollicking little Sicilian song.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried Antonio. "Now Caro, mio, thou shalt go. May the good God's blessing go with thee."

Bravely the little fellow donned his thin coat and cap, kist the old man good-bye, and went forth, closing the door gently behind him. Outside, he stopped, his child heart beating high, a strangling sensation in his throat. Never had he played in the streets alone! Could he do it? He struggled for a moment with the almost overpowering timidity, then lifted his dark, curly head determinedly and went his way.

From one corner after another his sweet, plaintive music rang out, but the day was cold and people hurried along without stopping to listen. The little fingers grew numb and his heart was heavy as the hours passed, bringing no reward.

"I must have something for grandfather. It will make him worse if I disappoint him," he thought, desperately.

Reaching the park, he wandered on in the thin shadows cast by the leafless trees in the cold winter sunshine. Suddenly a sweet, imperious child-voice cried out, "Play for me, little boy."

Dorothy Leonard, a petted only child, had been taking a walk with her father and espied the pathetic little figure. Mario's heart went out at once to the dainty vision with long golden curls and dancing blue eyes. He obeyed her request instantly, pouring out his little soul in music, with no thought of any reward but Dorothy's approval.

As he finished, with his very best bow, Dorothy clapped her hands, delightedly, while her father pulled a shining quarter from his pocket to bestow upon the tiny musician. But Dorothy was not satisfied with this. She had noticed the thin, shabby clothes.

"See, Daddy, he looks so poor; do let me give him more."

The boyish looking father rarely refused his idolized daughter anything, so this time a crisp dollar bill was handed to the astonished and grateful Mario, who burst into an almost incoherent torrent of mixed Italian and English, thanking them again and again. The little lady did not know what a kindness she had done, he assured them; it was like a gift sent from Heaven, for this money would buy food for his sick grandfather, and appease the landlord, who threatened to turn them out.

Much interested, Mr. Leonard gathered the whole story from the boy, and, taking the address, promised to call, for he saw that the distress was genuine. With a light heart, Mario ran to a grocery store, and bought a pound of spaghetti, some flour, and two overripe "marked down" tomatoes. After

MARIO POURED OUT HIS LITTLE SOUL IN MELODY.

careful consideration, an orange was added, as a treat for the sick grandfather.

His little hands filled with his purchases, and his violin tucked safely under his arm, he started for home. Unfortunately, a crowd of boys were just coming from school, having in their midst the inevitable bully, who espied sport in the laden figure of the little musician. Shouting "Dago, dago!" and followed by his companions, he darted over to him, snatching the orange. Mario could only watch the precious fruit in despair as it vanished. The others grabbed the bundles, the flour scattering in a stream over the pavement, while the spaghetti flew in every direction. Then, emboldened by his nonresistence, the bully snatched the beloved violin, holding it tauntingly above his head. Mario flew at him, his little fists doubled, but with an oath, the violin was flung into the street, in the path of a big touring car.

Forgetful of all save The Beloved One, Mario darted into the street. There was a scream, a quick turn of the wheel, a sudden stop—but it was too late! The little form lay crushed and still, one arm clasping the uninjured violin, the brown eyes staring unseeingly at the sky. As gentle hands lifted the limp figure into the tonneau, there was a scream from the sobbing, golden-haired girl, who was sitting by the chauffeur.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, it is the little boy we gave the money to! Oh, we have killed him!"

THE LITTLE FORM LAY CRUSHED AND STILL.

The big machine, under Mr. Leonard's direction, sped to a hospital, where Mario was borne into the best room the institution afforded. Skillful surgeons set to work, but soon declared there was not the slightest chance of the lad's recovery. He might live a few hours, perhaps, and regain consciousness before he died, but that was all.

Dorothy, tenderly solicitous, remained by the bedside, while her father set out on the hard errand of notifying the grandfather. Mounting the rickety stairs of Mario's tenement home, his heart growing heavier at every step, he knocked at the door and entered the humble room, at an anxious and feeble "Come in." As gently as possible, the pitiful news was broken. The old man seemed dazed for a moment, then with an anguished cry, he sprang from the bed, given strength by his grief. Carefully Mr. Leonard helped Antonio down the steps, into the waiting cab. From the grandfather's lips came one moan, and a whisper of "My little Mario, can it be?" then the silence was broken only by the roar of the city, and the sound of the horse's galloping hoofs.

At the hospital, Dorothy's vigil was rewarded at last by seeing the great brown eyes slowly open and gaze in wonderment at the unfamiliar surroundings. Then came the painful realization of the accident, and a faint whisper:

"The Beloved One—where is it?"

"Here, my boy, it is safe," said the doctor, placing it on the bed.

Mario hugged the violin tightly as if satisfied, for a moment, then the white lips opened again. "Grandfather!" he murmured, and at that instant, Antonio, supported by pitying hands, bent over him. Again the white lips opened.

"Lift me up, that I may play," he begged.

"We will help him," said the doctor to the weeping nurse; "it can do no harm."

As the bow was placed in his hands

his strength returned to him, and the expression of pain left the little face. The beautiful eyes grew luminous; his white countenance was rapt, uplifted, as he played on and on in exquisite melody that seemed an echo of angelic whispers.

Higher and higher rose the harmony, to a chord of transcendent sweetness, then, a string snapped; the dark, curly head sank back on the pillows: Mario's "Swan Song" was finished.

Left alone with his dead, for a little time, Antonio knelt, kissing the still lips.

"Mario, my Mario," he whispered, "all is well with thee and me, for we go to join the other dear ones, and the good God rules."

Entering softly, a little later, they found the two, Antonio's lifeless head pressed against the still heart of the child. The sorrow and separation were past; there would be no more partings; the little family were together in the far Homeland!

THEN A STRING SNAPPED.

SCENE FROM "UNDER THE TOWER RUINS."

Lines on a Criticism of a Moving Picture of "Beethoven and the Origin of the Moonlight Sonata"

By GEORGE F. DWYER

You said that it was bad and not much to boast of—
But didst thou see the beauty sheen of some far-away thought,
Reflected thru the moving film—
Didst see the thoughts of other years
Flicker thru the painted dream?—
'Twas a beauteous scene.

You say there's nothing to it—
But didst thy mind's feeble sight
Discern the actor in his noble look,
Seeking to portray yet another master—
He in magic learned:
Whose tones echo and re-echo down the spheres.
Didst see the fleeting scenes
Portrayed by the moving art?—
Playing and fading as the pseudo master played—
Images of fancy that hovered thru the mind
E'en as they passed before the dazzl'd eye?
Didst see the old, old story of music love?
Didst see the enraptured maiden—
She whose blindness was not blind,
But op'd up visions of thought
Compared by the master sitting near?
Didst see the beauty of her face
As she drank the wonderful muse?

* * * *

The moon shone on both
And lighted up the dream.

* * * *

'Twas grand beyond compare,
And the eye drank in the panoramic glitter;
But yet could see the beauty thoughts
That flicker'd like gold in the shaded light.

The Ruling Passion

(Biograph)

By MONTANYE PERRY

"WILL you be good, Billy, while I go to ride with papa? Please promise, dear, so mama can enjoy her ride."

Billy's cherubic face smiled up at his mother, with that sweet, innocent expression which is commonly worn only by the fat little angels that adorn Christmas cards.

"Can the Browne kids come over, and the Coles, and can we have a show?" he asked, artlessly.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thomas, "and I'll tell Hilda to let you all play in the nursery, and give you some cake and lemonade, if you'll promise to be good and take care of Mabel and Phil."

"All right, mama, I promise," agreed Billy, the saintly expression deepening.

That angelic expression was a constant source of wonderment to every one who knew Billy.

"How any child can *look* such a cherub and *be* such an imp, is beyond me," Hilda, the long-suffering nursemaid, declared, and every one agreed with her, except, of course, Billy's mother. To her, that expression was but the outward and visible sign of the inward grace which every mother's eyes can discern in her own child.

So the children watched from the window, while the parents drove away, waving a bright good-bye. Then Billy promptly took command of the situation.

"We're going to have the corkingest show," he declared, "the best one ever! You know when I was hid so long yesterday, and every one was hunting me? I was up in the attic reading a bully book—'A Dastardly Deed, or the Bold Boy Pirate'! We're going to play it."

Mabel's round eyes were apprehensive as she heard this thrilling title.

"I wont have to be scalped, will I?" she asked. "Last time you pulled my curls so it hurt awful."

"No, you silly, that was an Indian show. Pirates dont scalp folks. You'll be stolen and carried off upon the trackless deep in a black ship of death, that's all! Now, go and find a veil or something of mama's, for a black flag."

"Say, Bill," inquired Phil, curiously, when Mabel was out of hearing, "where did you get the pirate book?"

Billy studied Phil's expression thoughtfully for a moment before he answered. Phil had the face of an ordinary ten-year-old boy. His expression was not Raphaelite, like Billy's, yet his behavior was in direct contrast to Billy's impishness. Still, Phil was no tell-tale; that was not the point which Billy was pondering. He was planning a masterly stroke of business.

"I get a *Nick Carter* from the news-

"I WONT HAVE TO BE SCALPED, WILL I?" SHE ASKED

boy every Monday morning," Billy finally condescended to explain. "He gets it Saturday night for Sunday reading; then he hides it back of our ary gate, and I leave three cents there for him. It costs him five, but of course he reads it first. If you'll give me a cent every week I'll let you read it when I'm done. Only, you'll have to be awful careful or mama will catch you. You always look so sneaking if you try to do anything bad."

Phil considered the proposition gravely, but before he reached a decision Mabel returned with a long black veil.

"It's the one mama got for Uncle John's funeral," she proclaimed cheerfully, "and I know she wont care, 'cause I heard her say there was no sense in it, and that crape gave her the creeps."

"Now we'll fix things for the play, and rehearse till the others come," directed Billy; "it only takes us three for the play, and the rest are the audience."

"I cant see how you ever know how to fix up such dreadful shows, Billy, when all the plays you ever saw are Little Lord Fauntleroy and The Blue Bird," complained Mabel, as Billy returned from a raid on the kitchen, brandishing two long butcher knives.

"Huh!" said Billy scornfully, "that's dead easy! After you've read a goody-good book and then seen a lot of goody-goods act it, cant you read a real bang-up story and then imagine how real bang-up actors would play it? Besides, acting is my ruling passion. Didn't you hear papa and Uncle Frank talking about ruling passions the other night? Well, acting is mine."

Mabel seemed much impressed. She was beginning to take a more hopeful view of things since she found that her part in the drama necessitated the wearing of a long velvet train, made from a convenient portière, and a shining crown, which closely resembled a tin basin, with the bottom punched out. She was anxious to add her mother's pearl necklace to this startling costume, but this was sternly vetoed by Billy, demonstrating that there is honor among thieves—or, rather, pirates.

"We're forbidden to touch those things," he said, regretfully, "and I promised to be good, so, of course, we must. A promise is a promise, you know."

The visitors arrived, and were seated along the floor on one side of the room, for an audience. Then the show began in earnest. It was a thrilling spectacle. The Morris-chair, with the gloomy flag flying from its back, closely resembled the black ship of death, and Mabel shrieked most realistically when she was dragged aboard it, at the point of the butcher knives. The Bold Boy Pirate was all that could be desired, and the gallant rescue of the kidnapped queen was greeted with cheers by the critical audience. There were loud regrets when the little party was broken up by unfeeling nurses and parents, who came, talking of prosaic things like home, and lesson-time, and bed-time, in the unimaginative manner of grown-ups.

The last little guest gone, the three children went, rather disconsolately, to play on the lawn. It still lacked two hours of the time when papa and mama would return, and time began to drag heavily.

"I wish I was a real queen," sighed Mabel, "and could wear real velvet gowns."

"I wish I was a real pirate," snapped Billy, "and never had to promise to be good."

"I wish I had a real ship to sail away in," said Phil; "it must be jolly, rocking over the waves."

That remark gave a new suggestion to Billy's fertile brain.

"Come on down to the beach and play pirates in the dory," he cried. "It's moored there at the dock."

"Will Hilda let us?" asked Phil.

"We wont ask her. Mama said for me to take care of you two, and I will. We've never been forbidden to go to the beach, so what's the use of asking Hilda and taking a chance of her saying no?"

Billy's reasoning seemed logical, so down to the beach they went, where the dory lay lazily rocking, her long painter tied to the little wharf, stretched taut by the ebb tide.

Billy drew the boat close, captured Mabel with much flourish and violence, pitched Phil, her brave but helpless defender, in after her, and they drifted out, the cable's length. It was great fun, and they repeated the game, with many variations.

"We must go home, it's six o'clock," said Billy at last. His appetite was asserting itself above his "ruling passion." He was willing to stop play-acting and eat his supper.

"Just once more," begged Mabel,

"IF ONLY PAPA HAS COME!" HE THOUGHT

who was charmed with the boat's gentle motion.

"All right, just this once," consented Billy, pushing them off and laughing at Mabel's cry of delight.

The dory drifted smoothly, and Billy watched for a moment, then turned his attention to a crab that was industriously crawling up the beach. After a moment he reached for the painter carelessly, still occupied with the crab. Suddenly he realized that the painter was not there. The iron ring thru which it had been tied was empty. The knot had loosened, and the little dory was already far out of reach. As the child watched, dazed with sudden realization, the fresh waves caught the dory, and, as it began to rock swiftly, the little ones saw what had happened and jumped up, screaming.

FAR OUT AT SEA

"Sit down," shouted Billy, "sit down and keep quiet! Phil, hold on to Mabel!"

His voice reached them, for he saw them sink down in the boat, clinging to each other. Then he ran frantically toward the house, thinking, "If only papa has come—if only he is at home!"

But he was not at home. No one was there but Hilda, who promptly went into hysterics, and ran up and down, wringing her hands. Despairingly, Billy ran out into the street, looking eagerly for the familiar car-

THE LITTLE BOAT WAS SINKING RAPIDLY

TO THE RESCUE

riage to appear, and, as he looked, it did appear, and the boy gave a shout.

"Hurry, papa, hurry," he yelled, running to meet them, dreading his mother's face when she should hear the news he must tell.

In a moment his story was told, and they all ran to the beach. They could see the little boat, far out now, tossing violently, the children still clinging to each other.

"In five minutes more they will be in the open sea," groaned the father, "and there's no other boat here. The Brownes went away in theirs this morning."

"Look there," cried Billy, pointing.

Down the bay a little motor-boat was just rounding the point, swiftly chug-chugging along, pennants fluttering gayly, half a dozen men and girls, in white yachting clothes, aboard. Their voices floated shoreward, laughing and singing.

Mr. Thomas ran toward the shore, signalling and shouting.

"Oh, will they hear—will they understand—will they stop?" sobbed the mother.

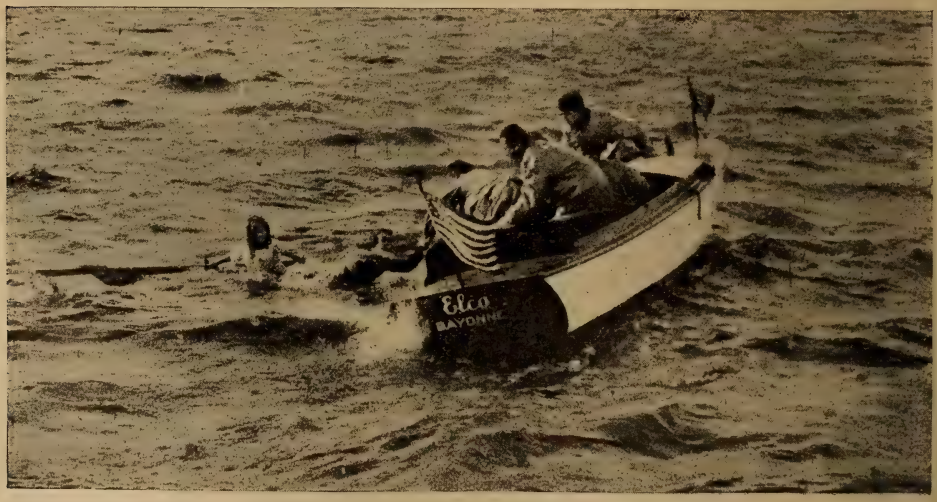
They did hear, and turned shoreward, toward the little wharf, cutting a wide circle and coming up with a dash.

"Tumble out, girls, quick—get in here, man!" was all that the strong young fellow at the wheel said, as Mr. Thomas spoke a few broken words and pointed to a tiny speck, far out, now almost invisible.

The girls hurriedly tumbled out, holding the frantic mother, and trying to soothe her, as the motor shot out at full speed, over the curling waves toward the open sea.

"Oh, if I could have gone with them! How can I ever wait till they return?" wailed Mrs. Thomas, wringing her hands as she paced restlessly up and down the sand.

But Billy was down by the water's edge, with a glass which one of the men had dropped. He adjusted it with trembling little fingers, and knelt, unnoticed, white and silent,



JUST IN TIME

gazing across the stretch of gray waves, at the tiny, tossing speck so far away. It was a powerful glass; he could see plainly. The children were huddled close together, as the boat tossed hither and thither, like a feather. The boy's lips were set, and his face grew whiter and whiter as the boat began to fill and sink. Still he watched, quietly, his back to the little group of women, his glass unseen by them.

"Mama must not see them sinking," he thought, "but if the motor gets there I can tell her—it is killing her to wait."

Something new was born in Billy's soul in those moments—a new sense of responsibility, of the consequences of his pranks. His eyes and brain were throbbing with the steady intensity of his gaze. The boat was sinking rapidly, the children were half submerged. Fact and fancy began to tangle themselves in Billy's brain. He seemed to see Mabel's golden curls floating on the green waves, to hear Phil's voice calling to him; thru it all he was conscious of the speeding motor. Suddenly it stopped, and the watching lad's brain cleared. He looked for another moment, dropped the glass, and ran toward his mother.

"They've got them, mama," he cried; "they're both in the motor with papa!"

HOMEWARD BOUND

Late that night Mrs. Thomas stole in to look once more at her sleeping darlings. She gazed lovingly at Phil's rosy face, and touched Mabel's curls with a gentle hand. Then she turned to Billy, his face so tranquil and cherubic above his white robe that her eyes grew moist.

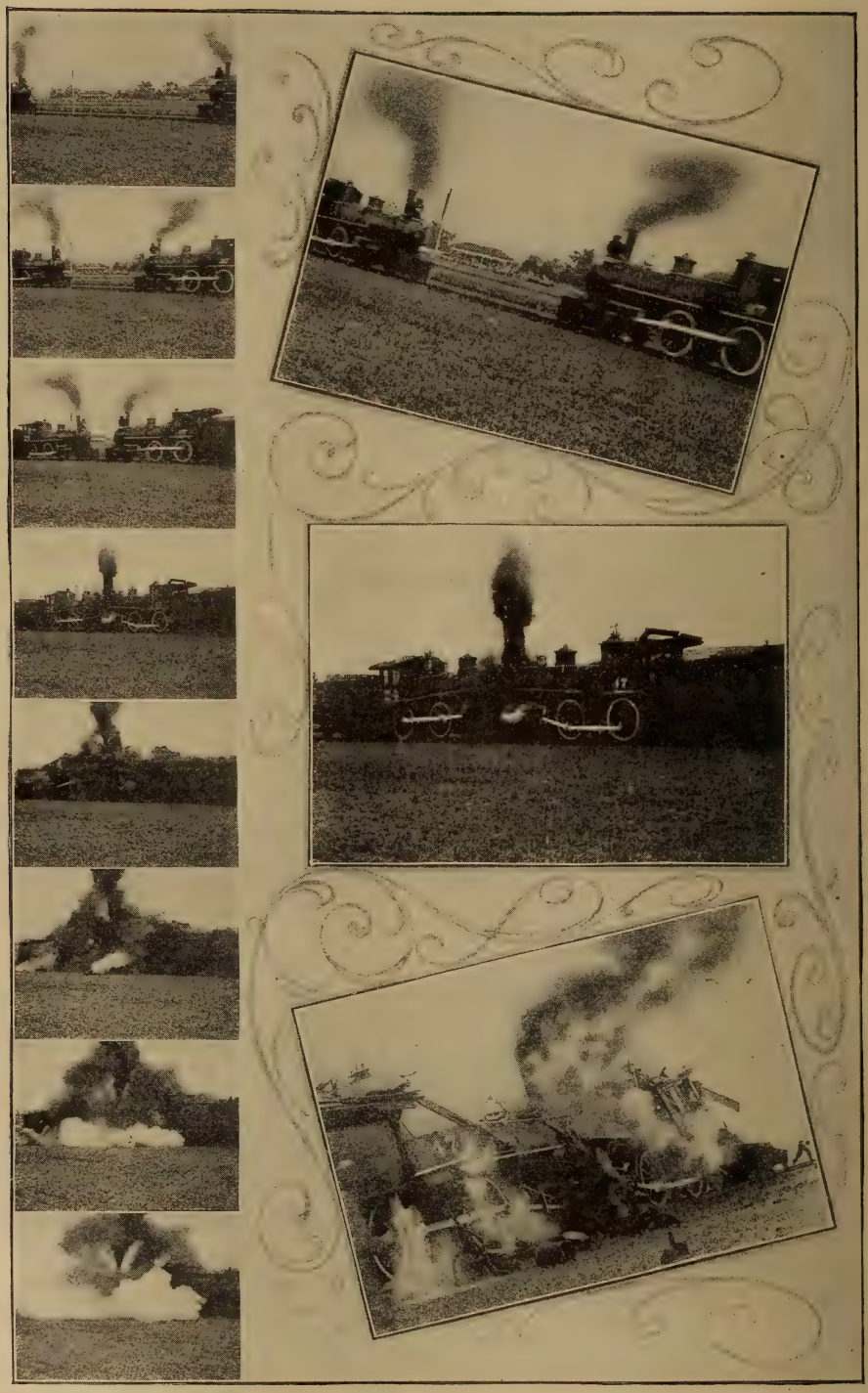
"Dear boy," she sighed, "I dont believe he will ever want to act plays again."

But, as she spoke, Billy turned restlessly, stretched out a clenched hand, and struck, as if with a dagger.

"That was a gallant run," he hissed, "my bold, black ship!"

So did his ruling passion rule his dreams.

SAFE AT HOME



Scene from Vitagraph Motion Pictures showing a remarkable Head-on Collision, taken at Indianapolis, July 4, 1911, under the auspices of the American Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and probably the first of the kind ever taken.

Her Secret

(Lubin)

By PETER WADE

[*Those concerned are Jack Stanhope, a clubman and all-around goodfellow, and his bride Florence, who has sacrificed a promising stage career to his pleadings. They have just returned from their honeymoon, and are settling down in their gilded nest, one of those spacious, ultra-elaborate apartments, overlooking the river from Riverside Drive. It is the wee tail-end of the lune de miel, when if there are any clouds in the sky they are bound to obscure it. We must not omit her indispensable lady's maid, Susanne, very chic and well conducted, but who may have been one of the clouds. The scene takes place in their living-room, a spacious one, covered with rich hangings and soft, Eastern rugs. The time is early afternoon. As the curtain ascends a key is heard rattling persistently in the door-lock.*]

[*Jack enters alone, and, as he takes off his hat and gloves, looks around the room deliberately, yet cautiously, as if half afraid of an expected discovery. He goes to doorway hangings, and peeping behind them, calls softly, "Flo. I say, Flo." He continues his careful inspection of the room. Rummages over objects on the center-table in an abstracted way. At length, something holds his attention. It is a bowl-shaped ash-tray. He picks it up, examines it carefully, and pours its contents onto a sheet of paper. He sits down, and, taking an envelope from his pocket, spreads its contents—several cigarette ends—on the paper. Jack studies these evidences with a deep frown. Finally he touches a push-button, and Susanne enters.*]

JACK. (*Sharply.*) Where is Mrs. Stanhope, Susanne?

SUSANNE. She is out, sir.

JACK. (*With annoyance.*) I know that. Was any one with her?

SUSANNE. She was quite alone.

JACK. (*Gravely.*) Susanne, I want you to answer me straightforwardly, and not to conceal anything. Has she had any callers today?

SUSANNE. Yes.

JACK. Who?

SUSANNE. A manicurist this morning, and after luncheon, the hairdresser called.

JACK. Pshaw! you're evading me again. I mean people of her kind.

SUSANNE. No one, sir, to my knowledge.

JACK. (*Sarcastically.*) Susanne, your answers are quite ready, and in the best English, but I think that you are lying to me. Will you step here, please; I want to show you something. (*She comes to within a few feet of him.*) What are these things here? (*Pointing to the ashes and cigarette ends.*)

SUSANNE. I should say, sir, that they were formerly cigarettes.

JACK. Correct again. Surprisingly correct. Now, will you kindly tell me why I found cigarette ends on the table last night, and ashes today?

SUSANNE. (*She is confused for a moment, then regains her imperturbability.*) Some one has been smoking here, sir.

JACK. (*With a withering stare.*) Susanne, you are either a stupid ass, or a very artful creature. And I'm going to know which. May I ask who smoked them?

SUSANNE. Yes, sir.

JACK. Yes, what?

SUSANNE. You may ask who smoked them.

JACK. (*In a baffled voice.*) Who?

SUSANNE. (*She hesitates, and looks down.*) I did, sir.

JACK. You? I don't believe it. (*He stares perplexedly at her, then*

smiles as an idea comes to him.) Here, I want you to try one of mine. (*Produces his case. She looks around as if seeking escape, then seats herself, and taking his proffered case, selects a cigarette and awkwardly lights it. The hall-door opens noiselessly, and Florence, in dainty street attire, enters. She stands transfixed with astonishment at the antics of Susanne. Jack does not see her as yet, but Susanne does, and she deftly slides the cigarette onto the table. She arises and goes toward her mistress. Jack turns his head, and, catching a glimpse of Florence, seizes the cigarette and starts puffing it. Florence comes across in front of him. She is dignified, but can scarcely contain her feelings. Susanne follows her.*)

FLORENCE. (*Turning slightly.*) Susanne, you may go.

(*Susanne, with a little forlorn gesture, leaves the room. Silence follows, as the clouds begin to gather.*)

JACK. (*Still smoking, and not looking at her.*) I was evidently not expected.

FLORENCE. (*Coldly.*) Nor I.

JACK. It is needless to say that I had guessed that you would be out.

FLORENCE. You guessed correctly, from a multitude of chances.

JACK. And I made my plans accordingly.

FLORENCE. With one unfortunate omission.

JACK. Yes?

FLORENCE. You quite stupidly overlooked my return.

JACK. Florence, why blind yourself, and try to blind me, with your own folly? My suspicions have been awake for several days. It was only today that I succeeded in confirming them.

FLORENCE. Folly? Suspicions? Are you aiming to palm off your unutterable conduct on me?

JACK. If this were not the most serious crisis in my life, your heroics would amuse me.

FLORENCE. Then let's have done. Susanne shall go at once. I suppose I have the right to ask you to follow her. The whole thing has been so disgusting, so glaringly brutal——.

JACK. (*Musingly, as his walls tumble about him.*) Yes, she will go—and I will follow. It's a decent ending; no explanations to make—for you, anyway. (*He arises and crosses slowly to private hallway door.*) I presume a good-by of any kind would be sadly out of place?

FLORENCE. (*With her back toward him.*) It would be worse than perfunctory. (*As he leaves the room, she falls trembling into a chair. She gazes before her as at the ruins of the world, then absently presses the push-button.*)

SUSANNE. (*Entering.*) Did you ring, madam?

FLORENCE. (*Starting.*) Yes—you may bring my tocque and pongee coat. Is my travelling bag still packed? The one that we—that I brought home with me. Please bring it quickly.

(*Susanne exits. Florence looks around her sadly, then takes off several rings and an antique pendant, and lays them on the table. As Susanne enters with her things, she is seated again.*)

FLORENCE. Susanne, you may give them to me. (*Susanne starts to hand her the tocque, etc.*) No, you know what I mean. (*Susanne is about to lay down the tocque, etc.*) Come here, and kneel down near me, please. (*Susanne obeys, and Florence, groping in the intricacies of the maid's coiled hair, pulls forth a little white box. Taking a cigarette from it, she lights it adeptly, and puffs feverishly. The hangings over the hallway are drawn slightly aside, and Jack peers at her. His face expresses varying emotions; surprise, relief, joy. He dashes the hangings aside and runs into the room.*)

JACK. Florence!

HER SECRET

FLORENCE. (*With cigarette poised in mid-air.*) Mr. Stanhope!

JACK. (*Eagerly.*) Do you indulge every day—and——

FLORENCE. It is my habit, sir.

JACK. Have you left cigarette ends on the table, and——

FLORENCE. I'm not accustomed to swallow them as yet.

JACK. And—and—I see it all, the fumes of smoke in the room; the ends on the table yesterday; the ashes today; my hideous deductions! Darling, how can I ever be forgiven?

FLORENCE. Jack, I will be equally frank with you. When we married, I thought my little vice would shock you. You had placed me, unwilling, upon such a dazzling pedestal. Perhaps I was wrong; but I concealed the little puffs from you, and you—silly boy—suspected a conflagration.

JACK. Flo, dear, I insist on being the first one to say it. (*With conviction.*) I am an unmitigated ass. If Susanne had not——

FLORENCE. (*Coldly.*) Which reminds me that she must leave, and at once.

JACK. But Flo, let me explain myself out. Even an ass can do that. I came home, poisoned with suspicion, and let myself in like a thief in the night. Susanne answered my questions with the most consummate skill. I thought she was deceiving me. When, in order to shield you, she confessed that she was the guilty one, I literally choked her with a club cigarette. It was her first and last offense as a smoker, I can assure you.

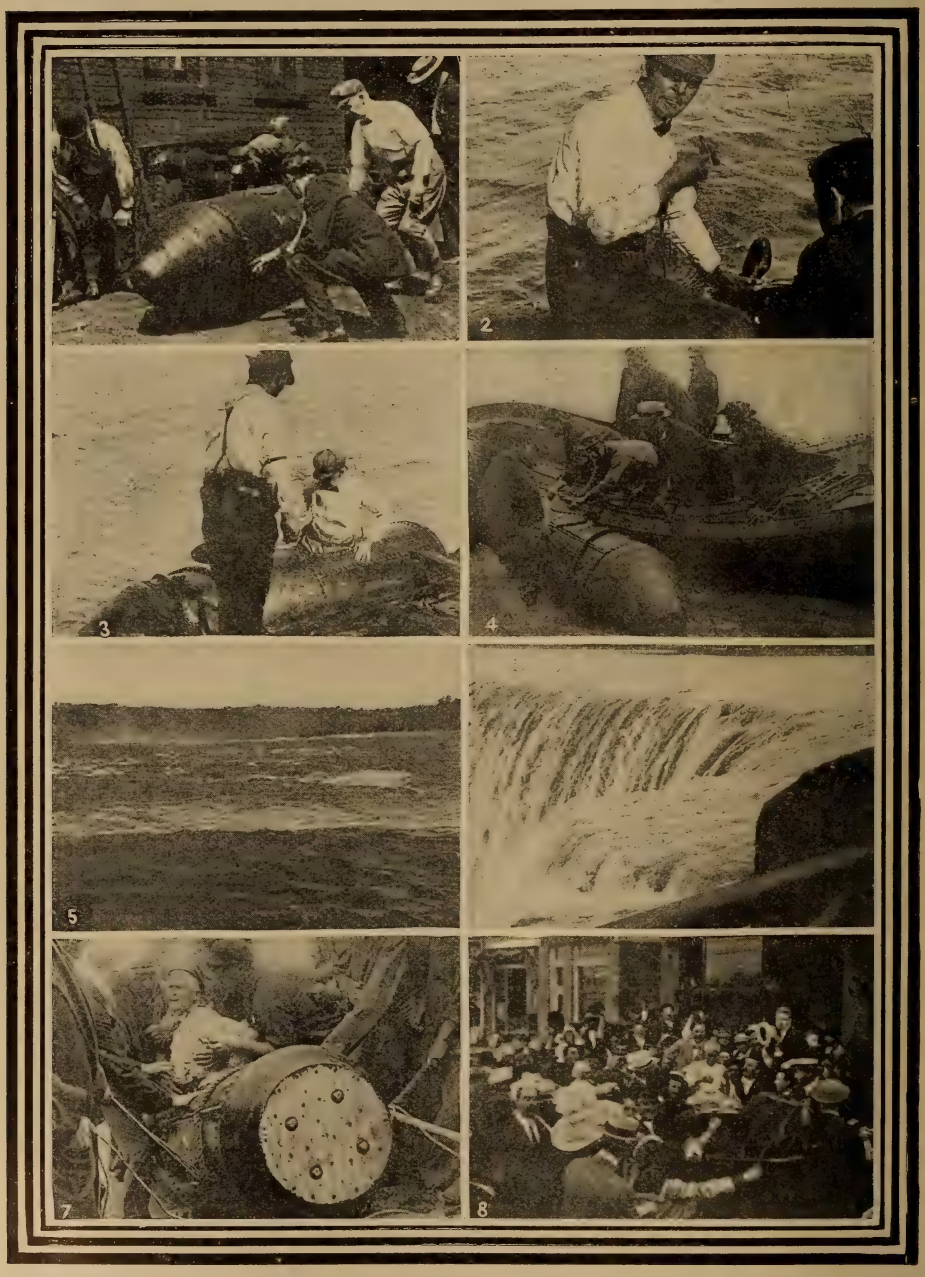
FLORENCE. (*Gradually warming to his explanation.*) Jack, I believe you. I have never seen a healthy maid look pale-green before—and I forgive her for her uncompetitive color.

JACK. How about the ass?

FLORENCE. (*Putting her arms about his neck.*) May all his troubles end —as mine began—in smoke!

SCENES FROM "OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL"

(Vitagraph)



1. The iron barrel in which Leach went over the falls.

2. Bobby Leach, 69 years of age.

3. Leach getting into the barrel thru the manhole.

4. Screwing on the lid of the manhole at the last moment.

5. The barrel in the rapids above the falls.

6. The barrel on the brink of the falls just before its awful fall into the vortex.

7. Helping Leach out of the barrel on the Canadian shore; showing end of barrel which was knocked off at the bottom of falls.

8. In for rest after the perilous trip.

Letters to the Editor

In your May number in THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I read the interesting article, "A Pleasant Afternoon."

It put me greatly in mind of my 11-year old son, who used to coax me to attend the Motion Picture shows. I too did not think it proper for a child to go to them, until one evening my husband persuaded me to go. It proved to be an excellent show, and there was nothing shown there that I would not wish my boy to see.

After that I often gave him a nickel and told him to go and enjoy himself, and I knew that he would be off the street and at a safe place. And since he has seen such instructive pictures, Natural History and other history, I see a great change in his report card. Whereas he used to get marked in history from 60-70, he now has no lower than 85-90 and sometimes higher, and he dearly loves those lessons.

And often of an evening, when tired after a hard day's work, with my little ones I will take a short walk in the beautiful fresh air, then sit comfortably for one hour and have a good, hearty laugh, forget that I ever was tired, and walk home happy, feeling that life really is worth living after all, on account of the Motion Picture Show.

MRS. CHARLES DAEHN, Riverdale, Ill.

My husband brought me a copy of your magazine a day or so ago (knowing my fondness for the Moving Pictures and everything pertaining thereto), and I was never more pleased with anything in my life—am very "keen" on the pictures and know the faces of the players in them as well as I do those of my friends, can even tell when they change from one company to another, or can look at a picture of any of the Motion Picture players and tell what company they belong to.

The Moving Picture certainly is a wonderful thing. Some poet or philosopher once said, "Would the gods the gift had given us, to see ourselves as others see us." Well, the Motion Picture has certainly solved *that* problem; however, guess it's a good thing all of us are not Motion Picture players.

Your magazine *certainly is "great,"* and I appreciate it especially, because I am so interested in the pictures and the people in them, and, of course, am anxious to see their pictures elsewhere, know their names and read about them.

My husband bought the May number of your magazine Sunday, a week ago, and Tuesday we saw "Big-hearted Jim" run at the "Folly" theater and played by the same company as shown in your magazine, the Kalem players.

Think your idea of putting your magazine on sale in the Motion Picture theaters a good one. Am not "pulling" for the "Agency for Savannah," but just like to see a "good thing" succeed, and believe me, whenever the opportunity presents itself, I shall certainly speak a good word for THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

I see a notice in the back of the May number, stating that the February supply is exhausted. I am very much disappointed at this. I had hoped to get every copy; "begin at the beginning" as it were.

Am sending a postal for reply, and hope to hear from you regarding same, at your earliest convenience. If I receive favorable reply from you, will forward money for same immediately. Hoping that you can furnish me with the "greatly desired" three copies, wishing you and your "classy" little magazine all success, and impatiently awaiting your next issue, I am, MRS. R. A. STRATTON, No. 28 Abercorn St., Savannah, Ga.

I am a little girl, eleven years old. My father is a subscriber to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and I think it is the most interesting magazine that we take. Whenever the "Bonita" advertises a picture that is in these books we always go.

FERNANDE EDELBLUT, 239 Telfair St., Augusta, Ga.

A friend sent me to-day a copy of your magazine. It is the first time I have seen it. I think it is *splendid*, and fills a long-felt want. The pictures called "Pals" have been presented here at the "Bonita" and were clear and good, and every one seemed to like it. I like the "Musings of a Photoplay Philosopher" very much indeed. I think he understands "human nature" pretty well. I shall not miss a copy of your magazine after this. NORA G. PAGE, 228 Telfair St., Augusta, Ga.

If the May issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE contained one or two good stories, and if the rest were not up to the usual magazine standard, it would not be hard choosing; but why, oh why! publish all good stories and then ask the poor public to pick a winner? I found it difficult.

T. C. MCCONNELL, 1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

IT PAYS! IT PAYS!

¶ They all say that, dont they?—but they cant all prove it, can they? Advertising in The Motion Picture Story Magazine pays, and we can prove it. Better still, you prove it, Mr. Advertiser. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. You never can tell how a thing is going to pan out till you try it. A black hen will lay a white egg. Still waters run deep. The ant doesn't cut much figure in the animal kingdom, but it does a lot of work, and is more intelligent than lots of humans.

¶ Don't imagine that because a man has the Moving Picture habit, he cant buy an automobile. There was a time when only children attended the silent drama. That was long ago. Now, doctors, lawyers, bankers—even governors—and their wives, have the habit.

¶ Over 15,000,000 people see the Picture Plays every day, and they are just as various as are the plays—some elegant, some poor. It has come to be a fad of the rich, just as it was once a fad of the poor. Drop in one of the modern picture theaters and see for yourself the average "class" of the mixed audience. And watch how they all besiege the pretty girl in the box office for a copy of this magazine. It is their reference book and their Bible. The fans are crazy about it.

¶ Over 5,000 theaters get this magazine, and some of them sell 500 copies a month. And, once bought, a picture magazine like this is kept—not thrown away. They are given the place of honor on the library table, and you will find last month's under this, and the preceding month's under that. Thus, the life of each copy is much longer than 30 days. And how long, think you, an "ad" in such a magazine will live, and be seen?

¶ Besides, the stories and pictures in this magazine are surpassingly excellent, and the regular fiction-loving public have found that out. Where is the rival?—pictorially, at least. That is why we appeal to others than the Motion Picture public.

¶ Now just let this truth sink in: THAT PRODUCT IS BEST WHICH IS ADVERTISED BEST. And the public know it. The reason that advertised goods are known to be the best is, everybody knows that advertisers have a reputation to sustain! Hence, when a reader sees a thing advertised in a magazine, he knows that that thing must be a good thing! Iteration and reiteration—that is what makes a thing famous.

¶ And so, Mr. Advertiser, just let our readers know what you have to sell. They will buy because they know that what's good enough to advertise is good enough to buy.

¶ Try it—it pays!

THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER.

The Cash Prize Contest

1 2 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

In the March, April and May numbers of The Motion Picture Story Magazine we announced that we would award $250 in prizes for the best answers to this question, "Which story in this magazine do you like best and why?" The prizes were as follows:

First prize	$50.00	Fourth prize	$15.00
Second prize	35.00	Fifth prize	10.00
Third prize	25.00	Sixth prize	5.00

Thirty prizes of $2 each, fifty prizes of $1 each.

As announced in the August number, the judges of the contest included such distinguished men as Mr. Edwin Markham, Mr. Will Carleton, Mr. Hudson Maxim, Mr. J. H. Johnston and Mr. Charles G. Balmanno. Thousands of answers were received, and the judges had a serious task before them. About five hundred of the answers were so excellent that many disputes arose among the judges as to which to eliminate, and it was regretted on all sides that there were not more prizes to award. There was by no means a unanimous agreement as to the best eight letters, because, for example, Mr. Markham and Mr. Carleton favored awarding the first prize to Miss Schultz, while Mr. Maxim was in favor of awarding it to Mr. Dean, Mr. Balmanno to Miss Meury and Mr. Johnston to Mrs. Peel. Again, what one judge thought should win second prize another judge thought should win the fifth and another the seventh prize. The decisions were finally arrived at on the principle of majority rule, and each letter was voted for, the one getting the most votes being declared the winner. Each judge was allowed six votes for first prize, five for the second and so on, and in that way an equitable decision was reached. The names and addresses of the prize winners, in the proper order, are as follows:

1. Laura L. Schultz, Durango, Col., "A Republican Marriage."
2. Miss Rebecca Middleton Samson, 80 Lenox Road, Rockville Center, N. Y., "A Dixie Mother."
3. James K. P. Dickson, Box 286, Montgomery, W. Va., "A Dixie Mother."
4. W. E. Confer, 418 Napoleon St., Johnstown, Pa., "Herod and the New-born King."
5. Frank McIntosh, 529 Goeph St., Bethlehem, Pa., "A Republican Marriage."
6. Miss Bertha A. Humphreys, 240 Agnew Av., Carrick Boro, Pittsburg, Pa., "Mike the Miser."
7. Miss O. Meury, 66 Ellery St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "A Tale of Two Cities."
8. C. B. Dean, Braznel Apartments, Center St., Braddock, Pa., "The Big Scoop."
9. Mrs. Josephine Lorson, 10 Scott Pl., Rockville Center, N. Y., "The Test."
10. Mrs. J. Peel, 360 54th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "How Mary Met the Punchers."
11. Joseph L. Baggott, 1432 Garrison Av., St. Louis, Mo., "The Doctor."
12. Herbert G. Moody, editor *Searchlight*, Redding, Cal., "The Golden Supper."
13. Louis W. Baker, Jr., 142 W. 3d St., Oswego, N. Y., "Big-Hearted Jim."
14. A. Florence Little, 324 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "His Trust."
15. B. N. Dutt, New York University, New York City, "Herod and the New-born King."
16. J. E. Reizenstein, city editor *Daily Press*, Iowa City, Iowa, "The Eye of Conscience."
17. Miss Olive E. Brower, 347 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "A Republican Marriage."
18. Mrs. Clemens Grey Hewitt, May Apartments, Montgomery, Ala., "A Dixie Mother."
19. Alfred Hollingsworth, 503 W. 124th St., New York City, "The Perversity of Fate."
20. Rev. Benjamin Franklin, College Church, Oakland City, Ind., "Sailor Jack's Reformation."
21. Chas. M. Staley, U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., "A Dixie Mother."

22. George Forbes, 425 6th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Mike the Miser."
23. S. Ordell Trescott, 620 Summit St., Alliance, Ohio, "Abraham Lincoln's Clemency."
24. Catherine Orr, 54 Bainbridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Abraham Lincoln's Clemency."
25. J. C. Nattrass, Bellingham, Wash., "The Doctor."
26. John A. Arthur, Washington, N. C., "A Dixie Mother."
27. Miss Sarah Peacock, 120 Crawford St., Thomasville, Ga., "A Dixie Mother."
28. Gladys George, care of New York *Dramatic Mirror*, New York, "The Golden Supper."
29. Miss Julia Krapps, 5 W. Park Pl., Athens, Ohio, "A Dixie Mother."
30. Isaac Fisher, Pine Bluff, Ark., "Big-Hearted Jim."
31. Etta Bruce, Lynbrook, N. Y., "A Tale of Two Cities."
32. Frances Slack, 111 So. Orange St., Peoria, Ill., "The Big Scoop."
33. Miss May Bragdon, 22 Hubbell Park, Rochester, N. Y., "A Tale of Two Cities."
34. W. H. Yost, secretary Somerset County Sabbath School Association, 702 Somerset Av., Windber, Pa., "Herod and the New-born King."
35. Lucille M. Smyth, care of U. S. Weather Bureau, Montgomery, Ala., "Herod and the New-born King."
36. Mrs. Elena Doyle, East Bridgewater, Mass, "A Dixie Mother."
37. L. G. Waigle, Citizens' Bank, Augusta, Ga., "His Trust."
38. George Schnepper, Circuit Court, Huron, S. Dak., "A Republican Marriage."
39. Earl T. Zylicz, New Commercial House, Franklin, La., "The Golden Supper."
40. Ellinor E. Garmhausen, 516 W. 27th St., Baltimore, Md., "The Doctor."
41. Catherine Ray, 1032 W. Market St., York, Pa., "A Republican Marriage."
42. Madge Miller, 300 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Catherine Howard."
43. Miss Ariel Griffin, 755 E. 12th St., Los Angeles, Cal., "The Golden Supper."
44. George C. Vogel, 73 Highland Av., Jamaica, N. Y., "An American Count."
45. G. B. Kennedy, Mayor's Office, Birmingham, Ala., "Selling Old Master."
46. Dorothy E. Johnson, 227 5th Av., Brooklyn, N. Y., "A Republican Marriage."
47. W. W. Barnett, 906 Milam St., Houston, Tex., "Sailor Jack's Reformation."
48. Katherine Kepper, 29 No. Linwood Av., Baltimore, Md., "The Big Scoop."
49. Mrs. Elizabeth York, 2830 Marion Av., New York City, "An American Count."
50. Louis E. Porter, Box 146 Greensburg, Ind., "A Republican Marriage."
51. Miss E. Leonora Pepperman, 521 So. Lawrence St., Mailgomery, Ala., "Tho Your Sins be as Scarlet."
52. William D. Cawley, Jr., Elkton, Md., "The City of Boys."
53. Thomas Kennerly Sexton, Graham, Va., "Mike, the Housemaid."
54. Miss Martha Riegel, 28 No. High St., Bethlehem, Pa., "A Tale of Two Cities."
55. H. Weare Holbrook, Onawa, Iowa, "A Dixie Mother."
56. L. W. Marks, 735A Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Catherine Howard."
57. Tillie M. Cunz, 350 W. 124th St., New York City, "Sailor Jack's Reformation."
58. W. L. Rodrigues, 106 Russell St., Orangeburg, S. C., "The Perversity of Fate."
59. Miss Susie Berlien, 209 No. Line St., Columbia City, Ind., "Herod and the New-born King."
60. Catherine Norton, 131 High St., North Attleboro, Mass., "The Test."
61. Ida C. Woolsey, 210 W. Main St., Xenia, Ohio, "A Dixie Mother."
62. Mrs. Kathryn Fredericks, 2409 Flournoy St., Chicago, Ill., "A Dixie Mother."
63. Miss Blanch Milner, 56 Broadway, Alliance, Ohio, "Athalia."
64. H. Herman Shlickerman, 60 4th Av., Newark, N. J., "The Doctor."
65. Charles Daehn, 308 134th St., Riverdale, Ill., "The Doctor."
66. Franklyn B. Conroy, 11A Lafayette St., San Francisco, Cal., "An American Count."
67. Mrs. Ella J. Schwartz, 408 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y., "The Doctor."
68. Clara Fritsche, Mangum, Okla., "Tho Your Sins be as Scarlet."
69. David Borriello, 15 High School Av., Meriden, Conn., "Mike the Miser."
70. James Taylor, Hotel Frederick, Huntington, W. Va., "His Master's Son."
71. Mrs. E. H. Dutcher, Thomasville, Ga., "Abraham Lincoln's Clemency."
72. James J. Treanor, 86 Francis St., Rox, Mass., "Was He a Coward?"
73. C. E. Cochrane, Madison, Ind., "A Republican Marriage."
74. Mrs. W. C. Barlow, Newton, Iowa, "Tho Your Sins be as Scarlet."
75. Mrs. M. E. Waterman, Placerville, Cal., "Tho Your Sins be as Scarlet."
76. Edward B. Fenn, 30 Capitol Av., Meriden, Conn., "A Tale of Two Cities."
77. Effye M. Abernethy, 324 Princeton Pl., Pittsburg, Pa. "A Tale of Two Cities."
78. Nellie Cook, Storey Hotel, Brownsville, Pa., "A Republican Marriage."
79. Fannie MacChesnutt, 902 So. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala., "A Dixie Mother."
80. Miss Fernanda Shroebele, 54 Orleans Av., Springfield, Mass., "The Doctor."
81. S. J. Greenawalt, 362 E. Market St., York, Pa., "A Tale of Two Cities."
82. Mary Costello, 191 Washington Pl., Passaic, N. J., "The Perversity of Fate."
83. W. L. Odett, advertising manager *Daily News*, Beloit, Wis., "The Picture Play as an Educator."
84. Mrs. Joseph Greylang, 100 E. 125th St., New York City, "The Test."
85. Little Mary Jones (9 years old), 927 Brooklyn St., St. Louis, Mo., "The Golden Supper."

Answers to Inquiries

J. B., Macon.—There is no school that fits pupils for the Motion Picture stage. The various directors prefer to draw their players from the dramatic stage, tho occasionally some local talent is developed in the studio. A pupil of such a school would be about the last person engaged by any director who knows his business. It would not pay you to make a trip North in search of a chance.

"Mick," Oberlin.—The announcement that the Kalem Company would repeat their trip to Ireland was correct, but you are in too much of a hurry. The company did not leave New York until June 3. Miss Gene Gauntier heads this section of the company, and Sidney Olcott is the director. Nine other players are members of the party, the extra people being engaged in London on the way to Killarney, where the company will make headquarters.

"Ideal," St. Louis.—Yes. It would be very nice if you could see Miss Turner in all the Vitagraph pictures, but they are releasing four a week, and it takes about a week to make a full-reel subject. Sometimes it takes two or three, or even longer. Miss Turner would have to be triplets at the very least to get into all the pictures.

A. H., Albany.—Robert Conness plays the name part in the Edison productions of the Van Bibber stories. Yes. He is a "regular" actor, as his work proves.

Mrs. S., Pittsburg.—Charles Kent, one of the Vitagraph directors, is the player you have in mind. His vaudeville appearances were brief, but he has a splendid record on the dramatic stage. He has been with the Vitagraph for several years, and has staged many of their important productions.

"Feliz," Youngstown.—The Gaumont Company has no studio here. The films are made in France and imported by George Kleine, of Chicago, who handles that product and the work of the Urban-Eclipse studio in this country.

H. E. S., Ogden.—Miss Pates played the heroine in Pathé's "A Close Call." The rescue from the cowcatcher was not tricked, but was done with a regulation engine. Miss Joyce, of the Kalem Company, was never on the dramatic stage. She was an artist's model, well known to the more prominent illustrators. Write the Kalem Company, 235 West 23d street, New York, in reference to her picture. They have some very artistic lithographed portraits in Indian dress.

"Raymond," Boston.—The Selig Company had players in Florida and Los Angeles thru the winter. The home studio is in Chicago.

J. A., Burlington.—The terms you mention are trade designations of the various classes of film. "First run" films simply means that the picture is the manufacturer's release for that day—that it is being run for the first time. The following day it becomes "Second run," and so on, for the first week. After that it becomes "Not more than ten days old," or fifteen, or twenty, as the case may be, until the end of the month, when it becomes "commercial," which means that it is no longer "dated." "Junk" is film that, thru age or hard usage, is no longer fit to run. We have supplemented your list of terms to give you the full dictionary.

"Elmer," New Orleans.—Herbert Prior did most of the leading men in the Edison Company's Cuban stories. Mabel Trunelle and Laura Sawyer were the heroines, and Charles Sutton, James Gordon and Richard Ridgeley were other members of the party. Mr. Ridgeley did the slave in "The Crusader."

F. M. F., Massillon.—The Pathé microcinematographic films are not trick pictures in any sense. You apparently base your doubts on the failure of other experiments along these lines, and probably have not seen the simple explanation. Instead of throwing the light *thru* these slides, as is the custom, the light is thrown *upon* the slide and the pictures are made by transmitted instead of reflected light. That is how a magnification of 50,000 diameters is possible. And here, again, you overlook the fact that the magnification of the projection machine aids the effect.

E. K. L., Seattle.—Miss Mary Fuller is a member of the Edison Stock Company, but was formerly with the Vitagraph. The reason you see her under both trade-marks is that you are getting old Vitagraphs and new Edisons on the same program.

M. McQ., New York.—Surely the Kalem Company would not send its players to Ireland and ignore Blarney Castle. We do not know the title of the story in which the castle will appear, but they have been there.

F. O. A., Auburn.—It is true that there was a baby reindeer at the Vitagraph studio, born in Brooklyn, but the dogs used as a part of the equipment of "Caribou Bill," whose stock has figured in the Alaskan pictures, had a reindeer party one night. There is no baby reindeer now.

Victor, Cincinnati.—"The Star-Spangled Banner" is not a part of the Edison historical series, according to their announcement. It was made a feature release for the Fourth of July. This answers your comment. Guy Coombs played the part of the composer, Francis Scott Key.

M. T., New Orleans.—You may be able to arrange to have the picture made. We cannot give addresses. Probably $1 to $2 per foot for negative and about 10 cents for positive prints.

A. R. I., Boston.—We know of no company which has sent players to Japan, altho the Pathé Frères and others have had operators in that country who have made travel and industrial subjects.

M. V. P., Indianapolis.—Your question is too broadly stated to be answered here. Briefly, painted scenery for Photoplays is done in black and white or colors according to the preference of the studio.

I. D. W., Buffalo.—It would not pay you to come to New York in the hope of connecting with some stock company. The fact that you are a good horsewoman would help you, but even with that the odds would be much against you.

W. D. E., Tucson.—You cannot believe all you are told. Florence Lawrence is a fearless horsewoman. Some old Vitagraph releases prove that. She is with Lubin now.

"Constant Reader."—According to A. E. Taylor, who is the London correspondent of an American newspaper, there are 4,000 electric theaters in the United Kingdom, with a daily attendance of about 3,000,000.

M. M. M., New York; Mrs. E. V., Galveston; "D. Know," Newark.—We cannot undertake to answer questions not of general interest nor those dealing with what may be classed as "trade secrets."

Biograph Players.—Numerous correspondents are advised that the Biograph Company does not give out any information as to the personality of its players. Such inquiries cannot be answered.

"Sheet," Atlanta.—The "mirror screen" is a patented device. It is merely a mirror with its unsilvered surface slightly ground to prevent too distinct a reflection. An ordinary mirror would not answer.

"Has the Lubin Company a Western troupe or are their Indians all made in Philadelphia?" We understand that there is a Western company in process of formation, but they have made some splendid Western releases in their home territory.

"Admirer," Philadelphia.—James Young Deer is now the director of the Pathé Company operating on the Pacific slope. He has appeared in Lubin pictures and also with the Vitagraph and Biograph.

"Quill," Bridgeport.—Authors' names are not given by the picture companies for several good reasons, the principal one being that it is seldom that the author furnishes more than the idea for a Photoplay. This rule has its exceptions, of course, as in the case of Richard Harding Davis, Thomas W. Hanshew and a few others.

Alice F., Omaha.—The fire scenes in Selig's "The Still Alarm" were mostly made in Los Angeles by arrangement with the fire department there. Several interesting pictures were made while a section of the company was wintering there.

"Memoriam," Bangor.—Arthur Johnson is not dead. He is frequently killed by ushers and piano players in Photoplay theaters, but he refuses to be obliging. It is odd that about the time of your inquiry the same report was current in New York. Ushers have to have something to talk about beside the weather.

Grace K., Washington.—The troopers in Melies' "The Immortal Alamo" were the cadets of the Peacock Military Academy. The scenes in and about the Alamo were made by permit from the mayor. The company is now in California.

Harry G., New Orleans.—The Gaumont Company has no studio in the United States. The films are imported from France by George Kleine, of Chicago, who also imports the Urban-Eclipse films.

H. K. L., Camden.—You have two brothers mixed. Joseph Santley was drowned in the Hudson while canoeing. Frederic Santley, his brother, was with him at the time, but was rescued after he had vainly tried to reach his brother. Joseph was a member of the Pathé Company. Frederic is with the Kalem players.

"Eagle," Spokane.—The Vitagraph Company was the first to establish a permanent stock company.

"Puzzled," Lexington.—There is no fixed classification of subjects. One English publication uses nineteen classifications. Here in America the ones mostly used are drama, comedy, travel, scenic and industrial. They are self-explanatory, altho the travel and scenic are interchangeable where a travel picture is also a photograph of scenery.

Mrs. M. M., Denver.—Address the player in care of the company she is connected with. We cannot give personal addresses.

"Interested," Columbus.—Some one is betting on a sure thing. Without digging into the records, the Biograph has visualized at least two of Tennyson's poems previous to Enoch Arden. The latest was "The Golden Supper." The Vitagraph, not Biograph, did "Elaine." Biograph did "Pippa Passes," but that is by Browning and not Tennyson. We cannot tell who played the title rôle in Enoch Arden.

"Photographs," St. Paul.—Most of the companies sell sets of photographs of their players to the exhibitors. Possibly they would sell you a set. Write the companies direct. Your Photoplay theater manager can give you the addresses. The Biograph does not distribute pictures of their players except in their films.

"MILLY," MERIDEN.—The "charming little woman" is Miss Florence Lawrence, now with the Lubin Company. Yes, we know whether she is married. You do not ask us to tell, and it will be no use to ask.

"Why doesn't the Biograph stop being stingy with the names of their players? It is so much more interesting when you know who the players are."—STETSON, PORTLAND. We do not know the exact reason, but presume that it must be a good one to be maintained in the face of the fierce efforts made to obtain them. Just the same, cant you name the players yourself? Before the players were known, the practice of naming actors was a common one, and it served just as well.

C. B., NEW YORK.—Nat Willis is not a permanent photoplayer. He merely filled a special engagement with the Powers Company. If you could see some of the contracts he signs with the vaudeville managers, the four-figure salary would explain why he doesn't "act regular" with the film company.

"Where do some of the picture producers get their ideas of Indians—from the dime novels?"—ALLAN F., RENO. We have to give this one up. It has puzzled us for a long time, but the data is not derived from the dime novels.

"EDUCATIONAL," ST. AUGUSTINE.—We are sorry, but we cannot give you a list of schools using Motion Pictures as a part of the course. We do not believe that there is any school yet using the pictures daily. The list of schools using pictures as a supplement to the lecture courses would be too long to print here. We are sending you an address to which you may write.

G. S. B., HAVANA.—We welcome our first foreign visitor. Frank Dayton is the Essanay "heavy," concerning whom you ask. He is a recruit from the Frohman companies and was in the original "Shenandoah" company, following Henry Miller in the part of Col. West. He has also scored successes in "Lost Paradise" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

J. G., ALBANY.—Kenneth Casey and Adele de Garde are the two Vitagraph children. Yale Boss is the Edison youngster you indicate. See note above about Biograph players.

"DETAIL," WICHITA.—The Vitagraph film, "The Shelling of the San Marco," was made with government permission and was not faked. If you think you can fake "as good," there's a place for you in almost any film company.

MRS. M., HARRISBURG.—The convincing castle scenes in Edison's "The Crusader" were made in Cuba and not in England, as you suggest, tho they look as if they might have been made in some baronial castle. The Palestine scenes were made at the same time.

J. M. B., STILLWATER.—It would require too much space to give a catalog of sound effects. Visit some theater and sit close to the drummer. There are English machines, electrically operated, which produce the sounds by special mechanism, but there are few, if any, in this country. Credit should be given Trewey, the old French shadowgraphist and entertainer, for being the first to use effects with pictures when he exhibited the first Lumiere machine in London, in 1895.

B. T. M., OAKLAND.—You are right. The stout comedian with the Essanay players is Harry Cashman, for so long with the Tivoli Opera Company. He has had dramatic experience, as well, with the Frawley Company, James Niel and others. We cannot advise you "how he compares" with the others you mention. That is a matter of individual preference.

B. M., BURLINGTON.—"His Misjudgment" appeared in the Associated Sunday Magazines about a year ago as "Purple and Fine Linen." The fire scenes looked real because they were real. The scenery was set afire and extinguished with the hose after the last scene was taken. Mirian Nesbitt and Robert Conness were the principals. The Edison Company had produced other of Mr. Hanshew's stories, the most recent being "A Case of High Treason."

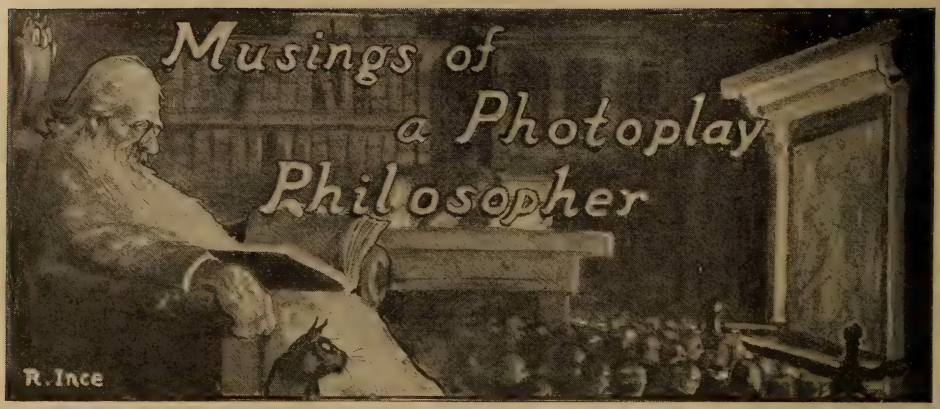
J. P. C., QUINCY.—The best way to study scenario writing is to send for a slip such as most companies furnish without charge, get an idea of the scenario form and then study pictures on the screen. Reason out why and how things are done and you will be able to do them yourself.

F. K. E., LOS ANGELES.—Your question is vaguely stated, but the "horseback dance" to which you refer is probably the mounted quadrille in Melies' "An Unwilling Cowboy."

M. U., BOSTON.—We have no knowledge of motion photographs of the Maine as she now is, but the Edison "In and Around Havana" shows the work as it was just before the water was pumped out.

"ADMIRER," PHILADELPHIA.—The reason the Kalem stories fit Miss Gene Gauntier so well is because she writes the scenarios herself. She has written a majority of the Kalem pictures for the past couple of years and has plotted practically all of the big productions. She is now with the section of the company in Ireland.

"Is Marc McDermott, of the Edison Company, as cross as he looks in the pictures?" —M. M. P. Not even as cross as that. You cannot expect him to act like a comedian when he is playing serious parts, but we dont think that he "looks cross" in the majority of his rôles. He is not the studio "cut-up," but he is genial and not at all assuming.



THE story by John Elleridge Chandos in the June issue of this magazine, entitled "The Immortal Alamo," was written from the scenario of Wilbert Melville. It was Mr. Melville who conceived the idea, designed the plot and formulated the scenario, and he is entitled to full credit therefor. It may be well to add here, that nearly all of the stories appearing in this magazine are written around scenarios, the authors of which are not known to the editors. The names of the scenario writers are always given when known.

One of the greatest cases on record is being tried, with the people as the jury, and it might be called The Newspaper *vs.* The Motion Picture. The plaintiff seemed to have the better of it at first, but the verdict will undoubtedly be for the defendant. The press has certainly met its master at last. Reaching about 4,500,000 persons daily in this country alone, the Motion Picture holds in its grasp a tremendous power, and in the main it is using it for good, which is more than can be said of the press.

I recently saw a farmer standing in front of a Photoplay theater, gazing intently at a colored poster. At last he moved off disgustedly, and I heard him mutter: "That's a gol-durned fraud. Moving Pictures? Why, I've watched that blamed picter fer half an hour, an' it ain't moved an inch!"

The labor unions at Bradford, Pa., are using Motion Pictures to promote their cause. This suggests other possibilities for the future, for why may not political parties make use of Photoplays in place of stump speakers and pamphlets, and so with the "No License" advocates and with all reformers? And why may not the various taxpayers' associations, churches, schools, pure food leagues, good roads associations, public parks advocates, etc., etc., do likewise? People will "listen" to a picture when they would not listen to a speech or read a pamphlet; and, again, a speaker can only speak once at the same time, whereas a picture may be duplicated by the thousand so that hundreds of thousands may see it at the same time and in different parts of the country.

I am pleased to note that many of the booklets sent out by the United States Government are done in simplified spelling. No doubt Messrs. Roosevelt and Carnegie will be equally pleased. Uncle Sam goes farther than does this magazine, for he often drops final *ed* and substitutes a *t* or a *d*, whereas this magazine spells only two words that way—*kist* and *learnt*, which is as Shakespeare spelled them.

Elias North writes me about his favorite Photoplays. He seems to like the classic novels, such as "Les Miserables," and he is equally fond of scenery. Let me quote from his letter: "Then an occasional playlet can be seen—the old but always charming love story woven therein—bringing us thru the beautiful ranches of California, with their plum and orange groves; or the deserts of Nevada and Arizona, with their mining camps; or the mountains of Colorado, with their narrow passes and steep cliffs and beautiful valleys; or the plains of the Middle West, with their miles of wheat and corn; or thru the sunny South, amid the darkies in the cotton and tobacco fields; or the cold North, with its snow and ice and its lumber camps and log cabins; or the Indian reservations, among the real live Indians, with their squaws and papooses, their wigwams and picturesque hunting grounds; or in the great cities, where we see the vicious and weak, poor and humble, the rich and powerful in their actual surroundings vividly portrayed. . . . Occasionally you have witnessed a Photoplay that tells a Bible story, the rendering of which should be witnessed by our boys and girls, as it makes a greater impression, teaches a more lasting moral, gains their attention and holds their interest more than any Sunday-school teacher could possibly do."

I found the following note in the Chicago *Examiner:* "In one respect at least Moving Pictures have performed a work that man has found difficult. They have converted the head hunters of the Philippines into decent citizens. Our officials in the islands were at a loss how to impress upon the savages the advantages of cleanliness until they hit upon the Moving Pictures. Here was an expedient that spoke all dialects and was entertaining at the same time. The novelty of the show appealed to the native's curiosity and then to his pride, and the result has been clean houses and streets where before there were filth and unsanitary conditions."

I note that the wide-awake people of Guthrie, Okla., are teaching the health-restoring qualities of her mineral wells thru the medium of Motion Pictures. This is another instance of advertising rivalry between the Film and the Press.

Dr. Frederick S. Lee, professor of Columbia University, has been teaching some important truths by means of Motion Pictures that were taken at the Pasteur Institute. Indeed, the eye can see what the ear cannot hear, what the tongue cannot speak, and what the pen cannot write.

Experience bought is worth more than experience taught.

"Yes," said the old gentleman from the country at the close of the first Motion Picture show he had ever attended, "it was a fine performance, but the trouble was that I sat so far back I couldn't hear the actors speak!"

Every time I hear a person condemning Motion Pictures, I ask him how many times he has seen one. I have found that the greatest calumniators are those who know least of what they are condemning, and that they have formed their opinions from what they have heard and read many years ago. There was a time when Motion Pictures were nothing but up-to-date dramatizations of the old-fashioned dime novels, and they were sometimes a medium of falsely representing the aim of life, thus misleading the inexperienced and the morally weak. I find it best not to argue with these busy-bodies, but to induce them to go with me to see a good modern Photoplay.

Every keeper of a corner saloon has good cause to complain when a Motion Picture house is opened near by. Saloons may have their uses, and they may be necessary, for all I know, but certainly more people enter them than would if there were other places where they could be entertained.

The clergy seem to be hesitating whether to denounce Motion Pictures as devil agents or to adopt them in the churches.

If Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Sheridan were alive to-day, would they not be writing Photoplays? Why not? In Paris, Rostand, Capus, Hervieu and Clemenceau are writing picture plays, and it is expected that we shall soon be hearing from Augustus Thomas, Paul Armstrong and Charles Klein.

Many persons seem to think that Motion Pictures are something new, and that they will die out like other novelties; but the truth is that they are about twenty years old, that they are more popular now than ever before, and that the industry is only in its infancy.

The State Superintendent of Instruction of Indiana has affixed the stamp of approval on Motion Pictures, and it seems likely that we shall some day have history, geography, geology and other subjects taught in our public schools everywhere by means of the Photoplay.

A newspaper says that certain persons interested in the Motion Picture business have made the suggestion that the ocean liners be equipped with Motion Picture appliances so that the steerage passengers might have entertainment during the six or seven days of tedious travel. I don't know who those certain persons were, but it seems strange that they should suggest such high-class entertainment only for the steerage passengers. Why should the second and first-class passengers be deprived of that pleasure? What have they done thus to be legislated against? Perhaps it is an idea to get more people to travel third class! Surely, if the plan is adopted and I ever cross the pond, I shall travel third class.

Mr. Theodore B. White sends me the following interesting verses:

The Moving Picture Girl

(Dedicated to Miss Lillian Walker)

Her face I see upon the screen,
  Her beauty and her grace,
But when outside in the wide world
  Of her I find no trace.

Sometimes I see her making love,
  And then in anger's grasp.
Oh! what would I give for the chance
  Her dainty hand to clasp!

Would that I had the Hero's part,
  To rescue her from harm,
And marry her and live in peace
  Upon the little farm!

But then the film comes to a close,
  She's blotted from my view;
But in my dreams I'm thinking still,
  My Picture Girl, of you!

Mr. Boyd Fisher, Director of the Educational Alliance, recently said in the New York *Times,* "The attendant evils of the Moving Picture business have gained attention to the exclusion of the Photoplay itself. Unless it be proposed to abolish the Moving Picture altogether, it is a mistake to give publicity only to the disagreeable features of the business. The making of the Photoplay is a new art, as distinct in its technique, and in its appeal, as the making of books and of stage plays are from each other. Its present influence for good is positive, and its possibilities cannot be adequately forecast. It is entitled to as serious consideration as a medium of expression as any other art."

Now contrast the temperate, scholarly comment of Mr. Fisher with that of Mr. Matthew White, Jr., in *Munsey's Magazine.* Mr. White says, among other things, "The Moving Picture impresario needs only a neat-looking girl cashier, posted in the glass cage, as close to the sidewalk as the law will permit—in order, I suppose, to get a patron's money before he has time to change his mind about going inside. For there is no denying that the film habit distinctly lacks 'class.' Thousands of people patronize it simply because they haven't the price to pay for the flesh-and-blood entertainment." I dont know what manner of man this person White is, but he seems to have more money than brains, and no doubt he buys $2 seats at the regular theater. Furthermore, if the regular theaters charged five cents admission, and the Photoplays charged $2, I think Mr. White is just the kind to say then all the mean things about the drama that he says about the Photoplay now. Some people have an inborn contempt for the poor, and an aristocratic respect for everything that is high-priced.

Why is it that there is more fake, fraud and fear in this world, and less bravery, strength and sturdiness, than at any period of the world's history? If we are gaining in "morals" and in "civilization," are we losing in the other direction?

Life has resolved itself into a struggle for the money-bag. There is a world of wisdom in the old proverb, "Money makes the mare go," for money has come to be the main medium of exchange, representing, as it does, the land on which we live, the soil from which we derive our food, and all the necessities and comforts of life. The love of the money-bag may be the root of all evil, but it is also the root of all life.

Inconceivability is no test of truth. Who conceived of such a thing as the telegraph a hundred years ago, or the telephone, or the X-ray, or the phonograph, or wireless telegraphy, or the Moving Picture? Therefore, witness the unwisdom of stating that such and such a thing is impossible simply because you cannot conceive it. The longer we live, the more we see the worthlessness of such a word as *impossibility.*

We would all be happier if we thought more of what we have than of what we want; and to prove this, examine any of your neighbors who have what you think you want, for you will find that they are no happier than you.

"Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, tho blest, new blessings crave,
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have."

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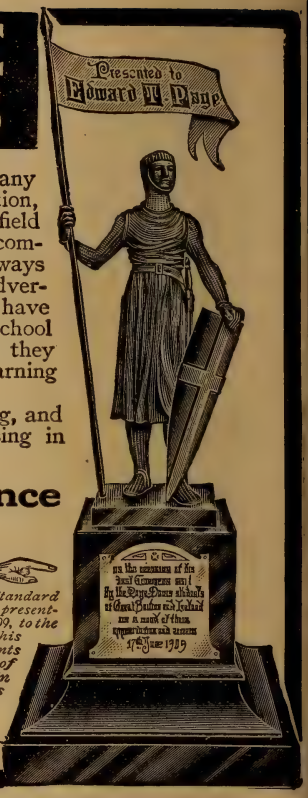

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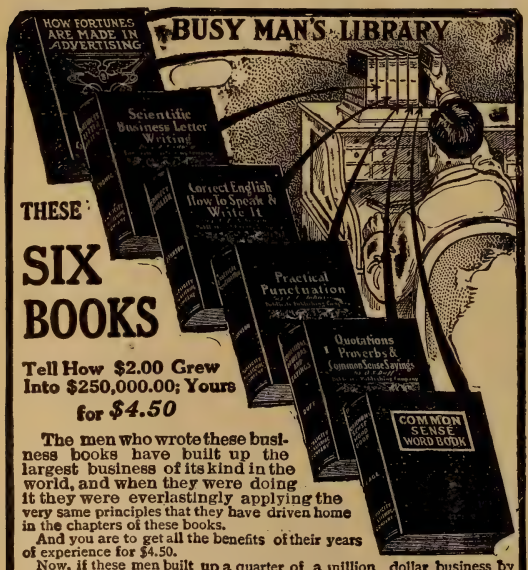
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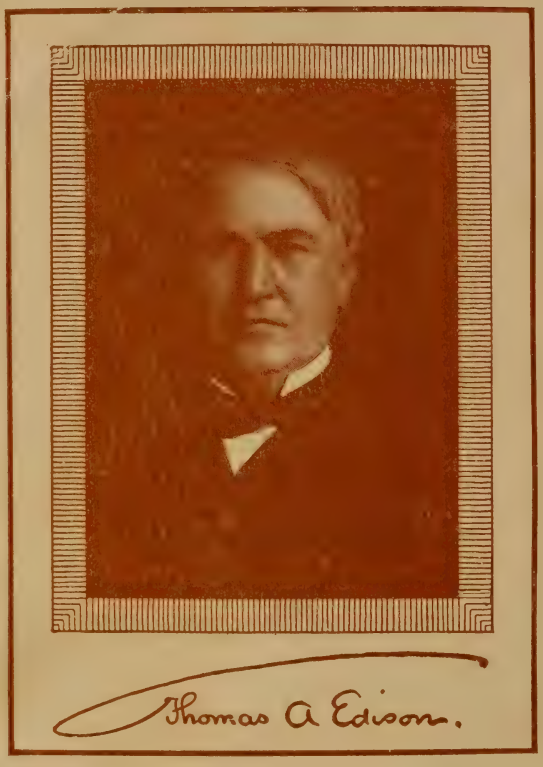

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is published for the public. It has no connection with the Motion Picture industry. It is in no sense a trade publication. It is a magazine of illustrated stories from the notable Photoplays of the month, written by special writers, for the fiction-loving public. As everybody knows, Motion Pictures have come to be an all-important and permanent institution—more so than the drama ever was—and it has been estimated that, on an average, 15,000,000 persons see the Moving Pictures every day. Not for these alone is this magazine intended, altho, doubtless, to them it will have a double interest. These 15,000,000 attend the Silent Drama for various reasons—some because they prefer it to the regular drama, some because they can see four or five plays in two hours, some because they receive the benefits of travel, enlightenment, instruction and moral lessons, combined with entertainment, and some because it is cheaper. The plots of many of the Photoplays furnish superb themes for short stories, and the pictures themselves add the additional charm of illustration; hence, this magazine is designed to supply the public with the best fiction, and, what no other magazine can do, to illustrate each story with life-like pictures of real characters and real scenery.

Again, when a story is read in this magazine, the reader may go to almost any nearby theater and see the story played; and those who have seen a notable Picture Play will be doubly entertained by reading the story in this magazine. Thus, he who reads may see, and he who sees may read, the best plays of the day. Who reads the wonderful stories and admires the beautiful pictures in this magazine, will want to see the characters *move,* and who has been charmed with a Photoplay will want to have it retold in story and to preserve the important scenes in permanent form.

But, aside from Motion Pictures, and leaving them out of consideration altogether, this illustrated magazine is able to stand alone on the quality of its literature and art. While the reader will inevitably find himself attracted to the theaters to see the characters *move,* we try to make this magazine, for its own sake, compare favorably with any other magazine in the world.

THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter Feb. 21, 1911.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. J. Stuart Blackton, President; William J. Hilburn, Vice-President; Eugene V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. and Managing Editor; Montanye Perry and Edwin M. La Roche, Ass't Editors; V. H. Kimmelmann, Manager of Advertising; Guy L. Harrington, Manager of Circulation. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba and Mexico; in Canada and in other foreign countries, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. All manufacturers of Motion Pictures are invited to submit scenarios and photos, which, if accepted, will be paid for at usual rates. The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff, who write all stories that appear in this magazine.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edith Storey
(*Vitagraph*)

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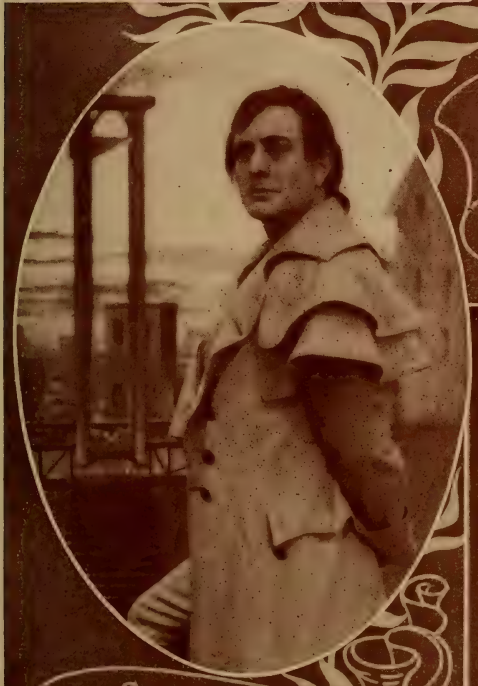

As Sydney Carton in
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. II NOVEMBER No. 10

A False Suspicion

(Essanay)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

It was all owing to Mildred's inordinate love for pretty clothes. She was extravagant and insatiate in her desire for fascinating chiffons, for creations of the bewitching French modistes, and for the smart costumes of Fifth Avenue tailors.

After a particularly formidable avalanche of bills, her indulgent husband explained to her that he could not afford such extravagance, and she, contrite at having caused him worry, promised to retrench.

John Barton was still in love with his wife, and he was proud of her good looks and of her exquisite taste in dress. But he had to call a halt when her mania threatened to plunge them into difficulties. She accepted his remonstrances with a sweet dismay. She had been thoughtless, but she would be very careful henceforth.

"Now, you are not cross any more —are you?" she queried after their interview.

"I wasn't cross, dear," answered John Barton, kissing the pretty, upturned face, "but we are not millionaires, you know."

"Well, from now on, you will have a regular little mouse of a wife. No more nasty bills shall come and make those ugly little frowns over your darling eyes."

Needless to say, the ugly little frowns disappeared like magic, and Mildred joyously squatted on the floor with her children and immediately became as much of a child as they.

JOHN RECEIVES AN AVALANCHE OF BILLS

MRS. LANDOR INVITES MILDRED TO ACCOMPANY HER ON A SHOPPING TOUR

Her promise was sincere and her intention was genuine; but when, the next day, her friend, Mrs. Landor, called and invited her to go on a shopping tour, she could not resist the temptation to singe her wings.

Madame Mantelle's was an exclusive establishment with a reputation for advanced and original ideas. When Mildred and Mrs. Landor reached the shop, it was humming with feminine enthusiasm. Smartly dressed women discussed the philosophy of clothes, while they handled gowns of filmy laces and shimmering silks and critically viewed the handsome girl models who were parading in the latest creations. The atmosphere of this charming shop, with its soft tones in velvety rugs and hangings, its French mirrors, its gold chairs and tables, always induced a sort of intoxication in Mildred. She fingered the gauzy materials, tried on the daring hats, wrapped herself in silken and velvet folds, and reveled in the sensuousness of the fine raiment.

There was one opera cloak that egregiously roused her covetousness. Its graceful lines and its exquisite texture and color suited her piquant beauty to perfection. Mrs. Landor, seconded by the astute Madame Mantelle, went into raptures. They urged her to take it. She laughingly declared that she could not afford it.

"What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Landor. "You can afford it better than I can those two gowns I've just bought."

"It would be a great pity for madame not to take it—nothing could be better suited to madame's style. And it is not necessary to pay immediately. I will allow madame time to pay for it."

Mildred, scrutinizing her entrancing image in the large mirror, was perceptibly weakening during their persuasion. A sudden plan of evasion sprang to her mind.

"If I take it, you must bill it to me —not to my husband," she at last announced.

"Certainly, madame, if you wish."

IN MADAME MANTELLE'S DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT

"Oh, that will be lovely!" exclaimed Mildred, turning to Mrs. Landor. "You know I have been very extravagant, and I promised John not to buy any more expensive clothes for a while. But I can save the price of this out of my allowance, and he will never know."

It was such a delightfully simple way of gratifying her love of finery that she resumed her old habits of darting from shop to shop. She now charged to her own account whatever appealed to her as irresistible.

John Barton did not again refer to the subject of her extravagance. He never doubted that she would keep her promise; and her rich and varied wardrobe excited no suspicion in his mind, for he imagined all those costly garments to have been purchased before he cautioned her.

For a few brief weeks, Mildred was childishly happy; the time and thought that she expended on her adornment brought the rich reward of her husband's compliments and the undisguised admiration of their dearest friend, Richard Lee. But one by one and two by two, and then in numbers, came the bills. Saving from her allowance had been as pitiable a failure as the resolve to economize. And now the reckoning was at hand. She had tried all the usual artifices to stave off her creditors: she had sparred for time, she had made illusory promises of speedy settlements. But now they were upon her like a pack of wolves. They not only terrified her with letters; they invaded her home, and, flinty-hearted in face of her distress, they demanded their money, threatening to go to her husband.

"I am sorry," she said weakly, "that I have not been able to settle with you before this. But I will surely be able to do so tomorrow—I am expecting quite a large sum of money, and you shall all be paid at once."

They left the house gloomily, tho far from convinced, and the wretched woman paced the floor in an agony of remorse and terror. She

THE NEW GOWN ARRIVES

must have money—where could she turn for it? Nervously fingering the daily paper, she unconsciously brought beneath her eyes an advertisement that was like an answer to her wild questionings. It was a loan shark's lure to draw just such distracted minds as Mildred's. "Money lent with greatest privacy to responsible persons, ladies with allowances——" Why, of course, that was the way out of her trouble! How fortunate that she should have seen that advertisement! In a flutter of excitement and hope, she ran to her room, hastily dressed for the street, and hurried out to the office of the hook-nosed gentleman who temporarily relieved the mental strain of harassed clients in return for usurious interest on that momentary relief.

Mildred was somewhat discomfited to find the office of this dispenser of moneys quite as shabby and depressing as the neighborhood in which she was obliged to seek it. She was more discomfited when she was confronted by a greasy, unprepossessing man whose eyes stared with the purposeful, unblinking stare of the shark of the deep. As she sat before him, vainly endeavoring to control her agitation, her shallow, unstable character was as manifest to him as tho graven upon her brow. He knew the type so well—the woman of irresponsible principles in financial matters, of uncontrolled caprices, of hysterical determination to reform when in a scrape, and of airy disregard for consequences until fairly toppling over a precipice. He knew the type, and he knew the cent-by-cent value of one thousand dollars.

He looked up John Barton's rating, and he was very suave and quite willing to lend Mildred the thousand dollars she required. She had only to sign an agreement to pay it back at the rate of fifteen dollars a week. Oh, that would be easy! The trembling woman could scarcely get the pen in her hand quickly enough. Then—as a mere formality, you understand—she would please to sign this other paper acknowledging to her husband that she had borrowed the money.

"No; I wont sign that," declared Mildred, drawing back as if from the thrust of a serpent.

"Then you dont get the money," retorted the lender.

CREDITORS DEMAND PAYMENT OF THEIR BILLS

MILDRED APPLIES FOR AID AT A MONEY LENDER'S

"But I've signed that paper—isn't that a promise to pay it back?" argued Mildred, pleadingly.

The greasy person's lips drew back slightly, disclosing a row of yellow, pointed teeth. Somehow, all hope oozed out of Mildred's soul at the sight of those pointed teeth.

"Have you got a fortune of your own or property in your name—no?"

"But your advertisement said 'ladies with allowances'"—began Mildred, desperately.

The lips bared the pointed teeth to the gums, and the man turned on her with a snarl.

"And if you dont or wont pay back the good money I give you, where do I come in? Do you suppose I'm handing out my coin to spenders like you? How do I know how you stand with your husband? He wont pay your debts—that's a cinch, or you wouldn't come whining to me. Now, you sign that paper, and you get your thousand; if you dont sign, I got no time to waste."

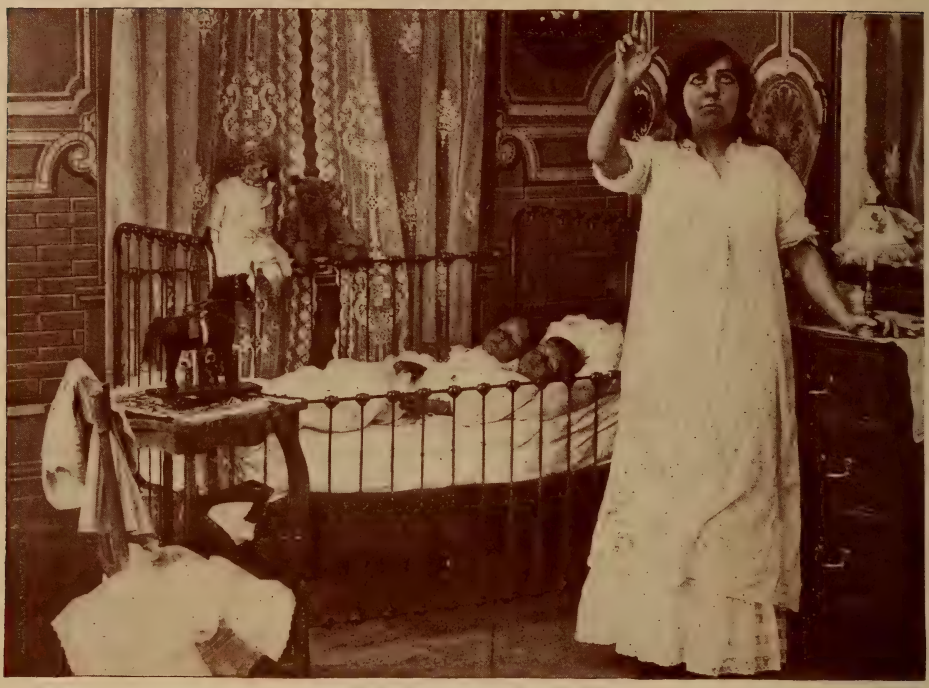
Aghast at the rudeness and bullying attitude of the man, Mildred retreated to the door. She reached the street in a state bordering on hysteria. She was in such a panic to get away from that loathsome creature and out of the unfamiliar neighborhood that, in the blindness of her haste, she almost ran into a man going in the opposite direction.

"Why, Mildred!" he exclaimed.

She restrained her tears with difficulty as she recognized Richard Lee, and she grasped his arm with a fervor that opened his eyes wide with amazement and curiosity. Richard had long enjoyed the friendship of John and Mildred Barton, and had the entrée to their home, on the footing of a brother. He adored the children and was their favorite playfellow, after the natural and deserved precedence of father and mother.

He had considered himself possessed of a complete knowledge of the family affairs; so this strange meeting with Mildred was, in the nature of things, provocative of a mammoth "why and wherefore." On the way to her home, he succeeded in eliciting

RICHARD LEE LENDS MILDRED THE MONEY



MILDRED VOWS NEVER TO INCUR DEBTS AGAIN

the miserable story. Once his comforting sympathy had unlatched the wicket of her confidence, she laid her frivolous, undisciplined soul bare. He could hardly place her. The irresistible attractions of luxuries, to which she confessed, were not wicked genii that held her in peculiar and individual thrall. A host of women that he could name were treading the scorching plowshares of financial and social ruin thru yielding to that same fatal attraction. But these had all been of the world, worldly. Now, Mildred was not; she was a devoted and tender mother and a fond wife. If Richard felt for her more than the prescribed affection due a sister, it was not owing to any conscious coquetry on the part of Mildred.

So she baffled him; and, in piquing that faculty of his mind that busied itself with classifying and labeling things, she unwittingly acquired a new interest in his eyes.

"Why, you poor little woman! I am awfully sorry for you!" he began earnestly. "But dont you know that you should have told me all this long ago? What is a friend for if he cant help you when you need him? Now, just save yourself the trouble of refusing—I'm going to lend you that thousand."

"Oh, no, Richard! I couldn't accept it from you!" protested Mildred.

"Now, listen to reason. I have much more lying idle in the bank than I can use. I am going to make you out a check, and that ends the matter."

He took out his check-book. When he had finished writing and handed her the slip of paper, she said: "Richard, I am so grateful to you! And I am going to pay you back in instalments out of my allowance."

"You are going to pay your debts and promptly forget all about this accommodation—I wish you to. I want to see you your old happy, carefree self."

Mildred had never experienced a keener joy than was hers that afternoon, when she went the rounds of her creditors and paid her obligations. It was an incense to her recently out-

MILDRED MAKES HER FIRST PAYMENT ON ACCOUNT

raged pride to be received with all the courtesy of an esteemed patron.

Late in the afternoon, when she reached home, she sank with an eloquent sigh into a chair in the library and looked over the packet of receipted bills.

"Well, the slate's clean!" she murmured, with a contented smile.

She chose a drawer in the desk as the safest place to hide the bills. She locked them in and carried the key away with her. That night, with the vaporous memory of what she had passed thru still beclouding her spirit, she bent over her sleeping children and whispered a vow never to incur debts again.

A few weeks later, when Richard called, he found her alone and obviously harboring a delightful secret. After temporizing in the most aggravating way, she eventually drew from the front of her gown three five-dollar bills.

"My first payment," she explained delightedly. "I saved it."

"Now, Mildred, I told you that you shouldn't think of that again," he expostulated.

But she pressed the bills into his hand with a "Please!" that left him no alternative.

"Richard, you are such a true friend!" she smiled up into his face. He bent and kissed her hand. John, entering at the moment, was disconcerted at the little scene, but Richard's debonair announcement, "I am just bidding Mrs. Barton good-night," swept away any cobwebs that suspicion was beginning to weave. His frown faded and he bade his friend a hearty good-night.

"You aren't going to sit up over horrid accounts again, are you?" asked Mildred poutingly, as John settled down at the table with book and papers.

"Just a little while, dearie. But dont you wait for me; run along and get your beauty sleep."

"Two little kisses, then—one for you and one for me," she cooed, with her arms about John's neck.

He loved all her funny, unexpected little ways, and he smiled indulgently as she left the room. Then he got down to dry and vexing figures. He ran over the accounts; a statement that he wished to verify was missing. He went to the desk, but his ransacking proved fruitless. One drawer was locked; the key was nowhere around. Annoyed, he inserted the

MILDRED WARNS RICHARD TO BE CAUTIOUS

blade of his knife in the crack, and pulled the drawer out. He looked over a few bills, and, tossing them to one side, picked up a bundle neatly tied together.

They were all made out to Mildred —of recent date—for large sums— and all receipted. These points stabbed into his consciousness as he ran thru the bills. *He* had not paid them; she *could* not pay them. Where did the money come from? A bewildering sense of submersion, of floundering and trying to rise to the surface for air, held him for a moment. Then, with a face tense and ghastly, he went to his wife's room. He wrenched open the door and stood on the threshold, glaring accusingly into her startled eyes. She arose from her place before the dressing-table.

"Why, John!" she stammered, fearfully, "what is the matter?"

He held out the bills. "Who paid these?"

Into her eyes there crept an expression of terror. "Where did you get them?" she gasped.

"Who paid them?" repeated John.

Looking at him beseechingly, she cried: "John, I borrowed the money. Dont be angry!"

"Angry!" He laughed harshly.

"Who is the man?" he flung at her brutally. She shrank from him, but he seized her wrist, compelling her to answer him. With an appeal in every syllable, she breathed: "I borrowed it from Richard."

Upon the disclosure, he threw her from him and staggered from the room. She made a move to follow; the door was slammed in her face. She felt that it was the end of everything—her happiness had crumbled, and she had only her butterfly instinct to blame. She threw herself sobbing on the bed, and tortured herself the livelong night with self-censurings.

The next morning, she crept timidly downstairs to the library. John was standing at the table looking over the mail. As she paused in the doorway, he said coldly, "Here is a letter from him." Mildred looked wonderingly from him to the letter in his extended hand.

"For me?" she asked, incredulous. She took the letter reluctantly and opened it with trembling fingers. It required several readings for her dulled understanding to take on an edge. The revelation bowed her head with the realization of her obtuseness.

"Well, what is it?" inquired her husband, puzzled by her attitude. She held out the letter. He read:

"My dear Mildred: I am going away. I never realized what a child you were, and how you loved your husband; and I know now I should not have lent you the money.

"Forgive me, and let me call myself

"Always your friend,

"Richard Lee."

A new light flashed into John's eyes, the harshness melted from his features, and his voice was vibrant with love and contrition as he turned to his wife.

"Mildred dear, will you ever forgive me?"

She was not quite ready with her decision: her whole being had been too thoroly shaken up and desolated during the night thru his false suspicion for his suddenly restored sentiment to meet with a spontaneous response. While she hesitated, the children came bounding in and made the usual onslaughts on father and mother. Mildred looked down at them, then at John, and the faint dawning of a smile gave him hope. As the children charged into the breakfast-room, he drew Mildred to him.

"Mildred! Wife!" he pleaded, with unutterable tenderness.

Then the faintly dawning smile broke into the bright illumination that was one of Mildred's special charms, and what she might have said was smothered on John's shoulder.

The Gypsy Bride

(Méliès)

By CLARIBEL EGBERT

GRACEFULLY poised on one knee, her arms arched above her shapely head, a young gypsy girl knelt on the turf, arranging her hair before a tin mirror set upon the hub of a wagon wheel. Now and then bits of a wild melody fell from her lips, as she turned her head this way and that, catching at the long, rebellious waves of glinting brown hair that the wind tossed teasingly, and pushing them into place beneath the edge of the gypsy kerchief that bound her head.

The cool woods, at whose outskirts the camp was pitched, lured her, and as she crooned the old gypsy ballad, she heard the brook calling to her as it slipped away into the ferny glades of the forest. Looking eagerly after the shining stream, she sprang to her feet, with a last touch to her hair, and danced to its edge.

"Lola!" cackled an old woman who was standing over a large, black kettle which swung in the curling flames and smoke of a fire on the open, sunny sward, "where be ye goin', child?"

The girl paused to glance back, her bright lips curving about her shining teeth.

"Oh, just a little way in the wood, mother," she laughed.

As she started forward again, curving her young body to swing beneath a low-hanging bough of an ancient eucalyptus, a young gypsy fellow, who had been watching her with sullen, brooding eyes, suddenly tossed away the brush with which he had been polishing the flanks of one of the camp horses, and strode to her side.

"See here," he said, roughly, "why be ye always runnin' away from the camp? I s'pose ye think our company ain't good enough fer ye, sence ol' Jess blabbed about yer parentage when she was dyin'. But I tell ye," he whispered savagely, seizing her by the arm as she gave him no heed, save a proud lifting of her head, "ye've got to like us, fer ye're goin' to marry me!"

Lola drew back, half frightened at his ugly voice, but she said, evenly, with scornful eyes, "Never, Jean LaReau, never in all this world will I marry you!"

"YE'VE GOT TO LIKE US," HE SAID ROUGHLY

"We'll see about that, my girl," and they both started, as old LaReau, Jean's father and Chief of the roving band of gypsies, stepped out of the thicket. A look of doubt grew in the Chief's eyes, as he noted the lift of the head set so proudly on Lola's fine shoulders, and he turned uncertainly to Jean, with stern authority.

"Come on here, git on with yer work," he said, curtly, "them mustangs are clean fagged yit from the pull yesterday."

For a moment Lola watched the retreating figures with a look of mingled scorn and fright, then she sprang across the brook and flew into the shelter of the great forest.

The morning sun was high, as Frank Carter, following the Red Man's Trail, which led across the southwest boundary of Cy Wharton's ranch, in the valley of the Shoshone, came upon a small, rocky stream.

"Gee! but this is dandy," and slipping from his mare, Carter let her drink from a shallow of limpid water. Pulling off his coat, his flannel sleeves rolled back, showing the splendidly knit muscles of two perfect forearms, he threw himself beneath a tree.

"I'm glad dad has pulled away from Lenox at last, and hiked out here," he ruminated, "a fellow gets so bloomin' tired of the everlasting society stunt in the East!"

"But say, old girl," and he turned and scratched the white nose of the mare cropping the grass beside him; "wouldn't it be great if you and I were to cut loose from polite society for keeps and turn cowpuncher? Wharton says he'll put me thru my paces at his outfit on the Lonesome Pine. What do you think, Missy?" questioned Frank, springing to his saddle again, and turning Missy's head to cross the narrow ford.

Daintily as a young girl, Missy picked her way over the rough bed, Carter caressing her sleek neck, until she caught a shoe on a jagged rock just as they reached the narrow strip of beach, and horse and rider were thrown. Both came quickly to their feet, but Frank found that his right wrist had been given a hard wrench. He examined Missy and found that she had nearly cast a shoe on her left forefoot. Picking up a thin stone, with which to free her, he started to pry off the shoe, but his right hand refused to grip the stone, which fell with a clatter among its fellows.

"I reckon this is a knockout this trip, and fifteen miles yet to the ranch if it's a rod," he continued, as he pulled out his watch and noted it was already high noon.

"Gad! old lady, it's the slow and leisurely for ours," he mused, as he climbed the bank, leading the dejected mare. and again picked up the trail.

Deeper and deeper into the quiet wood the lithe, graceful figure of the young gypsy girl sped. Now and then she lifted herself to the mossy trunk of some fallen tree, then sprang lightly as a fawn into the tangle of fern, and pushed on, the warm sunshine falling in golden blots over the mossy mold her little feet spurned in their hurried flight.

At length she sank, a pathetic little heap, beneath a giant oak, and, leaning her tear-wet face against its friendly trunk, sobbed out her young grief into the listening ear of the Great Mother.

"Oh! I can never go back to them —and I never will!" she moaned, clenching her little sunburned hands, her gray eyes flashing thru hot tears.

Suddenly she tilted her head, listening, like a wild bird, to the beat of a horse's hoofs on the trail. She lifted herself, sitting erect, as young Carter, one arm hanging inert at his side, hurried up to her, still leading Missy.

"Why are you weeping?—are you hurt?" he asked anxiously, noting the girl's distress and moving quickly toward her.

"No, I'm not hurt," she answered, recognizing him as a stranger, and ignoring his first question, "but you are, I'm afraid, and badly, too," looking from his limp arm to the

mare standing with forlornly drooping head.

"Oh, only a little twist to this wrist of mine," he laughed easily, enjoying the concern on the sweet, brown face. "Missy, here, brought us both down as we were climbing from the ford back there, by loosening that right fore shoe of hers."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lola, looking at Missy with concern, "think how tired she must be traveling on this loosened shoe," and quickly leaning, she lifted the mare's foot, and with a deft twist of a stone, pried the shoe from the hoof.

"Say, that's great! and I'm awfully obliged to you," and young Carter looked at Lola with pleasant friendliness, as she dropped Missy's foot and softly patted the satin neck. "You're evidently fond of horses," he added.

"Yes," she returned quietly, "they have always been my friends. If you'll ride to the camp, sir, you can get your mare shod and I'll find something for your arm."

"I'm no end sorry, but I'm awfully afraid I cant mount with this bother here," shaking his head, and looking ruefully at his wrist.

"Why, of course you cant," she said, "you must come with me."

Her own troubles were forgotten in her eagerness to help the stranger, and she turned her face once more toward the camp from which she had fled, her right hand on the mare's bridle, Frank keeping pace on the other side.

The sun had passed mid-heaven and the early afternoon shadows were beginning to fall at the edge of the camp. The picturesque gypsy girls were moving about at their camp duties, or weaving baskets or bright grasses and straw along with the men, laughing and sparring after the manner of their kind.

Jean, sitting hunched up on the tail-step of one of the wagons, suddenly removed his pipe and straightened up in angry surprise as he saw Lola approaching with a well-groomed tenderfoot—handsome, too, and well set up, Jean noticed, with black looks. Lola went directly to the Chief, who turned at their approach.

"This gentleman's mare," she explained simply, holding up the shoe, as young Carter greeted the Chief courteously, "near cast her shoe and threw Mr. —— Mr. ——," she paused in sudden confusion, looking up at Frank, with flushing cheeks.

"Carter," he added, helping her out with a smile.

"And his wrist—see! he can't use it," she hurried on.

The Chief scrutinized Frank sharply, then turned and called out: "Jean, put on this mare's shoe!"

As Jean slouched up, his eyes drawn together in a surly frown, Lola sprang up the steps of one of the wagons and disappeared within.

Jean, with evident reluctance, led Missy away, just as Lola returned with a bandage, rolling it swiftly in her fingers as she came.

"Push your coat-sleeve up a little, please, Mr. Carter," she directed. "This will help to keep the inflammation down," she continued, as Carter obeyed, smiling his admiration of her fascinating ways.

Having deftly bound moist herbs on the aching wrist, she stepped back with a little laugh of mingled embarrassment and satisfaction, as Jean hurried up with the mare, which he had lost no time in shoeing.

"I'm no end obliged to you," said Frank, addressing the Chief, "for the hospitality I have received in your camp."

"That's all right, Mr. Carter—glad you got off so easy," replied the Chief, giving Frank a friendly hand to his saddle.

Lola drew quickly aside, and stood with proud, uplifted head as Frank's hand sought his pocket and some loose coins jingled into Jean's greedy clutch. But she flashed him a sweet smile as he rode up to her, with uncovered head, to say good-by.

"Until we meet again," he said, softly, smiling into her shy, dark eyes.

Jean noticed Lola's sudden smile at young Carter, and seeing its reflection

"SEE HERE, NONE O' THAT," SAID LA REAU, CATCHING HIS SON'S ARM

still touching her face as she watched him disappearing in the forest, he caught her by the arm and snarled: "What are ye gawpin' at, girl?"

Twisting her arm free, she turned her back, with a disdainful move of her head, without replying.

"Ye wont answer me, wont you?" and Jean, feeling the double lash of jealousy, lifted his arm.

"See here, none o' that," said old LaReau, catching his son's uplifted arm, while Lola walked slowly away.

"Wal, she's so blamed toppy lately," muttered Jean, shuffling sullenly off.

The following day the sun was again standing high above the Red Man's Trail where it ran thru the forest, on the far side of which was pitched the gypsy camp. Now and then some little wild thing slipped from cover and glimpsed across the trail into the underbrush, occasionally the lonely cry of a coyote sounded down the mountainside, but for the most part the Great Silence held this world of green and gloom.

Frank Carter, walking his horse, slowly approached the spot where yesterday he had seen the gypsy girl.

"Poor little thing!" he exclaimed, as he recalled the tear-wet face against the old tree-trunk, "she seemed heart-broken," then smiled as he remembered the sudden radiance of her face wishing him a safe return homeward. Pushing thru a thicket, he pulled Missy up with tight rein, for just a few steps ahead, under the same old tree, lay Lola, asleep, her pretty arm curving beneath the glory of her hair.

Quickly dismounting, and tiptoeing near, he raised her hand, smoothing it with gentle touch, then impulsively brought it to his lips.

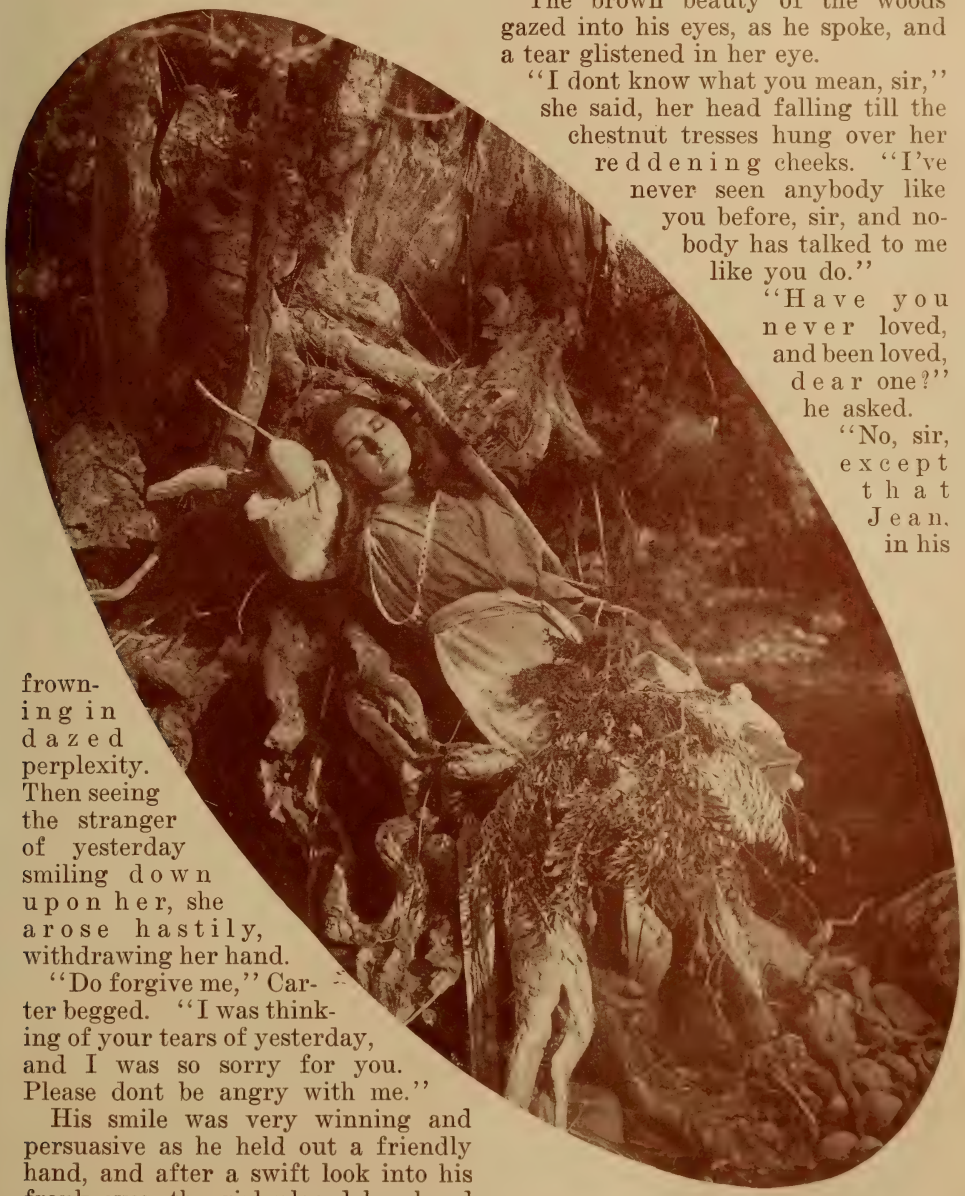
The girl started slightly, but did not open her eyes. In her semi-consciousness she may have thought it a squirrel playing about her.

Carter paused a moment, gazing at the sleeping gypsy. "If ever there was a Sleeping Beauty," he thought, "here is one. What a beautiful wild flower of the forest! So unlike other girls, so simple and so sweet."

He was still holding her hand in his, and now, impelled by sudden impulse, he again bent over her. "My beauty," he whispered, "dont awaken, I must kiss those twin-rose lips if I die for it. If you awaken

now, my beauty, I'll crush you to my breast and bury those soft lips in mine."

As his lips touched hers, Lola's eyes flashed open, and she sat up, frowning in dazed perplexity. Then seeing the stranger of yesterday smiling down upon her, she arose hastily, withdrawing her hand.



"Do forgive me," Carter begged. "I was thinking of your tears of yesterday, and I was so sorry for you. Please dont be angry with me."

His smile was very winning and persuasive as he held out a friendly hand, and after a swift look into his frank eyes, the girl placed her hand in his.

"I am in need of a friend," she said gravely, "and, somehow I trust you."

"A friend?" he murmured, "a friend? I need more than a friend; my heart felt empty till now, and I was free, but you have made me your prisoner. Dont say *friend,* it means nothing—cant you say another word?"

The brown beauty of the woods gazed into his eyes, as he spoke, and a tear glistened in her eye.

"I dont know what you mean, sir," she said, her head falling till the chestnut tresses hung over her reddening cheeks. "I've never seen anybody like you before, sir, and nobody has talked to me like you do."

"Have you never loved, and been loved, dear one?" he asked.

"No, sir, except that Jean, in his rough way, has told me he loved me."

"And you have never felt any different toward him than you have toward others?" he continued, seizing the other hand in his and drawing her closer.

"Not till yesterday," she replied, still holding her head so that her glowing cheeks were hidden.

"Not till yesterday?" he repeated, "not till yesterday? Why, dear heart, I have thought of nothing but you since then, and that is why I came here, and when I found you here, dear maid, and saw you sleeping, do you know what I did?"

The simple girl looked up in wonder, and, as she did, he suddenly drew her to him and pressed his lips to hers so firmly that she could not make answer.

"I did this—and this—and this!" he cried, between kisses, "and you did not awaken. Would you have stopped me, my sweet?"

"I—I was so desolate and lonely, sir," she murmured, "and I was dreaming of you. When I awoke and saw the idol of my dream, I was frightened. But, now—oh, sir, I'm so happy."

"Bless your heart, sweet beloved," he breathed; "I am happy, too, for I have plucked love's mother rose."

So while the shadows lengthened thru the green branches and the mare nibbled contentedly, the girl lightened her anxious fears by sharing them with her new friend and lover.

Time sped away until two weeks had told their length in golden days, and between the rising and the setting of each sun, young Carter and Lola had spent hours together.

Her regular disappearance every day, however, had not escaped the jealous eyes of Jean LaReau, and when, one morning, he saw her arranging a flower in her hair, he followed her stealthily. When she turned into an open mead, and Frank Carter caught her in his arms, Jean slunk behind, in the shadows.

"I cant stay but a minute today," laughed Lola, breathlessly.

"Why not, dear heart?" Frank questioned, curling the full length of one long wave of bright hair about his forefinger and bringing it to his lips.

"They're beginning to wonder at the camp—at least I'm sure Jean is," and a pretty frown gathered between her eyes as she looked anxiously about. "I wonder if he ever follows me? I'm so afraid of him," she added, drawing nearer to Frank.

"Then why must you go back to them?" he begged. "Why not come with me now? I cant bear that you should be afraid and I not near."

"DO FORGIVE ME," CARTER BEGGED

"Because I haven't yet found the paper that old Jess told me about," and she laid her palms a moment against his anxious face, "and I do *so* want to clear up my parentage before I come to you."

"All right, little woman, but I want you to remember by this token that I am longing for you every minute of the day," and with boyish shyness he kissed a little ring before he slipped it the length of her slim, brown finger. "Now, go before they miss you."

"WHY NOT COME WITH ME NOW?" HE BEGGED

"I sha'n't forget," she whispered, lifting his hand and leaning her cheek softly against it. Then she hurried back to the stream, blowing a kiss toward him from the tips of her fingers as he rode away in the direction of Wharton's ranch.

Missy was just setting her dainty forefeet on the trail when Carter pulled her up with sharp, sudden rein, which brought her fairly to her haunches.

"Old girl," he whispered with dry lips, "do you hear that scream? It's Lola! Go like hell!" and back the little mare sprang over the mossy sod like an antelope of the plains.

"Ye'll meet him on the sly! ye'll wear his ring! ye'll marry him, will ye!" and Jean, choking with rage, caught the girl by the throat, as she struggled to rise from where he had thrown her.

But Carter was off the mare and upon Jean like a hawk. In a flash the man loosened his hold upon the girl and drew his knife. Back and forth the two men reeled, gripping to the death, Jean striving to cut under with his blade, while Lola knelt beside the stream, her eyes wide with horror. Suddenly Jean fell, a limp, inert mass, upon the mold, and Carter, with a hard sob, caught Lola to his heart.

"I shouldn't have let you go," he whispered.

"Oh," she sobbed, "if he should be dead!" She leaned forward, searching Jean's face for signs of life, then, seeing returning consciousness, she besought Frank to go.

"They'll kill you, I know, I know!" pointing desperately toward the camp, and she held her fingers close against her lips to still the choking sobs.

"But I cant go without you, dear," Carter said softly. She hesitated a breath. Then with one swift look at Jean, she passed up the trail with Carter.

Another year had swung around, and young Carter, who had made good under the kindly tutelage of Cy

"YE'LL MEET HIM ON THE SLY, WILL YE?" HE CRIED

Wharton, on the Lonesome Pine, dwelt, with his bride, in one of Wharton's cabins. Only that Frank's tempestuous father refused a reconciliation for what he still blustered was a mésalliance, young Carter enjoyed a happiness which is seldom given to men who make such complete havoc among social traditions. When the little son came, and all the latent instincts of the ideal mother unfolded in Lola like an opening rose, Frank's content deepened to an abiding joy.

One morning late in summer young Carter had stolen into the living-room to watch his boy, gurgling joyously over his little pink toes as he lay on his back in his mother's lap, when a sudden whoop and clatter of hoofs brought him to the door as a bunch of cowpunchers sprang from their bronchos in a cloud of dust.

"Hello, papa! are you receiving this morning?" drawled Spot Holden.

"Is that you, Spot?" laughed Carter, springing down the steps and shaking hands all around. "I'm always at home to my friends, you know. You fellows have been awfully scarce lately."

The boys stood about awkwardly, shifting uneasily and sending sidewise glances toward the little cabin.

"What's all that gurglin'?" inquired Spot, presently. "Anybody blowin' soap bubbles inside?"

Carter looked around with dawning comprehension, and then burst into a shout of laughter. "I'll bet you fellows have come to call on the missus and the little kid. Why, hang it all, you haven't seen him yet, have you?"

"No, and that's what we rode round for," replied Spot, still speaking for the bunch. "Also, we're mighty glad to know his gender. There's no danger now of our havin' daylight let into us for callin' him it!"

"Well, come in, fellows," said Carter, leading the way proudly. "He's the slickest little kid you ever saw—unless some of you have some of your own."

"There, what do you think of him for brand?" queried the fond father, triumphantly, as the boys blundered in, trying to conceal their real interest by clumsy jokes.

"She's a winner, all right, old man"—but Spot's further speech was suddenly cut off by Jim Barton. "Fer the Lord's sake, Spot, shut up! Didn't you hear him say she was a boy, I mean that she is a he—that is, that it was a him?"

In the roar of laughter that followed, Jim sank into a chair, weak with his efforts at labelling the kiddie, while Spot dived into his pocket, pulling out a bulky parcel, which he unrolled with clumsy haste, as the others leaned near, giving him friendly directions.

"Easy, now," cautioned Bill Johnson, "dont let them lily fingers of yourn do any damage to the fillygree."

"EASY, NOW, DONT LET THEM LILY FINGERS OF YOURN DO ANY DAMAGE TO THE FILLYGREE"

"Aw, le'me alone," bellowed Spot; "you fellows are just the label on the bottle this round, I'm the one that's in it," and he finally unrolled a shining silver mug, which the baby's tiny hands promptly clutched for.

"Oh, how dear of you all!" exclaimed Lola, as Spot, game to the last, turned with a magnificent salaam, and handed the shining cup to her. "From the boys," she read, admiringly, and persisted in thanking each man separately, to their great confusion and delight.

"So long, Mrs. Carter," they called from their horses, their hats coming off with a sweep possible only to these knights of buckskin and spur. "May we come again?" As she nodded a gay assent, waving the baby's hand after them, they disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Two more years slipped away, while Lola ripened and matured wonderfully under the influence of her happy wifehood and motherhood. Efforts had been made to clear up her origin, but as yet nothing was known but the wandering utterances of the dying Jess. Jess had found her, eighteen years before, asleep behind some sagebrush, after the wreck of a U. P. Chicago limited, and somewhere there was an old newspaper containing an advertisement for a baby girl lost at the time of this wreck. But to get this paper from LaReau had been impossible, thus far, and the advertisement which would have revealed Lola's parentage had never been answered.

It was after a morning spent with the young Carters, when their boy was nearing his third summer, that Cy Wharton suddenly headed his broncho toward John Carter's beautiful estate up the valley.

"Damme!" exclaimed Wharton, "if I dont try again to bring the old man to time. It's a shame, when the boy has made good, and got such a

fine wife, and now the baby's come, that the father wont come off his high horse and do what's right. If he should just get his eyes on that kid once, everything would be all right."

And this time the adroit Wharton succeeded, winning the old grandfather by tales of the little John riding about the corral on a broncho in the midst of a half dozen yelling cowpunchers.

"Come on," shouted the proud grandfather, springing into his saddle, "I wont waste no time getting over there, now my mind's made up. And they named the little cuss after me, b'gosh! Come on, let's ride like blazes to John the Second."

"Why, Carter," said Wharton, riding close to the anxious grandfather, "you ought to have seen your daughter-in-law, long ago. She's a lady, every inch of her. I've just about rounded up that old gypsy, LaReau, and when I put the cuffs on him for horse-stealing, I guess the newspaper advertisement that we're after will be forthcoming."

But Carter was not thinking about his son's wife. "What, eh?" he questioned absently, as Wharton continued to enthuse—"Yes, yes, of course—must be more or less of a lady—those were all Pullman coaches in the wreck—we'll locate her folks, all right, if it worries her. Say, Cy, did you say the little shaver looks like me, too? Well, why shouldn't he? He should, I'm his grandad!" he concluded, with the unfailing logic of the male.

The long afternoon shadows were lying east of the cottonwoods, as Lola sat mending at her window, with the boy at her side. Suddenly she lifted her eyes, then rose quickly in proud surprise as Wharton and John Carter entered.

"Here he is, John!" exclaimed Wharton, forgetting, in his eagerness, the mother standing at the window, regarding them with perplexed dignity, and catching up the boy, he handed him to his grandfather.

With a cry, Lola started forward, but John Carter had dropped into a chair, and was holding his grandson close in his arms, utterly oblivious to all else.

Into this tense atmosphere young Carter suddenly appeared, surprise contending with the gladness that suddenly leaped in his heart.

"Dad!" he exclaimed, springing to his father's side.

His father looked up, then hesitated, but only for an instant.

"My boy!" he cried, and in that moment the grip of those two hands blotted out all misunderstanding.

FATHER AND SON ARE RECONCILED

The Cure of John Douglas

(Lubin)

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

"CHE-CHE cigarette is che-cheroot of all evil," said John Douglas, wearily, as he tried to haul himself into a sitting position and dropped back weakly into a half-reclining one. "Huh-huh, that's a choke."

His chin dropped on his breast, his eyes closed and he smiled with alcoholic appreciation of his own humor. He tried to lift his right hand, but it was weighted down by a revolver loosely grasped in his fingers.

"That's a choke," he mumbled. "Why dont ye laugh, boys? Let us be merry and gay. Hey, steward! What ye goin' to have, boys? It's on me. Let us be merry as the flowers zat bloom in spring, tra-la-la"—his voice and enthusiasm fell together—"I'll take the same."

He sighed heavily, then dozed awhile.

"Too bad," he muttered, on waking a second time. "I'm ruining my life"—he shook his head solemnly—"I got nothing to live for now. To think I disgraced myself before Ruth! It's all off. *My* Ruth! Never was I so 'shamed. If you only knew how much I loved you! Oh, God! If you only knew!"

A tear stole down his face and his eyes were dimmed when he opened them. When they fell upon the weapon in his hand he shivered.

"Not a bad idea," he mused. "I'm a failure. No one will care"—he regarded the weapon thoughtfully. "Only," he said, "it is not gentlemanly to blow the top of my head off in the house. I must be neat and orderly. My mother told me so"—he sighed heavily—"If she was only alive!"

Again the tears flowed, and Douglas leaned back in an attitude of hopelesss despair. He was one of those men in whom the remembrance of maternal sympathy seems to last to the end of life itself.

"Mother," he whispered, "I have been weak enough, God knows, but I am not bad. I will *try* to be good."

His face was now turned to his left and he tried to sleep, but to his blinking eyes came a dim revelation that stirred consciousness of some other presence in the room. He opened them wide; he jumped to his feet; his whole frame was convulsed with terror. On the sofa lay the form of Henry Briston, his truest friend during long years, tho recently his successful rival in the affections of the woman beloved by both. From a hole in his bosom slowly trickled the stream of life. The revolver fell from the nerveless fingers of Douglas, and he shrank back, gray, sick and miserable, then clasped both hands over his face to shut out the grewsome sight.

How did it happen?

Among the swiftly moving pictures of recent experiences were those of social occasions when he had been normal, if not at his best, in the presence of the woman he loved. Then views of the nights of misery he had passed after she had refused his offer of marriage, when his spirit was broken and sore, and jealousy began to torture his mind.

When did that jealousy result in a passionate aversion for Henry Briston, his lifelong friend?

It was at the club, when he had accused his rival of taking unfair advantages, but Briston had told him plainly that drunkenness had caused his downfall, in Ruth's estimation, at a time when one had as fair a chance as the other.

What had Briston said?

"You offended her by a wretched exhibition of yourself while under the influence of liquor, and you paid the

RUTH SEES THAT DOUGLAS HAS BEEN DRINKING

price. A man who loves a woman in the right way seeks the highest fulfilment of her happiness. She saw that you had not courage enough to reform for her sake. You were always a good fellow before you became a steady soak, but now you are a degenerate."

Douglas had closed in upon Briston in a vain attempt to strangle him, had tried to brain him with a decanter, and had threatened:

"I will kill you yet."

Now that he remembered the threat he had made, as well as the reason for it, Douglas removed his hands from his face, showing an expression that was a dull echo of the lively hatred he had exhibited.

"You're no friend of mine," he said to the blood-stained and ghastly figure on the lounge. "So I am none of yours. So you can go straight to where you belong."

He started. There was a noise without. A fierce light shone in his eyes—the powerful instinct of self-preservation—then a gleam of cunning. He threw open a large trunk that stood in the room, removed the trays, and dragged it to the side of the lounge. He lifted Briston's body and crowded it into the trunk, closing the lid in time to respond to a knock at the door. He threw open the door. There was no one. He had scarcely closed it before the illusion was repeated; and this time it seemed to come from another part of the room. He gazed about him, pale and almost paralyzed with terror. Then came a flash of self-hate, and he fled the scene.

From his merciless self, his scourging, argus-eyed self, he tried to fly, as he hurried out into the streets and wandered aimlessly. Here and there he drifted, realizing at last that his acts did not conform to his own ideals, every whip of his thousand-tongued conscience lashing him until he cowered mentally from the pain inflicted. Trembling, humbled, and almost on the point of collapse, he ran into the arms of an amiable acquaintance—a young graduate of medicine, not yet an active practitioner, "Doc" Rogers by name.

"What's the matter, old boy?" Rogers inquired, when Douglas begged to be taken where he could rest a moment.

"I have killed a man," whispered Douglas.

Rogers drew him towards their

DOUGLAS, INTOXICATED, DISGRACES HIMSELF BEFORE RUTH

WHEN DOUGLAS AWOKE, HE REALIZED WHAT HE HAD DONE

club. "I have expected it," he said. "How did it occur?"

"That's the worst of it," Douglas moaned. "I do not know. My memory is a blank."

"Then *you* did not kill," said Rogers—he had theories on moral responsibility.

The young physician expounded on their way, to the effect that the time had passed when an individual could be held responsible for actions committed while he was so far released from self-control as not to know what he was doing, tho such a member of society might be incarcerated as a dangerous character. Crime was only crime when it was done with intent.

"But, I threatened to kill him," Douglas admitted, miserably. "I did not mean it, but I said it."

"That is said every day," Rogers advised him. "It is a mere threat of no significance when uttered by a drunken man. The thing for you to do now is to brace for an ordeal by recovering your self-control. You will have to battle for your life."

"I do not care for my life," said Douglas, bitterly, "but I do care for those who have expected something better of me; I tell you that. I am cold. 'Doc:' I must have a drink."

Rogers took a phial from his pocket. "Try this," he said, "it will quiet your nerves with no bad after effect." He was forced to administer it because of the other's trembling hands. "There, you will be stronger in a few minutes, and more like yourself. Remember, old boy, that you have been too generous and sympathetic all these years for any of your clubmates to

squeal on you. The threat you made within our walls will go no further than them, and it may be established that you shot your man in self-defense."

"I dont know," Douglas sighed wearily. "It's all a blank to me."

Once settled in a cosy corner of their social gathering place, the young physician continued to treat Douglas as a special patient instead of as a criminal, dulling his overwrought sensibilities with mild doses, while restoring his mental equilibrium by diverting his attention.

"A man drunk," said Rogers, "is a man diseased or poisoned. In the delirious ravings of fever we have the same mental operation visible in the lunatic or the drunkard, a perversion of the mind to an extent that the individual is no longer the director of his own conduct."

"Nor can he expect," said another voice, "to be the arbiter of his own destiny."

Sam Sloane, brilliant young attorney, had entered and joined them unobserved.

"We are not savages," said Sloane, "and cannot tolerate savages in our midst. That is all there is to it. A human being governed entirely by passion, in whom the moral sense has been repressed by low environment, may not be morally responsible, but he is on that account unfit to associate with those who exercise restraint, who live and let live, and who accord others the privilege they themselves wish to enjoy."

Douglas shuddered.

Rogers was unimpressed. "The trouble with you fellows," he said, "is that you imagine law to be an exact science, while it is so faultily constructed that we have been continually altering it for two thousand years, and are still at it. In medicine we do not handle all patients alike. Each case is unique in itself, and it is our mission to save, not to destroy. You set out in any criminal case with a set of rules which mislead and misguide you, as well as miscarry their own purpose. I will cite a case. A club member becomes intoxicated within these walls. What is our first duty to him? We should unite to save him from the effects of the poison doled out by our steward. Instead of helping him, we egg him on until he loses his natural identity, and commits a breach of law. We, the sober participants, are more guilty than is our half-crazed fellow-member. He commits a crime, we turn upon him righteously, he is convicted, and we go free, saying, 'Poor fellow, but it served him right.' If we are to live and let live, why not prevent crime instead of punishing it?"

The heat of the argument had drawn others to the neighborhood. Sloane looked around at them and smiled.

"Doc is about to reconstruct society in twenty-four hours," he said to the little assembly. "No man's life would be safe if his theory prevailed. If I should haul out a pistol and blaze away at one of you, I could not be held responsible for my acts, because the rest of the fellows might have prevented me if they had undertaken to have reformed my character in time. The responsibility of the criminal is shifted to his community. Let us assume a case. Supposing that Douglas had actually killed Briston, as he threatened to do, when he attempted to brain him with a decanter; it would not have been his fault, but ours. By killing an old friend, one of the best he ever had, he would simply have demonstrated to me, and to all other level-headed men, that he was a decadent, a useless cog in the machinery of any civilization, high or low."

Douglas quivered and clenched his hands.

Rogers restrained him. "Hold on," he said to Sloane. "It is not fair to judge a man, to measure up his worth, by one act of his life. Who paid the rent of that old couple in Back Street last winter, and took up a subscription in our crowd to provide them with food and clothing? Jack Douglas. Who is known to every kid on the street as a friend of the chil-

dren? Jack Douglas. Who has ever been first to aid a fellow member in distress? Jack Douglas. We know that he is not a butcher at heart, but one of the best fellows living, tender-hearted as a fond mother. Suppose that he was my patient and tried to shoot some one in delirium. I would try to prevent him, and hold him irresponsible if he succeeded. A man drunk is in a delirium, he is worse than insane, he is poisoned morally, while retaining a degree of animal shrewdness and savage cunning, and the hate is accentuated in him by what we have for sale in this club. We must either moderate his use of stimulants, cure him, or be responsible for his acts, if there is any such thing as brotherhood between man and man."

Sloane fastened his eyes upon Douglas. The latter had turned pale and haggard, in spite of the supporting stimulant that had been given him.

"Where is Briston?" Sloane asked. "I left him at your door. He said he was going to try and brace you up for the sake of your family."

Cold beads of perspiration burst forth upon Douglas's brow. He rose and paced the floor nervously.

"Cut that," Rogers said to Sloane. "What is the use in torturing the man? You know as well as I do that Douglas is incapable of murder as we recognize it. I doubt if he would kill a man in self-defense—he is too soft-hearted. What is the use, however, of my painting his character to you? We were dealing with the question of responsibility in the abstract."

"I am citing a supposable case," Sloane insisted. "If I was called

DOUGLAS IS CONFRONTED BY HIS VICTIM

upon as a prosecuting attorney of this county to convict Douglas of killing Briston, I would send him to the electric chair, even if you all disliked me for doing my duty. It is all right for medical men to consider the individual, but men of law must consider the community."

Douglas seemed breaking up under the strain, and started back aghast as a full realization of his position was relentlessly awakened by Sloane.

"Nonsense!" Rogers exclaimed with spirit. "The funniest cartoon I ever saw was sketched of a lawyer with no comic explanation beneath—he had his hands in his *own* pockets. The part you play in the community is not as unselfish as that of the physician who gives professional services in thousands of cases every year for no fee whatever. Dont talk to me about the interests of the community as opposed to that of the individual. It is your place, as much as mine, to prevent crime, to unite with the rest of us in saving a fellow we all have good reason to love, from the consequences of an act committed while wholly unconscious of it."

"Is that so?" said Sloane fiercely. "I realize that none of us are perfect. We are all weak at times, and the strongest of us may come up against a crisis in which he is transformed from a natural being to an irrational one in the twinkling of an eye, but we have made laws because we realize our own imperfections and we punish to cure by example. The worst of all crimes is murder. The very thought of it makes every decent-minded man shudder. It is an act surrounded by all that is base and revolting in human nature. To encourage it by leniency would be to

HOW THEY EFFECTED THE CURE OF JOHN DOUGLAS

create a new type for generations to come, the excusable killer of men, women and children—to turn a lot of wild beasts loose in our midst. Let us judge Douglas as a murderer and put ourselves in the frame of mind that was his when he threatened to kill his old friend Briston. No matter how much he has been actuated by high motives on other occasions, he deliberately poisoned himself until his instincts were no better than those of the vilest criminals in history. We may be straining to reach a day when we shall do without the present system of law—that is a matter of evolution—but that day is not here. At the cost of a life dear to many of his friends, this man has vented his hatred, and the cost to him may be the termination of his own existence." Standing up and pointing at the trembling Douglas, Sloane continued menacingly, "If I am any judge of men, there is a guilty one in thought if not in deed."

"I am," Douglas admitted, hoarsely, "I did it. I woke from a deep sleep and found the revolver in my hand. Harry Briston was lying dead on the sofa. I must have killed him. Oh, God! the misery of it!"

He broke down, and would have fallen to the floor had Rogers not rushed to his side and sustained him. He sobbed bitterly on the young physician's shoulder, his whole frame convulsed with emotion, until a new voice was heard:

"Enough of this!"—it was Briston himself, the supposed dead man.

He walked into the room unharmed, and Douglas was stricken with horror and incomprehension.

"Old man," Briston said kindly, as he placed a friendly hand on the frightened man's shoulder, "we used the cautery to cure you, but our treatment was not intended to be a cruel one, for every man here, Sloane included, is your good and loyal friend. I am going to prove my claim by taking you into partnership with me so as to give your mind relief, and, as clubmen, we want to keep you with us as you used to be. When both logic and persuasion failed to bring you to your senses, we put up a job on you by painting my shirtfront, and by placing a gun in your hand while you were sleeping off the last racket, while you had an overdose of the beverage that brings out all the depravity in us.

"Let us go live on the plane
Where friends are not false and effort not vain,
Where we may enjoy in folly and mirth,
In happiness that has some value and worth,
Where the errors of environment and birth
Are forgiven. Enough is their pain."

Good Advice

By MINNA IRVING

When things go wrong about the house—
The bread forgets to rise,
And little Mamie tears her frock,
And baby Willie cries—
Oh, dont sit down and mope, and sigh,
And fret, and worry so,
But dress the kiddies and yourself,
And see a Photoshow.

When all the world looks blue to you,
And work begins to drag—
Your head to ache, your heart to sink,
Your appetite to flag—
Just lock the door and leave your cares
Behind you as you go,
And spend an hour of solid joy
To see a Photoshow.

A Western Redemption

(Essanay)

By RALPH CONWAY

MRS. HARRIS allowed her husband to read the newspaper at the breakfast table when her son was there to entertain her. She argued that, while it was extremely bad example for her son and he would probably make his future wife miserable, it mitigated to some extent her otherwise rigid rule, and relieved John of any social obligations. The only flaw in her argument was that Tom was so entertaining that it was quite impossible for John to concentrate on the paper. He compromised by listening to them and reading scraps of news aloud when conversation flagged. Tom wasn't always present at breakfast. There were days at a time when he did not come home at all. Therefore this was a joyous occasion, and one to be made the most of.

"Aren't you glad to get back to some of my good coffee, dear?" asked Mrs. Harris, tactfully.

She had long since learnt the futility of asking him where he had been spending his time. His invariable grudging response was "With the fellows." Mrs. Harris' coffee was so good that the answer was too obvious to need articulation, and John Harris did not scruple to break in with one of his irrelevant items of news:

"CAR-BARN THIEF ARRESTED.

"Early this morning one of the car-barn bandits was captured by the police, and after being sweated he squealed on his accomplice. Detectives are now in search of him, and say that they will land him in jail before night."

The plate which Tom was holding out to his mother crashed to the floor.

"Why, Tom," exclaimed his mother, mildly, "what's the matter? Your hand is generally the steadiest I ever knew."

"I—I've been sitting up late, mother. I'm nervous. Never used to be. Ha! ha!"

He laughed constrainedly.

"Ha!" he almost shouted, as the front door was banged unceremoniously open.

"Come, boy," said the sheriff, softly. "I want you."

He eyed Tom keenly as he spoke, but his voice was compassionate. Every one liked Tom. They scarcely knew why, but the appeal in him was irresistible. A spice of deviltry in the boy only made it the more alluring.

"What do you want me for?" asked Tom; but he was simply sparring for time.

"No use bluffing, Tom," said the sheriff. "You and Dick robbed that man near the car barns. One of you hurt him too. It's serious. Dick says that you did it."

"Squealer!" said Tom, in deep disdain.

"Tom!" gasped his mother. "It isn't true?"

Tom took her in his arms.

"It isn't your fault, mother," he murmured tenderly. "You have always done everything you could for me. So have you, father. It's all my own fault. Sometimes I think there's a devil inside me. Come, sheriff."

He grasped his father by the hand, and before their tear-dimmed eyes he marched out with the sheriff. Could that erect head and alert bearing be that of a criminal?

John Harris was not rich, and one of the tragedies of poverty is that it has but little time to indulge in the luxury of feelings. It is also a saving grace. Hard work has sometimes saved a man's tottering reason. Augustus Carney was a hard employer, and John had to be at his desk by a certain hour. Stricken to

"NO USE BLUFFING, TOM," SAID THE SHERIFF

the heart as he was, John hardly knew how he got thru the morning. His employer returned from lunch with an evening paper.

"Harris," he called as soon as he entered.

"Yes, Mr. Carney?"

His employer pointed to a headline in the paper.

"Is that true?" he asked.

"Why, you see, Mr. Carney——"

"Is your boy a thief?"

John winced before the brutal question.

"He is accused of it," he answered simply.

"Is it true?" asked Carney, harshly.

"He's young, sir, and he may have been a bit wild. Surely they'll consider his youth."

Carney crossed over to the cash drawer, and began deliberately to count out John's wages.

"For God's sake, sir," said John, "isn't it punishment enough to have one's heart broken by one's only son? Think of my wife, sir, his mother. We have nothing but this to live on."

"I want none but honest folks in my office. I know your sort. You would try to shield him. You would lie for him. You even began to equivocate with me."

He handed John the money, which the latter accepted in dumb despair. With bowed head and faltering feet he left the office to face he knew not what further blows.

If John could have seen his wife at that moment it is doubtful whether he would have had the courage to go home. The brief epistle which she held in her hand had struck at her naked heart, not that she cared that she would be without shelter, but on account of her son and husband.

"Dear Madam," it read. "We respectfully ask you to vacate, owing to the bad character of your son.

"STEPHENS & LEWIS."

John found her weeping at the kitchen table, and what he had to tell her did not tend to assuage her grief.

"Never mind, darling," he said manfully thru his tears, "we will go away together and begin life anew. After—after a while Tom will come back to us."

We may mercifully skip the misery of the next two years. People do continue to exist in spite of the direst reverses. At the end of a decade John's hair was gray, and his figure bowed, but they were still together, the same loving couple. If anything, sorrow had more closely united them.

And Tom? The scene is a stable of a Western ranch. Tom's steady hand had been of service more than once since he came out, a marked man, from the penitentiary. Steve Williams, his pal, was talking to him gruffly.

"We'll never get away from this God-forsaken spot, unless you get busy. They *say* that there's money on the down coach this time, bullion that nobody can identify. All we have to do is to destroy the sacks. Think! If we get it you can look up your parents that you're always beefing about. Are you game?"

Thus Steve appealed to Tom's noblest passion to tempt him into further crime.

"I'm going to have a look anyway," said Steve as Tom hesitated.

He swung on his horse and cantered away.

Presently he was within view of a rumbling stage coach. As he rode easily along in its wake, his keen eyes detected a heavily armed man upon the roof.

Steve's guess was confirmed when an unmistakable box of bullion was carried into a local store. The heavily armed guard followed it closely.

"No," Steve heard him say in answer to a question, "I sleep right here on the counter."

He unhooked a saddle from an adjacent peg, and composed himself on the counter with as much nonchalance as if it had been his bunk at home.

"It's some softer than rocks, anyway," he yawned.

Steve found his pal Tom with a half empty bottle of whiskey, and the reckless gleam in his eyes which he knew of old. He took a pull at the bottle himself, and then reported briefly:

"The box is down at the express office in the store. Only one man with it, and he's dead for sleep. Are you game?"

"Where's horse?" Tom asked unsteadily.

Five minutes later they were galloping thru the night together. A dark cloud veiled the face of the moon as if in shame at their desperate errand. Steve handed his companion a black mask with eye-holes.

"We dont want to kill him if it ain't necessary," he explained briefly, "and we dont want to be recognized."

The sleeping guard, with his head on the saddle, was awakened by a sudden weight on his chest and a gag driven into his mouth. He made a mighty effort to arise, but strong arms thrust him back. In an instant he was turned upon his face, and his arms bound securely behind him. Steve rifled his pockets as Tom lashed his feet together, passing the rope beneath the counter. The man had managed to utter a faint cry. There was a noise of some one moving in the living-room, and Steve passed quickly in thru the doorway.

"Get the swag! Quick!" he flung over his shoulder.

The old man who had just struck a light was no physical match for the powerful plainsman. A swift, cruel blow sent him crashing to the floor insensible. As Steve's eyes roved about him in search of further loot, they fell upon a photograph on the center table. "It's Tom!" he gasped.

It was Tom, younger, Tom with a straightforward, honest glance, but the likeness was unmistakable. Steve stepped quickly back into the store, closing the door of the living-room behind him.

"False alarm," he whispered. "Got it?"

"I thought I heard a fall," said Tom.

"Dont be an old woman," snapped his companion. "We got to get out of here, quick."

He had understood instantly that the old man was Tom's father, and he knew that he was lost if Tom learnt

TOM AND STEVE

the truth. The next moment they were dashing madly down the road, a beg of gold at the pommel of each saddle.

"Tom," said Steve the following morning, "you ain't got enough nerve to travel with the likes of me, and I'm going to quit you. Let's whack up the loot and call it off."

"All right, Steve," replied the latter, without resentment. "I was thinking that I'd run straight, after this. I want to look up my father and mother."

"Softy!" sneered his companion.

"Come," said Tom shortly. "We dont want to quarrel."

They dumped the contents of the two bags on the bleak, deserted prairie, and divided the money and jewelry. There was some dispute over the value of the latter, but Tom finally accepted a small gold locket to offset a watch of far greater value. He seemed apathetic, uninterested, sick of the whole affair. Steve swung the bag and a small bundle of clothing across his saddle, and mounted without offering his hand. He was burning with eagerness to be off.

"Good-by," he called over his shoulder.

"Good-by, Steve," growled Tom, sullenly.

He re-entered the cabin listlessly, and dumped his share of the spoils on the plain board table. The locket fell under his hand, and he fumbled at the catch. Next moment he staggered backward, his eyes staring wildly. The locket had opened at his touch, and revealed a daguerreotype of his mother.

"God!" gasped Tom. "That noise? Was that—was that one of them?"

In a flash he realized how Steve had deceived him.

Leaving the valuables just as they lay, Tom rushed out and flung a saddle upon his own pony. He cinched the girth with care, as he knew that he had a long, hard ride before him. Steve's horse was as good as his own, but no man could ride against him that day. Ten seconds later he was galloping wildly across the prairie.

The rising moon found Tom's horse still stumbling wearily forward. He had covered a distance of fifty miles. Surely no man could have held that pace much further. A fire smouldering on the distant hillside caught his eye. The horse responded to his sudden flash of hope.

There was none to witness the struggle on that dark hillside.

"Tell me," gasped Tom, as he throttled his adversary fiercely, "did you injure them?"

His knees were upon Steve's laboring chest, and he seized and flung aside his gun.

"If you did," growled Tom, "I'll see that you hang for it! You dog! You knew all the time, and now you will come and share the punishment! I see now why you were so anxious to get away."

Compelled by the threat of Tom's leveled revolver, Steve grunted a denial, and mounted his horse. He rode slowly off in front of his captor. Tom's steady hand held the revolver pointed undeviatingly at his companion's back.

"They've had time to ride clean out of the State if they saved their horses," the sheriff was saying despondently. "They ought to have

"AMEN!" SAID TOM

sent two men with that gold. They cant expect a man to stay awake for a week."

"No, it ain't Bill's fault," a deputy answered. "He sure done all he could. I'm sorry for him."

There was the tramp of feet upon the veranda, and two weary, bleareyed men stumbled in thru the doorway. The armed men in the room sprang swiftly to their feet.

"Put down the guns," said Tom, waving aside the threatening muzzles.

He handed his own revolver to the sheriff.

"We did the trick. Half the loot's here, and the other half's at my cabin. I brought him back because I found out that it was my father and mother. For God's sake let me get some sleep."

Tom made no plea for immunity because he turned State's evidence, but the authorities would have it no other way. Without him, they said, the money would have been lost irretrievably. The trial dragged on for nearly two months, and at the end of that time Tom found himself at his father's table.

He bowed his head silently and reverently as John Harris raised his voice to say grace.

"O Lord," said John, "send down Thy blessing upon this food of which we are about to partake. Grant, O Lord, that others may not go unsatisfied. We thank Thee from our grateful hearts that this fare was come by honestly."

"Amen!" said Tom.

"Amen!" sobbed his mother.

The Scandal-Mongers

(Lubin)

By MARJORLAINE MARCHANT

MRS. MACMURRAY was out making calls!

The news spread like wild-fire down Main Street. She had been seen leaving her house at exactly five minutes before three o'clock, and all Ridgedale knew what that meant. If, however, there had been the slightest disagreement as to clock-talk in the town, all doubt would have been dispelled by her costume, for she was wearing her brown bonnet with the cerise-colored rose, her green bombazine dress with its figured overdress (added two years before to cover up sundry shiny places on the back of the waist, caused by constant friction with Ridgedale's parlor chairs) and her ancestral cameo pin.

Her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Snow, saw the unfailing signs and sent son Tommy on a run down to Miss Potts, who lived at the end of the street, to warn her in time to take down her curl-papers before her caller arrived, for Mrs. MacMurray always began at the last house and zig-zagged from one side of the street to the other all the way home, as if she were executing a sort of "all-hands-around" figure in a Virginia reel.

It was half past four when good Mrs. Lucas heard the click of Mrs. Gerhart's gate across the street. She hastened to the window to make sure that the caller had found Mrs. Gerhart at home, and then went back to her crab-apple jelly, with a sigh of relief. Mrs. MacMurray was all right in her way, and very amusing, but she didn't mix well with crab-apple jelly. However, the call at Mrs. Gerhart's would last for an hour at least, for most of the gossip and scandal of Ridgedale was hatched in her green parlor; and after that it would be Ridgedale's tea time, so Mrs. MacMurray would have to leave the rest of her calling for another day.

But altho Mrs. Lucas had sized up the situation correctly, she had to undergo some sizing up herself, which was far from correct, for she had a daughter—a very charming, winsome daughter—who was quite the favorite of the little town, and Mrs. Gerhart was jealous, having a daughter of her own, who was neither attractive nor popular.

The two girls had always played together as children, when Norrine Lucas' gentle disposition and absolute unselfishness had saved Ethel Gerhart many a day of bread-and-water diet; and now that they had grown older, Norrine's popularity secured for Ethel many good times which she would doubtless have missed had she not been generally acknowledged as Norrine's chum. Ethel accepted the invitations as nothing more than her due, but came back quite out of sorts because Norrine was always the center of attraction.

"Did you know that Ethel is going away to boarding-school this fall?" announced Mrs. Gerhart, almost before Mrs. MacMurray had stepped into the green parlor. "Norrine is going with her. Just as soon as Mrs. Lucas heard that Ethel was going she wanted Norrine to go too. Of course it's expensive, but we wouldn't be satisfied with anything but the best for Ethel. I dont see, tho, how Mrs. Lucas can afford to send Norrine. Of course it's none of my affair, but I've noticed that they've only had the one woman to help in the kitchen since spring, and their house hasn't been painted for three years—we always paint ours every other year. Of course I dont say that they've lost money, but it looks that way. Too bad, isn't it? One hears so much of that sort of thing.

"Yes, the girls are going to room together. I proposed it to Mrs.

THE SCANDAL-MONGERS

Lucas, I thought it might make it less expensive for her if they did. But I told Ethel to be sure to keep track of any money that she lent Norrine—room-mates are quite apt to borrow, you know, particularly if one girl has a larger allowance than the other. Not that I mean that Norrine wouldn't have plenty or wouldn't pay back if she did borrow, but I think it is just as well to bring girls up to be exact about money matters."

Thus it was that Ridgedale learnt that Mrs. Gerhart had suggested that Norrine go to boarding-school with Ethel, and had even arranged to share some of the expenses so that the two girls need not be separated.

The girls went off in high glee, full of the prospect of new experiences, new friends, new worlds to conquer. But it was the same old story, Norrine was the popular one, Norrine made all the friends, Norrine got all the high marks, while Ethel had no other identity than that of being "Norrine's room-mate."

Norrine, of course, was quite unconscious of all this. Friends had always flocked around her like bees around a fragrant flower. Being of a happy disposition, and loving everybody, the feelings which she inspired in return she accepted as freely and as naturally as the air she breathed.

One of the first friends whom she made at the school was Jessica Courtney, a winsome, merry, sweet-voiced girl with a wealth of curly, golden hair, and big hazel eyes. Her family lived in Chicago, and her father was considered one of the wealthiest men of the city. Norrine made a special point of introducing her to Ethel and spoke of her in glowing terms, but Ethel manifested little interest.

A short time afterwards, the girls planned a picnic in the woods. It so happened that Ethel had not been around when the scheme was proposed, and so knew nothing about it. When the hour of departure came and the baskets and hampers were packed, Norrine and Jessica were surprised to find Ethel walking in the arbor not yet dressed to go.

INTRODUCING THE NEW CLASSMATE

"Why, Ethel, aren't you going?" they exclaimed.

"Going where?" asked Ethel, sharply.

"To the picnic, of course."

"Hardly; since I wasn't invited," was the reply.

"Why, of course you're invited; anybody may go who wants to," explained Norrine.

But Ethel was firm in preferring her imaginary martyrdom to a pleasant day in the woods, and all Norrine's coaxings were of no avail. So the girls went off without her.

Ethel was convinced that Norrine had left her out purposely, in order to have Jessica to herself, and this jealousy, given free rein all day, worked itself up to such a desperate pitch that she finally concocted a means of revenge. She went to Jessica's bureau-drawer, took out her purse and deliberately put it under Norrine's pillow.

Hardly had the girls retired to their rooms for study that evening when Jessica came rushing down the hall.

"Girls, what do you think! My pocket-book has been stolen! I cant find it anywhere. I left it under the handkerchiefs in my bureau-drawer, and it's not there. Some one has evidently gone thru the drawer and taken it, because everything is mussed up. What would you do about it?"

"Let's ask Miss Hale," suggested Norrine. "Perhaps one of the maids took it."

A thoro search of Jessica's room, under Miss Hale's supervision, failed to bring the purse to light. The matter now began to look serious, and an investigation of all the rooms was deemed advisable.

When Miss Hale reached Norrine's room she was inclined to pass it by, believing it impossible that the purse would be found there. She decided, however, that it would hardly be fair to the other girls to do that, so she investigated it impartially. What was her amazement, then, on lifting Norrine's pillow to find the purse hidden under it!

"Why, Norrine Lucas, you took my

GOING TO THE PICNIC

pocket-book—you're a thief!" exclaimed the outraged Jessica.

Norrine was too stunned to defend herself. She could only look at Jessica with pleading eyes. But Ethel took her part and defended her loyally. The evidence, however, was against Norrine, and the principals of the school requested her to leave.

Mrs. MacMurray was going out calling. There was no mistaking the hour and the costume. This time she went to Mrs. Gerhart's first. She had fallen into that habit since Ethel and Norrine had gone away, because she could thereby have an abundant supply of the latest gossip to pass along on the route.

Mrs. Gerhart met her at the door, and, grabbing both her hands impulsively, fairly pulled her into the green parlor.

"Sister Ann, Sister Ann! I'm bursting with the biggest piece of scandal that Ridgedale has ever known! Norrine Lucas has been expelled from boarding-school for stealing!"

Mrs. MacMurray's eyes almost popped out of her head.

"You dont tell!" she gasped.

"Yes, sirree! Ethel has just written me a long letter telling all about it. She stole a purse belonging to that friend of Ethel's from Chicago —the one whose father is a millionaire, you remember?"

"I cant believe it!" exclaimed Mrs. MacMurray, holding up her hands in astonishment. "But isn't it thrilling!" and she drew her chair up closer to Mrs. Gerhart for further details.

"Didn't I tell you the Lucases couldn't afford to send Norrine to that school? That's what comes of trying to show off. They deliberately put temptation in that girl's way. She's a sweet girl, but she hasn't much strength of character—Ethel has always said that. Norrine's been home three days, and I hear that she is a shadow of her former self, just sits in her chair all day and looks and

THE PURSE IS FOUND UNDER NORRINE'S PILLOW

looks and looks. What an awful thing a guilty conscience must be! Poor girl! I must send her a glass of grape jelly, it's so soothing.

"Of course, everybody will shun her here as they did at the school. Ethel stood by her nobly, tho, thru it all. Ethel really has a remarkable disposition—so strong and reliable. It would be just like her to spend her whole Thanksgiving vacation in trying to cheer up Norrine. She would think it so selfish to go out and have a good time while her friend was in misery. She's like that, you know."

Mrs. Gerhart was right, in so far as Ethel's probable devotion to her friend was concerned. The girl had every intention of acting nobly toward Norrine at Thanksgiving time, but she was still so blinded by jealousy that she could not see that her kindness was late in showing itself.

Her plans, however, were forestalled by the arrival of a young evangelist, the Rev. Robert Read, who began to hold revival meetings in the town. He went among the townsfolk, called on Mrs. Gerhart and Mrs. Lucas, whose respective natures he soon read, met Norrine and was so attracted by her sad sweet face that he came, not once but many times, always with the right word for the suffering girl, until she began to rise above the crushing weight which had fallen upon her and to take a new interest in life. From her own lips he heard the whole story—incidentally learning much of Ethel's character—and, putting two and two together, soon made up his mind that he had solved the mystery.

When Ethel came home for her vacation he went to call, and, without seeming to do so, watched the girl keenly. He found a certain harassed

NORRINE GRIEVES OVER THE BASELESS CHARGES

look about her, and a tendency to fits of absent-mindedness and nervous irritability which confirmed his suspicions; so he took matters in his own hands and on the Sunday after Thanksgiving preached a sermon on the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

Sternly the young divine drew a graphic picture of the sinner's certain doom, his keen eyes noting the effect upon the face of Ethel, who sat directly before the pulpit. The girl paled, and trembled visibly, and her eyes, filled with terror and dread, seemed fascinated by the speaker's relentless gaze. When his voice softened and he talked tenderly of the divine forgiveness which is the fruit of confession and repentance, the girl's eyes dropped and she struggled vainly to hide her emotion. The close of the service found her sobbing convulsively upon her mother's shoulder.

"The dear girl is so tender-hearted and Norrine's trouble has affected her so deeply," Mrs. Gerhart explained to the minister, when he approached them.

"Please let me speak to her," he said, quietly. "I think I can soothe her."

"What is it, Ethel?" the minister asked gravely, drawing the girl aside. "Is it pity for your disgraced schoolmate that affects you so deeply?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl, "I am so sorry for her."

"It is a great pity," the man's earnest voice continued. "Here is this young girl, with her name disgraced, her life ruined because she is known as a thief. Her mother's heart is breaking as she watches Norrine fade away. I doubt if the poor girl can live long unless something can be done to clear her name."

Ethel's sobs grew stronger, but no light of pity came into the eyes which were regarding her so intently.

"Have you ever thought that there might be some mistake about Norrine's guilt?" he questioned. "What a fine thing it would be if this sorrow could be lifted from the poor girl! If any girl has laid this burden upon Norrine unjustly she must be as miserable now as Norrine is. If the guilty one should confess, she would redeem her own soul."

Still the sobbing girl did not speak.

"Ethel," said the minister with sudden sharpness, "look up at me!"

He slipped a gentle hand beneath her chin, lifting her tear-stained face, compelling her eyes to meet his magnetic gaze.

"Tell me the truth," he commanded, "tell me the whole truth, at once. Norrine will forgive you; we will all forgive you when you right this wrong that you have done."

The intensity of his gaze compelled the girl's obedience.

Kneeling there in the little chapel, Ethel told all, and sought Norrine's forgiveness. How sincere was the confession, how complete the forgiveness may best be judged by the fact that when Norrine and the Rev. Robert Read were married in the spring, in that same chapel, Ethel was maid-of-honor.

The Making of a Man

(Biograph)

By LEONA RADNOR

THE taste of Scubville in matters dramatic was a long call from the fastidious. The respectable little village liked to be thrilled by the contemplation of deeds that Scubville never had been and never would be called upon to witness in real life. And if there was one organization better equipped than another to excite Scubvillians with lurid performances of impossible heroes, inhuman villains, and superhuman heroines, the Morton Traver Repertoire Company certainly deserved that distinction.

THE LEADING MAN

Morton Traver himself was a fine enough looking chap—a big fellow who "dressed up" well. Aside from his good looks, there was not much to Traver. He was of the negative type so prevalent in the profession. And with his abundant lack of positive qualities was coupled the usual fatuity. From his sordid, cheap existence—even from its hardships and its brooding hours—he had derived but a superficial knowledge of life. Nothing fundamental, nothing abysmal had ever claimed the consideration of his flabby mind. He was well content with his vapid hero parts, and they had a worthy exponent in Morton Traver.

Scubville voted him a great actor, and, gratified by the enthusiasm of its audiences, he strutted and played with emphasized affectation. On one triumphal evening, as he answered the repeated curtain calls, he caught a glimpse, over the dim footlights, of a rapt young face in which large, blue eyes shone misty with emotion. A nimbus of golden hair framed the face and made it the more youthful and appealing. It was fresh and sweet and innocent, and Traver involuntarily sought it each time the curtain rose.

The girl's escort noticed the actor's glance and the impression working on the girl. He was not pleased, and, with the privilege of an acknowledged "beau," he waxed sarcastic as they filed out of the "Opry House."

"It's lots of fun for a feller to take a girl to a show just so's she can flirt with another feller, I dont think!"

"Why, Sam Perry, what do you mean?" indignantly retorted the girl.

"You know what I mean, all right, Ruth Merritt! I saw you and that actor making eyes at each other. I didn't think you'd do such a thing!"

"Why, Sam Perry, how can you say such a thing? I did nothing of the kind!"

And thus they wrangled like a couple of katydids all the way to

FASCINATED BY THE LEADING MAN

Ruth's home, and parted with haughty good nights. Tho Ruth maintained an indignant and aggrieved air, she knew in her heart that Sam had a sound basis for his reproaches. To her unsophisticated mind, Traver was possessed of all the heroic qualities he so blatantly portrayed. The glamor of the stage transformed his very ordinary personality into one of dazzling eminence and irresistible charm for the inexperienced little village maid. And when she realized that he had noticed her, her already racing pulse quickened its beat in response to her thrill of pleasure and pride. Poor Sam was fast approaching the vanishing point in the perspective of her thoughts when he thrust himself to the fore with his accusations. Even as she met them with disavowals, her mind was held by the fascinating memory of the actor.

It was perhaps the knowledge of her duplicity that led her, the next evening, to display all her former sweetness and frankness when Sam called to escort her to a dance. Then, too, a whole day spent in the exacting atmosphere of Deacon Merritt's home had much to do with exorcising the fascination of the night before. So the recriminations were forgotten, as Ruth and Sam and Deacon Merritt started for the dance that all the *élite* of Scubville were to attend.

As a result of this counter-attraction, the Morton Traver Repertoire Company found themselves hurling their choicest sensation at rows of empty seats. Deciding that useless waste of energy would be criminal, the members submitted the play to numerous and generous "cuts," thereby immeasurably shortening it and permitting the "galaxy of incomparable stars" to cause a flutter at the dance, to which they had been cordially invited.

The floor committee busied themselves to secure partners for the distinguished guests, and Ruth soon found herself looking into Morton Traver's eyes as he begged her for a waltz. The fascination swept over her stronger than before, and, disregarding Sam's protest at her slighting his dance engagement, she whirled away in the actor's arms. It was patent to her partner that he had made a tremendous impression. It flattered his vanity; he even liked the girl for her unstinted admiration. He asked to see her home—not with the tacit proprietary manner of Sam, nor with the off-hand friendliness of the other boys. He placed her on a pedestal with his respectful request: "May I hope for the honor of accompanying you to your door?"

On the way, he discoursed poetically of the moonlight and the peaceful little village fast putting out its lights.

"Oh, Mr. Traver!" exclaimed the deluded child, as they reached the gate, "you talk just like a book! I could listen to you forever!"

"Could you, dear little girl?" gur-

HE MEETS HER AT THE DANCE

HE TAKES HER HOME

gled the actor. "Ah! if my life were only different—if I could only live in such a beautiful spot, I would want no other audience but you!"

Thoroly enjoying this impromptu scene with a winsome girl who strangely attracted him, Traver had nevertheless sufficient caution not to go too far. So, after a few more platitudes, that were to her rare gems of wisdom, he broached his going away on the morrow.

"I'm awful sorry you're going, and I suppose I'll never see you again," said the girl wistfully.

"Oh, yes, you shall, little girl!" he replied earnestly. "I'll be back this way almost before you know I'm gone. And we're going to write each other, aren't we?"

"Oh, I would love to!" breathed the girl, with shining eyes.

"Well, you come down to the station to see me off tomorrow, and I'll give you my route-card, so you'll know where to reach me the rest of the season. Good-night, dear! I'll see you tomorrow. Good-night!"

With a final lingering clasp of her yielding little hand, he strode dramatically away in the moonlight. And Ruth, gazing after him, thought him a philosopher, a poet, and a hero rolled into a handsome, manly entity.

The next morning, she was so fearful of missing the appointment, that the deacon, who was father and mother to his small flock of four, noticed her agitation. He asked no questions, but grimly remained watchful. Ruth slipped out and hurried to the station. Traver met her with tender cordiality, and drew her out of sight of the company. He gave her the card and directed her when to write. He was very earnest, very impressive. He placed his hands upon her shoulders, looked deep into her eyes, in which the innocent soul welled up, and asked: "You will not forget me, will you, little girl?"

Just then, a rough hand was laid upon his collar; he was thrown to one side, and the irate deacon faced him.

"You good-for-nothing vagabond of a play-actor, you! So you have been practicing your wiles upon my daughter, have you? And she listened to your ungodly talk like the little fool she is! Well, I'll tell her something about play-actors that'll change her opinion about you, you lazy, unrighteous-living purveyor of abominations!"

Gripping his daughter by the arm, the deacon dragged her home, heaping vituperations upon her and threatening her with dire calamity if she ever again thought of that vile play-actor. He called in her brother and her younger sisters to witness her humiliation and to take warning from her disgrace. Her position became intolerable. She was treated with studied aversion and was repeatedly

INTERCEPTED AT THE DEPOT

made the text of sermons that prognosticated a gloomy and painful end.

Stung by the severity and injustice of this discipline, Ruth began, for the first time in her life, to wish for greater freedom and variety. From the wish to the plan was not a long stride; and the plan evolved itself into a feverish packing of a traveling bag, the opening of a small savings bank, and her stealing away unseen. She had but one destination in mind: Morton Traver was playing a town only a few stations away; she would go to him.

At the station, she ran into Sam. He tried to detain and question her, but she shook him off and rushed for her train.

"Well, I'll be ——", began Sam. Then a thought struck him.

"By Jiminy! she's running away! I'll bet she's chasing that actor fellow! I guess the deacon better know about this." And Sam started off at his fleetest to communicate the astounding news.

The leading man of the Morton Traver Repertoire Company sat in his hotel room in gloomy meditation. He was dissatisfied with himself—an almost unbelievable state of affairs—and he felt lonely, and yearned in a vague way for the soulfully sweet presence of Ruth. His life was looming up as cheap and tawdry and raw, and he wanted something different—and the most different thing he could think of was the little girl in Scubville.

His thoughts were interrupted by a light knock at the door. He opened it, and stood dumb with amazement at sight of Ruth. She was frightened and shy, but she entered his room without any misgivings. He couldn't understand it.

"Why, honey, have you come to see me?" he asked, bewildered.

"Yes, I've come to you. I cant stand it at home any longer, and I've no one to go to but you. I know you love me the way you held my hands and called me 'dear'."

She was so simple, so trusting, so confident that his attentions could mean but one issue. And he, with his warped estimate of human nature, mistook her meaning. His arms closed about her and, as he kissed her, he whispered how he had longed for her and how he loved her.

"And I love you with all my heart!" whispered the girl. "My husband!"

Anything so suggestive of ties and responsibilities had never occurred to Traver. He was appalled. He withdrew his arms and started to frame reasons against such an alliance; but the girl's wondering eyes, her ineffable goodness and sweetness and trustfulness touched some unsuspected fiber of manliness. Impulsively, he seized her hands and asked: "Do you really and truly want to marry me?" She nodded a shy affirmative; with unaffected happiness he clasped her in his arms.

SHE FOLLOWS HIM TO THE NEXT TOWN

Suddenly a clamor rose in the hall, and a loud knocking on Traver's door followed. Jack Weldon, the stage-manager, rushed in from the adjoining room and told Traver that the girl's father was outside.

"Go into my room, and I'll receive the old man here," counseled Jack.

THEY INVOKE THE AID OF THE LAW

Traver and Ruth slipped into the next room just as the enraged deacon, with Sam and a few curious followers, confronted Jack Weldon. They found him quietly smoking and insolently cool to their heated inquiries. They retired baffled and left the hotel on false scents. While they were scouring the town, Ruth and Morton Traver had found a minister to marry them. With the help of Jack Weldon, they evaded the searching party that evening. The next morning, they were discussing the probability of the deacon having returned home, when a furious hammering at the door startled them. Traver hadn't time to reach it before it was burst open. Deacon Merritt had invoked the aid of the law; it was the constable who demanded the return of the daughter to the outraged father. With his arm about Ruth, Traver faced the crowd.

"I rather think," he said, "that a wife cannot be taken from her husband."

There was a good, honest glow about his heart as he drew the marriage certificate from his pocket and displayed it to the father. The deacon tapped it with a furious and contemptuous finger.

"The girl is not of age!" he almost screamed. "I have a legal authority over her till she is; and as long as there's a breath in my body, she shan't go traipsing over the country with any unregenerate play-actor!"

There was nothing to be said in argument. Traver, with the instinct of the primal man for protecting his own, tried to keep her by force; but she was torn from his arms, and as her father bore her away, the constable held the infuriated husband back.

That was the turning-point in Traver's career. The dissatisfaction that had germinated after the meeting with Ruth was growing apace. He felt that he was wasting his life—he was doing the easiest, just drifting along. He wanted to be better in every way; he wanted to win respect for himself, both as an actor and a man. So he left the repertoire company and set his face toward the big city, where he intended, by study and hard work, to rise to a higher plane.

Back in her Scubville home, conditions were worse than ever for poor Ruth. Berated by her father, shunned by her younger sisters, twitted by her owl-eyed student brother, who was aspiring to a fire-and-brimstone ministry, she longed for the affection of her husband and the larger, freer life he offered her. She could not go to him till she was of age, for her father would find her and bring her

SEARCHING THE "HELP WANTED" COLUMNS

back. But why need she suffer this persecution any longer? Other girls went to the cities and earned their living—why couldn't she?

For the second time, Ruth left her home by stealth, and the intolerant deacon declared that henceforth she should be dead to them.

"She is dead!" he hurled at the young husband when the latter, after many months, and in the flush of fruitful ambitions, returned for his wife.

Traver retraced his steps, bowed beneath the blow. He had pined so for her and looked forward with such eagerness to claiming her that he went from the gate too dazed to notice a figure flitting in the shadows of the trees on the road. He went back to the station; the figure flitted nearer and nearer to the gate. It was a wan, shabby, distressful figure—the mere shadow of a girl—a girl with a nimbus of golden hair and large, wistful eyes. She had sought her old home, driven by the sickness of her soul and the starving of her body, by the wearisomeness of her factory toil, and by the knowledge that she would soon be responsible for another life for which she could not provide.

She turned the door-knob and entered the living-room. Her father sat in his big arm-chair, his head resting upon the table.

"Father!" she said tremulously. There was no answer.

She came closer, and sank to her knees at his feet.

"Father, I have come to ask your forgiveness. I know I did wrong, but I have suffered—I have been punished—wont you forgive me?"

Still he did not move. Startled, she looked closely into his face. With a great cry, she rose to her feet and retreated toward the door. Her screams brought her brother. He started to revile her, but she pointed, gasping, to the still form in the chair.

The stern, unrelenting man was dead. He had sunk under his last paroxysm of rage when ordering Traver from the house. Young Silas Merritt immediately assumed the authority of the head of the house, and, with all the bitterness of his cramped nature, he drove his sister out again into the world from which she had crept home for protection.

Back to the heartless city the unhappy young wife found her way in a stunned state, hopeless, broken-hearted. Her tragic visit to her home, her longing for husband, her lack of food, and her anxiety as to what would become of her tore the weakened constitution until something seemed to snap, and a great blackness enveloped her. There followed a period in which, at times, she was dimly conscious of talking and calling out and hearing voices and suffering pain. It was like a smothering nightmare; when she awoke, there was a nurse attending her. She was in a large, clean room with rows of beds down each side.

"How did I come here?" Ruth asked.

"You fell in the street and were brought here in the ambulance," answered the nurse, compassionately, giving her some nourishment.

"I dreamed I had a darling little baby," murmured the patient, drowsily.

"Was it anything like this little rascal?" asked the nurse, smiling, as she laid a small bundle beside Ruth.

"Oh! isn't he sweet!" was all the young mother could say as she fell into a peaceful sleep.

With the rest and care and nourishing food, she recovered rapidly. The never-ending wonder of her baby made her almost forgetful of her sorrows. But when she left the hospital, her baby in her arms, and went back to the wretched room, the young mother felt the old vultures of fear and despair swooping down again upon her defenseless heart.

Life had to be faced, and now there was not only herself to win bread for. But what could she do, with a baby demanding her care? She looked in that morning's paper among the advertisements for help. There was only one that seemed at all promising. She read it over carefully:

"Wanted—A woman with infant. Apply at Grand Theater, after matinée today."

The Grand Theater was many weary blocks away, and she was very weak, but she had no alternative but to walk. When she reached the theater, the performance had just concluded. Making her way to the stage, she found herself with a number of women and children. The stage-manager was rejecting them one after another. When he espied the baby, he beckoned to the leading man. The latter came up, nodded his approval, and playfully offered his finger to the baby.

"WHY, RUTH! I WAS TOLD YOU WERE DEAD"

"Hello, little chap!" was his cheery greeting.

Ruth had stood with drooping head, but at the sound of the voice, she looked up quickly, straight into Morton Traver's eyes. Astonishment, incredulity, the miracle of the thing held them spellbound face to face. He spoke first.

"Ruth! Honey! Why, I was told you were dead! Where have you been? Why are you like this? And this baby? What does it mean?"

Her sobbing breath made her replies scarcely intelligible, but he could gather that she had suffered bitterly, that she loved him as much as ever, and that the baby she clasped so lovingly, yet tendered it for his embrace, was his own.

In that moment, all the stirrings within him of dissatisfaction, of uneasy desire to be stronger and more worthy, seemed to be welded into one clear and unselfish purpose by the current of his love. With a sigh of thankfulness, he gathered his wife and child within his arms.

"We three are going to be very happy, sweetheart. I am going to show you and the kiddie what a good husband and daddy I can be."

Which declaration was evidence he had traveled far in a year, in more than his profession, and events had proved it to be the making of a man.

My Soul Shadow

By E. V. B.

Faded and gone that vision rare,
That dream beyond believing;
But memory sweet and mingled prayer
Yet stays my spirit's grieving.

We saw the moonbeams kiss the sea,
Heard the nightingale singing;
She made me then her prisoner,
While round me she was clinging.

I buried then my lips in hers.
"Take my heart," I said, "it pains me;
Oh! press me to thy bosom close,
Until I know it chains me.

"Embrace, with iron bands of love—
Ah! thy glowing cheek is burning;
'Tis the radiant bloom of youth,
Of eternal hope returning."

I fondly gazed in her dear eyes,
Her crescent lashes pearled with tears;
A lingering sigh, a fond caress,
Then kist away her trembling fears.

Oh, loveliest hour of happiness—
Ha! I wake—I have missed a scene;
My drooping eyelids had closed; but, yes,
I see her now upon the screen!

The Coward

(Pathé Frères)

By ROY MASON

THERE are some men whose nerves thrill to peril, and whose impulses leap to meet it automatically, without thought. They are fortunate. They meet danger blithely, and do not need to go thru the agony of a decision. The more thoughtful and less fortunate majority are not so manifestly anxious to risk their lives. Jim Henderson belonged to the majority. His elder brother, Walter, was already at the front watching the Confederates assembling in increasing numbers along the border of Maryland, at the time when Washington was considering its defense, and not measures of attack. This was a period of rumors and alarms. Report magnified the total of the Confederate forces to a grotesque degree. A skirmish was chronicled in the newspapers with all the pomp and ceremony of a pitched battle. President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand men had been quickly followed by a second and a third. All over the country men were being inspired, cajoled, even shamed into joining the ranks. Sometimes the soft reward of rich young lips sent wooers to their death. Thus much for the setting.

In front of the little white cottage where the honeysuckle clambered stood an anxious group. Major Henderson, the medal which cost him an arm in the Mexican War pinned upon his breast, was using his remaining arm to flourish his stout stick vigorously. This was in order to conceal his nervousness. His wife and pretty daughter, wide-eyed with alarm, stood tensely waiting beside him. There had been a fusillade of shots in the distance, and then silence. Captain Walter, the soldier, the Major's first-born, was in the vicinity with his regiment.

Could it be that they had heard the very shot that sounded his death knell?

A squad of soldiers appeared across the fields opposite. One figure detached itself, and strode rapidly forward. The tense expressions suddenly vanished, to be succeeded by eager delight. The Major flourished his stick more vigorously than ever. In another five minutes Walter was among them. The arms of his mother and sister were around him, while the Major belabored him with his cane, and used startlingly emphatic language in order to conceal his emotion.

"By God, my boy, I'm glad to see you," he concluded.

"It's all very well to dissemble your love, father, but that's a good stout stick of yours. I've brought you good news this time."

"Of peace?" exclaimed his mother and sister.

Walter's face grew grave again.

"I fear not," he answered. "Not for many months. Not till we have fought real battles, lost many lives, and tried our strength."

"But the shots we heard?"

"Just a brush," replied the Captain. "You didn't think that anything was happening just because a few guns popped, did you?"

"What's the news?" asked the Major, abruptly.

Walter glanced doubtfully at the women.

"I've got Jim a commission," he blurted out. "He's to be in my regiment. You know he didn't want to go as a private," he hurried on, "and it would have been hardly fair to ask him. But Colonel Ashley arranged the matter, and, mother, at least we'll be together."

"God's will be done," said the mother, trembling.

"Jim! Jim!" cried his father.

JIM TOOK THE SWORD AND TURNED AWAY WITH HIS BROTHER

A youth of twenty came swiftly thru the doorway.

"What is it, father?"

"Jim, my boy, you can go after all. Walter has arranged the matter. You're to have a commission in his regiment. Good news, my boy, good news! Your country needs you, and your old father is proud of you."

"But——" Jim faltered.

"But!" shouted the Major. "But!" He hobbled excitedly into the house.

Jim found his mother's arms about him. He glanced at his sister, and wondered vaguely whither her ever-present dimples had fled. There was no color in the cheeks which usually bloomed with roses, and her eyes were dark with apprehension.

"Both! Both!" sobbed his mother.

Inside the house the Major was unhooking a sword from the wall. It was the one he had bound to his side a dozen years before when he marched forth stoutly from his wife and children to meet the fire and fever of the Mexican campaign. He unsheathed the blade, and spoke to it, and fondled it affectionately.

"Too late for the old man," he muttered, "but at least I've a good stout son to carry you. Walter ought to have you by rights, but he has a sword—and Jim is my baby."

He bustled forth again to join the group on the veranda.

"Jim," he said, "Jim, my baby, I never thought that the little boy whom I left to help take care of his mother when I took the field would carry this sword after me. But here it is, boy, and I have only one prayer. May it never be disgraced by a son of mine."

He kist the hilt reverently, and handed the sword to his younger son.

"It's in the blood, I think," he said exultantly. The fire of bygone battles kindled in his fierce gray eyes.

Jim took the sword, and turned away with his brother. With tear-dimmed eyes their mother watched them as they marched off shoulder to shoulder. They were buoyant, vigorous, confident, alive. But for how long?

With the unreal swiftness of war the scene changes to Jim's tent in the Union camp. The young Lieutenant was sitting on his cot, trying to visualize what had happened to him. He had not wished to go. Surely, there were others. He knew men who seemed to revel in fighting. And here he was, in his brand new uniform, pledged to maintain its honor and that of his father's sword which lay beside him on the cot. Suddenly a shot rang out! Another, and then

another! The pickets were being driven in! The time had come! So swiftly! So awfully! Jim leaped from the couch, and dashed his cuff across his eyes. What was that horrible vision that confronted him? Over there! In the corner of the tent! He saw himself on the line of battle. There was a long line of men kneeling, loading, firing. Two or three pitched forward and lay still. An unexploded shell lit in the grass beside him. A curl of white smoke swirled up from the lighted fuse. There was a sudden detonation. Men reeled and sank about it. Oh, God! Was that his mangled body?

"Ta—ra! Ra—ra! Ra—ra!"

Jim seized his sword at the sound of the bugle, and stumbled forth blindly from the tent.

Still with the swift unreality of war, Jim found himself marching at the head of his men. One or two of them were laughing and joking, but the majority were grim and silent. Tramp, tramp, to the edge of the woods—tramp, tramp, to the nearest clearing. A horrible scream that came from nowhere caused the men to duck and look upward. Yes, that must have been a shell. The shell? No, he was living. A crackling fusillade broke from the edge of the grove opposite. Jim's heart stood still.

The young Lieutenant saw a long line of men kneeling, loading, firing. Two or three pitched forward and lay still. An unexploded shell lit in the grass beside him. He staggered back, turned, hesitated, stumbled, and then dashed madly thru the woods. Terror rode him like an awful nightmare. Fear, unquestioning, blind, mad, urged him on long after he was beyond gunshot. He tripped and sprawled on the grassy slope, but in an instant he was up and off again. His heart pounded in his chest as if it would rack him to pieces, and still he plunged on, staggering, stammering, weeping. There had been no question of any decision. His flight was as instinctive as that of a hunted rabbit, and it was solely instinct that guided his steps. Such was the vision, dirty, disheveled, panting, inglorious, which met his sister's eyes when he reached the house, toward which he had turned like a homing pigeon.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried in incredulous delight. And then: "Mother! Father! Mother!"

Not till this instant did Jim begin to think, to reason. Shame he had known not, no thought or sensation save that of terror.

"Jim, dear Jim, did we win? Are they beaten?"

"Yes," he muttered. "We won. They're beaten. I came to tell you."

"Come. Come quickly," urged his sister, "and tell father. He hasn't been well since you left, and this will be the finest of tonics. He has been worrying, but the proud old dear would never admit it. And now!"

Jim winced. The sensation was so acute that he wondered that his sister did not know how she had stabbed him with those two words: "And now!" with all their message of pride and love and loyalty. His sister was proud of her hero brother. If she had known the truth!

The Major needed but little telling. Here was his boy with the dust and grime of battle upon him. At his side was the sword which the Major himself had waved in advance of his troops.

Committed to lying, Jim had little to do at first other than to acquiesce in the Major's eager promptings.

"After you stopped the first rush, and they began to waver, you jumped out ahead, and then they followed you."

Gradually becoming animated by the excitement of the old warrior, Jim began to sketch in details, to weave a story. He assured them that Walter was safe. Somehow they had expected Walter to be safe. He was so quiet and self-confident. As fear departed and the Major's enthusiasm became more and more contagious, Jim began to paint whole scenes of which he was the central, heroic figure. He positively resented it as an anticlimax when his mother ex-

"YOUR BROTHER RAN LIKE A COWARD"

claimed: "Oh, Jim, did they shoot at you?"

"Shoot at him!" vociferated the Major, thumping the floor with his cane, "of course they shot at him! They shot at me, too, in front of Chepultapec, but I tell you this family is hard to hit!"

The old man seemed actually to believe this absurd statement conjured up by his enthusiasm. He gazed proudly after his son as his daughter led him away to have him tell it all over again.

A few miles away on the field of battle, Walter's regiment was drawn up for that solemn moment after the delirium of combat when an army begins to take stock of its losses. Each man answered as his name was called by the sergeant, and grounded his musket. Some of the names were called twice, thrice—and there came no answer. If the sergeant's voice occasionally faltered, no one was there who could find it in his heart to blame him. They were boys, yet young in war.

"Lieutenant James Henderson," read the sergeant from the roll.

No answer.

"Lieutenant James Henderson."

Captain Walter eagerly scanned the ranks, but his younger brother was not there. He turned away to hide the mist of tears of which he need not have been ashamed. The Colonel clapped him roughly on the back.

"It's the fortune of war, my boy," he said kindly. "Perhaps—— Come, we'll go and look for him."

They turned away in the direction of the stream of men bearing litters.

"It hits me pretty hard, Colonel," said Walter. "You see, I brought him. I arranged it all. And that he should be killed at the very first fire!"

He ran eagerly from recumbent body to body. The blue uniforms, stained with dust and powder, looked strangely alike. Sometimes he had to turn them over to give a quick glance

"WHAT! MY SON A COWARD?"

at the dead face. The wounded were being carried off in the litters. When a soldier was living, the Captain questioned him. At last a poor fellow, whose ashy face and staring eyes showed plainly that he had only moments to live, replied to his questions.

"The Lieutenant?" he said, his features distorted into a horrible semblance of a sneer. "Why, he ran, ran at the first fire; ran like a scared rabbit!"

Captain Walter staggered back.

"So help me," said the man; "I'm going to die, but if I lived I'd——"

His head fell back, and the death-rattle sounded in his throat.

Captain Walter returned to the Colonel, and saluted formally. His back was stiff, and his head was high, but there was a tremor in his voice.

"Colonel," he said, "my brother deserted. He ran like a coward. Have I your permission to arrest him myself?"

The Colonel shot a keen glance at the young officer.

"Yes," he replied, "if you would rather have it that way. You have earned it. Take a squad of men and a corporal."

"I'll bring him back alone," said Walter.

In front of the house where they played together as boys Walter halted in dumb agony. He was not thinking of his brother, but of that proud old heart he would have to stab, of those two gentle hearts which he must set bleeding. His countenance was pale but grim as he strode in thru the doorway.

"You, too!" exclaimed the Major delightedly. "Why, you must have driven them clean out of the country! How could you both get away?"

Walter gazed at him without replying.

"Where's your tongue, boy?" said the Major. "Do you think Jim will get a promotion?"

"Jim deserted!" said Walter briefly, mercilessly. "Ran at the first fire! I'm here to arrest him!"

The Major reeled back into the chair from which he had risen.

"Deserted! A son of mine!"

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" sobbed his mother.

THEY FOUND HIM WITH HIS SISTER'S ARMS ABOUT HIM

She tried to interpose as the Major rushed past her into the adjoining room, but he brushed her aside, brusque to her for the first time in his life.

There was no need to take a second look at Jim for confirmation. He had heard his brother's words, and they found him standing, his sister's arms about him. "Is it true?" she had whispered, and he had answered: "Yes!"

Major Henderson seized the sword which Jim had unbuckled from his side, the blade upraised. He encountered only the soft garments of the women who had thrown themselves between. Captain Walter seized his arm.

"Dont do that, father," he said. "He must go back and face his trial."

"I wont! I cant!" the younger man shuddered.

The Major seized the pistol from Jim's holster, and pressed the muzzle against his head.

"I have lived too long," he said. "I have learnt that I have bred a coward."

"I'll go, father, I'll go," cried Jim, his love outweighing his terror.

Walter gently took the revolver.

"If he is not shot as a deserter," he said, "we'll make a man of him yet. Come."

Jim offered his hand to his father. The old man fixed him with a terrible glare. The boy held out his hand to his brother. The latter's lips set firmly, and he failed to see the appeal. Then Jim turned to his mother and sister, and love accomplished what duty, pride and harshness had failed to bring about.

When he released himself from their embrace, Jim turned to the men and spoke to them with a new dignity and resolution.

"You cannot forgive me," he said, "and I do not blame you. But I know that you will if I fall under fire. That is all that I can ask. If I live, I shall earn your forgiveness. I want you both to know that I love and honor you, and that I know I deserve your coldness. Come, sir," he concluded to his brother abruptly, "we must be going."

Jim had gone thru the agony of making his decision. Any old soldier will tell you that many a man who has run at the first fire has later become a magnificent fighter. Events are crude and elemental in war. It is an insanity which we all hope has passed, but let us do it the justice to admit that it brings out great hearts and broad sympathies. Neither of the brothers spoke as they tramped together across the fields, but in Walter's heart was a secret hope bred by his younger brother's words.

The next moment the hope was dashed. A herd of cattle drove past them at a gallop. Brisk firing suddenly broke the stillness. Jim's stride wavered and he half turned about.

Over the crest of the hill came the Union soldiers, running pell-mell. Some of them flung away their muskets. Terror was written upon their faces, and each man strove to outstrip his comrades in the utter rout before the gray uniforms which began to appear at the top of the slope. Walter sprang forward to rally the men. He had no time now to see what Jim was

doing. The fleeing soldiers crashed against their Captain, and sent him staggering back.

Jim no longer wore his father's sword. For one brief instant he wavered, fighting his terror like a paroxysm of pain. Then he snatched up an abandoned bayonet.

"Pick up that gun!" he said sharply to a fugitive soldier.

He brandished the bayonet above his head.

"'Bout face!" he ordered. "Charge!"

He ran forward toward the gray line spurting with smoke. One, two, a dozen men followed him. The rest of them halted, turned back, irresolute.

"Come on! Come on!" shouted Jim. "There are only a few of them! Come on! Come on! Follow the colors!"

The magic of the battlefield changed the rout into a charge. Men now strove to overtake their young Lieutenant. The line withered and crumbled before the accurate fire of the Confederates, but Jim turned and faced them.

"Close up!" he shouted. "We've got them on the run! All together! Follow the colors!"

It was his radiant face, rather than his voice, resonant but lost in the noise of battle, that inspired the men. They loaded and fired as they advanced, and the line of gray began to waver. Jim was everywhere at once. He lifted a man who had stumbled and fallen, gave back his gun to a man who had dropped it, leaped over the bodies of the wounded and dying. As the blue line swept over the crest of the hill, the young Lieutenant pitched suddenly forward. He struggled to his feet again, ran on for a dozen yards, and once again fell. When two soldiers picked him up, and began to bear him toward the rear, he resisted feebly.

Captain Walter stood beside his Colonel.

"Where is your brother, sir?" asked the latter sternly.

"The last I saw of him, Colonel," replied the Captain, "he was carrying the whole blamed regiment over the brow of that hill. We met them when they were in full retreat. They knocked me down and walked on me. Then he turned them round again, and they walked on me some more."

"Is that true, sir?" demanded the Colonel.

Two staggering soldiers set down their burden almost at the speaker's feet.

"It's Lieutenant Henderson," said

"TELL—TELL HIM—THAT I'M NO COWARD!"

one of them, saluting. "If it weren't for him we'd have been running yet."

"That's my answer, sir," said Captain Walter proudly.

The Colonel grasped Jim's outstretched hand.

"I've — done — what I could," gasped the latter. "I want—my—my brother's hand."

As Walter knelt beside the wounded boy, and held his hand, a frightful pallor spread over Jim's countenance.

"For you—and—and father," he whispered, "I—wish—that I had had his sword—— Tell—tell him—that I'm no coward!"

A Prisoner of Mexico

(Kalem)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

EVEN as he greeted her, Ethel was conscious that her sweetheart was animated by some new and powerful emotion, something that caused his blood to leap and his eyes to burn, something outside the circle of their steadfast and unruffled love, a thing in which she had no part. With a sudden tightening about her heart, a vague apprehension, she caught his hand, and with an effort at sprightliness shook her finger reprovingly.

"You've a secret, sir! Confess at once!" she charged and ordered.

Paul Mason drew a deep breath, and tho his glance rested tenderly upon her face, his expression was that of one who sees a great and wonderful thing, far away, but glowing with the promise of fulfilment. A close observer would have called Paul a dreamer, despite his habit of swift decision and decisive action.

"I must go," he said simply, and the girl's cheeks paled slightly.

"To Mexico," he continued, tho he might have seen that she already understood. "Think of it, Ethel! They are fighting for liberty, for the kind of liberty Englishmen wrested from the King and wrote into the Great Charter, long ago; for the kind of liberty sought by our fathers when they starved at Valley Forge and stormed the works of Yorktown; the liberty which the great Bolivar gave to those Republics of the South, the glorious heritage which they have so poorly preserved! They say that the insurgents are but malcontents, outlaws, and soldiers of fortune. I say they are patriots who are ready to die, if need be, to see Mexico's true destiny fulfilled, to see her take her place proudly among the real Republics, the leaders of the world. It is not merely the cause of Mexico; it is the cause of humanity, of progress. From many lands men of heroic names are hastening to join the fray—today I read that in the insurgent ranks is a grandson of the Liberator of Italy!"

He paused for breath, and the girl smiled with stiff lips.

"You are all my life," she whispered, "but I cannot say, 'Do not go' when you feel that the cause of liberty needs you. It is a great and a wonderful thing, this dream of liberty, and even a girl may feel its powerful appeal. Go, beloved, if you must, and take my heart with you!"

Two days later he was gone. One message presently came to Ethel—that Paul had reached General Madero, and had been given a commission in the American Legion. Then leaden days grew into weary weeks, with no word save the newspaper accounts of the desperate fighting beyond the Rio Grande.

One morning, a month after Paul Mason's departure, John Davis observed that his daughter had lost much of the color from her cheeks, and that her step lacked the elasticity that had been characteristic. He glanced out of the window. All San Diego was flooded with golden sunlight.

"You do not go out enough, these days, Ethel," he suggested.

The girl smiled a little wearily.

"There doesn't seem any special reason for going," she admitted.

"Well, you may have a reason this morning," her father responded, and tossed into her lap a packet of yellow bills. "You may take that money and deposit it at the bank for me, if you will. I must run out into the country today, and my train leaves before the banks open. I do not wish to carry so much with me, or leave it in the house." He hastily kist her good-by and hurried away.

Some hours later Ethel called Pat, her fox terrier, and started out to

THE LEAVE-TAKING

execute her commission. She was cheered and invigorated by the fresh air and sunshine, and lengthened her walk considerably, passing along the edge of the railroad yards. Suddenly the terrier gave an excited yelp and made a swift dash toward a string of empty box cars standing upon a siding. Evidently he had spied a rat, for, ignoring Ethel's calls, he dashed up an inclined plank and disappeared thru the half open door of one of the cars. Still calling, the girl followed the dog. After a moment's hesitation she ran up the plank and stepped inside the car, from whence came eager whines, showing that the terrier had not abandoned the chase. Hardly had her foot left the plank when a bumping ripple ran down the string of cars as an engine backed up and was coupled on, the plank fell to the ground, and the heavy door of the car slid shut. Checking a cry, Ethel sprang to the door and exerted all her strength in an effort to open it, but her hands could find no grip on the smooth surface, and she was unable to keep her feet as the car, rapidly gaining speed, jolted over switch points and swung around curves.

"They will stop presently, of course, and then I can make some one hear me," the girl panted, and sank down upon a pile of bags which by some chance had been left in the car. The dog, unconcerned, curled up at her feet and went to sleep. The train, now evidently on an open track, roared and jolted onward at what seemed to Ethel a terrible speed. When it seemed to her that days must have passed, tho a faint light still filtered thru the cracks about the obstinately jammed door, the train came to a stop, and Ethel beat fiercely upon the side walls and called at the top of her voice. Evidently she was unheard, for presently the train was again in motion. Frightened and exhausted, she sank down upon the bags, and thereafter lapsed into a semi-conscious state in which she could form no idea of time. Vaguely she

was aware that she suffered from hunger and thirst, and that the dog, which at irregular intervals had broken into wild howls and had scratched frantically at the door, became quiet. Then came a blank darkness, from which she emerged slowly, dimly hearing voices outside the car, which was standing still.

"I am quite positive I heard a sound from this car," was spoken in Spanish, and she endeavored to call, but could only moan. "There! Again!" the voice exclaimed. "It is a woman's voice. Pry open the car door."

A minute later the door slid open, and Ethel was gently lifted and borne to the open air by several Federal soldiers, just as General Alvarez, accompanied by several aides, passed the train. With exclamations of astonishment the officers hurried to Ethel's assistance, and a brandy flask gave her temporary strength to reply to the General's questions. In response to her appeal that she be sent home, Alvarez shook his head, however.

"That is quite impossible, Señorita," he said gravely. "You must remain as our guest for a while. The rebels are in complete control of the railway—the train on which you arrived barely escaped being blown up, and none will start north until we have driven away those pests—which I trust will be soon," he added, grimly.

Turning to one of his aides, the General again spoke.

"Place Miss Davis in the care of Francisco's wife," he ordered; "see that she has medical attention and whatever she may require. If the line should be reopened, arrange for her return to the United States, or for turning her over to the nearest American Consul, as circumstances permit." Bowing to Ethel, he hurried away.

Aside from weakness, from which she rapidly recovered, Ethel found that she had suffered no ill effects from her unique adventure, tho filled with concern at the thought of what her father must be suffering in his

ETHEL, UNCONSCIOUS, IS DISCOVERED IN THE FREIGHT CAR

uncertainty as to her fate. There was, for the present at least, no possible way of communicating with him, the town in which she found herself being, to all practical purposes, surrounded by the insurgents, and both mail and telegraphic communication interrupted. The woman in whose care she had been placed was, she discovered, of a kindly and sympathetic type, the wife of the keeper of the local prison. The husband, Francisco, seemed to Ethel a rather good-natured, greedy, and not clearly intelligent person. She was at liberty to come and go as she pleased inside the lines, and, had it not been for the thought of her father's anguish, might even have enjoyed her present novel situation, being a young person of much spirit. The thought that she was, in all probability, comparatively near Paul, caused her heart to beat rapidly, tho she realized how utterly unlikely it was that she should see him before some method was arranged whereby she could return to her home.

General Madero looked up from the American newspaper he had been reading, and which he now cast aside with an impatient movement.

"What do you think, Captain Mason?" he demanded, his face lighting up with a friendly smile. "Do you think there is any danger of intervention by your Government, or is Mexico to be allowed to settle her own affairs?"

"I think there is no danger whatever of intervention, General," Paul answered. "I think it is realized at Washington that the massing of troops on the border, in force, was a mistake, and the sympathy of the mass of my countrymen is with us—the insurrectionists, or, I should say, revolutionists."

At this moment a soldier hastily approached, saluted, and reported that a small pack-train, destined to convey much needed ammunition to a hard-pressed command operating fifty miles to the east, was in readiness for the road.

Paul stepped forward eagerly.

"There's nothing doing here, General," he exclaimed with a youthful fervor that caused Madero to smile, "and my men are getting rusty. It is likely that the Federals will jump this pack-train before it gets to Colonel Lopez, and I think a little brush would do my men good—will you not detail us as escort?"

"You young fire-eater!" Madero laughed. "Two days after a fight you complain that there is nothing doing! However, your wish coincides with my original intentions. Take command of the pack-train, with half your company. Remember that you are acting as an escort, and avoid any encounter, if possible, but get the train thru as quickly as possible. You start at once."

Ten minutes later the little pack-train and its escort trotted out of the camp and took the winding trail into the hills. Beyond the last line of advanced videttes, Paul pushed forward with all possible speed, keeping a sharp watch for the enemy, but the day wore past with no hostile sign.

"We will push thru Eagle Pass before dark," Paul remarked to his second in command, as they began a rough downward climb. "Once thru, we can make good speed even after sunset, and most of the danger of attack is on this side of the pass."

Cautiously they advanced into the narrow pass, and, halfway thru, Paul was just breathing a sigh of relief, when from right, from left, and in front, rifles blazed a deadly volley, and the pass was suddenly swarming with the Federals, who, leaping from their ambush, surrounded the train. Half the escort had fallen at the first volley, and tho the others fought desperately, they were soon overpowered. Helpless from a wound, Paul was borne away by the triumphant Federals, who evidently did not relish the idea of being caught in the gorge by an avenging body of insurgents. Before the following dawn he found himself in a cell of the prison in the town where Alvarez was still maintaining his headquarters.

PAUL IS WOUNDED

Tho painful, Paul's wound was not serious, and he found that when he had recovered from the shock of the high-speed bullet, he was not by any means incapacitated.

"I could run like a scared jack-rabbit if I had a chance," he muttered, "but the chance of a chance looks pretty slim," he added, as he glanced at the heavy bars across his cell window. He walked over and looked out. The cell was on the ground floor, and looked into the courtyard, about which was a comparatively low wall. There seemed to be but a couple of soldiers on guard at the gates which opened upon the street. As Paul looked, he suddenly gripped the bars and an expression of blank incredulity spread over his face. The prison gates had been opened, and two women entered the courtyard, one a Mexican, the other Ethel Davis. The older woman was evidently showing her companion the sights of the place, and advanced with easy familiarity. As they passed the window, the girl raised her eyes, and her face went white as she recognized her sweetheart, but she controlled the cry that trembled on her lips, and her companion did not observe her agitation. A moment later the older woman excused herself, and hurried across the courtyard to speak to her husband who was passing thru. Gliding swiftly to the window, Ethel spoke with all the clearness and swiftness of which she was capable, explaining the mystery of her own presence, and bravely declaring that she would contrive Paul's escape, tho by what means she did not say. When the jailer's wife returned, Ethel was standing at some distance, her manner showing no trace of agitation.

For the remainder of the day the girl's mind was frantically busy with the problem of releasing Paul, but it was not until late in the afternoon that any expedient suggested itself. From her room she heard Francisco fiercely denouncing the authorities for the failure to pay his salary when due, thus depriving him of the opportunity to win a fortune, as he assuredly would do if he had but a miserable hundred dollars to purchase a certain wonderful fighting cock of which he had learnt. The one passion of Francisco's life, Ethel had already discovered, was to own a cock of unmatched fighting ability. Suddenly she thought of the packet of banknotes which she had received from her father, and which she still had safely concealed in her breast. It was not until Francisco returned from the prison, at midnight, that she had an opportunity of seeing him alone, however.

The dawn was already breaking when Paul was roused from his sleep by the turning of a key in the old-fashioned lock upon his cell door. As, thinking of assassins come to do secretly what they would not dare do to one of his nationality in open day, he sprang to his feet, a soft hand was laid upon his lips, and a voice that caused his pulse to leap, whispered "Hush!"

Holding his hand, Ethel drew Paul out into the corridor, and turned to the right.

"There is a little door at the rear," she whispered, but even as she spoke there came faintly from afar off an exclamation of astonishment, and the

voice of a soldier shouting for the corporal of the guard. Evidently the little door had been discovered open. The girl drew swiftly back.

"We must escape thru the main gates," she said, and led the way at a run, mentally giving thanks that she remembered, from the visit of the preceding day, the general plan of the building. The door leading to the courtyard opened readily to one of the keys she carried, and they slipped cautiously out, keeping close in the shadow of the wall. No guards were in sight, but as they left the protecting shadow to reach the gates, two soldiers who had been squatting on the ground sprang up with shouts. The fugitives made a desperate dash for the gates, but one of the soldiers swung them shut, while the other threw himself upon Paul. With an old wrestling trick, Paul sent his opponent to the ground with such force that he lay stunned, and a moment later, catching up the fallen soldier's rifle, he struck down the other guard.

But the gates were shut, and locked with a spring lock for which Ethel had no key.

"Over the wall!" Paul shouted, and, catching the girl in his arms, raised her until she could struggle to the top. With a desperate leap, he managed to get his arms over, and was soon beside the girl. Together they dropped into the soft sand outside, and ran, conscious that behind them the prison was humming like a hive of angry bees. A bell broke out into wild clamor, and shouts and answers rose on every side. But they kept ahead of the tumult, and by good chance avoided running into any patrol. Dodging and turning to avoid the sentries, they at last reached the outskirts of the town, stole unobserved past the outermost guard, and plunged breathlessly into the shelter of the bushes that fortunately grew densely at this point.

"They will scour the whole region; we must not stop!" Ethel exclaimed, after they had lain gasping for a few moments in their temporary safety. "Come on!"

"If we can make it to the foothills, we may run into some of the insurgent scouts," Paul said, and then they hurried forward without words, saving every breath for the effort to make speed. It was now broad day, and looking back as they crested a little hill, they could see a long line of Federal soldiers, in skirmish order, moving swiftly thru the bushes. Thirty minutes later Ethel sank upon the ground, and Paul staggered and fell to his knees. The bandage had slipped from his wound, which had reopened, and he was weak from loss of blood. It was not necessary to say that they could go no further—their hands found each other, clasped tenderly, and they lay still.

After what seemed a very long while, they again stirred, and Paul rose to his feet. As he did so, there came a yell of triumph from a soldier who was carefully beating the bushes fifty yards away. His carbine cracked sharply, and the bullet sang past Paul's head. The soldier waved his hat, and his comrades began to converge upon the spot to which he pointed. Paul sank down, and Ethel's arms went round his neck with despairing tenderness. They could hear the approaching Federals crashing thru the bushes.

Suddenly from the crest of the ridge came a crackling volley, and fierce shouts, and the drumming of horses' feet. Unaware of how large a force might be upon them, the Federals fired and fled, hotly pursued by the detachment of Madero's cavalry. Catching sight of Paul and Ethel, two troopers slid from their saddles, and hurried to their aid.

The following day Paul and Ethel were safe in Madero's camp. Paul was welcomed by his General with obvious pleasure, and Ethel was received with a grave if puzzled courtesy.

"Captain Mason goes out with a pack-train laden with amunition, which he contrives to exchange for a charming young lady. The story is doubtless well worth hearing," Madero remarked, when, after they had

FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL CAME A CRACKLING VOLLEY

rested, Paul and Ethel presented themselves at headquarters. The General's good-natured reference to the loss of the pack-train was doubtless accounted for by the fact that Colonel Lopez, even without it, had won a decisive victory.

In turn, Paul and Ethel related their adventures.

"I am happy to say that I can pass Miss Davis on to the United States in perfect safety," Madero remarked when they had concluded, "and if she is prepared to do so, she may start tonight."

Involuntarily the girl turned toward Paul with arm half outstretched.

"Captain Mason," the General continued, "in view of his wound, and the fact that the approaching truce will put an end to military operations for some time—I trust for all time—is granted a furlo of six months, to take effect after the completion of the specially assigned duty of escorting Miss Davis to her home."

Smiling, General Madero shook them warmly by the hand, and turned to the litter of papers upon his table.

Song of the Screen

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

Now let the magic films unroll—'tis Life and Art between
When hopes and sorrows of the soul all jostle on the scene;
And maids with dimpled cheeks aglow and eyes of tender beam
Across surface silent go, into the Land of Dream.

Oh! children gayly frolic on, and youthful days are spent,
And manhood, by ambitions drawn, toils bravely on, content;
While gray-beards totter to and fro, and tell old tales, and seem
Like frail, elusive wraiths, to go into the Land of Dream.

My friends, you make a goodly show; I'm glad if joy I mean,
Tho but a souless thing, you know, a Motion Picture Screen.
Your faces glint in ghostly row, each changing play between,
Then out the open door you go, and leave the Land of Dream.

SCENE FROM "DANIEL BOONE'S BRAVERY"

Daniel Boone's Bravery

(Kalem)

By JOHN OLDEN

From the scenario of Phil Lang

In a park-like forest, mostly of moss-covered monarchs, many parts of rare flowering trees, mingling with honey-locusts, pawpaws and sugar-trees, a little clearing, the first made by white men in Kentucky, lay open to the warming sun.

The scattered cabins, and stumpy fields waving with new corn, seemed a toy invasion of the unbroken wilderness. On every side of the cleared space, like walls of a shallow well, dim shadows under brilliant foliage hemmed them in.

To a Cavalier or Quaker, or even to a psalm-singing Puritan, the unbroken forest would have seemed a horrid, trackless jungle; but to the woodsmen—such is their craft—its reaches and streams, its bogs and tangle, were set out like the fine traceries on a hand. And to them the impenetrable solitudes had their arteries, too, narrow trails, winding vein-like beneath the laces of trees, worn hard by noiseless, moccasined feet.

DANIEL BOONE

Such was the Scioto Trail, the war-path thru the mountains even to the Gap of the Cumberland: there, overlooking civilization below, in a watered valley, it halted, as if weary of its turns and twists.

Boone, coming up to it from the Yadkin lowlands, had gazed prophet-like from the summit over the wilderness which reached to the setting sun. Reports had drifted down the slopes from wandering trappers, of this new country, teeming with buffalo, elk, bear, and small game. Now he could see its first reaches with his own eyes.

"Truly," he had acclaimed, "here is a country where the beasts attain their full size and where the spirit of man is free."

He descended the slopes, and gathering round him such Carolinians as would harken, he told them all that he had heard and seen of the new country. Many laughed at him as a dreamer—for it was common report that a painted redskin lay lurking behind every

TEACHING DAN TO CLEAN A RIFLE

covert—but a few of the more adventurous wist, and tarried to dream with him.

So it came about in the autumn, when scarlet signals waved from the trees, that a small cavalcade had gathered together their household gear and, herding their cattle in common, had entered the narrow tunnel of the halting trail, pounded hard by the gliding feet of Cherokee or Shawanee.

The early missionaries had called the tortuous trail a "Road of Iron," it had so baffled their erring steps; and its iron must needs have entered into the hearts of the Carolinians. Each bordering bush meant lurking danger; each stream bank might bear its thicket of arrows.

The faint-hearted at home had boded better than they knew, for as the pioneers brushed by the walls of ranking forest, soft whispers of peril seemed to come from out of its depths. Had they turned back then, all might have gone well on the forbidden trail; but when the shorter days found them seeking deeper and deeper, the singing arrows began to search them out. From out of nowhere they came, humming as they sped.

It was quite horrible, this bloody forest, with its invisible, hovering death: when six of the voyagers had been covered with leaves, and the cattle had disappeared one by one, the rest faced about and sought the nearest settlement in Virginia. Here the sheltering logs and unquestioning hospitality tided them over the winter.

Some had it that the leader, Boone, was now a fallen Moses, and were for deserting his perilous standard; whilst others of the settlers, charmed by his visioning, would become of his party. One way with another, having gained the ear of one high in influence, a certain Colonel Henderson, of Virginia, the breaking of winter found the adventurers ready to put forth again.

Under a proper escort the party came to the west bank of the Kentucky River, and, liking the feel of the rich black soil, decided to make a beginning there of their settlement. When this little collection of cabins and a stockade fort, literally hewn from the lapping forest, were finished, they called it Boonesborough, in honor of him who had led them into the heart of the wilderness.

How its slender palisades and crude blockhouse kept the painted men ever lurking in the shadows, or how, infuriated, they dashed against the little garrison, I could well be the proud chronicler of. It, with its hearts of iron, was the lone sentinel of civilization for many doubtful years. When the rush finally came, with land speculation, and grants to the needy, and the cunning of politics, some of its grizzled defenders, its allurements gone, hauled down their colors and strode again into the unknown West beyond: but this is another story.

On the pleasant day which I would have for a beginning of my story, as I have said the ears of corn were swelling in their green gloves, and the sun, her lord and master, beamed down at the fructescence of Mother Earth.

A busy knot of settlers were "settling" a newly wedded couple; tho God wot how they were married! Some were cutting roof timbers, others truing board puncheons for a flooring. When the home would be done, the womenkind would bestow it with quilts, coopered utensils, and a store of venison; for so they worked and lived and feasted, and many times suffered, quite heartily together.

Boone, who had done his willing share of ax-work, was seated on a bench in front of his cabin. By his side, and all absorbed in the hunter's actions, was his young son, Dan. The big-shouldered woodsman, now in the prime of life, was cleaning the lock of his rifle, whilst he explained its fine mechanism to the boy.

"Some day, my lad," he said in his sober manner, "ye'll be earning the right to use a weapon."

He wet a wisp of tow between his lips and wound it round the worm of his hickory ramrod. "And it must be tenderly treated," he continued, "like a good friend or a willing beast."

The speaker eyed several little squares of linen critically, and, selecting one, he proceeded to "patch" or cover a bullet.

"A weapon, too," he added, "must ever be ready as a friend in need to carry out its duty. Not being so, it is so much useless cumber to hinder its bearer."

The cleaned and loaded weapon was laid against the cabin's side, where the boy eyed it wistfully.

"And now, Dan," said Boone, "ye'll be running down to Dick Calloway's and fetch me the bells he has been fashioning this many a day."

Boy-like, intent on noise, the lad sped across the clearing; and soon the confines of the settlement rang with jangling bells, little and big, from somewhere in the tall corn.

The busy workers on the new cabin stopped in amaze at the strange sounds as on they came with quarrelsome clatter. A ghost of a smile hovered on the lips of the elder Boone. They laid down their tools and gathered round him.

"Friends," he said, "sure, musick is a strange thing in Kaintuckee, and some might dispute the sweetness of this, oncoming, but if you will each man bring his horse here I will show you the signification of the bells."

The deep blue eyes of Boone were solemn even in their mirth. Some read their prankish spirit and others followed to do as he had bid. The boy reappeared with them, each leading a horse by its thong.

Boone dealt out a bell, each to a settler, and bade them lash them to the horses' necks. "For," he said, "while their tune is none of the sweetest, 'tis a musick of usefulness: by the various notes of the bells each shall know that his brute is safe in the forest."

With much laughter they belled the horses, and with some admiration for

BOONE HEARS THE BELLS

his forethought, too, for now it would not be needful to stand a ceaseless watch over the grazing animals.

Young Dan leapt astride his father's horse, and the tuneless procession formed for the forest. Each nag followed the one ahead as if his welfare depended from the other's neck. Soon the noisy cavalcade had crossed the clearing, and the mute shadows rang with its new sounds.

Now, when night came down over the settlement, the long shadows of everything quietly dissolved, only the denser black of the forest, like a low-lying cloud, could be discernible from the clearing. The far-off tinkle or jangle of a bell, now coming near, now far-off, was the only voice of the night, too. Little squares of light, like those from a Christmas toy, beamed out from the cabins. As these went out, one by one, the bells grew fainter in the woods. A solemn hush, the sleep of the primordial, fell over all.

As in one lain down for sleep, his limbs and features composed in stillness, tho the brain within may be gliding hither and thither with rag-tags of fancy, so the silence of the woods does not betoken that all is at rest. For there be nocturnal creatures, moth, owl or bat, who disport in the gloom; and again there be others who use the mantle of night for sinister purposes.

The belled animals wandered further and further away from the clearing, and as they did so, creeping human forms followed snake-like thru the brush. When a straying horse had reached a safe distance, these tawny shapes would rise up on all sides of him, and cutting off the alarm bell, would lead him still farther into the depths. This activity went on thruout the night, till the last horse had been captured and the last bell stilled. When the grayness preceding dawn came at last, the woods were as hushed as of their wont.

As the rim of the sun peeped into the clearing, doors were opened, woodsmen in panoply of buckskin came out, and birds began to pipe in the forest. Most of the settlers carried forth bags of corn, for their first thought was of solid fodder for the

EVEN THE BOY IS BROUGHT INTO SERVICE

straying beasts. Bells, too, began to call from the woods, and a string of men were soon following the welcome sounds. Boone, with his long sun-bleached hair shimmering in the clear light, waited, bag in hand, until little Dan should come out and accompany him.

The last man had entered the forest and had been swallowed in its shadows. Ever came the speaking bells, calling them in and in. "Whoa, Dexter!" "Here, Jack!" coaxed the provisioners, each intent on his nag. Mocking bells! Death-dealing bells! Cannot the settlers guess why they tinkle so provokingly? It would seem no, for the decoy bells, each clapper now shook, now held silent by a gliding savage, led them on. In a little glade they were surrounded, and the massacre began. The music of the bells gave way to musket shots and twanging bows. Arrows from invisible marksmen sped across the carpeted place, like winnowed grain-stalks. The huddled whites, weaponless, ambushed, fell among their bags of corn as sheep stricken by a storm. Soon all was hushed again; the sun broke thru the canopy o'erhead; robins flew down and pecked at the spilled grain.

It was perhaps ordained that little Dan's eyes should be fogged with sleep that morning, for he had scarce left the cabin, making a slow way after his father, when shots began to sound from deep in the forest. Boone knew their meaning at once: the unarmed settlers had been ambuscaded by the children of the forest.

To this man of action two things stood out plainly: his duty to his family and to the surviving settlers. The warning shots would hurry them all to the fort by the river, and it was not probable that they would be attacked in the open by daylight; yet it were the part of wisdom to reconnoiter the woods for signs of the redskins' numbers, and, it may be, of what tribe they were. He knew, too, that watching eyes must even then be upon the clearing and that it were ill-advised for him to attempt to leave it save by direction of the fort. Pondering quickly these things, he turned back toward the excited Dannie, and signaled for him to follow where he led.

He entered his cabin long enough to see that it was deserted and to take down his rifle from its pegs. Coming out, he could see the aroused settlers, children held in arms, streaming across the fields toward the fort. Back of his cabin lay a little shed for housing grain and tobacco, with a ladder inside leading to a curing loft above. For this he made leisurely, but, once inside, boosted Dan up the ladder with powerful arms. From this vantage he could command a broad view of the clearing: when he thought the time ripe he trusted to slip out and crawl for the woods, unseen.

They had not long to wait and then the unexpected happened. Boone was gazing between the broad leaves suspended in openings toward the sun; Dan lay upon the flooring, itching to finger the long rifle hard by.

A shaven crown with one long feathered lock appeared in the hatchway and silently mounted the ladder; a second pair of brown hands grasped the flooring as their owner ascended from beneath him. Boone's face was at an opening, but Dan beheld this noiseless approach with staring eyes. He grasped the rifle as the first savage leaped upon the floor. There was no time to look along the sights as the yelling fiend jumped toward him; barely time to pull the oiled set-trigger. The bullet must have caught him fairly, for the drawn-out yell of discovery ended in a scream of one wounded. Like a Jack-in-the-box, the painted man reeled backward and downward thru the hatchway. The following savage, somewhat disconcerted, had by this time showed his face above the flooring. No weapon was ready to oppose him. Quick as summer lightning Boone stripped off a broad leaf of tobacco and ground it to powder in his hands. This blinding handful was thrown full in the Indian's gleaming eyes. With a howl

BOONE IN HIDING

of baffled rage the sightless savage dropt to the floor below, and staggered bat-like from the building.

No time was to be lost now: they had scented out his retreat and soon would be swarming the deserted clearing thick as grubs in a rotted tree. He must work lizard-like along the ground, gain the nearest corn, and so on into the woods. But how about little Dan? Was he grown enough to slip by or to face the painted men in the forest? No; he would let the blinding tobacco blind them still further.

The woodsman bade his son lie prone on the flooring, and soon had covered him with a swelling heap of leaves. It was a makeshift at best; he could have taken him up in long arms to make a panting dash for the waiting stockade; but many lives perhaps hung trembling in the fine scales of fate: for him, then, the longabout creep to the forest and the matching of his craft against its denizens.

As he crept thru the broadcast corn, with the most painstaking care lest an agitated stalk or its snapped stem should betray him to the watchers, he wondered why they had not broken cover in numbers and made for the deserted settlement. With each low lift of his head, covered with green corn-shucks, he dreaded the triumphant call adventing their oncoming. It were a pity, too, to spear him like a blind mole in the open; so he thought, as he crept closer and closer to the fringing woods. Would the solitudes about him never give tongue?

The low-hanging trellis of wild grape rustled softly as he passed beneath it. He had come by inches to the borderland 'twixt forest and clearing to peer into the timbered wells. Soft feet pattered on the ground near him, and quick arms pinned his to his sides. A thudding blow seemed to fall from nowhere, and the strength oozed from his frame. Tightening thongs crept all about him as he lay shivering in the glare of the sun.

From then on followed a long period in which the wounded man, like one racked with fever, contended feebly with the course of events. He stumbled, half dragged, half carried, thru miles of interminable thicket. His face and garments were torn in cruel fashion by trailing briers and the spikes of locust. Ever and anon the wound on his head broke out with fresh bleeding as the matted locks were caught in bramble or copse.

At last, in a sort of natural clearing, where only a few giant trees grew, the party came to their encampment. Here, as the trussed settler was led among them, the squaws and dogs and one or two old warriors gave noisy welcome. On one side the captured horses were grazing contentedly, whilst in the center a striped and painted pole of sapling had been freshly planted. Boone glanced at it with knowing, shuddering eyes, for, tethered to it and made to walk round and round until death came to welcome them, captives were wont to undergo the most horrid tortures.

Without more ado, he was bound to a tree and by various signs was given to understand that his life and pleasure lay in the hollow hands of Cornstalk, the chief of the Shawanees. The bulk of the warriors were at large in

the forest, and it seemed to the suffering man as if the night would never come to call them in.

Toward nightfall, however, a pounding sounded on the drums and a solemn chant of triumph came up from the seated squaws. A warrior, like unto a huge bird, with a waving head-dress of eagle plumes reaching to his knees, approached the encampment. The word had gone out to him that the famous hunter, Boone, had been made captive and lay bound in his camp, yet by neither gloating word nor sign did he show cognizance.

When a fitting period had passed, he stood in front of the white man and spoke admiringly to him:

"Mighty hunter of the pale-faces, master of the elk and buffalo, equal of the red man in woodcraft and cunning, greeting from Cornstalk, the son of Elenipsico, father of the Shawanees. Had you alone come among us, swifter than the young deer, stronger than the stag with antlers, more crafty than the calling turkey, the warriors had welcomed with the clasp of brotherhood; but why the traps for beaver, raccoon and mink? Why the great blockhouse across the red man's path? Should not the children of the forest hunt in peace or settle quarrels with the Cherokees as formerly? No, the great hunter had come to stand with barring arms in their wood-path: he must go, as others would go after him."

Having concluded what Boone knew to be a death sentence for him and his community, the chief bent a ceremonious head to his captive, and stalked off to the camp-fire of his squaw.

Some time in the night, when the fires burnt low, the pioneer was loosened from the tree and a gruel of bear's meat poured into his mouth; then, flung upon the ground, with no sound in the camp save a whine or whinny from the animals, he was left to eke out the long hours. At times, too, when he had thought the encampment sunk in profound slumber, a squaw would steal out from shelter to heap on fresh fuel; or again in the stillness one of the old men would crawl forth for a lighting coal

DEFENDING THE STOCKADE

for his pipe. Between times, ever on his back, with bound hands showing plainly, he edged, nearer and nearer, to the spending fire. In his wary progress he did not dare roll over; 'twas more like the contracting and expanding journey of a serpent.

Coming to within inches of the glowing coals, the delicate part of his mission was to be accomplished; for he must so hold his hands that the rawhide thongs would burn thru and still preserve what of his blistered flesh that he could. It requires some courage to cook, more to be cooked, and the utmost to cook oneself; for this is what he literally did. The pangs of the damned bored thru his bursting head, yet the thing was done, and the raw palms dropped to his sides. With a fine agony he picked at the strips round his ankles, each touch steaming into his marrow. When he was quite free the wounded, bloody, fleshless creature crawled off into the brush to make what way he could back to his kind.

In the early morning they found him, wandering like one demented, before the palisades. 'Twas a poor, blood-soaked tatter of the once puissant leader, and their hearts misgave as they led him within. And, with his homecoming, my recountal should have an ending, too, were it not for little Dan, a spark from this heart of steel, left all forlorn in a loft beneath a pile of broad tobacco leaves.

But, willing searchers had him out and across the fields of whispering corn in time to close the gates on the thwarted red men. How like snarling dogs they lurked in the woods or leapt high at the barring stockade, it were a part of your heritage to know; for, the women who dared, and the men who did, saved—with God fending—a part of their blood for us, the children of those aristocrats of strength and courage.

Converted

By LIZZIE PINSON

We were talking, after dinner, in a desultory way,
When the conversation turned on Motion Pictures, t'other day,
As a pleasant way of passing leisure time at small expense,
All agreed, save one who grunted, "Not for folks with common sense."
('Twas a chap who soon will graduate for civil engineer,
He is most decided in his views—in manner quite austere.)
"They should not be tolerated—they're a menace to the young!"
And in spite of all our arguments, to this belief he clung,
Until some one questioned, "Have you been to many Picture Shows?"
"No; I would not waste my time on exhibitions such as those!"
"Ah!—and yet you argued 'while ago, there ought to come a time
When on circumstantial evidence we could not prove a crime!"
He was cornered and reluctantly admitted we were right,
The result was—we prevailed on him to come with us that night.
Now, it happened that the Pictures were exceptionally fine,
Just as if 'twere prearranged—one subject even in his line.
There were scenes of foreign countries, of the peoples and their ways,
There were comedies, as well as good dramatic Photoplays,
But the "hit" was something which appealed to his mechanic's heart—
Building great canals—a marvel in the engineering art—
With their derricks, mammoth dredges, giant cantilever cranes,
And the bridge-conveyor showing how it gathers first, then drains.
Well, to cut it short, he thanked us for a most delightful treat,
And he gladly paid the bill for all we boys could drink or eat.

Mesquite's Gratitude

(Kalem)

By GUY SHAW

Mesquite	*Marin Sais*
Slim	*Vicente Howard*
Kid	*Ed Coxen*
Bess	*Ruth Roland*
Shorty	*Bob Barry*
Indian Chief	*Harry Haskins*
Sheriff	*T. J. Vejar*

Indians, Cowboys, etc.

By the side of Green Mountain Creek, winding quietly downward from its source in the distant foothills, knelt the slim, lithe figure of an Indian girl. A half-filled pottery jug beside her bespoke her occupation—that of gathering the herbs and mosses of medicinal value growing along the banks. The afternoon sunlight played over the rich copper tone of her skin, and the friendly breeze fingered the fringe of her heavy buckskin garment. In her hair, which hung in two thick braids over her shoulders, a turquoise band repeated the touch of blue, woven and interwoyen in the beading of her dress.

As she worked, her deft, slender fingers selecting one herb and discarding another, a herd of cattle crossed the creek and she raised her eyes to watch them. Beautiful, soft, expressive eyes they were, deep-set and wistful.

Suddenly she threw up her head like a startled deer and sprang to her feet. Her quick ear had detected the thud of approaching hoof-beats and the sound of voices, not the deep guttural tones of her people, but the harsh twang of the cowboys whose advent into the land of her fathers had brought nothing but misery and ruin, and whose wild actions spared neither squaw nor warrior.

Quickly she hid behind a clump of brush to wait until they should pass, but, to her horror, the voices drew nearer, and two cowboys made their way down to the creek and stooped to drink. Realizing that they would see her at once when they turned around, she slipped from her hiding place and started to run away, but the crackling of the brush betrayed her.

"Hi there, sis, come back here!" shouted one of the cowboys, whose six-feet-four of undeveloped manhood had promptly won him the name of "Slim" when he arrived at the neighboring ranch some months before.

But the girl only gave a frightened backward glance and sped on.

Snatching a rope from his saddle, Slim gave chase, and in a few seconds had lassoed her and brought her to the ground.

"Come on, Kid," he shouted to his friend who was bringing up the rear. "I've got her!"

But the quick-witted Indian girl, taking advantage of the momentary loosening of the coil as Slim turned to speak to his friend, had worked herself free and was on her feet again.

"No you dont, sis," exclaimed Slim, catching her in his arms. "You're pretty good to look at and we're not thru with you yet by a long shot."

So saying, he boldly gave her a kiss and called on his friend to do likewise.

The incensed Indian girl fought and struggled furiously in his arms. Her dark eyes flashed fire and her whole frame trembled with fury as Slim passed her over to Kid, who laughingly took her by the arms and leaned over to steal his kiss. Sud-

"HI THERE, SIS, COME BACK HERE!" HE SHOUTED

denly she stopped struggling and lifted great beseeching eyes to his. Surprised, nonplussed, wondering, Kid slowly dropped his hands from her arms.

"On the job, old man," encouraged his friend. "What's the matter? Got cold feet?"

But Kid heard him not. The spell of those eyes was upon him—powerful, earnest, imploring—opening to his fascinated gaze depths of feeling before which he stood abashed, until his oversleeping finer instincts stirred within him in response.

Quietly, with dignity and great reverence, he lifted the Indian girl's slender, narrow hands to his lips, then slowly released them and raised his eyes to meet hers now glistening with gratitude and unshed tears.

"By the great hornspoon, Kid, what's the matter with you? Give her here, I'll take your kiss for you."

"No, dont, Slim," returned his companion quietly. "Let her go."

Slim was too amazed to do more than stare, as the girl, with one more look of heartfelt gratitude, sped away, her beaded robe clinking as she ran.

"Well, I'll be jimswizzled!" Slim ejaculated after a brief pause during which he regarded his friend contemptuously, while Kid looked thoughtfully after the girl as she followed the trail with swift free strides.

"Why, man, you're a fool—a chicken-hearted, crazy-headed fool—to go on like that over an Injin girl. Mind you, an *Injin girl!*—without so much as an acre of land or a drove of cattle to her name."

"Well, Slim, I dont know as that's her fault. And besides, old pal, didn't you notice her eyes?"

"Eyes? Great Scott! What's eyes got to do with it? She's nothing but an Injin girl."

"Slim, I wouldn't have the brass to insult any girl with eyes like that, no matter whether she was an Injin or a Fiji Islander."

"You wouldn't, eh!" laughed Slim. "Well, that will make a pretty tale to tell the boys. We'd better trot up to the ranch-house double-quick. I'd hate to deprive them of a good laugh any longer than necessary. Come on, Sir Knight!"

At the ranch-house Slim took great delight in ushering in Kid with much ceremony.

"Boys," he shouted, "I take great pleasure in presenting to you the Knight-of-the-Tender-Heart, newly converted champion of women, and especial slave of Injin girls. He will proceed to lecture to you on the subjects of "Eyes as an Asset to Female Beauty" and "The Propriety of Kissing Hands." All questions should be addressed to his Slim Secretary, as the lecturer is so absorbed in a pair of black eyes that he sees, hears, thinks nothing else."

As Slim proceeded to tell of the afternoon's experience, the boys hitched their chairs around, in order to get a better view of the speaker, and frequently interrupted the narrative with shouts of laughter. Kid bore their derision good-naturedly, merely declaring that he couldn't see why it was necessary to insult any girl, no matter whether she happened to be black, red, or yellow, and that he thought it was a practice to which the boys were entirely too much addicted.

The next day was pay-day and therefore play-day at the ranch, for it was the custom of the boys to ride over to the little town, with its adobe buildings huddled up against the mountainside, to spend their money.

A number of the boys were standing in front of one of their favorite haunts, when one of the girls from a near-by ranch attempted to pass them. Shorty, an impulsive little fellow, always on the lookout for a lark, tried to detain her; but the girl was expecting something of the kind and thrust him aside, whereupon he grabbed her arm.

KID COMES TO THE GIRL'S RESCUE

Just at this juncture Kid came out of the store, saw the girl struggling in Shorty's grasp, and promptly went to her assistance, ordering Shorty to let her go.

Now Shorty was as quick-tempered as he was impulsive, and Kid's commanding tones raised his ire. Dropping the girl's arm, he turned on Kid and pitched into him. Kid, of course, was forced to defend himself, and a stiff little fight ensued, while the boys looked on with interest, cheering now one, now the other, as he made a particularly good thrust. Suddenly, seeing his opportunity, Kid dealt a blow which sent Shorty sprawling in the street.

"Get up, Shorty," he said, as the crowd gathered around the limp figure; "you know very well that you're not laid out."

But one of the boys who was kneeling at his side, and listening to his heart, exclaimed, "Great Scott! You've done it, Kid. His heart's stopped beatin', sure. There ain't the least sign of life about him. He's dead, that's what! He's dead, poor duffer, and you done it."

With a cry, the crowd turned on Kid, but he held them off with the point of his pistol and in an instant the faithful Slim was at his side.

"Cut for the hills, quick! I'll hold 'em off and bring 'em to their senses," he whispered, and Kid mounted his pony and was off like a flash.

"See here," shouted Slim, drawing his pistol, "you boys saw this fight and so did I, and you know as well as I do that it was fair and square."

"Yes, but Shorty's dead and somebody's got to avenge him," declared an angry voice in the rear.

"And, by jinks, we will!" shouted another. "That fool Kid has carried his woman-champion business too far. Shorty wasn't goin' to do any harm; he only wanted a little fun. Kid killed him and he's got to answer for it."

At that moment a heavy hand was laid on Slim's shoulder, dexterous fingers twisted his weapon from his grasp and the sheriff confronted him.

A few short words of explanation, however, and the sheriff and cowboys were off in pursuit.

But Slim had accomplished his purpose; he had delayed the angry crowd long enough to give Kid a head start, and now he turned to the prostrate form, over which one of the boys was still working. For full fifteen minutes they worked steadily, grim determination in their faces—the one working for the friend at his side, the other for the friend riding for his life.

At last their efforts were rewarded; gradually their comrade regained consciousness and finally he was able to stand.

"Where's Kid?" he asked faintly.

"Gone, with the sheriff and the boys after him," said Slim, gruffly.

"Gone! Do you mean—they're chasing him?"

"Yes. They thought he'd killed you."

"Good God! they may shoot him! And it was all my fault. I started the fight. Quick! we must overtake them," and the three dashed forward to the rescue.

Meanwhile, Kid was making good headway. His faithful mustang seemed to understand the dire state of its master and bore him swiftly and surely as only the practiced feet of a Western pony can. Hidden by the trees, he could look down from the summit of the hill and see the cloud of dust which marked his pursuers' progress as they made tracks for the trail up which he had just come.

Then, down the other side of the hill the pony carried him, as surefooted as in the ascent. Unconsciously he had taken the direction of the Indian encampment, but he did not realize the fact until he saw ahead of him the Indian girl of his adventure. Her head was held high like a startled wild creature of the forest, her slim fingers gripped her pony's bridle firmly, while her whole figure was poised in a listening attitude, yet ready to spring to saddle on an instant's warning. As the cowboy appeared, a light of recognition came

into her eyes and her tense figure relaxed.

A light came into Kid's eyes, too. It seemed providential that this quiet, frank-eyed Indian girl should be standing there just when he needed the sly instinct of her race and her knowledge of the forest to insure his safety.

Drawing rein at her side, he dismounted, and in a few words told her of his predicament and asked her to hide him.

The wide eyes looked steadily at him during his recital, but no change of expression crossed her face. It was not in the Indian nature to show emotion. But for a moment she did not reply. Kid grew impatient. Was she going to fail him, after all? How could he know what thoughts and plans were working behind those impassive eyes!

At last she spoke, in rich guttural tones. Afterwards he remembered it was the first time that he had heard her voice.

"Me know what do. Pale-face brave climb tree. Heap big tree," she said, pointing to the old monarch of the forest beneath which they stood. "Me hide pony. Plenty cowboy come. Talk him all while. Me no talk. Cowboy all mad—me no can help. Pretty soon mebbe cowboy go —Ugh!"

Somewhat surprised at her command, Kid climbed into the tree and from his hiding place watched the rhythmic movements as she hid the ponies in the bushes and, returning, seated herself against the tree.

When the pursuers reached the spot they found a lone Indian girl squatting, redman fashion, underneath an old tree, her elbows resting on her knees, her chin buried in her hands and a far-away expression in her eyes. Twice the sheriff called to her before she heard him, and then she merely looked up blankly and turned back to her thoughts.

"Say, girl, have you seen anybody go by on horseback?" he asked.

She turned her pensive eyes upon him and shook her head.

"Well, then, what's the meaning of all these here hoof-prints, if there ain't been nobody passed this way?" he demanded; but he found that she was not even listening.

He went up and laid his hand on her shoulder and repeated the question. The girl rose, spread her hands out deprecatingly and shook her head. Seeing that she evidently did not understand, he lifted one of his pony's hoofs and then pointed to the hoof-prints on the ground. This seemed to convey his meaning, for she pointed from the hoof-prints to herself, saying, "Me pony. Me pony."

"Where?" demanded the sheriff, falling quickly into laconic Indian-English. "Where pony?"

"Heap big bush," she answered, indicating the thicket with a gesture.

"Let see," he returned.

She glided into the bushes and came back almost immediately with her pony.

"Well, boys, I guess we're on the wrong trail," said the sheriff, and they rode away, leaving an astonished-looking Indian girl gazing after them. Once they were out of sight, however, she ran to the tree, calling:

"Pale-face save heself. Me show trail—no long way off. Big Chief tepee plenty fine for hide. Pale-face brave save Mesquite. Mesquite no leave him die."

Kid descended rapidly from the tree, muttering her name, which he had just heard for the first time, and trying to make it sound as charming when he pronounced it as it did upon her lips, while the girl brought his pony from the thicket. As he helped her to mount she smiled down upon him, friendship shining in the bright black eyes, while Kid looked up gratefully and laid his hand on hers, not knowing how else to express his thanks.

They followed the downward trail, the girl leading, and ere long the pointed tops of many wigwams and curls of smoke rising skyward marked the location of the Indian village.

Before the Big Chief's wigwam they drew rein, and when her father

came to the doorway Mesquite caught his arm impulsively and led him to the cowboy's side.

"Pale-face brave save Mesquite. All time *teguin*—friend. Heap cowboy on trail long way off. All mad. Pretty soon, some day, mebbe come. Heap trouble. Big Chief hide pale-face. Mesquite no can let die."

The Indian looked from the stalwart cowboy to his daughter's pleading face and signified his consent by a deep "Ugh!"

Kid then hastily scribbled a note to Slim and put it in the girl's hand.

"Mesquite take that to Slim—heap big cowboy—you know. Saw him at creek."

The girl recoiled with fear.

"Cowboy not hurt you, not now. Heap big cowboy friend of pale-face. Mesquite show him trail—pale-face happy, Mesquite happy, all happy. See?"

Thus reassured, the mute figure remounted the Indian pony, and as he watched her ride away Kid felt an aching void in his heart which he knew only she could fill.

Meanwhile, the sheriff and his party, upon retracing their steps, had met the rescuers harking after them in order to prevent any harm befalling Kid. After due explanations the sheriff was willing to give up the chase, and the boys returned to the ranch hoping for news of Kid before nightfall.

For this they had not long to wait. In the middle of the afternoon an Indian girl rode into their midst with a letter for "heap big cowboy."

"Hey, Slim, you're a heap big cowboy, come out here, a lady wants to speak to you," called one of the boys; and the crowd laughed.

Slim stuck his head out of the bunkhouse doorway, and recognizing Kid's Indian girl, came out. The girl's hand trembled as she gave him the note, and she shrank away from him, shuddering, and kept her eyes on the other boys as tho suspicious of their actions and frightened by their laughter.

"Gee, boys! It's from Kid! Listen to this: 'I'm hiding at the Indian village. Mesquite will show you the way. Let me know how things turned out.' Poor old pal! He probably thinks you're done for, Shorty."

"Let's all go and bring him home in triumph," proposed Shorty.

"No, I reckon one's enough. He might not understand, and give us the slip again if we all went after him," advised Slim; so he and the girl started off alone.

The meeting at the Indian village was indeed a happy one. Kid found Slim's gigantic frame good to look upon again, likewise that elf-like one behind it whose absence had made the time of waiting seem an eternity; then there was the good news that Shorty had revived and that all the boys were eagerly awaiting his return.

Return! Yes, it would have to be. He must go back—here was Slim waiting for him. He tried to say good-by to his little rescuer, but her wide, questioning eyes held him speechless.

"Pale-face go? No come back any more?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, Mesquite, I'll come back. I'll come back tomorrow," he heard himself say.

"At rising sun?" she pleaded, leaning forward eagerly.

"Yes, at sunrise," he said, and she was satisfied.

That night there was rejoicing at the ranch. Shorty fell upon Kid's neck, the boys slapped him on the back and never once joked him about his championship of women. The sheriff rode over from town to wring his hand in welcome and, incidentally, to join the merry crowd around the festal board. But this, which was all he would have asked for once, seemed not to satisfy him now. The quiet, expressive face of the faithful Indian girl rose before him constantly thruout the evening, and in his fitful sleep that night he lived again in his dreams his first meeting with her by the creek.

The rosy morning sun lifting its head over the crest of the mountain found him already on the trail to the

"PALE-FACE NO COME BACK ANY MORE?" SHE ASKED, WISTFULLY

Indian village, not now a fugitive from law, but a free man in the pursuit of happiness.

In the doorway of her wigwam he found her, absorbed in mending her pony's saddle. Kneeling behind her, he took her hands in his, whispering, "Mesquite, I have come."

The bright, dark eyes looked into his, not startled or surprised, but steadily, as tho his presence were but the essence of her thought.

Then at the approach of the chief they rose together.

"Big Chief, I love your daughter. I want her for my wife," said Kid, facing him squarely.

The warrior laid his hand upon his daughter's head. "Mesquite be pale-face squaw?" he asked. "Mesquite like?"

"Me like," she answered simply.

Then Big Chief laid the slender girlish hand in the strong manly waiting one, and over the two he placed one of his own, while he raised the other high above his head in token of his blessing.

The Reform Candidate Wins, and so does Edith

The Reform Candidate

(Edison)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

THE managing editor pressed a button at the side of his desk; a boy appeared, a Gallagher in buttons; there was a brief command: "Edith Kern"; the boy vanished. He was almost immediately replaced by a girl, bright-eyed and alert-looking, arrayed in a short skirt, a man's negligee shirt and a saucy panama. The editor, frowningly engrossed in reading some important news items, handed her a card.

"Do you know Henry Bryce?" he growled in and around the cigar clenched in his teeth. Then, scarcely noticing her faint affirmation, "I have just heard over the 'phone that an organization of business men has nominated him for Mayor. McNamara, the machine candidate, now regards the campaign as a cinch. Call on Bryce and get his views on the Inter-Urban Franchise matter. An interesting state of affairs exists."

The editor glanced meaningly at the young reporter, and she flashed back intelligent comprehension with a pair of eyes of thrilling beauty; then she darted away with the enthusiasm of a professional woman whose heart is in her work, and who craves the "Well done" of the editor.

EDITH GETS AN ASSIGNMENT

Especially interesting was the career of Curtis Greer, prospective father-in-law of the reform candidate, yet beginning to court the perversion of legislative action. Greer had so completely devoted his energies to self-aggrandizement that he seemed to be reaching a point where men of his stamp lose their sagacity of judgment from too much success. The steam railroads had secured pretty near all the exemptions, privileges and franchises, state legislatures could bestow upon them; their promotors and officers had established some of the most wealthy and powerful families in America with aristocratic alliances abroad, yet very few of these political pirates had been caught, and still fewer punished. Great wealth meant exemption from any but comparatively trivial penalties, and the path to its attainment was clearly indicated when electric lines were established between all large centers by using the overhead trolley. Most men of spirit in large centers were attracted to the ordinary fields of industrial enterprise, leaving the chronically idle and unscrupulous to occupy political positions, so that electric-railway financiers found a new source of franchises when they obtained control of town councils, Mayor and all. Greer was among those who saw the necessity of utilizing the minor political machinery for business purposes, on the well-founded principle that any corporation can get what it needs so long as every politician has his price.

McNamara, the machine candidate for Mayor in this interesting municipal election, had always been with the "boys" ever since he had served their drinks or listened to their maudlin confidences while wiping off the

bar with a dirty towel. All the thieves, gamblers, confirmed drunkards, and decadents in town were attached to his cause by prospect of future graft or memory of past indiscretions. They were organized in a gang to influence the unfortunate or the unthinking, while the solid mass of toilers were too busily occupied in earning a living to devote much attention to politics. McNamara was justified by knowledge of these conditions in claiming that his campaign was a cinch, and it was a foregone conclusion that Greer could use the saloon-keeper if he would show that there was to be enough in it.

To combat this powerful business and legislative organization there was no leader in sight except Henry Bryce. He was already so closely allied to Greer's family that it looked as though his eloquent protestations of friendship for the common people might be an old political dodge to be nominated for defeat. Bryce was an eloquent and convincing speaker, but many of the same kind had preceded him with intoxicating promises before election and a headache of performance after it was over.

Edith Kern seemed fully alive to the difficulties of the situation when she entered the office of the reform candidate. There was an anteroom with a screen and hat-rack near the door of the sanctuary, but no formalities were necessary with a man as unafraid of his fellow-creatures as he was of himself; so she entered the private office unannounced. What she saw was a man at the beginning of his prime, of active mental habits combined with a nature warmly sympathetic, and of a manner so unaffectedly cordial as to place the visitor instantly at her ease. What *he* saw was one of the advance-guard of future American girls; a young woman of modern enlightenment with some of the stuff in her of which the heroines of other days were made. Notwithstanding the cordiality of his greeting, the interview was brief and to the point. He gave her an unqualified statement of his position—he was in the running to combat machine politics and resist all attempts to grant valuable franchises, such as that of the Inter-Urban Railway, to men who were antagonistic to the public welfare. She encouraged him with all the eloquence of her appreciative eyes.

"We may not have the ghost of a chance," said Bryce at parting, "but I intend to put up a game fight for principles that will eventually prevail."

A faint pink came to her cheeks as she responded to the warm pressure of his hand. If he had been able to look deep into the soul behind her dark eyes, he might have discovered that she was ready and primed to perform any service, delicate or desperate, in his behalf. He had no time, however, to forecast the swift changes about to take place in his own life, and still less to calculate the tremendous revolution in the affairs of his community to be created by the clear-visioned girl who had called.

Curtis Greer, living in all the splendid luxury of authorized larceny, was first to start the youthful reporter, all unwittingly, of course, on a peculiar line of investigation which led to an upheaval in public sentiment. The father of Bryce's intended wife was infuriated over his candidacy on a platform opposed to the well-matured plans of the Inter-Urban, and called on his daughter to aid in bringing her fiancé to his senses. Gertrude exhibited a sympathy for her father's attitude quite in accord with the respect often shown by calculating heirs for their wealthy parents, and the two sallied forth to invade Bryce's office. They arrived as Edith was about to leave the anteroom, and she had barely time to secrete herself behind the screen by the door when they entered. The interview that followed opened her eyes as to Greer's character and methods.

Greer asked Bryce, without ceremonious preliminary, if he had any serious objections to handling the dowry Gertrude would receive on the day of the wedding, to say nothing of the enormous fortune she would in-

GERTRUDE RETURNS THE ENGAGEMENT RING TO BRYCE

herit upon her father's death. It was necessary to know if he was overburdened with delicate scruples, because a man could neither create nor protect capital who was particularly nice in his methods of doing business. It was all right to pose as a reformer in order to get in the saddle and ride while the rest walked, but if he thought he could jump over the heads of men of large affairs, men who had been long in control and were fitted by experience for their administration, he would find himself facing a stone wall of organization against which the weak and improvident dash themselves in vain.

Bryce dispassionately admitted the many advantages wealth conferred upon the individual, and that its much-coveted power often acted as a stimulus to effort.

"But," he said firmly, "great wealth should never be used to poison the air of liberty we all must breathe. I am not opposed to the good use of money, but to low and mean methods of getting it. By that I mean swindling common stockholders and fleecing policyholders, and, especially, by corrupting men elected by the people to serve in office."

"You are crazy!" Greer shouted—his face was growing purple, and the bags under his eyes were swelling to the bursting point.

"I am not going to attempt the impossible," Bryce assured him. "I realize that business men must deal with public officers on many occasions, but let them appear openly and honestly argue their claims if they would have their private interests served. Legislation determined in secret is not in accord with the spirit of our institutions, and the corrupt solicitation of legislative favor should constitute a felony. A man guilty of it is worse than a common thief—he is a dangerous one."

"Are you aiming at me?" Greer sneered.

"If you are," said Gertrude, withdrawing her engagement ring, "our wedding will never take place."

"I was speaking of the enemies of society," Bryce explained.

"I have enough of this," shouted Greer. "You are a faker."

"How dare you insult my father?" cried Gertrude, extending the ring.

"My remarks are not intended to be personal," Bryce insisted. "I am

EDITH DESTROYS THE COPY OF THE INTERVIEW

referring to the meanest men in the world, those who are crushing wage-earners with one hand and holding up examples of triumphant vice with the other."

"It is all over," said Gertrude, handing him her pledge of faith. Then, to her father, "Come, I never want to see his face again."

Edith, at the door, had barely time to hide when Greer and his daughter entered the anteroom and swept out of the place. Bryce followed them with his eyes for an instant, then sat down at the desk and became absorbed in thought. Presently he was aroused by the sound of tearing paper, and looking up, saw Edith destroying a complete story of what had transpired.

"I could not use it," she said, indicating that she had heard all, "and I have come to beg forgiveness for listening."

He sprang to his feet and grasped her hands. "It is your business to get news about the candidates and the end justifies the means. Besides, I do not take the broken engagement so much to heart as might be imagined. I am sorry you destroyed your script; you might as well have used it."

"I could not," she protested.

"Why?" he begged.

"Because," she faltered, "I—I—"

"*Because* is not a reporter's reason," he reproached her.

"Because," she admitted desperately, "of your dignified utterances under such conditions."

He was interested. "They are common views," he said, "entertained by all men who are on the level."

"In private, maybe," she defended him, "but you gave them voice under trying circumstances."

"I wish more women were like you," he said in low tones. "You have proven that you can do a man's work without losing the qualities we so highly prize in your sex, the generosity of appreciation and quick sympathy that has ever supported our efforts to better conditions of living."

She sighed. "I am not attending to business this very moment," she said, withdrawing her hands, but compensating him for their loss with a glance of high faith. "I ought to be at work."

He thought a second. "Suppose," he suggested, "that you watch the *other* candidate!"

"A fine idea!" she cried, with enthusiasm. "I have forgotten the location of McNamara's saloon."

"Be careful," cautioned Bryce, as he gave her the address. "I hate the thought of your going there."

"I've had many queer adventures, but no serious troubles," she said, with a parting smile.

The presence of a pretty girl in a tailored suit, with a straw hat tilted over her flashing eyes, in McNamara's ward, was bound to draw some attention, but Edith held her way in the neighborhood until a golden thread in the web of universal design appeared in the person of Curtis Greer. His car came up so rapidly that Edith had barely time to reach the "ladies' entrance" as he hurried in. She followed closely and managed to take a seat in the large room provided with tables for the accommodation of men on Sundays, and doubtful characters on all occasions. She ordered a drink and had it served and paid for before McNamara, in a silk hat and loud suit, entered and joined Greer at a table.

Greer promptly announced that he had broken all relations with the reform candidate and had come to talk business. He was advanced enough in the coarser actualities of politics to realize that there might be eavesdroppers in the place, and was cautious in presenting his plans. McNamara was equally careful under ordinary circumstances—he had the record that leads a criminal boss to keep his own counsel—but he had been drinking all day with supporters, and his habitual caution was forgotten.

"Glad you have come to cough up," he said, boisterously. "Make it a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!" Greer growled. "I am no piker. See here!"

He was not trusting the walls;

there was no sound but the scratching of a fountain-pen.

"One, two, three, four," Edith was counting the words. There were about twenty in the proposition.

McNamara picked up the paper and whistled.

"I mean it," muttered Greer.

"It looks good to me," said McNamara, laying down the paper; then calling a waiter: "Bring us a cold bottle and serve a glass to that young lady over there."

"None for me," said Greer, preparing to rise as the waiter left to execute the order.

"One minute," said McNamara, pushing the paper before the capitalist."

"That is not necessary."

"Then tear it up," said McNamara. "I am no squealer."

The machine candidate held the strands that bound the organization together, and he might soon command the sole source of franchise supply. Greer wrote his signature, rose from the table, and they parted with no further ceremony. Edith had learnt nothing save the unimportant fact that Greer was making what might be a campaign contribution, but her dark eyes flashed anticipation when McNamara told the returning waiter to bring the "fizz" to her table.

"Well, girlie," he began, as he sprawled into a chair opposite her, "it ain't often that the boss sits down with customers, but I'm on to you."

Edith studied him sharply. For all of his rude origin he was a born judge of men and motives. It was quite possible that he had seen and identified her at some public occasion—it would not be easy to deceive him as to her identity or purpose.

"I am *not* on to you," she snapped, as he poured out a glass of champagne. "What is Curty Greer doing here?"

McNamara halted in process of pouring his own wine and stared at her in open-mouthed amusement. "Curty Greer!" he roared. Then he began to laugh. "Curty Greer!" Ho! ho! Oh, Curty, this is one on you. Your girl is here, Curty, piping you off, and to think you never seen her."

The gay politician had reached the pathetic conclusion that Edith was a discarded favorite who had accidentally seen her former friend enter the place.

"He is a tin-horn sport," said McNamara, taking Edith's hand and noting that the ring she wore was an inexpensive one. "Let me see that."

She removed the ring and gave it to him. His examination of it afforded her the opportunity she had been awaiting and she deftly tossed her wine over her shoulder. Then, using all her arts, she began to question him about his interview with Greer, but the politician was foxy. Even in his cups he revealed no secrets. Refilling her glass, he urged her to drink to his success, but she refused on the ground that he was no friend of hers. At this he regarded her with commingled curiosity and admiration, noting her trim figure, clear complexion and bright eyes with the air of a connoisseur. Then, as he looked inside of the ring for an inscription, she again tossed her wine, having barely time to feign to drink it before he leaned across the table and leered at her, his bloodshot eyes fastened on hers.

"Ain't you sick of Curty?" he asked. He was tossing the ring in his left hand while he held her hand with his right.

She tried to remove her slender fingers from his tightening grip, but her resistance spurred him on.

"I am all to the good," he said huskily, "and I'll treat you white, girlie."

"Let go," she demanded, impatiently. "What do you take me for?"

"For what you are," he hissed in her face. "Only one kind of women sit and drink in bars, whether they have got men with them or not. I own this place and this ward, and I usually get what I want."

"You are mistaken," she gasped, her face paling.

"Mistaken!" he sneered savagely.

EDITH SECURES THE INCRIMINATING DOCUMENT

"Cut that! Dont put on any airs with me or I'll have you pinched!"

She laughed in defiance. "You pinch me!" she cried. "You'll have to appear in court and tell what you were doing with Curtis Greer when I arrived."

He started back so suddenly that he dropped her ring, and as he bent to pick it up the critical moment arrived, for a hastily folded document protruded from an inner pocket of his coat. Here was a spontaneous event, undetermined by the personal volition of either, apparently without cause or principle, but Edith was ready to accept all chances. As swift as a serpent's tongue her hand darted forth and the paper signed by Curtis Greer was withdrawn from the machine candidate's pocket and hidden beneath her coat.

"I was only kidding," he chuckled as he sat up. "I wouldn't pinch you, girlie."

She rose to depart, but he was too quick for her.

"You seem anxious to leave your ring behind," he sneered, as he intercepted her.

She had been too precipitate. "Keep it!" she said, using her eyes as well as her voice. "I'll put it up against a better one that you dont get elected."

"I'm game," he said, regarding her with surprise—he was not accustomed to defiance in his own bailiwick—"I'll bet you a two-carat sparkler against this speck of alum that I'll be the next Mayor of this town."

"You're on," she said; then taking advantage of his moment of amused surprise, she darted away.

Henry Bryce was about to leave his

office—he was at the street door—when a butcher cart driven at furious speed came to a sudden stop before him, and Edith, on the seat by the driver, beckoned excitedly.

"Get in," she said. "I have made a scoop."

She showed him the document as they dashed along to the newspaper office, and his eyes opened wide. Explanations were impossible until they had invaded the editorial sanctum, and even there Edith did not recover breath until the editor, roused to action by her tremendous find, had sent some copy pertaining to it to the composing room.

"This wins the election," the editor declared. He studied the remarkable piece of incriminating evidence with more enthusiasm than he had ever displayed in Edith's presence.

Meanwhile, having contrived to get Edith aside, Bryce gently reminded her that she had lost a ring on the very day he had received one—strange coincidence—and begged her to accept his as a memento of the occasion.

"Wait until election day," she begged. "Dont be so precipitate."

"Why not tonight; I hate delays," he urged, but tho her brilliant eyes sparkled happily, she refused very much as Cæsar refused the crown, and did not even accept at the third offer.

This roused the editor. He took forth a roll and handed it to Edith, saying that her next assignment would be at her mother's country home, where she must remain in absolute seclusion until the last moment. She protested that she would like to work during the canvass, but in vain. It was plain to both men that she would be in peril from McNamara's thugs. After such gallant service they would not think for a moment of allowing her to take any chances. She was compelled to go without ceremony and under special guard, but, on her departure, she was given a damp and sticky sheet fresh from the press:

"THIS WINS THE ELECTION," CRIED THE EDITOR

SPECIAL EXTRA!!

CORRUPTION!!

GREER BRIBES MCNAMARA TO SELL THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS!!

On the night of election a gay crowd assembled in the editor's office to await the news and watch the surging crowd without. A stereopticon machine was throwing reports on a screen across the street and the earliest returns were cheering enough to refute Greer's statement that the public had no opinion. At every new display a great roar from without showed that the people triumphed in Bryce's victory; the heart of the people was in McNamara's defeat.

Edith stepped in during the uproar, so quietly that only the popular reform candidate noticed her, and this time she followed the immortal Cæsar's example.

Suddenly, when a decisive majority for Bryce was shown in the returns from McNamara's own ward, a new device was used.

On the screen, in full view of the assembled crowd, was exhibited photographic proof of the arrangement between the high priest of crooked work and his contemptible tool:

October 23, 1911.

One thousand shares of stock in Inter-Urban Street Railway Co. (to issue on granting of new franchise) to be held for John McNamara. CURTIS GREER.

And below:

THIS IS WHAT DID IT!

The roar that came up from a thousand throats and seemed to shake the building, was followed by a mad scene of excitement in the office. Hats, handerchiefs and fists went into the air, and cheer after cheer broke forth for the new Mayor. He was discovered holding Edith's right hand in both of his own, while she bowed low before him to escape notice. When the tumult had subsided, he stepped forward, still holding the girl's hand.

"You may be surprised," he said, "to learn that a young woman won this election by the spirited discovery of bribery and fraud that has just been flashed on the screen. This twentieth century heroine is now trying to hide behind me, bowed in modesty, yet she is as brave as any man on earth. During her adventures she lost a family heirloom, but I persuaded her a few minutes ago to let me replace it with a ring pledging our eternal faith and love. Your congratulations, therefore, come doubly sweet to my ears, and I beg you to give one round of cheers for the next Mayoress of our town—Edith Kern."

"Whoever loves not pictures is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of poetry. Pictures are the invention of Heaven, the most ancient and most akin to nature. They are themselves a silent work, and always one and the same habit."—*Ben Jonson.*

The Cabin Boy

(Vitagraph)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

The arbiters of good writing lay a claim that a tale should advance fairly on its course, like unto the movement of a sailing vessel; each stroke of the pen a touch upon the helm holding the burden ever to a true direction. And yet I maintain that the comparison, if used, should be made to fit all circumstances. For, to continue the likeness, there are times when a story, such as this, lies all in the wind, with a helpless flapping of sails, or must work against foul winds, seemingly never to get anywhere. As in a case where a passion or a jealousy once aroused in a sweet woman would fill her fair sky with such vapors as her true nature could not combat against and would leave her all trembling and distraught.

Nothing is more contradictory than the smiling sea; as I have leave to tell. For, in one long breath, my adventures deal with a sea story that is not of the sea; the fortunes of a boy who was not a boy; a simple letter made into a most disastrous missive—a loving wife who became unloving thereby, and a seafaring man who slit open a great gap in his life by a tear in a piece of paper.

On a certain October evening, some years ago, the cheerful kitchen of Captain Ernest Stovall presented a scene of unusual activity. Thanks to the captain's wife, it was always a busy room and a cheerful one, but on this boisterous night—all wind-swept without and red warmth within—the captain's labors ran a pretty race with hers. With sundry knots and hitches he roped a heavy sea-chest, the sure token of a long voyage in the starting. Hard by, bending flushed over the roaring wood-stove, his young wife watched the boiling contents of several pots, which, when skimmed, cooled and tasted, were to be added to the bark's medicine chest; for, like most New England wives, she had no confidence in the apothecary's nostrums.

A little child sat apart, imprisoned in a high chair, and beat upon its railing with brown fists of protest. She knew that the big sailormen, hats in hand in the doorway, were to take the chest away and that papa was to follow them. With shrill voice, and sobs, and hearty noddings of her curls she sought to stay them.

His task having come to an end, Captain Stovall bade his men carry out the chest. As it made a jolting passage thru the doorway he cast a last look around the room; a look of regret for things that had to come. In the slow coast of his eyes he saw the young shape of his wife straining toward him, and a tousled mass of curls, in a high seat, that stood for his baby. So he would have left them had not a knocking sounded on the window pane and had not the village postmaster with letter in hand peered in at them. It was belated, having come overseas, and fearing to miss the captain he had brought it to his house.

The seafarer unclasped his big knife, and grasping the letter like a fish to be cleaned, slit it along its back. In so doing he cut off unwittingly a shred of the upturned letter. Standing in the dim light of the doorway he thumbed the brief message, writ in a neat, feminine hand:

> My dear Ernest: I am so glad you are coming to see me on this voyage. As you say, your marriage shall not change our love. I thank you for the money. With love, ——

He had thrust the severed signature, still in its envelope, into the pocket of his pea-jacket. He would have put the letter itself in the same place had not a tear-blotched face

emerged from the heap of curls, and a tiny voice fluted, "Papa, take me wiv you; I wanter be a sailor, too."

This disconcerted the captain. He dropped the crumpled sheet on the floor and turned impulsively to his child; nightdress and all, he folded the white bundle in his big arms. There, like a snowflake, she melted in his warm embrace and by rosy smiles would impede his departure. And, just then, other arms slipped round his neck from behind, but the sound of a heavy sea-chest striking a boat's bottom summoned the captured one to his duty; so, reluctantly, he unfolded the twin embraces and stepped back from their snares. The child, scarce allayed, looked up with wondering eyes. A coral necklace, his last gift, shone splendidly on her blossomy neck. As the tall captain stooped in the doorway a single tear loosed from its well and coursed down her face, seeking for a furrow; finding none, it scampered over her chin and made a lodgment on the coral. Jewel-like it rested there and signaled love, young and unrestrained, to him; but, afterwards, he thought it more precious and more sorrow-laden than all the salt waters of the seas.

What is more doleful than the sound of oars against thole-pins, as a loved one rows away in the night? So thought the captain's wife, as the mournful rhythm of the splashing oars sang into her opened window.

Far out on the point a broad ray of light, the concentrate of many parabolic lenses, swept the seas in search of coasting craft. To homing mariners this warning beacon meant warmth and dry clothes and a surcease from toil, and perhaps a first message from dear ones at home; but to Captain Stovall, seated on the after-hatch of his ship, his back resolutely to the shaft of light, it meant the beginning of a long and dreary voyage.

The winter has come and gone. Young spring has touched here and there the weather-worn village by the sea with gentle fingers. Old, hag-like trees, stricken palsied and naked in the bleak winds, have been given a fresh green mantle. Cows, long confined, are muzzling the swelling earth in new meadows.

At sea a fine bark is tacking slowly landward against the fresh land-breeze. A big man in salt-bleached jacket stands near the wheel; bronzed, statue-like, with the impatient eyes of a stag.

"Ready about," he shouts.

The lanky mate runs forward, and with quick eyes running over blocks and tackle, sees that all is clear.

"All ready for'ard?" calls the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Helm's a-lee!" with a downward sweeping gesture from the captain.

"Helm's a-lee," echoes from the forecastle.

"Raise tacks and sheets!" from the captain again.

At once the deck seems full of slack and sliding rope, and there is a banging and flapping of canvas.

"Let go and haul! Well the fore-yard! Topsail yard, a small pull! Top gallant yard, well!" roars the captain, warming to the work.

The crew at the braces pull, then, as if by magic, the banging, flapping and creaking cease, and the trembling vessel, like one assured, lies over on her course, headed at last for home.

How smiling the harbor looked to the weary men! How nimbly the captain jumped upon the wharf, and with cheery, hopeful face pressed on up the homeward hill!

"Poor wife," he thought, "her spring house-cleaning has kept her from going to the wharf to meet me. She must have seen my ship acoming, but——"

As he neared the house he noticed that no smoke was coming from the chimney and that the shutters were closed. Strange! He placed his hand on the garden gate and noted with apprehension the weedy path, the grass-grown yard and the unshorn look of a favorite lilac-bush. With

anxious heart he hurried toward the house.

"Sickness, death; sickness, death; sickness, death; sickness, death," his crunching heels seemed to say ominously on the gravel walk.

"Sickness, death; sickness, death—" He stopped near a window.

A shutter lay half open, swaying and creaking in the wind, like a tremulous lip that spoke but would not utter the secret of the house. Pressing it back, he flattened his face on the window and peered into the dull gray of the kitchen. Its desolate look and dark shadows, with a spider's web hanging from the stovepipe, told him that it was without a tenant. He turned his key in the lock and entered. There is a mocking sound to one's footfalls in a deserted house. It followed him from room to room. All was in perfect order, but there was dust, dust everywhere. The air was foul from long confinement, and a steady droning of flies fell upon his ears like the echo of an impish orchestra. Then, quite overcome by the uncanny desolation of it all, his loved ones gone, he knew not where, his tottering knees gave way and he sank heavily into a dusty chair, his hands clasped over his tortured head. The anticipated joyous home-coming had been turned to frightful gloom. Where were they? What had happened?

THE CAPTAIN'S WELCOMELESS RETURN

Two sheets of paper, pinned to a table, caught his seeking eyes. He tore it free and read the blurred lines:

> Ernest: Here is your sweetheart's note. I have read it and know all. We shall go where you will never see us again. Am taking Nellie, and will care for her.
>
> CORA.

Beneath it lay the crumpled note which the old postmaster had brought him on the night of his leave-taking.

> My dear Ernest: I am so glad you are coming to see me on this voyage. As you say, your marriage shall not change our love. Thank you for the money.
>
> With love, ——

He saw it all, now. Then a freezing sight met his gaze. A simple thing: a baby's chair—empty!

The droning flies sounded like huge drums in his ears; the room went round and round.

Not many years ago the tenements along Washington Street in New York, now given over to dwellers from Syria, were the homes of many thrifty followers of the sea; mostly

Irish, attracted by their nearness to the docks on either river. The rent was cheap, the surroundings pleasant and the street gave out on sea-walled Battery Park. Here, in a friendly, happy colony, the captain's wife had brought her little girl. Nellie was now thirteen. Mrs. Stovall had managed by many days of drudging duty to keep a roof over their heads. By helping captains' wives with their sewing, by house-cleaning in the old Stevens House on lower Broadway, and by doing piece-work at home, her tireless fingers were never at want for tasks.

The woman was quite delicate. It was only her indomitable courage that had thrust her along when her worn frame had lagged. Then, too, the canker of that first impulsive sorrow had sunk deep into her soul. Bit by bit, as her vitality was being eaten into, just so much the more she had fastened to the work.

Now she was worn quite thru, with thinning hair and lusterless eyes.

Nellie, that romping, laughing hoyden, did not comprehend this silent dissolution of her mother. Perhaps the changes had come about so imperceptibly that she had always known her as quiet and faded. It was only when the fingers refused to obey the weary brain, and garments would drop with a half-finished stitch, to be picked up again in feverish confusion, that her mother's condition dawned upon her. In those days the lures of the office and the factory had not claimed the bulk of our young girlhood: the quiet street, a little community in itself, was quite avoided by the rush of commerce, so that the girl, if she would help her mother, was walled in by lack of opportunity.

Yet Nellie, with all her prankish spirit, was an affectionate girl, and she planned deeply on sundry schemes to stop and to soothe the tireless fingers.

One day, with a girl from her block, she wandered east into the old shipping quarter along South Street.

Nellie was not in search of an adventure, tho I cannot deny that her spirit was adventurous. The carved and painted figure-heads which they passed, high above the street, seemed to hold locked the secrets of the sea.

From a loading ship a snatch of chantey-song floated down-street:

'Twas post meridan, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six she lingered on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.

The snap of the words, with a peculiar rhythmic stress, charmed the girls nearer, and soon they were on the wharf, near the vessel's stern, and away from the swinging winch-booms. A freshly lettered sign, "Cabin Boy Wanted," hung from the cabin's side.

It may have been the far-off call of the sea in Nellie's blood, that gentle hum of the wind that children hear in a conch shell, that tempted her to such a mad masquerade; or it could have been her mother's story of a captain who never returned; or just her pure wish to help. Be it as it may, the idea gathered way in that mischievous curl-covered head—she would be a cabin boy. Ah!—Mrs. Riordan—the one whose boy, Tom, was drowned off the docks last year. Yes, his clothes would just fit her. No, she wouldn't cut her curls off—she might not get the job—just pin them up under a turn-down hat.

By this time the animated schemers had reached the tall tenement, where Mrs. Riordan, somewhere in its vitals, lived in a modest pair of rooms.

That good-natured woman was soon won over, tho it was quite affecting to see the tender manner with which she brought out Tom's worn clothes.

Nellie was right; for they fitted her to a turn. She strutted about the little room, hands in pockets, head thrust forward, in perfect manner of a boy of the streets. The non-active conspirators could not help but admire. A woman takes pride in man's attire, a man feels and looks foolish in a woman's.

As the pair passed under the scru-

NELLIE AND HER FRIEND AT THE WHARVES

tiny of the sharp-eyed, old German grocery-woman on the corner, and even marched by the girth of a familiar policeman, undetected, they felt that the disguise had stood the test of the neighborhood and had hoodwinked the majesty of the law. They had reached the fateful wharf, and were standing somewhat chop-fallen near the ship's taffrail, when almost in their ears a hearty voice sang out to them:

"Step up here, sonny, and look lively—I cal'late you're the bub I'm lookin' for."

The big, brown man leaning out of the chart-house kept waving his long arms at her, and grew quite ruddy with the effort. His sweeping gesticulations all ended at a plank leading up to the deck; and, at last, with all her sea longings quite vanished, she mounted the springy timber.

"Well, son," the big man anticipated, "you're actin' purty skeery for a ship that's hitched to the docks. Where'll be your sea-legs?"

Nellie glanced down at her sturdy ones as if some important marine adjunct, fins or what not, were missing.

The captain nodded a grinning comprehension. "We'll never mind the elocution," he said, making for the deckhouse. "Come below and I'll outfit ye."

His back was turned and he did not notice her descent, woman-fashion, with face to the steep steps. He rummaged up to his armpits in a deep locker, and the odors of oakum and tar rose out of the clothes as

NELLIE BECOMES THE FOCUS OF ADMIRING EYES

he piled them in her arms. "Here, run for'ard with this trousseau," he growled, "and when ye're togged, I'm to be found in the chart-house." A hearty buffet between the shoulders sent her staggering toward the companionway.

Nellie walked along the littered deck and, somehow, squirmed by the turmoil of the open hatches. Ropes, now taut, now slack, snaked between her legs; the clattering winches lowered swaying bales; the boom-tackle started into life with straining sounds. An ancient sailorman, seated ape-like in a fore-channel, bared a solitary fang to her inquiry, and jerked his pipe toward the forecastle.

She descended the dark stairs with the caution of a well-digger, but, once below, found the place, with its tiers of empty bunks, quite deserted. Lines of heavy clothes, tattered shirts, and crusted sea boots hung all about like so much thick underbrush. The heavy smells that came up from the hold made her new togs seem quite harmless in comparison, and, seated on a bunk, with many wry faces, she proceeded to slip into the floppy things.

A short walk between bunks assured her that she was part master of the sail-like breeches; and gaining confidence she climbed to the deck again, with every assurance that she was a salt in the making, and that her rolling gait evidenced a past life of hazard on foaming seas. A group of the crew, in lazy relaxation, sat about as she approached.

"Stow me, Bill! Wot's this?" one sang out, and she became the focus of admiring eyes.

"It's a Dutch windmill, sure enow," chuckled another charmed one.

"Mind yer helm, sonny!"

"Ready about!"

"Spring-a-luff, ye lubber!"

The former dauntless mariner was their easy prize. The group pressed around the round-cheeked impersonator, and besieged her with solicitudes. She was offered a dozen smoking cutty-pipes and countless "chaws" of tobacco. One kindly spirit offered to haul in slack on those fatal breeches, but was indignantly repulsed.

The edge of their fun having somewhat blunted, she was instructed to coil up some running rigging and then, as a bracer, to wash down the bulwarks.

Nellie made a passable task with the troublesome ropes, but when her turn came to climb up on the slippery bulwarks, with bucket and broom, her patient courage quite forsook her.

Oh, doting mother at home, has not yet Kitty told you that your dar-

MRS. STOVALL INQUIRES AFTER THE MISSING NELLIE

ling is braveing the awful dangers of the deep?

What would be the ordinary course of tame duty to a sailor, to Nellie appeared a dizzy, fearsome hazard. Clinging to the backstays, she lowered her bucket into the oily river, to pull it up again as best she could. This timid procedure was amusing to the sailors as they offered taunting advice:

"Man your windlass!"

"Pay out, pay out; heave in, heave in!"

She could not glance down at the smooth swells beneath her without a giddy sickness.

"Man overboard!"

The call rang along the deck and into the open chart-house.

Captain Stovall—for it was he who captained the ship—deep in a study of invoices, thought for a moment that he was on the high seas, instead of alongside a wharf. With the shout he sprang to the doorway and glanced forward. A group of seamen were crowding the bulwark, looking at some object in the water below. Some were tossing out loose rigging or spare rope; others craned over the sides, as if peering into a pit, where some scene was being acted for their pleasure.

Stovall saw the limp cabin-boy come to the surface and flounder helplessly. His training told him that the boy was not able to swim, and pretty far gone, at that. For an instant he balanced on the rail, and with a downward swing, his long body took the water at a sharp angle. There was no splashing, for he seemed to cut a clean hole in the river.

MRS. STOVALL READS THE MISSING PART OF THE TORN LETTER

The peering sailors saw two objects come up slowly, and were astounded to recognize their captain with the lifeless boy in his arms. He made a rope-end fast under his arms; and gripping it with a "Heave all!" they brought the double burden to the deck.

Why did Captain Stovall cling to this cabin-boy so tenderly? Perhaps because something in the soft feel of the limp burden in his arms recalled the tender cling of his wife when they were young.

The willing sailors, at his bid, carried the boy with dripping masses of hair, into his cabin. He looked long at the soft face and pouting lips. A picture of years ago seemed to hover ghost-like over him. Then he observed a tiny string of coral that hung from the child's opened throat, and, as the dark eyelids quivered and their gray captives were released, their haunting look could be mistaken no longer.

"Nellie! my little Nellie!" the captain cried. He was holding the child to his breast when a commotion in the companionway back of them made the captain turn from his treasure-trove. A slender woman came rushing in.

"Nellie, Nellie, my baby!" she called, in an agony of fear, and fell down beside them.

A few passionate hugs and kisses and she looked up, straight into her husband's eyes. The woman trembled, the man was cool.

"Cora," his deep voice spoke to her out of shaded light, "whom God hath joined let no man put asunder."

She started as if a bell were tolling to her out of a fog.

"With a sailor's knife," he continued, "I severed a tiny piece of paper which has cut this great wound in my life. Would you care to see those two bits of paper?"

He turned to his desk and handed her an open Bible. On its fly-leaf lay pasted a disjoined letter, the one he had tossed on the floor and that had mocked his last homecoming. Just beneath it, in the same handwriting, were three missing words:

"Your sister, Ruth."

The pale woman pored over the message, which she had once so fatally read astray, and the light of contrition dawned in her eyes.

"A great wound in *your* life, did you say? Well, dear, both our wounds are now healed—forever."

Life's Moving Picture

By GEORGE B. STAFF

Life is a moving picture that is thrown
  Upon the world's great canvas, where in sun
Or shadow move the actors, every one
Is given a character to call his own;
A character that he must mold alone.
  No one knows when the picture was begun,
  Its scenes show tears and sorrow, joy and fun,
Arrayed in every changing mood and tone.

Thus in the picture each one plays his part,
  Each fills his niche to make a balanced scene;
Some in secluded spots or in earth's mart,
  Passing like shadow figures on a screen.
And yet we feel that some day we shall find
The film was all planned by a Master Mind!

The Spur of Necessity

(Méliès)

By MALCOLM CAMPBELL

With a half-suppressed whoop of delight Jim Brown dropped on one knee and closely examined a bit of stone. Almost caressingly he passed his hands over the surface of the ground, seeking eagerly for more evidence of the treasure be believed to lie hidden in the rugged hill. Suddenly his tanned face went white, his outstretched hand grew rigid, and great drops of cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Men who can laugh as they look into the black muzzle of a smoking gun may feel their very souls writhe in terror at the sound that vibrated menacingly from somewhere near the kneeling miner—*somewhere,* but how near? His eyes searched wildly. The dry, rattling noise, growing rapidly louder and faster, seemed all about him. Suddenly it ceased, and his starting eyes just glimpsed a mottled thing that flashed from the ground, touching for an instant the bare wrist of the outstretched hand, fell to earth, and swiftly coiled again. With a scream the man sprang up, the tension broken, and all else forgotten for the moment in the surge of furious hatred. The stone which had whispered of fortune sped with crushing force, and the flat, venomous head no longer threatened. In a frenzy and fright the man seized another stone and pounded the rattler into a limp and broken rope of flesh and scales. Not until the snake lay absolutely still did the man cease his efforts, or seem to realize his own situation. With almost impersonal interest he inspected the tiny punctures on his wrist, already the center of a dark, spreading blotch. Then with a curious cry he caught up the dead snake and rushed from the spot with terror-stricken speed. In the grip of his fear he was as a child, his one thought, his one desire, to reach the rude shack where he would find his mother and his wife.

Vastly different were the two women who shared with Jim Brown the privations of a prospector's life and, until the hills should give up their secret, called their comfortless cabin "home." The mother was the product of a softer land and more sheltered life than the girl, Helen, had known, and it was the younger woman who stepped forward to combat and overcome the many difficulties and trials that arose. A rose of the wilds, she thought and acted with a sure swiftness incomprehensible to the Eastern mother, who, however, lent herself with cheerful sweetness to the other's guidance.

When Jim staggered up to the cabin, mutely holding up and then casting from him the dead rattler, it was Helen who, after one glance of horror at the snake, sprang to his aid as he sank upon a bench, while the mother, raising her helpless hands to Heaven, prayed that her boy might be spared.

"Dont pray, *now*—work!" the girl cried sharply. "Bring a bucket of water, a knife, and whiskey!"

As the mother turned to obey the commands, Helen caught her husband's wrist and applied her red lips to the fast darkening wound.

"Dont, Helen! I—I—" Jim gasped, and struggled to free his arm. She paused only long enough to cleanse her mouth in the water which the trembling mother had brought, and to slash the wrist deeply with the knife.

"Dont struggle, Jim!" she implored, as the man, already in the first stages of delirium, wrenched his arm away from her clinging lips. "The whiskey—quick!" she cried eagerly, as Mrs. Brown reappeared from the cabin.

"There is none!" the older woman

JIM STAGGERS HOME WITH THE RATTLER

answered in despair, and held up, inverted, the empty flask.

"Then get coffee, and hurry—hurry!" Helen moaned, and again applied herself to the wound. In a moment the mother was again at her side, and with great effort they succeeded in forcing down the throat of the half conscious and struggling man a single cupful.

"It's no use; we cant make him drink enough to do any good. He must have whiskey!" the girl whispered, and her brow was drawn into deep wrinkles in the effort of her mind. With sudden decision she turned away.

"Make him drink coffee if you can," she paused to say. "There is nothing else to do. I will be back in an hour with whiskey." Under her breath she prayed desperately: "Keep him alive that long, oh, God!"

The mother looked up in hopeless despair.

"You cannot get to the settlement and back in four hours, and there is none nearer," she moaned.

"There is Hog Pete's shack," the girl answered, and ran swiftly away.

Even in the present desperate need the mother shrank from the name of Hog Pete.

"Not there! Helen! You must not go there! That drunken beast—" she cried protestingly, but heedless of her words, the girl sprang upon the horse she had caught and bridled, and galloped away.

Desperately Helen urged her horse forward over the rough trail that led to the cabin of the besotted miner, in whom rested the only hope for her husband's life. Even as she recklessly charged up a path that a burro would tread with caution, she grew sick with apprehension of the meeting she sought. Several years before Pete had struck it rich, but, contrary to the usual practice, had not sold his claim or worked it to its full capacity. In fact, he took out only enough of the precious metal to keep himself supplied with the huge quantity of whiskey which he consumed, guzzling brutishly in his lonely shack. The one-time kind-hearted miner had become a morose, drunken recluse, and strange tales were told of his isolated habitation and of his fiendish temper when his blood was fired by unusually large potations. How much of truth there might be in these wild stories Helen could not judge, and it was with quick-beating heart that she at last slipped from her horse in front of the silent cabin. A swift vision of her husband gave her courage, and she beat frantically upon the closed door.

Inside there was a grunt of surprise, unsteady feet crossed the floor, and the door was thrown open by Hog Pete, jovially drunk, and clasping

"HE MUST HAVE WHISKEY!" SHE WHISPERED

PETE REFUSES TO GIVE UP HIS WHISKEY

fondly in his arms a gallon jug. At sight of the girl he leered in friendly fashion, and half extended the jug invitingly. Instinctively Helen started back, and a swift scowl of understanding crossed his face.

"Will you give me some whiskey? My husband is dying of a rattler's bite—oh, please give it to me!" she begged, but the man put the jug behind him, away from the appealing hands. A fit of drunken anger seized him.

"Go 'way from here!" he bellowed suddenly. "Go 'way an' quit 'sturbin' me! S'pose I give you my whiskey an' then rattlesnake bite me, huh? You don' give damn 'bout that, huh?" The next instant the door was slammed in her face and she heard a heavy bolt shot home.

With her head pressed against the rough door the girl wept and pled—pled for her husband's life, but from within came only a maudlin laugh. Despairingly Helen rose. A window attracted her attention, and moving to it she cautiously peered in. Just beneath the low window was a table at which Pete had seated himself, the jug still clasped fondly in his arms. His anger seemed to have changed to satisfaction, for he chuckled as he patted the demijohn. A new thought caused him to draw his revolver, and he turned toward the door with sudden suspicion, holding the jug protectingly against his breast.

"Don' you be 'fraid; papa won' let woman hurt his baby," he mimicked, and burst into uproarious laughter.

Placing the revolver upon the table, he raised the jug with both hands and drank deeply.

With the swiftness of desperation Helen acted. A heavy board lay at her feet, and catching it up she smashed the glass from the window and seized the revolver lying upon the table. When the startled Pete lowered his eyes they looked straight into a black muzzle held with a steadiness convincing to even his muddled brain.

"Put that jug on the table!" the girl ordered, and, bewildered and half frightened, he slowly complied. With furiously beating heart she stretched forth her other hand and took up the precious demijohn. The man sprang forward with a snarl as she lifted the whiskey, but shrank back as the gun was thrust almost into his face. In one corner of the cabin Helen observed a rifle, and a glance at the convulsed features of the man convinced her that he would not hesitate to shoot her down if given the chance. Tho she had the whiskey in her possession the situation was still desperate, for she faced the problem of mounting her horse encumbered with the heavy jug, and at the same time keeping Pete covered.

PETE WAS CLASPING THE JUG FONDLY IN HIS LAP

"GET OUT OF THAT DOOR!" SHE ORDERED

"Get out of that door!" she ordered, and the man complied, his benumbed brain struggling vainly with the situation. Almost did she lose command in the process of mounting her horse, and Pete sprang toward her. Not an instant too soon she again held the revolver level with his eyes, and again he shrank back, cursing furiously. She did not dare ride away from him, feeling certain that she would receive a bullet in her back ere she had covered fifty yards of the rough trail, and so with the ever-threatening revolver she drove him before her.

The exercise, the fresh air, and the mental effort he was making all contributed to sober Pete with considerable rapidity, and by the time half the journey had been accomplished, he looked back at Helen with fairly intelligent eyes.

"Say, Miss, will you tell me why—" he began, pausing and turning appealingly toward the girl.

"Shut up and move on, fast!" she ordered, not daring to risk his playing her a trick. With a puzzled shake of his head Pete moved forward.

At last they reached their destination, and with a gasp of relief Helen slipped to the ground, holding out the jug to the distracted mother. One glance had shown the girl that Jim was still alive, tho apparently insensible. With fumbling haste the mother poured out a cupful of the precious liquor and endeavored to force it between her son's lips, but without avail. Suddenly Pete sprang backward, his eyes having fallen on the rattler at his feet. Then, as he observed that the snake was dead, and his clearing vision took in the prostrate man, comprehension of the situation forced itself slowly into his clouded mind. Helen moaned despairingly as she observed the futile attempts of the mother to get the whiskey between Jim's lips. With a sudden squaring of his shoulders,

Pete lurched forward. Instantly Helen had the heavy revolver pressed against his side.

"Aw, put up the gun, kid. Lemme get some o' that stuff into that chap; dont, he'll croak, see?" Pete growled, and firmly, if a bit unsteadily, possessed himself of the cup and forced the liquor down Jim's throat. Unconsciously Helen relaxed somewhat, and she allowed the revolver to drop to her side. With considerable skill Pete continued to ply Jim with the whiskey, himself growing more sober with each passing minute.

Few would have recognized Hog Pete in the man who, two hours later, supported Jim Brown on one side, while Helen did a like office on the other, as they walked him back and forth in front of the cabin—up and down, up and down, until the girl felt herself sinking with sheer weariness.

"Bring a little of that whiskey, if you please, marm," Pete called, and Mrs. Brown hastened to comply.

"You drink this. You shore need it," Pete said, kindly, as he held the cup out to Helen. She realized that she did indeed require the stimulant if she was to keep her feet, and drank.

"Will—will you have some?" Mrs. Brown asked hesitantly, but Pete shook his head.

"No, marm, not any fer me. But I'll take a cup of coffee if there's any left in that pot—dont matter if 'tis cold," he added.

By the following morning Jim was out of danger, tho still weak. With considerable embarrassment Hog Pete shook hands with him as he lay on his cot, looked helplessly at Helen, and hurried from the room. Just as he reached the open air Helen overtook him, and with downcast eyes pressed into his hand his revolver. Gravely he placed it in its holster.

"You—you must forgive me. He was dying, you know," Helen stammered. In the clear morning light, and looking into the kindly eyes of this grave man, the events of yesterday seemed unreal, impossible.

"Oh, dont say no more 'bout that,

PETE SHAKES HANDS WITH JIM AND ASKS FORGIVENESS

PETE DECIDES TO SWEAR OFF

if you dont mind, Miss,'' Pete replied, and flushed deeply beneath his tan.

With a quick movement he picked up the whiskey jug from the bench beside the door, and shook it. Removing the stopper he deliberately inverted the jug and the gushing liquor was soon absorbed by the thirsty soil. With a gesture of contempt he hurled the jug from him, and held out his hand. Impulsively Helen caught it with both her own.

''I am glad!'' she said softly. ''I want you for a friend.''

''An' I'm glad o' that,'' said Pete, ''I need jest such a frien' as you be.''

''You can always count on me, Pete,'' she replied.

''Good fer you, marm,'' Pete mumbled, looking down, embarrassed. ''I know I ain't been no good to nobody afore now, an' it's all on account of that pesky firewater. Now, marm, I'm goin' to swear off complete an' never tech the stuff again.''

A tear came into the rough man's eye.

''God bless yer,'' he said, and he was off.

Traveling on a Nickel

By JOHN W. KELLETTE

When I crave entertainment, I almost always go,
In company with a nickel, out to see a picture show;
And on that little nickel I roam the earth at will
And stay right there a-traveling until I get my fill.
Were mine the wealth of Crœsus, to travel o'er the land,
I couldn't gain the knowledge, nor witness life so grand,
As I can do three nights a week, whene'er the pictures change;
For Photoplays have ''travel'' beat—just glance at this for range:—
On Monday eve I take my wife, and ere the show is done
We travel from the Rio Grande to ''Land of Midnight Sun'';
We hear the ''swash'' of water and feel the chill of peak,
And tho we swelter with the heat, a mossy dell we seek.
When Wednesday comes we climb the Alps, or tread Alaskan crags,
Or march with countless thousands under many nations' flags;
Or wipe away unbidden tears when wrong appears to win,
Then feel the joy of living as we view the wage of sin.
The world may have its heroes who have won a deathless fame,
And sing its peans to the magic of a world-sung name,
But till the earth shall crumble we'll worship at the throne
Of Edison, the wizard, who shall always stand alone!

An Island Comedy

(Edison)

By LULU MONTANYE

"GEE, sis, but you look pretty in that dress!"

Miriam glanced up from her book with a slightly suspicious air. "What does Bobbie want, now?" she asked herself, mentally; but aloud she said, smiling at her twelve-year-old brother, "I'm glad you like it, Bobbie."

He snuggled down beside her in the hammock, laying his dark head against her pink sleeve, and Miriam, stroking his rumpled hair, waited patiently. She was accustomed to Bobbie's mental processes. She knew that he wanted something when he began like that, and, furthermore, on the principle that history repeats itself, she was perfectly sure that he was going to get it.

There was a moment's pause, while Bobbie swung the hammock, the lazy touches of his white sneaker against the pine needles stirring a faint, spicy fragrance. Then he began again.

"You always look nice, that's why I like to take you out. I saw Gladys Hubon go by in the canoe with Hal awhile ago and she didn't look nice at all."

"What is the child trying to work around to?" thought Miriam in bewilderment, but she only said, "I think Gladys is pretty."

"There's more class to your looks," affirmed Bobbie, decidedly. He paused a moment, stealing an upward glance from under his curling lashes to see if his sister was sufficiently impressed by this declaration to warrant his proceeding. Encouraged by her interested look, he added emphatically, "You look swell in a canoe."

A light broke over Miriam's puzzled brain, and she silently struggled against a desire to laugh. Was there ever another youngster who could lead up to his heart's desire with such skillful diplomacy?

"Canoes are nice," she murmured, encouragingly, "but they cost a lot of money, dear."

"Tim Jones has got a dandy that he'll sell for twenty dollars. It's only been used a little bit. I've got that ten dollars yet that Uncle John gave me. If I just had ten more, I could buy it, and I'd take you out every day. It's painted dark green. That pink dress and your white umbrella would look great in it."

With an irrepressible laugh and an affectionate hug, Miriam capitulated.

"All right, honey boy, I'll speak to father about it. If I tell him I'll give you five dollars out of my allowance, he will furnish the other five."

Bobbie sprang out of the hammock and turned a double handspring—his favorite way of giving vent to his feelings. Then he came close to his sister and placed an arm about her neck, laying his cheek against hers caressingly.

"You're the best sister in the world," he said.

It was reward enough for Miriam and she watched the lad happily as he went, whistling, down the path toward the river. She had just resumed her interrupted story when Bobbie came running back again.

"I'm going to tell you something, 'cause you're so good to me," he said. "It's something I overheard, and I'll tell you so you can be prepared for whatever it is. Last night after dark, when I was bailing my boat, Gladys and Mr. Schuyler came along and stopped right close to me. I heard Gladys say: 'Yes, I know Miriam does care, she told me so; all you've got to do is to ask her.' And then Mr. Schuyler said, awful earnest: 'You're not fooling me?' and she said 'No, cant you see for yourself? It's plain enough.' Then he said yes, he felt sure and he'd ask you tomorrow.

They went on, then, and I didn't hear any more, but he's going to ask you today for whatever it is he wants."

Bobbie had dropped on the ground by Miriam's feet as he talked and was scraping pine needles into a mound, so he did not see his sister's face flame red and then turn suddenly pale as he talked. But when he had finished she spoke very quietly, and the boy did not notice the proud coldness in her voice.

"You know you must never listen intentionally to other people's conversation, Bobbie, when they do not know it, but I am glad that you told me this."

As Bobbie dashed off down the path again he almost ran full into Mr. Harrison Schuyler.

"Hello, Mr. Schuyler!" he exclaimed, "you're on the right path. She's up there in the hammock."

"Suppose he's going to ask her that question, whatever it is," thought Bobbie, as he began scrubbing his boat, which was wet and dirty from a fishing trip; "he looks real happy."

He looked very happy as he approached the hammock, where the pink-clad girl made a dainty picture under the green pines. Usually she was watching for him, with a deeper flush on her piquant face, a brighter sparkle in the merry eyes as he drew near. But today she was so absorbed in her book that she failed to look up at all until he was close to her, calling out, gaily, "Good afternoon, Miss Bookworm!"

There was joyous confidence upon the man's face and in his voice; the confidence of one who is sure of his welcome, and rejoices in his surety. The girl raised her eyes from her book, looking at him, gravely, for a moment.

"Good afternoon," she said, formally. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

There was something in her tone which fell upon the man's joyousness, for an instant, like a cloud. It was so unlike her usual half-glad, half-shy greeting. But he shook off the impression—of course there could be nothing wrong—and dropped upon the carpet of fragrant pine needles.

"What's the story that's so fascinating that you cant see a fellow coming?" he asked, cheerfully.

"It's an old book—'A Fool's Errand,'" answered Miriam.

Again the man felt chilled. There was a new, unknown coolness in the voice. Still he persisted, ignoring the coldness and denying its existence, even while he wondered at its cause.

"Is it very interesting?" he asked.

"Fools' errands are apt to be interesting." Her tone was dangerously sweet this time, too honeyed to be convincing.

Harrison Schuyler was a man of action, unaccustomed to circumlocution either in word or deed. He looked sharply at the girl, but her eyes were upon her book and the dark lashes veiled them closely.

"What's the matter, Miss Hale?" he demanded, abruptly.

"The matter?" She lifted her eyes now, arching the dark brows in pretty surprise, but, somehow, the surprise, like the sweet tone, was not quite convincing.

"Yes," he persisted, shortly. "Dont hedge, please. Why are you so cold? What have I done? Why do you treat me so differently today?"

A tiny red flame began to burn on the girl's cheeks, and a bright spark kindled in her eyes.

"Different? Cold?" she retorted. "Surely you're mistaken. Do your friends usually stand up and give three cheers upon your approach?"

She smiled, saucily, and Schuyler's anger, never far buried, sprang to the surface.

"If you're coquetting with me," he exclaimed, rising and looking down at her, hurt and baffled, "I'm disappointed in you, that's all! If I've offended you, tell me how. I came here to tell you my love, sure of your love in return, sure of the same dear graciousness you had shown me for weeks, and I find you completely changed."

As he paused, breathless with his angry vehemence, the girl rose and

BOBBIE GETS SCHUYLER IN TROUBLE

confronted him, with proudly uplifted head. The spark in her eyes grew to a flashing flame, as they met his.

"It never pays to be too sure," she said, proudly.

Schuyler studied the stormy face, silently, for a moment. Then he turned, wrathfully, and went with rapid strides down the path, while Miriam dropped into the hammock, a crumpled pink heap, sobbing stormily.

"Bobbie," said Schuyler, with sudden inspiration, as he came upon the boy still scrubbing his boat, "come up here. I want to talk to you."

Bobbie scrambled up the bank with alacrity. He was a perfectly frank and honest lad, despite his diplomatic abilities, and he liked Schuyler immensely. It required only a few skillful questions to ascertain that it was Bobbie who, with the best of intentions, had wrought havoc with Schuyler's fond hopes. The man sat for a few minutes, studying the situation. Then he bent forward a little, looking squarely at the boy and speaking seriously, as one man to another.

"Bobbie," he said, "do you love your sister?"

"You bet!" answered Bobbie, promptly.

"Well, so do I," declared Schuyler.

Bobbie was too young to get excited over this avowal. He looked rather unimpressed, and waited for some more interesting statement.

"Now," continued the man, "you meant it all right when you told your sister what you heard last night, didn't you?"

"Sure," answered the lad, beginning to get anxious. "Wasn't it all right? I wanted to do something for Miriam, 'cause she had just promised me five dollars towards my canoe, so I told her that. I didn't know it was anything you wouldn't want told. I'm not a tattler!"

Bobbie's face was very troubled. His sense of honor was keenly touched and Schuyler was quick to take advantage of this critical moment.

"You got me into a lot of trouble," he said impressively. "Now it's up to you to get me out." Whereupon he unfolded to the boy a plan, ending with the words, "If you will do that, Bobbie, I'll buy you the best canoe on the St. Lawrence; a canoe that will make that one you think of buying look like thirty cents."

Bobbie drew one long breath of delight, but it was followed by a doubtful sigh.

"I want the canoe, awful, Mr. Schuyler, and I want to help you, but would it be treating Miriam right? Of course, I cant go against my sister."

Schuyler considered for a moment, studying the boy who he knew filled such a deep place in Miriam's affections. Then he showed his knowledge of woman's nature in general, and Miriam's in particular.

"Bobbie," he said, "you go up to the hammock, and stay with your sister awhile. Dont mention this at all; just talk about any old thing. If you feel sure that she is perfectly happy and satisfied, you may forget all this; but if you think she is unhappy, you follow out my plan, and trust me. I promise you everything will be all right. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily, "that's fair."

A few minutes later, Bobbie, run-

ning up the path under the green pines, stopped in dismay, gazing blankly at a slender pink figure crumpled in the hammock, so shaken with sobs that she did not even hear his approach. He turned softly, and stole away again.

"That's all right," he thought gleefully. "I get the canoe."

The sun never shone more brightly over the St. Lawrence than upon the following morning. The blue waves danced in the golden light and the Thousand Islands gleamed like green jewels emerging from the shining waters.

"Just the day for our motor-boat trip," said Mr. Hale, and all the household, except Miriam, agreed with him enthusiastically.

Miriam was pale and hollow-eyed and had the general air of one who was tired of the world and longed for a nunnery.

"I had such a headache last night," she explained, "I hardly slept at all. I'm going to bed again. The rest of you go along. I'll be all right when I have slept awhile."

"I dont want to leave you all alone," demurred her mother.

"I'll stay with her," spoke up Bobbie, promptly. "I dont care about the boat ride. I'd rather stay with Miriam."

He felt a little guilty at Miriam's pleased look and grateful protestations, but as soon as the motor had chugged out of sight beyond the nearest island he turned to her with his most persuasive smile.

BOBBIE PLAYS A TRICK

"Come on out in my boat," he begged. "The air will do you good. I'll get some pillows for you to lie on, and we'll row over to that little island. There's the prettiest little beach and you can lie in the shade and have your sleep."

Miriam hesitated, but the water did look cool and tempting, so she consented, and when Bobbie landed her carefully on the pebbled beach, she gave a cry of delight.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"I'm glad I came. I feel better already."

Bobbie pitched the pillows out, and his sister began arranging them comfortably. She looked up, presently, and was surprised to see Bobbie pulling away from the island, already some distance from her. In response to her call he only waved his hand, and, somewhat puzzled, but not at all worried, she lay down among her pillows. Her thoughts speedily reverted to the quarrel, going over and over all the words and incidents as they had done thruout the long night. Schuyler's easy assurance, coupled with Gladys' careless words, had touched her pride deeply and the wound had not had time to heal. So it was little wonder that when she saw him coming over the rocks toward her she sprang up, angrily.

LONELY, ALAS, BUT NOT ALONE

With her aching head and unstrung nerves, Miriam was in no mood to be reasonable. Patience was not Schuyler's leading characteristic, and their conversation for the next five minutes could not have been called tame.

"I was a fool for coming here at all," he declared, at last, stormily.

"Yes," agreed Miriam, crisply, "another Fool's Errand."

White and trembling with anger, the man made his way back over the rocks to the place where he had left his boat. To his amazement, the boat was fast disappearing around a wooded point of the island, towed by Bobbie, who was chuckling derisively at Schuyler's bewildered face.

"Here, come back here. What do you mean?" yelled Schuyler, but the lad only grinned and kept on rowing.

Bobbie had developed unexpected sagacity and was showing initiative of his own. He was a shrewd little observer of human nature, and, all unconsciously, he had formulated a great psychological principle as he rowed away from his sister.

"When two folks are mad at each other, they've got to have some time to get over it in," he said, to himself, sagely, "and if they both get mad at some one else, there's one thing they agree on, anyhow, and that starts them toward making up."

Acting upon this inspiration, he had stolen the other boat, and he chuckled happily at Schuyler's wrathful face.

"He would have gone off mad, if he could have got this boat," he said. "Now, by the time some one comes along to pick them up, the quarrel will be all over, and everything will be lovely, or I dont know Miriam."

But Bobbie encountered an unexpected difficulty. To pull two boats against the swift current of the river was a strenuous proposition for one small boy. He soon realized that it was impossible for him to get home, so, safely out of sight of the two belligerents, he drifted contentedly, waiting for some passing motor to

ATTACKING THE BESIEGED WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF COLD CHICKEN

give him a tow. But passing motors were not numerous, and the hours crept slowly by, while the boy pluckily waited.

"If they are as hungry as I am they are ready to eat each other by this time, and that will help some," he thought, when the sun stood straight overhead.

The sun stood straight overhead on the little island, too, and Miriam was desperately hungry. She gazed disconsolately across the water, thinking herself alone upon the island, and little dreaming that Schuyler was watching her from the friendly shade of some bushes.

Schuyler was repenting. The girl's white, worried face reproached him far more effectively than her angry words had done, and he began to blame himself bitterly.

"I was a cad to discuss her with Gladys, in the first place," he thought, "and then, when I found what was the matter I didn't have sense enough to manage the making-up part properly."

He looked again at Miriam, leaning dejectedly against the gray rocks, now, and his heart grew softer.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I bet she's hungry! I've got some lunch. Here's a true military situation. The besieging army is supplied with rations. The besieged is slowly starving. What I've got to do now is to form myself into a hollow square and advance with my flag of truce, represented by my lunch box."

The face of the besieged was anything but encouraging when she caught sight of the advancing enemy, but she did not deign to speak. She simply turned her back and looked steadily out over the sparkling river.

The enemy halted in confusion. Then, with one of those brilliant strategical moves which make history, the base of supplies was suddenly located at the very elbow of the pro-

visionless besieged, and the odor of club sandwiches began to steal upon the breeze. When the appetizing smell of cold chicken began to mingle with this fragrance, the besieged threw a shy glance over her shoulder. The enemy was calmly munching sandwiches, and catching her stolen glance, he silently pushed forward a napkin on which reposed a most tempting combination of lettuce and chicken. Apparently this peace offering had no effect. The besieged turned haughtily away again. When she next ventured a glance, some chocolate eclairs were just emerging from their tissue wrappings. It was too much. The besieged threw down her guns, incontinently.

"I want some!" she exclaimed.

The peace treaty was signed within two minutes.

The sun crawled slowly westward, while Bobbie waited, hungry and tired, sustained only by visions of his promised canoe. At last, a familiar sound fell upon his ears, the bur-r-r-r of his father's boat, and in another minute it came into sight, bearing down upon him, as he beckoned excitedly.

The family were returning from their pleasure trip. They viewed Bobbie with amazement and demanded an explanation. Here was a new complication! Ought he to explain? Finally, when his father began to look displeased at his evasive answers, Bobbie had another inspiration.

"Go round to the other side of this island and get Mr. Schuyler and Miriam. They'll explain," he declared.

And they did explain. When the motor came up to the pebbled beach and Miriam and Schuyler came down to meet it, Bobbie gave one look at their beaming faces, and sank back with a satisfied smile. His judgment was vindicated. He could see his reward, in his mind's eye, coming toward him, and it was dark green, with flashing paddles and many cushions.

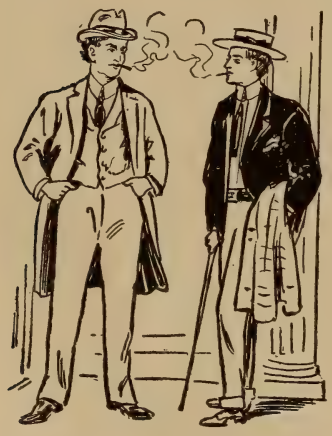
BIDDING ADIEU TO THE DEAREST OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

The Potency of the Motion Picture

By ROBERT GRAU

THE advent of Madison Square Garden as a factor in the Motion Picture industry is merely illustrative of the potency of this propitious line of endeavor, and it would by no means be surprising to see the problem of this institution solved at last. As a result of the great vogue of the camera man, the Moving Picture has already achieved so much that it is quite in line with modernism and progress that a resort to it is taken as perhaps the very last test, and surely a difficult one—that of making both ends meet in the heretofore unprofitable big Garden.

One-third of New York's best theaters have had their problems solved in this way, and thruout the country local managers who have been face to face with bankruptcy and disaster have ended their worries for all time, and created for themselves a constantly increasing public, by the simple means of installing a Moving Picture machine and securing a daily change of film subjects.



The Moving Picture has also ended the era of the stranded actor, for he is now in demand by all film companies, and, as a result, the congregating on the "Rialto" is at an end, or, at least, no longer objectionably indulged in.

Some of the country's best players are now easily recognized on the screen, and the tendency to raise the level of the offerings has resulted in stock companies such as one would see assembled at a Broadway theater, while the producers are men of established reputation; hence, one may no longer wonder at the marvelous progress which has come in the field itself.

In America, the famous players have not yet been tempted to give their services, as in Paris, where such eminent artists as Rejane, Jane Hading, Mlle. Desclousas, Mounet-Sully, and the younger Coquelins, are content not only to pose for a reproduction of their artistic achievements, but are actually seen in productions demanding indulgence on their part in outdoor exercises such as no theatrical manager ever dreamed might be possible; and yet the camera vividly shows these distinguished societaires of the ennobling Comedie Française in seeming joy in their new environment.

America will not, in the long run, be far behind Paris in this respect; therefore, when the day comes that our Maude Adams, our Blanche Bates, and our Mrs. Carter, succumb to the lure of the camera man—and that day may not be so far off—then will be ushered in a new era such as is little realized at this time. But it is just such forecasts that make for progress, and I can recall the day when an announcement to the effect that men of the standing in theaterdom of Francis A. Powers and Charles Kent had abandoned their stage careers to embrace cinematography would have created a sensation, and such announcements are made almost daily nowadays without creating a ripple of excitement.

Five years ago a well-known actor would have rebelled vigorously at the suggestion that he permit his "art" to be reproduced on the camera. But it was quite the same fifteen years ago, when the vaudeville stage began to

draw on the legitimate for its best players, so that when Robert Hilliard came, with "The Littlest Girl," the announcement created a sensation. "Bob" had not prospered in the "legit," and when it became my province to offer him $600 a week for ten weeks he looked up at me in utter amazement.

"But what can I do? I dont know how to do stunts; I cant play down to the vaudeville audiences," was Bob's plea.

"You do not have to stoop to them, Bob," I replied. "Play *up* to them. Give them 'The Littlest Girl,' and give it just as you did at the Madison Square Theater." Bob accepted, and it is a fact that in the ten years that have elapsed he never had an idle week, save from choice, and the $600 weekly paid to him at the outset was the smallest salary he ever had in vaudeville.

After Hilliard, came Charles Hawtrey, Maurice Barrymore, Rose Coghlan, Clara Morris, Marie Wainwright, Henry Miller, Mrs. Langtry, May Irwin, Lillian Russell, and many others equally prominent, while the weekly salary mounted in leaps and bounds, until it reached three thousand dollars, a figure that has been granted many times to players for seven days in modern vaudeville.

The Moving Picture field is now emerging into just such an era of "advanced cinematography," and, in this instance, not only the players will be attracted to the newer field, but the world's greatest playwrights will provide the scenarios. Nothing is surer than that a renaissance of the Motion Picture is at hand, for here we have a line of endeavor which has already solved the greatest of its problems, that of creating a permanent patronage. All that is now necessary is persistently to raise the level of the film productions, and this we shall probably see reach heights not within realization at this time.

Instead of the high-class player being reluctant to consider engagements with the film companies, one now may find the very best exponents of dramatic art actually seeking such, and if it is true that the talking picture problem has been fully solved, then will come the greatest expansion in this particular phase of the picture industry imaginable; for, in any effort to reproduce the plays and players thru synchronism of the talking machine and the Motion Picture, the player is absolutely the most vital and necessary figure.

No better illustration of the tremendous vogue of the picture theater can be offered than to note the fact that Henry W. Savage, the well-known impresario, has purchased the American rights for the talking pictures now exhibited at the Olympia, Paris; and in this he was in direct competition with no less potent a figure in theaterdom than Charles Frohman.

It is, indeed, significant that two of the foremost figures in the field of the theater, where careers have been along high-grade lines, should, in this second decade of the twentieth century, be brought to a realization of the great scope and tremendous potency of the most lucrative line of endeavor in the history of public entertaining.

The Fighting Schoolmaster

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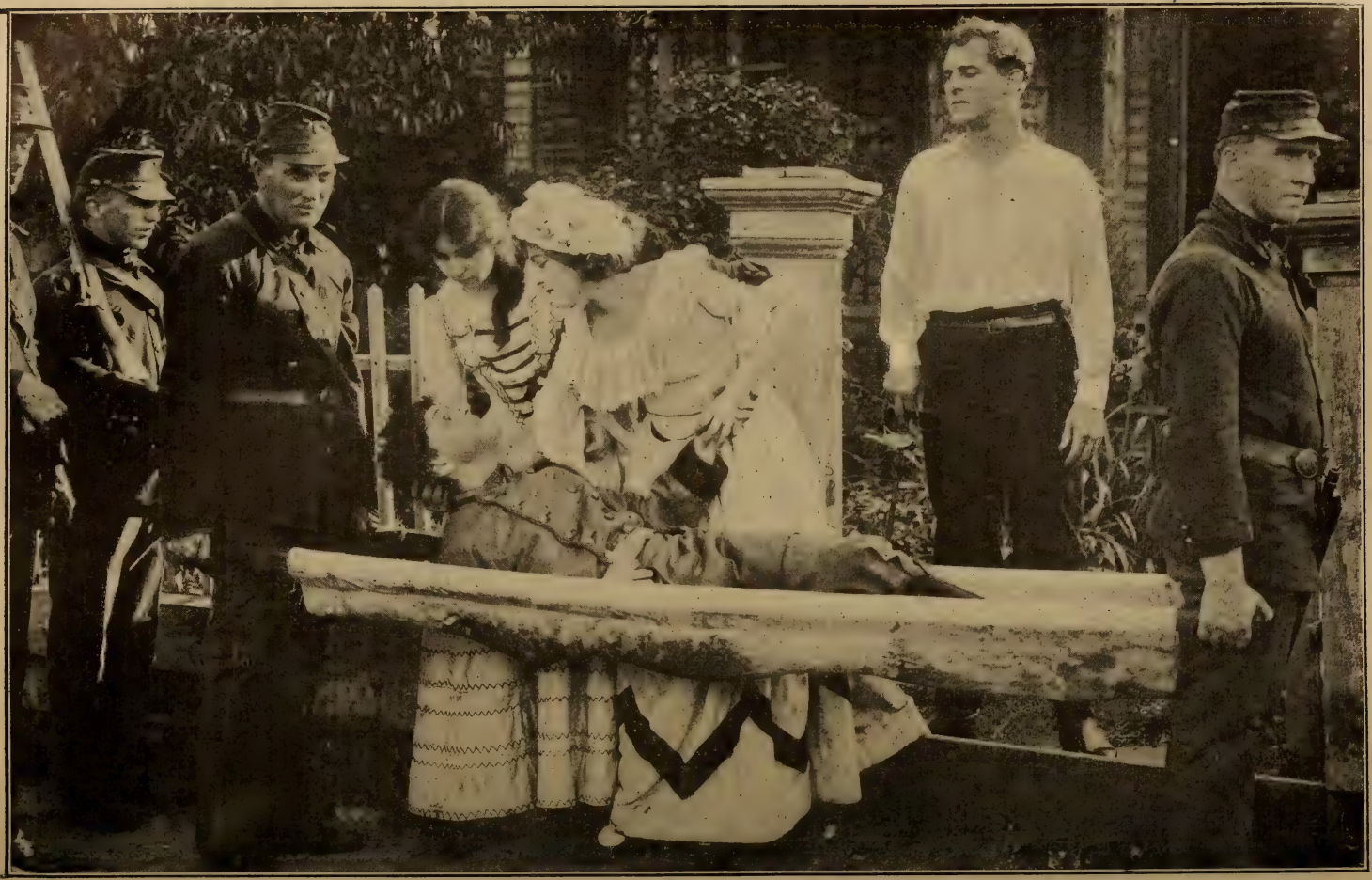
HARRIS BRINGS NELLIE'S WOUNDED BROTHER HOME

(See p. 127)



The Fighting Schoolmaster

(Vitagraph)

By MONTANYE PERRY

If one starts from the famous equestrian statue of Washington, which dominates Capitol Square, Richmond, and follows the main street of the city thru beautiful parks, broad residence avenues, bustling commercial sections and long miles of busy factory districts, past the great warehouses where thousands of tons of that tobacco—which is Virginia's pride—fill the air with a heavy, pungent tang, one will emerge upon a smooth country highway which winds twenty miles southward into Petersburg.

When half this distance has been traversed, the road turns sharply to the right, just after crossing one of the numerous streams which hurry thru this marvelously fertile land, as if anxious to perform their beneficent tasks and reach the great bay which is their goal. To the left is a stretch of open fields bordered by a low wall, and, looking sharply, one can discern the faint, irregular outline of a trail leading across this space. It is merely the suggestion of a once-traveled road, the phantom, as it were, of a highway which teemed with country traffic until, after the war, the tide of business set sharply in the opposite direction, toward Petersburg.

Should the traveler's inclination prompt him to desert the highway and follow this shadowy trail for a half-mile, he would come upon a low, square building, so covered by the masses of trailing Virginia creeper as to be almost unnoticeable thru the thick growth of trees and brush which surrounds it. To the imaginative mind the silence which lies over the place is half ghostly. The tangled branches are so thick that only scattered flecks of the yellow sunlight filter thru, dappling the green vines and pale blossoms fitfully. A tiny brook glides softly between smooth, violet-studded banks, with no quick fall nor laughing ripple to break the stillness. Stepping across the moss-carpeted space, which gives back no echo of a footfall, and peeping in at a window, with its sashes long rotted away, the weird impression is strengthened.

The center of the room is occupied by a tall wood-stove, its heavy door, half off its hinges, hanging ajar, mutely asking for some of the fuel which is heaped on the floor beside it. A battered pail and dipper, red with rust, stand in their wonted places upon a low bench. Rows of straight-backed seats face the door, and here and there upon the desks, gray with the dust of years, lie books and papers, thrown carelessly down. A bell stands upon the master's desk, ready to summon the absent ones from their play, and across the rude blackboard, above the rows of figures and carefully written copies, some childish hand has scrawled, "Nellie Gardner is the teacher's pet."

The whole scene gives the impression of suspended activity, as if the pupils who occupied those hard, straight seats had been suddenly interrupted in the midst of a busy session. The hushed room seems awaiting the call of the iron bell, the tramp of little feet, the hum of blithe young voices resuming their half-finished tasks.

Fifty years ago this little building, with its trimly kept lawn, was humming with life and activity. It was a bright morning in early April when school opened for the spring term and children of many sizes and ages gathered from the prosperous farming community around, assembled to greet the new master.

There was much curiosity and speculation concerning this newcomer,

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER

and the pupils, grouped about the door, waited eagerly for his arrival.

"Here come Nellie Gardner and Phil!" exclaimed a round-faced urchin who was hanging on the gate, looking anxiously down the road.

"I didn't think Nellie would come to school this term, she's getting so grown up. She'll be the biggest girl in school," said a tall miss, with a disappointed air. Evidently she had looked forward to the distinction of being the "biggest girl" herself.

"I reckon there's no danger of Nellie staying away while Phil comes, and he wont stop till he's ready for college," answered one of the older boys. "Did you ever see a brother and sister hang together like they do? Seems like they cant bear to be out of each other's sight."

"Come on inside. Let's get in our seats, like we had some manners," said Nellie, laughingly, as she came up to the door. "I saw the new master coming down the road with father, and he seems like he would know polite manners, himself."

"How does he look?" cried the children in a chorus.

"He looks right handsome, I think," said Nellie. "He's tall and walks up quick and straight. His complexion is a lot lighter than the men around here have, and his hair is sort of a chestnut color—reddish brown, you know."

"You must have looked hard at him," laughed one of the boys.

"Well, you know father's the selectman, and he told me, when he hired this man, that he'd got a handsome Northerner to teach us, so I was just naturally looking to see what father's idea of a beauty was."

"It was months ago that father

promised him the school," put in Phil, hastily. "I dont think he would engage a Yankee now."

"Nonsense, Phil," said Nellie, impatiently, "dont try to drag politics into school. You know father says this talk of war wont amount to anything; that Mr. Lincoln will straighten it all out."

"But father doesn't feel half so sure as he talks before the women," said Phil in an undertone to a group of the older boys who lingered by the door for a moment. "Things are beginning to look bad. If the President withdraws the troops from Fort Sumter it will be all right. If he doesn't, there's going to be serious trouble."

Every pupil in the room, rising with polite bow or courtesy as the new master entered, agreed instantly with Nellie's frankly expressed opinion of his looks. He was tall, lithe, well-built, with his fair skin and waving chestnut hair offset by eyes so deeply blue that they looked almost black beneath their thick lashes. Every girl in the room mentally vowed allegiance to him after the first glimpse, and before the close of the day the boys had followed suit. It was impossible to resist the warmth of his smile, the frank friendliness looking out of the clear eyes. The mischievous ones soon learnt that the friendly eyes could flash darkly with displeasure, and that the smiling lips could close in a straight line which boded ill to the wrong-doer; but his judgments were just, his quick flashes of temper were well controlled, and "Mr. Harris" speedily became the idol of his flock.

Phil Gardner alone remained somewhat aloof. Phil was a tall, well-developed lad, a splendid type of the dark, handsome Southerner. Always he had been the leader of the school, adored by the girls and obeyed by the boys. But there was nothing mean in the lad; it was not jealousy of the new master's popularity with his school, that troubled Phil. It was a deeper matter, touching the very heart-strings of the boy's fiery, chivalrous nature. Nellie, his adored sister, his inseparable companion, preferred the new master to her brother! It was a strange and bitter experience to Phil. Every morning since the one when he had led his tiny sister to school for the first time, they had walked down the shaded road together. Every afternoon they had returned, comparing notes upon the day's happenings. Now Nellie waited, with pretext of lessons to finish, and walked up the shaded road with Mr. Harris.

At first Phil did not understand. He lingered outside, waiting for Nellie, glad of her studiousness; but gradually it dawned upon him that Nellie did not want him, and a growing spark of resentment, which the lad had never known before, smoldered in his heart, ready to burst forth at the first provocation.

The provocation soon came. Nellie lingered with Mr. Harris one afternoon, beneath a great elm at the foot of the driveway leading up to the Gardner home, until dusk drew near, and her mother, becoming anxious, sent Phil to look for her. The girl flushed as her brother's step sounded beside her. She had not realized that it was so late, and as she began to murmur some confused explanation, Harris, noting Phil's angry eyes, interposed with graceful apology, insisting that it was his fault and that Nellie must not be scolded.

"My sister needs no defense from you," burst forth Phil, angrily. "She is unaccustomed to Northern ways, that is all, and did not know how to dismiss you. Southern gentlemen do not visit young ladies by the roadside, out of sight of their homes."

In George Harris' native town he had always been known as a fighter. From some remote Irish ancestor he had inherited not only his chestnut locks and ready wit, but a flashing pugnaciousness which only constant self-discipline kept in control. The control snapped now, and for an instant his blue eyes, dark with fury, looked into the Southerner's flashing black ones. Then the blood flushed

THE QUARREL

into his white face, mounting to the roots of the waving chestnut hair, his right arm shot out and Phil lay at full length upon the driveway.

Nellie sprang forward with a scream. "Go!" she said passionately, pointing a slender finger down the road. "Go, I say," she commanded again, as Harris tried to speak. "My brother was quite right, and, allow me to add, Southern gentlemen do not fight in the presence of ladies!"

It was enough. Harris turned sharply and strode down the road, his head proudly erect, while Nellie, with a strange new pain in her heart which was not all for her brother's downfall, walked silently up the path beside Phil.

Next morning the air was charged with excitement. The early stage brought the news of Lincoln's call for troops. Only the smallest children were at school and they hung about in little groups, whispering anxiously, until the bell rang. It was a relief when little Hilda Greene came boldly in with a great bunch of flowering almonds which she deposited on the master's desk.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I like you, Mr. Harris, if you *are* a Northerner and I dont care what they say. If the Yankees are all like you, I reckon I love them all."

"I fear there are not many who will feel as you do, Hilda," he replied, sadly, as he looked at the many vacant seats in the schoolroom. The morning's developments filled him with sad forebodings. He had bitterly regretted the quarrel of the previous night and had hoped that Nellie would forgive him, but that hope was dispelled with the news of impending war. He knew the bitterness of the feeling which raged around him. To the loyal, hot-

blooded Southerner there was no country now but the Southland, no friend who would not rally beneath the Confederate flag. He felt that his work here was ended. The children would be taught to distrust him; the pleasant associations and warm friendships would all be broken, and, worst of all, he would lose Nellie forever. There would be no chance to win back her friendship nor gain the love which he had hoped might be his.

As he expected, a note soon arrived from Mr. Gardner which curtly informed him that, on account of the certainty of war, the school would be indefinitely closed. Quietly dismissing the children, with their lessons unfinished, he locked the door of the little schoolhouse, which was destined to remain undisturbed while the gray dust of fifty years gathered.

It was evening when he finished his packing, ready to start for his Northern home, where he had determined to join the Union army. But he could not leave without an effort to say good-by to Nellie. Surely she would forgive him, he thought, when she knew that he was going to war, perhaps to death. As he neared the house he saw her sitting alone, upon the steps, her face buried in her hands. She lifted her head as he approached, and her face, wet with tears, looked so gentle and childish that he felt a gleam of confidence.

"Nellie," he began, "I am going away tonight to fight for my homeland, as dear to me as yours is to you. I am sorry for what happened last night. Will you not say good-by? We may never meet again."

The girl lifted herself slowly to her full height. Standing there, straight and proud, where the full moon poured its radiance down over the broad piazza, with the great white stars of the narcissus, and the clambering yellow roses which bent above her pallid face, she formed a picture which the man carried thru the four awful years which followed.

"Last night you fought my brother, here, with blows," she said. "Now you go to fight him with sword and gun. And you come here asking me to forgive you—saying you are sorry! Can your sorrow bring my brother safely back?"

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Without another word Harris turned and went quickly down the familiar road, where every step reminded him of the happy walks with Nellie. "Can your sorrow bring my brother safely back?" The girl's bitter tone, so unlike the laughing voice he had known, rang thru his thoughts constantly. Stopping there, in the sandy road, George Harris bared his head, looking up to the stars which seemed to smile back at him with calm reassurance.

"God give me a chance," he murmured, reverently, "to bring him back to her."

Four years passed. Four years of desperate fighting, of privations, suffering and horror for North and South. The defeat of the Confederate army was clearly inevitable; it was only a question of days until the end must come, but the valiant Southerners fought on, their unconquered spirits still loyal to their beloved Southland.

Phil Gardner, a captain now, had passed thru the four years without a wound. He was with Lee's division of the army, entrenched behind the line of earthworks at Petersburg, only ten miles from his home and from the sister whose face haunted his dreams. And, outside the line of works, with Grant's army, was another captain, clad in blue, whose

dreams were haunted by the same fair face.

It was a brave stand that Lee made with his forty thousand men, but there could be only one result. When Grant, with an army one hundred thousand strong, swept over the earthen parapets and entered Petersburg, George Harris was detailed to go with the forces which started in hot pursuit of Lee's diminished army, retreating westward with the forlorn hope of joining Johnston in North Carolina.

Late in the afternoon of a sunny April day, a wing of the pursuing army came suddenly out upon the brow of a hill where a dense pine-wood sloped sharply downward to the very edge of a swift, narrow stream. A detachment of the retreating army had halted in the edge of the woods, and there ensued one of those sharp, short encounters which characterized this famous retreat. For a few moments the bullets flew thickly. Then, suddenly, as the gray-clad troops began to retreat down the hillside, George Harris recognized Phil Gardner in their midst. The Southerner's back was toward the stream, his face to his foes. As Harris gazed for an instant at the tall, handsome lad, fighting so valiantly, there flashed before his eyes the picture of a slender girl on a moonlit piazza, with yellow roses shining against her dark hair, while above the shots a voice rang clearly, "Can your sorrow bring my brother safely back?"

It was but an instant that he stood there, while memories crowded swiftly upon him; then, with sudden resolution, he ran forward, just in time to see Phil stagger, throw up his hands, and grope piteously in the air, as if seeking some support. Finding none, the arms dropped helplessly, the slender body swayed for a moment, then staggered backward and fell headlong into the swiftly rushing stream.

The tide of battle swept further down along the stream. Captain Harris cast one look after his men disappearing thru the woods with victorious shouts, then his eyes came back to the spot where Phil had fallen. Could he let the boy die there, with his sister waiting for him? Perhaps she was praying for him now, dreaming of his return, while he lay there beneath the gurgling waters. The shouts of the men echoed again. It was his country's call, the call of duty, but, over all, clear and insistent, rang a sweet, compelling voice—the voice of his love—which would not be denied, *"Can your sorrow bring my brother safely back?"*

Down the steep, pine-covered hillside, over the sharp bank of the stream, into the swift current of the water he plunged. Struggling, groping, gasping, he searched for the still, gray form which was lying somewhere there. Coming to the surface for breath, then diving again further downstream, he felt the pebbled bottom, almost hopelessly, while a girl's voice, bitter-sweet, rang thru the rushing waters, *"Can your sorrow bring my brother safely back?"*

His strength was almost exhausted when his hands at last touched the form they sought. The green bank seemed miles away, but, little by little, half swimming, half wading, he reached the shore, and, laying his precious burden down, set skillfully about the task of resuscitation. At last a shudder ran thru the limp form, a faint color crept into the white face and the black eyes opened, looking into the blue ones with a dazed expression which grew slowly into surprised recognition.

"Mr. Harris!" he exclaimed. "What has happened? Where am I?"

"You're all right," said Harris, trying to speak unconcernedly. "You're wounded a bit and you fell into the water, but that's nothing."

"But I dont understand. Where are my men? Where did you come from?"

Then, as he looked about, still uncomprehending, his eyes caught the epaulet on the blue sleeve, and he understood.

"I see," he said, with a faint smile.

"You are a captain, as well as I. I suppose your men are chasing mine, somewhere. But tho we are enemies, you've saved my life."

"Must we remain enemies, Phil?" asked Harris. "The war is practically over now—need we continue our enmity?"

"Yes, the war is over," echoed Phil, bitterly, but his eyes softened as he looked at Harris. "I've always been sorry that I treated you so. Let us be friends again."

HARRIS KNEW THE ANSWER

Captain George Harris stood by the piazza of the Gardner home in a white flood of moonlight, as he had stood four years before. The night winds stirred softly, the frail blossoms of the narcissus quivered on their stems and the rambling roses sent a shower of sweet, yellow petals fluttering over the dark hair of the girl who stood looking down at him from the steps. There was no proud coldness in her face now; it was flushed and shining with hope and love.

"Phil is sleeping," she said, joyously. "The doctor says his wound will soon be well. Oh, you were so good to save him—to bring him home to me!"

"I had to do it," he answered, softly. "When I saw him fall I knew that I must save him for you. I could see you standing here in the moonlight, just as I left you; I could hear your voice asking me, *'Can your sorrow bring my brother safely back?'* Have you forgiven me now for that foolish quarrel? Now that I have brought him back, do you hate me because I am a Northerner?"

"The war is over," said Nellie, sweetly, "and North and South must be one again. My loved ones are safe. Nothing else matters—now that I have you both again."

The man's heart gave a quick throb. He sprang up the steps to her side, taking both her hands in his, looking earnestly into the eyes which fell shyly before his ardent gaze.

"Do you mean that, Nellie?" he asked. "I didn't want to take advantage of your gratitude last night, when I brought Phil home, so I said nothing, but you know I love you. Did you mean, when you said *both* of us, that you love me, too—just a little?"

The loveliest dark eyes in all the Southland looked up expressively, for a fleeting second, then fell again.

Harris saw, and knew the answer.

A Rainy Day Episode.

By Lida A. Smith. Age 12 years.
46 Allen Street. Bradford Mass.

[Editorial Note.—With pleasure, we print this little "Episode," from one of our younger readers. We have preserved the original style and punctuation, for the much-dreaded blue pencil has not touched the carefully prepared manuscript. We congratulate little Miss Lida, and we hope, some day, to ask her to write a Photoplay story for this magazine—that is, provided she improves in her work, as we believe she will. The great Alexander Pope was only ten when he wrote a play from a translation of Homer's "Iliad." At the age of twelve, which is just Miss Lida's age, little Mr. Pope wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude," and at fifteen he wrote his equally famous "Pastorals." Our own William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, and that poem, which is called the beginning of American poetry, is full of delicate and striking imagery, and is as lofty in conception and as replete with noble, cheerful philosophy as anything he wrote in later years, altho he lived to the ripe age of eighty-four. We hope that Miss Lida will persevere in her literary endeavors, and that others of our young readers will follow her good example.]

It was a rainy day, but little did the Farringtons mind it. Their house was beautiful cosy and roomy. They had two children a boy and a girl. Phillis, the girl, was very smart, but the little boy, Fred, was inclined to be sulky. To-day their mother had been invited to a party and the two children were left with the nurse. The nurse had a few errands to do, and she told the children not to go out while she was gone, and they both said they wouldn't. They played a while with their blocks, but soon Fred got tired of it, and said he wanted a drink of water. He went and got his drink, and saw his father's rubber boots in the closet. He put those on, and his rubber coat and hat, and went out and closed the door softly behind him. Meanwhile the little girl was getting tired, so she went up in her mother's room, and saw her mother's rain coat laying on the bed. She put that on, and a pair of rubbers, and an old hat, and she went out of the front door and closed it softly. When the nurse came home, and couldn't find the children, she was frightened. She went up stairs, and rang up their mother on the phone, and told her what had happened. The mother rang up the father, then he rang up the Police Station. Meanwhile the children were going in different directions. Fred took a car for one end of the town. And Phillis took a car for the other. Neither had any money, so when the conductor came to collect Fred's fare, he didn't have any money to pay it. So the conductor took him and gave him to an officer, who took him to the Police Station. Meanwhile the conductor in the other car, came to collect Phillis fare. She didn't have any money to pay it, so the conductor gave her to an officer who took her to the Police-Station. They both got there at the same time. Neither of them knew what the other was doing there. The father and mother and nurse were about crazy; but when the children got to the Police-Station, the judge asked them their names, and they told them. He telephoned to Mr. and Mrs. Farrington to come to the station at once and when each of the children told them their story, they thoug
ht it was the best joke yet, and the father took them to an ice-cream store and got them each a soda.

The Power of Love

(Pathé Frères)

By RUTH BREWSTER

"CUT it out, boys, here comes a lady."

The workmen of the Fuller Construction Company, having consumed all the lunch in their dinner pails, were filling in the half hour before the whistle blew, with their usual noisy jokes and horseplay. They stopped abruptly at the foreman's words and looked interestedly in the direction he indicated.

"Whew!" whistled one, under his breath, "ain't she a stunner!"

"Some class there, all right!" exclaimed another, in a low tone. "What's she doing here? Get onto the swell guy with her; dollars to doughnuts his name's either Algy or Reggie."

"It must be Fuller's daughter," said Benham, the foreman. "See, there's Fuller coming behind them, now. Get up, fellows."

The men rose, readily enough. It was evident from their respectful glances toward the approaching trio that not only was the head of the Fuller Construction Company popular with his men, but that Benham, the foreman, was equally respected. His lightest wish was their command. Tall, handsome, dignified, he would have graced an office better than a foundry, and his gentle, unassuming ways were confidence-inspiring. He had worked his way up from the lower ranks, and his companions had watched his progress without the least feeling of envy.

"This is my daughter, Margaret, men," said Fuller, as he came nearer, "and my friend, Mr. Stanley. I'm just showing them around the works a bit."

Every man removed his hat instantly, in pleased recognition of his employer's courtesy. Margaret bowed, with graceful friendliness, the color deepening in her cheeks as she met the men's admiring glances; but her companion—an immaculately dressed youth, with that air of arrogant superiority which is worn only by those who have never known the dignity of earning the money they spend—gave a supercilious nod and hurried her on.

"He's afraid we'll get a look at her," growled a workman. "Look at the fool," he added, with a quick change of tone, "he's taking her too near that hot steel!"

Benham, whose watchful eyes were following the girl while he listened to the instructions his employer had paused to give him, sprang forward even as the man spoke. His action was so swift that it was not quite clear to the men, but they saw the girl's slender form lifted in the foreman's strong arms for a moment, while Benham turned quickly away with a look of agony on his face.

"He's burned himself!" cried a man, excitedly.

"Quick there—let me get inside," commanded Benham, staggering toward them. "Dont let her see; I just brushed my arm against it."

They crowded about him into the shop, clumsily stripping the sleeve from the seared arm and smearing it with oil, while Benham struggled silently with the cruel pain.

"Oh, let me thru," broke in a clear voice. "Where is he? Let me help."

It was Margaret, pushing thru the crowd of men, her fair face aglow with pity.

As she skillfully adjusted the bandage to the burnt arm the lines of pain smoothed out of the sufferer's face, and he smiled.

"It's nothing, Miss Fuller," he declared. "Please dont let it worry you. I feel much better already."

"He ought to feel better!" was the thought of every man in the shop. There was not one of them but would gladly have changed places with the sufferer at that moment. The girl looked very charming as she lingered, giving deft touches to the bandaged arm, with her face pale, her full lips tremulous, her blue eyes looking out from a mist of sympathetic tears.

"You did it for me," she murmured. "I am so sorry."

"If you are thru with your first-aid demonstration we had better go on," broke in a curt voice, and the girl looked up quickly to see Stanley, plainly annoyed, watching her.

"You may go on, if you are in a hurry," replied Margaret, the color flashing back to her cheeks. "I can come with father."

"You must take care of him," she said, turning to the men. "I am sure you will. I am sorry that my visit should have brought this trouble."

"It was not your fault," said Benham, quickly. "Your visit has been a pleasure to us all. We hope you will come again."

"Good-by, all of you," she said, sweetly. "I'll be very glad to come again."

As the slender, graceful figure disappeared thru the doorway with Stanley, Benham's eyes came back reluctantly to find his employer watching him. The foreman flushed, half-guiltily, as if the man might have read his thoughts, but Fuller only smiled and, with a few words of warm thanks, went thoughtfully across the yard to his office.

"That Benham's got a good head," he mused. "I can shove him right along in the business. Young Stanley has got inherited money, inherited good looks, inherited social position—that's about all! Margaret's mother is strong for Stanley, and I hate to interfere so long as the chap is decent, but he shows up small beside a real man like Benham."

Benham's arm healed rapidly, and the hurt was soon forgotten, but the blue eyes which had looked into his so pityingly lingered in his memory. One day, as he was going over some plans with Fuller, his heart gave a glad bound as the office door opened and Margaret entered. She was accompanied by Stanley.

"Good morning," she said, putting out her hand, as Benham started to leave the office. "I hope the arm is much better."

Her sweet graciousness, in direct contrast to Stanley's curt nod, seemed to bring a breath of the fresh spring morning into the gloomy office.

"The arm is nearly well, thank you," answered the foreman, releasing the dainty gloved hand very quickly.

"I was so interested in seeing the works the other day," continued Margaret. "They didn't let me stay half long enough. Some day I'm going to ask father to let you take me around and explain everything, if you are willing to take that trouble."

"It would be a great pleasure, Miss Fuller."

Margaret's heart fluttered and the color mounted swiftly to her cheeks. She was very young, this fair-haired, childlike girl, just nearing her twentieth birthday, and the emotion which Benham's presence brought to her was half-frightened, half-sweet, and wholly new.

"Come, we must be going," said Stanley, impatiently interrupting, but his request was unheeded.

"Mr. Fuller," said Benham to his employer, "the men have the little gift for Miss Fuller, which I mentioned to you. May they present it now?"

"Certainly," answered Fuller, cordially. "Let them come to the windows."

Word was quickly passed around, and in a moment the windows, overlooking the rear door of the office, were filled with workmen, looking eagerly, while a delegation of three crossed the yard and handed a small package to Margaret. She stood in the doorway by Benham's side, her eyes shining with excitement and pleasure.

THE WORKMEN WITNESS THE PRESENTATION

"Please open it for me," she begged. "I want to see it right away."

It was a bracelet, delicately wrought from the company's own steel and beautifully engraved. Margaret gazed at it in delighted surprise.

"Oh," she cried, "I never imagined such a lovely thing could be made of steel. How kind of the men! Father," turning to Fuller, who stood behind her, no less pleased than his daughter at the tribute, "cant I do something for them?"

"Yes, you can declare a holiday," said her father, "and you will make a great hit, for the big league game is today."

A roar of cheers went up from the windows as Margaret proudly displayed the holiday card. Her face was bright with happiness as she turned back into the office, but it clouded at Stanley's contemptuous expression.

"That sort of thing is all wrong," he declared. "You spoil the men. They dont appreciate it. You simply lose a day's profits, and they think you're easy!"

"Young man," said Fuller, his tone crisp and incisive, "I've run these works for thirty years and there has never been a day lost from strike or lockout or any kind of friction. How many shops in Johnsburg have that record?"

Stanley muttered a half apology for his criticism, but Margaret's face was still clouded as he helped her into the auto, and Fuller shook his head doubtfully as he watched the machine speed down the street.

"He dont show up the qualities a man ought to have," he sighed. "I wish my wife wasn't so set on her marrying him. But I believe the girl begins to see his real nature."

It was several months after the presentation of the bracelet that the president of the Fuller Construction Company sat alone in his office one evening, his brow knitted into a frown, his eyes intent and anxious. Young Stanley had been taken into the firm, and, already, owing to his methods of dealing with the men, trouble was in sight.

"Twenty years with neither friction nor strike nor lockout," the

senior partner mused. "Has it got to come now? Maybe I was a fool to take Stanley into the business at all, but my wife was so set on it, and I was willing to give him a fair chance to show what he was good for—and he has!"

The rear door opened and Benham entered, his face no less anxious than his employer's.

"How do the men feel now?" asked Fuller, eagerly.

"Pretty sore," said Benham. "I had to tell them they could send a delegation to you tonight. I thought you would be willing to talk with them. They are some of our best men."

"Of course I'll see them," answered Fuller, wearily, "but this all hurts me, Benham. Maybe I'm foolish, but I have taken such pride in the fact that we have never had any trouble, and the men were so loyal."

"They are loyal to you now," declared Benham. "This whole trouble could be adjusted in five minutes, if only——"

He checked himself abruptly, looking hesitatingly at Fuller, who suddenly bent forward, looking at his foreman keenly.

"If only what?" he said. "Dont be afraid. Speak out."

"Well, the men hate Stanley. Perhaps you have spoiled us, sir, but we are accustomed to being spoken to as if we were human beings instead of machines. You know how he treats us all. Now, they blame him for the cut in the wage scale, and I cant make them listen to reason."

"It really is necessary to curtail expenses until business picks up a little; that is not Stanley's fault," began Fuller, but the telephone at his elbow rang a sharp interruption. His face lighted up as he answered the call:

"Hello—yes, Margaret. Surely I am coming home to your party. Just a little while. What? The papers say there is a strike here? Nonsense! Just a scare-head. Wait—hold the wire a moment while I speak to the men—they're just coming in."

Still holding the receiver in his hand, he turned and nodded pleasantly to the delegation of workmen who were entering.

"Just a minute, please," he said, "till I finish telephoning."

But the men were in no mood for waiting. Perhaps the very strangeness of their attitude, as dissatisfied and threatening employees in this shop, where harmony had ruled for so many years, added to their resentment. They began to argue violently with Benham, who tried in vain to quiet them. Their excited voices rose higher and higher, until Fuller suddenly slammed the receiver onto the hook and turned to them angrily.

"Drop that sort of talk," he commanded, sharply. "I have always treated you as if you were reasonable beings, haven't I? Now prove that you are."

The appeal had its effect. For ten minutes the talk went on peaceably, but just as it seemed that a compromise might be reached, there was a stir by the front door and Kirk Stanley stepped out of the shadow. He had entered, unnoticed, and had been listening for five minutes.

"I say we will not compromise," he cried, arrogantly. "I refuse to let my capital be squandered in running any business at a loss."

"Then we go out tonight, now, this minute," shouted the men, defiantly, but above their voices the telephone rang again. Fuller lifted the receiver and listened a moment, then he turned to the foreman with a queer look.

"It's for you, Benham," he said, quietly. Then he lifted a silencing hand to the men. "Give Benham a chance; I think he will be anxious to get every word."

The men watched the foreman's face, where surprise, eagerness and delight alternated, as he stood at the telephone. His voice trembled a little as, after listening a moment, he said, "We thank you, Miss Fuller. Many happy returns."

Turning from the table, the foreman faced his excited men calmly.

"Fellows," he said, "that was Miss Fuller. We all admire and respect her. We know how good and considerate she is. It is her birthday. She says, 'Tell all the men I send them a message of joy and peace on my birthday night.' She is having a party. Shall we spoil her happy evening? Cant we send her father home to her, now, and let our troubles rest until tomorrow?"

Into every man's mind flashed the picture of a slender, golden-haired girl, her face blanched with pity as she bent over Benham's burned arm. Then they thought of the steel bracelet and of the holiday that followed its presentation.

"That's right," one man admitted.

"Sure it is," cried another.

"Yes," said a third, after conferring with his fellows; "yes, Mr. Fuller, we will wait till tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, at the noon hour, then," said Fuller, and as the men filed out of the office his eyes followed them sorrowfully.

"I have always said you were too easy with them," began Stanley, confidently, "and now I am sure of it." But Fuller, too deeply stirred by the evening's events for further controversy, avoided the issue, merely asking the reason for Stanley's sudden appearance.

"Miss Fuller was worried because she heard some of their loud talk while she was waiting for you at the 'phone, so I said I'd run down with the car and hurry you home," explained Stanley.

As the two men entered the brilliantly lighted home, filled with the sounds of gay music and dancing, Margaret ran eagerly forward.

"Oh, papa," she said, drawing the two men aside, "I'm so glad you're here. I was frightened. And I wanted to thank you for the pearl bracelet."

She laid her golden head against her father's shoulder, holding up a rounded arm encircled by a gleaming, pearl-studded band of gold.

"Why, what do you mean? I didn't give you that, daughter," said Fuller, with a puzzled face. "I never saw it before."

BENHAM ARGUES AGAINST THE STRIKE

MARGARET THANKS HER FATHER FOR THE PEARL BRACELET

The girl lifted her head quickly, confronting Stanley with flashing eyes.

"You said papa sent it to me," she cried.

"I meant to explain when we were alone," faltered Stanley. "I was afraid you would not accept it from me, and I wished you to have a more fitting ornament than that steel bracelet."

"I love the steel bracelet," declared Margaret, hotly, taking off the gold one and thrusting it into the hand of the discomfited man; "it is the gift of sincerity, and I shall wear no other."

As she walked proudly away, followed by Stanley, who was looking ruefully at the rejected bracelet, the father's face relaxed into the nearest approach to a smile that it had worn that day.

"The girl has a mind of her own," he chuckled.

Just before noon on the following day, there was an animated scene in the office of the Fuller Construction Company. Benham had gone in to consult with Fuller, but found that he was out and that Stanley was alone in the office. The foreman would have gone quietly away had not Stanley intercepted him. A spirited conversation followed, which so stirred the foreman's anger that he forgot his usual impassive courtesy toward the junior partner and told Stanley a few plain facts in plain language. Stanley, always aggressive and overbearing to those under him, finally lost all control of his tongue and of his temper.

"You may go. You are discharged!" shouted Stanley, pointing to the door.

But the door opened, just then, admitting Margaret, in time to hear Stanley's words.

"Please do not go, Mr. Benham,

MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

until you have seen papa," she interposed. "I know he would not have you go. To please me, go back into the shop until my father comes."

With a courteous bow, Benham obeyed her, but Stanley, his face distorted with rage, whirled suddenly toward Margaret.

"So you countermand my orders, do you?" he said hoarsely. "I believe you like that common fellow. You wear his bracelet, and refuse mine. I wont stand for it—you shall wear it no longer!"

Beside himself with rage, he roughly seized her hand and quickly wrenched the bracelet from her arm. The girl was too frightened to offer much resistance. "Mr. Benham!" she screamed.

It needed but one cry. The foreman, loth to leave her alone with the angry man, had lingered by the door, and his response was prompt and effective. Fuller, coming in an instant later, discovered, to his astonishment, Margaret in tears and Stanley prone upon the floor, with Benham standing over him.

"What does this mean?" he cried, anxiously hurrying to his daughter's side.

At this critical moment a committee of workmen filed in at the rear door and viewed the scene with amazement and apparent satisfaction.

"Get up, Stanley," said Fuller, taking command of the situation. "Stand back, Benham. Now, Margaret, dear, explain what happened, and be quick—I cant understand—"

"He was discharging Mr. Benham," explained Margaret, "and then he got angry at me and shook me and took away my bracelet. I screamed for Mr. Benham and he came."

"It looks as if he did," said her father, grimly, surveying Stanley's battered appearance. "We'll attend to Mr. Stanley later." Fuller's face was grave, but deep in his eyes there lurked a gleam of quiet satisfaction.

"Now, men, what have you decided?" he asked briskly, turning to the workmen.

"We've decided to quit, sir," said the spokesman, regretfully. "We'd work for *you,* sir, and if it was neces-

FULLER ORDERS STANLEY FROM THE OFFICE

sary to cut expenses, we'll help to cut them; but we wont work for this man Stanley at any price."

"Very well, if that is the case, you may go back to work," the senior partner replied. "Mr. Stanley is severing his connection with the company today."

Every person in the room started with surprise at this unexpected remark, and none was more surprised than Stanley himself.

As the committee filed out, after having thanked and reassured their employer, Fuller turned to Stanley:

"Young man," he said tersely, "I signed a partnership agreement with you, at my wife's solicitation; but, as only you and I knew, it was for a six months' trial. I've given you plenty of rope, and you've hanged yourself. You just give Margaret her bracelet, and go."

For once, Stanley was too overwhelmed to speak. He sullenly handed the bracelet to Margaret and went out, with a desperate attempt at silent dignity.

"I've got some urgent business to attend to," said Fuller, after Stanley had disappeared. "Stay here with Margaret, Benham, till I come back. She is too unstrung to stay alone."

"I'm so glad Mr. Stanley has gone," said Margaret, frankly, when they were alone; "I couldn't bear him."

"I thought you liked him," said Benham, gently.

"I did just at first, but I soon got over it, when I knew him better. I never could endure him after the day you burned yourself."

"Why after that day?" queried Benham.

"He was so horrid to you," said Margaret, "and he was cross because I helped you. I felt so sorry for you —you were so brave."

Margaret was fumbling with the steel bracelet, and the color came and went in her soft cheeks as Benham gradually edged up closer. Had she looked up she would have seen a pale face bending over her, with lips drawn apart as if to say something that they dared not say. She would have seen two hands slowly rising, two strong arms extended, and she would have known that she had better move away if she did not want something to happen. But she did not look up. She still toyed with the bracelet.

"This is a lovely bracelet," she continued. "Every time I look at it I

think what might have happened that day had you not caught me in your arms and——"

The sentence was interrupted by two strong hands that suddenly fell upon hers with quivering force and held them fast.

"Oh—oh, Mr. Benham," she whispered, "what are you doing?—stop, you hurt!"

The man started suddenly backward, releasing the soft hands, the bracelet dropping to the floor.

"Forgive me, Mar—excuse me, Miss Fuller," he panted, "I—I forgot. I know I have no right to—to——"

"Forgive you, Mr. Benham?" said the girl, coyly; "what for?"

"Why—because I—because I hurt you," he stammered.

"Oh, I dont mind that—I mean," suddenly correcting herself, "I mean it didn't hurt so much, only it came so sudden, you know, that——"

"I can stand it no longer," cried Benham, seizing her in his arms and holding her close; "I care not what happens—dear heart, I adore you!"

Margaret gave no answer. How could she, when he held her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe? She sobbed, just a little, but when she looked up, he saw that they were joyous tears. Then he stooped and picked up the fallen bracelet.

"May I put it on for you?" he whispered.

It took a long time to put it on. Somehow, the catch seemed very difficult to adjust, and the man's hands trembled a little. The shy, flushed face was very near to his, as he bent over the dimpled arm, so near that it was hard to tell which one was to blame when their lips suddenly met.

Fuller, coming quietly up to the rear door, looked in, unobserved, and stole away again.

"All's well with the Fuller Construction Company," he chuckled, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "We've weathered the storm. The girl's happy, the strike's off, and I'll have a son-in-law that I'm not afraid to trust with the girl and the business."

The Deserted Village

By JOHN WILLIAM KELLETTE

(After Goldsmith—A Long Time After)

The lights within a thousand homes are out—
No gladsome song bursts forth from gifted throat,
The pall of death seems hanging o'er the town
And not a sound escapes where one could gloat.
The village seems deserted, all have fled—
What dire catastrophe has spread its gloom?
To one that's unacquainted it might spell
The visitation of a deathly doom.
But, no!

Within an hour or so the lights will gleam
And song pour forth again as strong as old,
As 'round the reading table all will sit
Until the tale of night shall have been told—
The deeds of nation's brave will sound anew,
And journeys o'er the world will bring life's glow—
The neighborhood, you see, will have returned;
Just now they're at the Motion Photoshow.

Editorial Announcements

THE editors of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE take pleasure in announcing that in the December number there will appear an interesting and instructive article by Phil Lang, of the Kalem Company, fully illustrated from the film of that company, entitled

The Greatest of Engineering Feats,

or Bringing Catskill Mountain Water to New York City.

Also, in an early issue of this magazine—probably the December issue—there will appear a complete story adapted from Thackeray's

"Vanity Fair."

This story will be written by the three editors of this magazine, in collaboration, Eugene V. Brewster, Montanye Perry and Edwin M. La Roche, and will be beautifully illustrated from th three-reel film of the Vitagraph Company.

Chats with the Players

is the title of a new department in course of preparation, and it will be the means of bringing our readers in close touch with their favorite players.

THE editors would be pleased to receive critical expressions from the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and in order to encourage such expressions, the following offer is made:

To the person who sends in the best letter in answer to the questions given below we will give five dollars in gold; to the person sending in the second best we will give a handsome bound volume of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, valued at four dollars; to the person sending in the third best letter, we will give two yearly subscriptions to this magazine; to the persons sending in the fourth and fifth best letters we will give one yearly subscription each to this magazine. In case of a tie, the prize will be awarded to each. No letter will be considered if received later than November 15, 1911. Anybody is eligible, whether a subscriber or not. The editors of this magazine will be the judges.

These are the things we want your opinion on:

1. **Which of our writers is your favorite, and why?**
2. **What kind of story do you like best?**
3. **Do you like the longer or shorter stories best?**
4. **Do you prefer to read the story in this magazine before seeing it on the screen, or vice versa?**
5. **Which of the stories that appeared in the September, October or November numbers of this magazine did you like best, and why?**

THE EDITORS.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph player.

T. M. R., NEW YORK.—From $20 to $40 is about the average price of scenarios. More is paid when the story is worth while, but most scripts have to be entirely remade in the studio before the play can be filmed, and the author is paid only for what he furnishes. There are a lot of stories "well worth a hundred dollars," but that is after they have been worked over.

E. R., ROSLINDALE.—No matrimonial information is supplied.

C. H. T., CAMERON.—Write the company direct.

R. G., GALION.—Arthur Johnston is not dead.

S. A. M., BALTIMORE.—Address them direct in care of the company. The first issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE was the February issue of this year. It is out of print. Other back numbers of the publisher.

"LILLIAN N.," SISTERVILLE.—Not working at present. (2) Not that we know of.

"MARCELLA," MUSKOGEE.—Be more definite. State Photoplay and part and we'll try and locate him, but just "a dark complected man" is not identifying.

M. S., WILKINSBURG, PA.—Carlyle Blackwell. The Kalem company's home studio is in New York. They have several companies in the field in California and Ireland.

URGENT.—Write the company.

IWANTER KNO, MIDDLETOWN.—As something easier. We've an idea that a trick picture like "A Trip to the Mo[illegible] would be a hit right now, but they do not seem to be fashionable. (2) Done a half dozen times.

C. D. KNIFFIN, MIDDLETOWN.—The reason why the wheels of moving vehicles appear to move backward while the wagon goes forward is due to the fact that a Motion Picture is interrupted sixteen times each second by the closing of the shutter. The spokes of the wheels may be caught in a position advancing the forward movement or may appear to be going the other way. It all depends how the spokes are placed at the instant the picture is taken. Do you get the idea?

FRANCES J., NEW YORK.—Give name of Photoplay, character and manufacturer, in asking information. A part of an illustration is not sufficient.

ESTHER S., NEW YORK.—Apply at any studio for information, but it will do little good. Have your newsdealer order a copy of a trade paper for addresses.

W. B. B., WEST HAVEN.—See answer to another correspondent. The manager of any Photoplay theater can give you this information without delay.

MISS L. T., WILLIAMSPORT.—It was Miss Joyce. She has been with the Kalem company some time.

L. D., INDIANAPOLIS.—Miss Laura Sawyer has been connected with the stock and road companies of Ada Rehan, Otis Skinner and others.

J. S. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—The Biograph company has no field company on your coast. There are many companies in Los Angeles, but it would hardly pay you to go there.

A. M., CINCINNATI.—No, in answer to both questions.

PUZZLED, BROOKLYN.—The National Board of Censorship passes only on the morality of the films. It does not assume to criticize historical correctness, etc. (2) "A Case of High Treason" followed the story of "The Under Man" and the speech quoted appears in the story. It was the exclamation of a cad and not a statement of geographical fact. (3) The film was made in Cuba.

J. A. H., BROOKLYN.—Miss Mary Fuller is still with the Edison company.

L. B. S., BROOKLYN.—The idea is the main thing. It should be divided into scenes and written in action.

S. A. J., BROOKLYN.—We do not advise you to waste time in an effort to get into a Photoplay stock company. The field is too crowded. The main requirements are a face that is pretty in front of the camera, intelligence and an ability to act.

R. N., JACKSONVILLE.—The same person.

K. L. P., ELGIN.—Los Angeles is the headquarters for the sections of the Photoplay companies making Western Photoplays, but trips are made up and down the Coast, into the mountains, and as far as Yosemite Park, where one section of the Selig company recently made some stunning pictures. The studios for the interiors are located in Los Angeles, and most of the negatives are developed there and shipped East.

A. N. D., CINCINNATI.—Photoplays are sometimes held for weeks or months after making. Others are released as soon as made. That is how it happens that the same player may be apparently working for two companies. You are seeing the recent films of one and the old films of another company.

F. V. K., CANTON.—We cannot advise you as to the disposal of your scripts. Study the styles of the different managers, and send your scenarios first to those who would appear to be the most likely to use them.

G. M. K., HOUSTON.—We do not know "the most expensive moment in a Photoplay," but there are several with scenes costing more than a thousand dollars a minute.

"ADMIRER," HANOVER.—Miss Turner is still actively engaged with the Vitagraph. If you have not seen her in recent films, it is because you have had other of the four weekly Vitagraphs instead.

H. C., RICHMOND.—We have no record of a trained pig in Photoplays. It might have been the reproduction of some vaudeville act, such as Pathé occasionally makes, but we do not recall it.

H. C. N., BOYERSTOWN.—The Photoplay directors do not lose the best of their cowboys to the Wild West shows each summer. The studio pay is better than the show managements can afford.

A. V. R., TERRE HAUTE.—We know no State law that prohibits the employment of babies in Photoplays, but in some States the provisions of the factory law, framed for an entirely different purpose, operate to prevent the use of children in the studios.

W. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—In Kalem's "Big-Hearted Jim" the title part was played by George Melford. Carlyle Blackwell played "Tom." (2) Mr. Blackwell was at one time with the Vitagraph. (3) Frank Lanning is not an Indian.

L. M. G., PORTLAND.—We cannot undertake to answer your extensive series of questions. Fourteen questions is rather taxing the space allowed this department.

"MARIE," CAMDEN.—F. X. Bushman is the new Essanay leading man. He has had rather more than "some" experience on the dramatic stage. We do not believe that the pictures you mention show him at his best, in spite of his good work. He is not yet wholly used to the pictures.

"DAISY," TAUNTON.—Miss Williams is not an animal trainer. She is cast for parts in which wild animals are used because she is not afraid of them. (2) We do not classify films by merit.

M. D. S.—Eugenie Bresserer, of the Selig company, was injured severely by being thrown from a horse, but she was not killed, and by the time this is in print should be entirely recovered.

J. T., PENNINGTON.—We do not know where you can see the film that reproduces the unfortunate drowning of Albert Brighton. The film was advertised as a special release, but we have no record of any person having the bad taste to exhibit the ghastly "novelty." The Belmar company has not released pictures regularly.

R. E. M., BURLINGTON.—We do not believe that you can obtain the hand camera for Motion Pictures, of which you have read. There is such a camera being made by an English concern with a gyroscope to steady the box, but we have not seen it advertised as ready for the market, and believe it to be still in the experimental stage. For a position as operator, apply by letter or in person to the various companies.

O. M. E., TUCSON.—The riding stock used in the making of cowboy and other Western Photoplays is range stock, not specially trained to the work. When the Méliès company left Texas for California the stock was taken along, not only because the animals were a fine lot, but because they had grown used to camera work. The bang-tailed "cow pony" happened before the companies set up Western studios. If you are an exceptionally good rider, you might write the companies at Los Angeles.

"JACK," GREENEVILLE.—The "life" of a film is about thirty days as a feature, and six months or more as a "commercial." Film is eventually returned to the maker, in the case of the licensed product. The silver may be recovered by chemical process, and the film itself is moulded into various articles. In France, some of the film is turned into varnish for patent-leather shoes.

L. T. E.—Yes, we think it is perfectly safe to patronize any of the concerns advertising in this magazine. As far as we can learn, they are all reliable.

T. P. O., MEMPHIS.—From nine to eleven Photoplay reels are released daily, except Sunday, of which six are licensed product and the rest "independent."

B. T. R., NEW YORK.—Send your scenario to some company you think it will suit.

W. W. K., DAYTON.—"The Spirit of the Gorge" was made by the section of the Edison company which was working in the historical series along Lake Champlain. Some of the pictures were made in Ausable Chasm, which accounts for the impressiveness of the natural settings.

A. C. W., PHILADELPHIA.—Miss Tayne played opposite to Miss Lawrence in the Lubin "Higginses *vs.* Judsons." We haven't any idea how you "could manage to meet Miss Lawrence." She works at the Philadelphia studio, except when she is in the field.

L. & H., San Francisco; C. F., New Orleans; Miss C. B., Chattanooga; P. M., Los Angeles; E. L., Galveston; Grateful, New York, and Spectator, San Francisco, are advised that personal questions are not answered, and that Biograph players are nameless. Such questions cannot be answered.

A Correction.—We regret that a slip of the types in the August issue made us say that it was Joseph Santley who was the victim of the drowning accident. It was Tom Santley, and not his brother Joe, who lost his life. Joseph Santley is still a member of the Kalem company, as is his brother Frederic, the "Bertie" of the films.

J. P. C., Quincy.—In answering your recent query, we did not understand that you wanted to learn the art of scenario writing, else we might have referred you to one of the schools advertised in this magazine. The slip furnished by the companies does not pretend to teach you the art, and it merely gives you the general form in which the scenario should appear when submitted. We think you may safely rely upon the assertions and guarantees made by any of our advertisers. We try not to accept any advertisements except from the most reliable concerns.

L. M. S., New York.—There is no stock company in the sense you quote, and therefore no information as to dividends. The Pathé company issues the greatest number of reels each week (six), but this is the work of the studios here and abroad. In a strict reading of your question, the Vitagraph seems to hold the record with five American-made releases weekly. If by number of pictures you mean the number of copies of each release sold, we have to give it up. This is a jealously guarded trade secret.

M. J., Brooklyn.—Miss Alice Joyce played in Kalem's "The Badge of Courage."

C. B., Newark, N. J.—A list of the companies was published in the October issue. Look it up. It is too long to repeat. It is useless to look for a position with a company. Stage experience is an essential.

"Bess B."—You have reference to King Bagott, of the I. M. P. company. The companies mentioned have several leading men. Maurice Costello and Leo Delaney are Vitagraph leads. Gilbert M. Anderson and F. X. Bushman are leads with the Essanay company. Biograph players renounce their names when they join that company.

A. W., New York.—Miss Florence Lawrence was the country girl in Lubin's "During Cherry Time."

D. F., Galveston.—Miss Leonard is not connected with any company at present. We have no line on Mr. Kirkwood. (2) Be explicit in asking as to identities. Tell which young lady you mean. There are several. (3) We aim to get the best stories. Some have been used from the firms you mention.

"Texas," New York City.—The two companies are not connected save that they are both licensed companies. They are separate business entities, and there are no secret connections. George K. Spohr is the S—— of Essanay. (2) It's a simple matter. (3) Vitagraphs and Méliès on the same bill may be of different dates, the Méliès made before Miss Storey's change.

"Admirer," San Antonio.—The players are Miss Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnston, of the Lubin company.

M. P. Fan, New York.—The boy is the same in all of the Vitagraph Photoplays mentioned. His name is Matty Roubert.

G. M., Brooklyn.—Helen Gardner was the sister in the Vitagraph's "For Her Brother's Sake."

M. P. S. M., Pittsburg.—Mr. Humphreys was the Duke of Evremond in Vitagraph's "A Tale of Two Cities." His nephew (not son) was Kenneth Casey in the early scenes, and Leo Delaney when the character was grown to manhood.

Florence Inquisitive.—Miss Mabel Trunelle is still a member of the Edison company.

Agnes, New York.—Estelle Allen and Guy Coombs were the young couple in Edison's "The Baggage Coach Ahead."

Miss H. C., Baltimore.—"Aida" is an Edison, not a Lubin film. (2) These stories may be reached later. All things come to the patient waiter.

J. B. Ashworth, Deseronto.—Probably not. We cannot, unfortunately, print all of the good stories.

V. R., San Francisco.—It is not probable that you would be able to obtain a position with a picture company without stage experience. Apply by letter to the Pathé, Selig, Essanay, or other companies, with headquarters in Los Angeles, but it will probably do no good.

V. C. P., New London.—Sorry we cannot locate the player from your meager description. (2) Biograph players have no names, that is, officially.

H. D., St. Louis.—The Edison studio is at Decatur Avenue and Oliver Street, the Bronx, the address being 2826 Decatur Avenue, New York City. (2) See notice relative to matrimonial information.

G. F. K., Chicago.—The Vitagraph has no Chicago studio. Its studios are in Brooklyn and Paris. State makers of film where identities are asked.

ANXIOUS, BOSTON.—See answer to "Daily Admiring Observer."

J. B. S., MUSKEGEE.—That scene was done in the studio, but many of the scenes were made in the actual locality. (2) Not that we know of.

L. A., PORTLAND.—Mrs. Mary Maurice. (2) No. (3) Miss Turner. (4) Identify by maker. (5) Arthur Johnson and Harry Myers. (6) Mr. Johnson was with Reliance for a time.

A. W. LOCKE, BOSTON.—Visitors are not generally admitted to studios. (2) Helen Gardner.

M. L. G., ALLIANCE.—Miss Mabel Normand has left the Vitagraph company, and the Biograph Diving Girl looked very much like her, but since the Biograph players have no names we cannot, of course, say that it is Miss Normand, but we would hate to bet that it was any one but Miss Normand.

MAUDE A. B., CHICAGO.—See answer to M. L. G. We believe that a professional posed for some of the scenes, but do not know that it was Myrma.

T. H., and M. G. NEW YORK.—Identify film. Mr. Lanning is not an Indian—just plain American.

E. P. L.—The player is Harry Morey. No relationship.

D. E., BROOKLYN.—We'll give you three guesses as to Mr. Delaney's nationality. (2) Mrs. Mary Maurice.

R. F. C., MCALESTER.—See answer to M. L. G.

M. B., COSHOCTON.—Mr. Costello is alive—very much so. The two persons you mention are distinct entities.

J. D. B., ROCHESTER.—We have no record of Anthony Wurtzer. If Mr. Wurtzer sees this, will he kindly identify himself for the benefit of the inquirer?

M. K. H., PORTSMOUTH.—Address the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., in regard to the pictures. If you want to know the age of Arthur Johnson we are afraid that you'll have to ask him yourself. Such inquiries are not in our line. Ditto regarding the matrimonial inquiry.

S. E. L., ST. LOUIS.—Jean is the property of Lawrence Trimble, also of the Vitagraph.

MRS. C. W., NEW YORK CITY.—Arthur Johnson is with the Lubin company. We do not place the others.

A. D. BUCK, LOS ANGELES.—The best emotional actress in the films is —— ——. Fill in the blanks yourself. It is purely a matter of personal opinion.

MISS M. M., DALLAS.—Miss Turner is still active in the Vitagraph pictures. We do not concern ourselves with her matrimonial status.

MISS G. K., BROOKLYN.—In the Vitagraph's "Billy the Kid," Miss Edith Storey played Billy and Miss Swayne played the mother, not the Spanish servant.

N. M. C., ST. CHARLES.—The I. M. P. actress is Miss Mary Pickford. She has been killed by ushers and piano-players exactly 876,689,430 times, but she is still alive.

MRS. T. V. Q.—The Doctor in the Essanay "The Faithful Indian" is Arthur Mackley.

MRS. F. P., VALLEJO.—Eva Proutt was the Orphan in the Essanay "The Orphan's Plight." (2) She is not as old as she makes up for.

E. C., BUFFALO.—Please be more definite in your questions. There were two men leaning against the tree in Méliès "The Immortal Alamo." The one with his hand on the tree is William Clifford. The private leaning fully against the tree is Mr. Young.

F. H. B., BALTIMORE.—The lead in Kalem's "The Fiddle's Requiem" is Keanan Buel.

M. S. W., WASHINGTON.—Leo Delaney was the Chauffeur in "A Gasoline Engagement."

M. S., CHICAGO.—Miss Marion Leonard played the lead in "The Price of Vanity." (2) The Reliance company advises us that they did not produce the Photoplay you mention.

M. J., NEWPORT NEWS.—None of your inquiries can be answered. We do not meddle with the personal affairs of the photoplayers.

ALICE A., BROOKLYN.—It is utterly useless to try for a position with a photoplay company without having had experience.

MISS "JACK," GALVESTON.—We cannot identify foreign players. Write George Kleine, 52 State Street, Chicago. Identify second film by maker.

G. R. S., SEBASTAPOOL.—Mr. Costello is not officially dead and refuses to be murdered by rumor. (2) Experience on the stage or in picture is now required of photoplayers.

M. O., PHILADELPHIA.—The player is Arthur Johnson. He has played with the companies mentioned. (2) There are two Gaumonts, five Vitagraphs, four Lubins, two Biographs, and six Pathés released each week. We cannot account for the booking methods of the exchanges in your territory. Why not ask the manager of the theater you patronize?

POLLY S., SALEM.—See answer elsewhere.

P. N. F., Danville.—Miss Florence Turner played the part. (2) Several years. (3) No.

Francesca, Cleveland.—We very much question your ability to gain entrance to any studio. There are seventeen companies working in New York and the suburbs, but visitors are not admitted.

Ethel W., Freeport.—There is no chance for you with the picture companies unless you show stage or picture experience.

Wyoming Harry, Brooklyn.—You can sell good scenarios "without a reputation," but not under such a bloodthirsty nom de plume as you employ.

A. Dee, Brooklyn.—Miss Gladys Fields plays opposite to Mr. Anderson in most pictures.

Allen, Brooklyn.—Miss Edith Storey was with Méliès before going to the Vitagraph. (2) We do not place her. (3) Answered next month.

C. B., San Francisco.—Jean is the property of Lawrence Trimble, who works in most of the Vitagraph Photoplays in which the dog appears.

A. F., New York.—Have you never heard of simplified spelling? We are merely a year or so in advance of most publications, tho many important magazines now use the rational form. (2) We do occasionally where the story warrants.

"Pearl," Kansas City.—Miss Mary Pickford is the lady you mention. (2) No. (3) Your suggestion has been offered before, but it does not appear that interest would warrant the practice. Thanks for your complimentary reference to the magazine.

Admirer, Wellington.—See answer to D. F.

S. B. K., New York.—Carlyle Blackwell and George Melford had the leading parts in the Kalem "The Badge of Courage."

I. P., Lowell.—See answer to Miss H. C.

Mrs. T. B., Hackensack.—This information is not in our line. Write the company, enclosing a return envelope.

F. L. O., New York.—Miss Florence Turner is not sick nor dead nor absent from the Vitagraph pay-roll, all of which has been reported from various sections within the last few weeks. (2) We cannot tell you what will be the last play she appeared in by the time this appears in print, as she is working steadily.

A. F. B., New Orleans.—We thank you for the suggestion, but this matter cannot be handled so far in advance. Even the weeklies have trouble getting data on advances. (2) There is a man oddly like Mr. Lubin who appears in the Lubin pictures, but he is not even a relative.

J. S., Shenandoah.—Miss Swayne, of the Vitagraph, is not the sister of Mr. Costello. They are not related. (2) Miss Grace Lewis is the player. (3) Address the I. M. P., at 102 West 101st Street, New York, relative to Miss Pickford's photographs. (4) No recent information of Miss Leonard, who is again in New York. Perhaps she will be with some company by the time this appears.

R. F. F., New York.—Miss Hazel Neason and Miss Helen Gardner are most frequently seen in the opposite rôles to Mr. Costello. (2) Miss Gladys Fields is the Essanay lead, playing opposite to Mr. Anderson.

Miss E. P., Beverley.—See answer to R. F. F.

A. W., Woodridge.—Miss Todd and Miss Fields, in "Spike Shannon's Last Fight." (2) Eva Proutt, Lottie Briscoe, and Curtis Cooksey, in "A Fight for Justice." (3) Arthur Mackley was the Sheriff in "The Sheriff's Brother," all Essanay films. (4) Arthur Johnson and Harry Myers were the two men in the Lubin "Higginses vs. Judsons."

C. L. W., Pittsburg.—George and Judson Melford, of the Kalem company, are brothers. (2) Mrs. Mary Maurice was Mrs. Hawkins in the Vitagraph's "My Old Dutch."

C. N., New York.—See answer to C. L. W.

W. N. H., Warren.—(1) Harry Myers. (2) Charles Brandt. (3) Arthur Johnson. (4) First number out of print. Others at regular price.

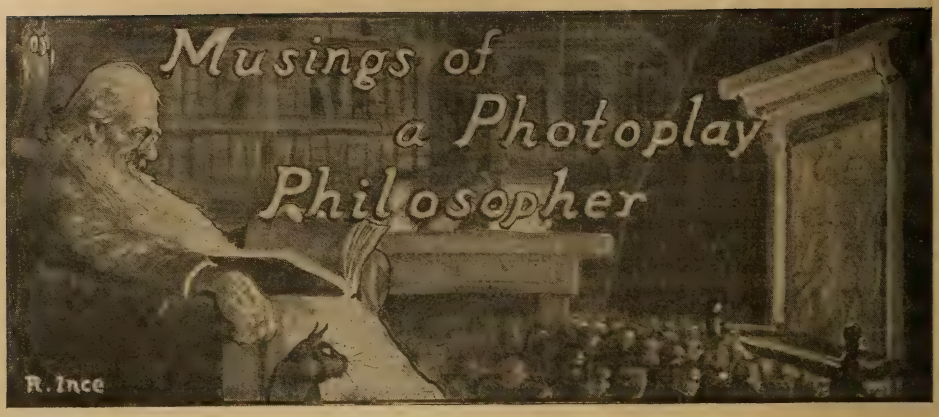
Rae, Warren.—Flo's Mother in Lubin's "The Test" was Julia Stuart. Ethel Elder and Spottiswoode Aiken were the parents in "Her Humble Ministry." Mr. Stull, Mr. Regan, and Miss Harvey were the principals in "A Hero—Almost." Identify other films by makers.

A Subscriber, Lexington.—Miss Lawrence is not from Louisville.

Daily Admiring Observer.—"The Sky Pilot," Miss Bertha Krieghoff. "A Quaker Mother," Mrs. Maurice. (2) Miss Mary Pickford is with the I. M. P. at this writing.

P. E. L., Hanover.—Miss Bertha Krieghoff was the wife in the Vitagraph's "To the Ends of the Earth."

H. M. T., Detroit.—The Kalem Co.'s second company (California company) is at Santa Monica, under the management of P. C. Hartigan, and Miss Ruth Roland is the talented leading lady. They produced "The Ranger's Stratagem." The other Kalem companies are headed by Gene Gauntier, Alice Joyce and Frederick Santley.



WITHIN the last two years quite a number of Motion Picture Theaters have sprung up in Constantinople and in the seaport cities of the Empire. There are now ten of these in Constantinople, and the price of admission averages thirteen cents to the gallery and forty-four cents to the orchestra. The films are changed every three days. There are but few regular theaters in Turkey, principally because of the varied linguistic classes of people that have to be catered to. The Photoplay speaks *all* languages, and even he who can speak *no* language may see and understand.

A reader writes me asking why I do not advocate Picture Theaters with a scale of prices so as to appeal to "the better element." While everything should be done to prevent a division of society into classes, perhaps the time is coming when the Photoshows will be compelled to separate the "gentleman" from his bootblack by charging the former a larger fee for admission. It is true that even now, in many places, ladies and gentlemen drive to the Picture Theaters in evening dress, and, if they could be assured that they would not have to sit beside people in working clothes, more of that class would become Photoplay devotees. The trouble is, that the smaller class of Picture Theaters are difficult to divide into sections, because one seat is about as good as another. Again, some prefer back seats, and some prefer front seats, and this disposes of the box plan, because boxes must be in front and at the side, ordinarily, altho it is possible to arrange them at the rear. The only plan that I can think of is to arrange a tier of about four seats on each side of the middle aisle extending from the first row to the last; these seats to be cushioned, or raised a trifle, and perhaps decorated or painted in a different color from the other seats.

If there is to be an era of higher-class Photoplays, as seems likely, why not show the name of the author of the scenario upon the screen? Who ever heard of a first-class book or story without the author's name? And is not this publicity half the reward? If the best writers are to be attracted to the industry, they must be offered the same inducements as are offered elsewhere. Why not ask the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, for instance, to write a sermon in scenario form, and announce it as such? If Dr. Abbott knew the good he could thus do, he would undoubtedly consent, and so would hundreds of other preachers.

Distance lends enchantment. Now that the great Edison is far from home, his lightest word is wired around the globe. Anything that this wonderful man says has always been thought worthy of a place on the first page of the dailies, but now the world puts a double value on his observations.

Suggestions for future lexicographers:

Photoplay—A Motion Picture play; a story told upon the screen by means of Moving Pictures.

Photoshow—A series of Motion Pictures; an abbreviation of Moving Picture Show.

Photoplayer—An actor or actress who performs for Motion Pictures.

Pictureplayer—Same as above.

Picture Theater—A theater where Motion Pictures are largely shown.

Photoplay House—Same as above.

Picture Fan—A Motion Picture enthusiast.

Movingfotos—Motion Pictures.

Gentle reader, do you fully appreciate the pictures in this magazine? Do you appreciate the novelty of reading *illustrated* stories in a magazine? Draughtsmen may draw, and artists may paint pictures to illustrate the stories that appear elsewhere, but how many? Rarely do you find more than two pictures to a story, and you know that these pictures are but creatures of the imagination. In this magazine you see pictures of real, living persons, and usually the scenery is real. A magazine that publishes in each issue from fifteen to twenty *illustrated* stories should be appreciated, and I think that it is.

Determined villains display the desperation of vice rather than the energy of virtue. Is it not a remarkable and hopeful fact that all audiences, however depraved, applaud the good and deplore the bad? The most wretched rascal witnessing a play will involuntarily cheer the hero and hiss the villain. Children intuitively recognize the good from the bad, and it is this fact that makes it almost impossible to produce a play that contains too much villainy, particularly since no play ever allows the villain to escape his just deserts.

Lawyer J. B. Churan, of Chicago, has sent me these interesting verses, which are dedicated to Miss Alice Joyce:

The Photoplays are all the rage;
They're classier far than any stage,
Where scenery always will be fake,
But photo scenes are God's own make.
There're many companies, you say,
Who turn out pictures every day,
But there is one (and it's no treason)
That I like best, and here's the reason:
Who is she that with face so fair,
And smile, a rippling treat so rare,
And mouth, a very Cupid's bow,
She acts in "Kalem's," do you know?
She's not alive to you or me;
It's just her image that *we see*,
And yet we sit in spellbound trance
To watch each movement, gesture, glance.
In tragic situations pending,
In life's long romance never ending,
She moves with grace and makes us feel
This picture surely must be real.
And now if they should ask but me
Who may your favorite actress be?
I'd say—yes, indeed, I'd shout, without a moment's choice,
"I love you, Sarah Bernhardt, but oh, you Alice Joyce!"

For some time past I have recorded in my notebook a list of the lessons taught in the various Photoplays that I have seen. Here is the list: Respect the aged; decide not rashly; return good for evil; defer not to give what thou intendest; relieve the wants of thy friends; disparage none; boast not of strength; be civil to all; give no occasion for reproach; accomplish quickly; do not that which thou shalt repent; dissolve enemies; be not too haughty in thy prosperity lest poverty make thee humble; condole with the afflicted; preserve amity; be not troubled on every occasion; envy not thy neighbor, for he is perhaps not as happy as thou; shun deceit; apply thyself to discipline; command thyself; abstain from bloodshed; be in childhood modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, in old age prudent.

When we see the finished product, how little do we appreciate the effort that it cost somebody to create it! The Photoplay you saw run off last night in fifteen minutes, perhaps cost $10,000 to create, and somebody spent days in conceiving it, and many actors spent years in learning how to act it. Whether it be a play, a book, an opera, a railroad, a solo, a mere pin, or even a little paragraph like this—how many years of study, observation, toil and love did some devoted person give to bring it to its present perfection!

I am informed that members of two Chippewa delegations from Minnesota, and Indians from other sections have joined in an "uprising" against Motion Pictures, charging that white men are frequently used to impersonate Indians in the pictures, and that the red man is often put in a false light. Let us hope that there will not be a massacre, for then the red man really would be put in a false light. From what I have seen, the Indian has little of which to be ashamed, and much of which to be proud, in the public estimate of him which the Photoplay has created. While he is usually defeated by the popular cowboy, and occasionally is made to attack a caravan of pioneers and to burn a settler's home, all his virtues are extolled, and he is often given a romantic touch, as in "Hiawatha," or is made the subject of sympathy. "Lo, the poor Indian!" Everybody knows that the white man's crimes against the red man were many, and everybody knows the nature of the Indian when in his former wild, uncivilized state. All literature, poetry, drama, and even history, as well as the Photoplay, abound with error and injustice to black and white, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Irish and Chinese, and to Indian and white man, and if any one race, sect or section should try to eliminate all that is false it would certainly have its hands full.

The Photoshow is the best school in the world in which to study human nature. Not only are the pictures themselves a good mirror of conditions that are and were, but the audiences are like a sensitized photoplate which takes every impression. And, too, the picture makers seem to have their finger on the public pulse; they are very near to the people. They know, for example, that race prejudice is just so strong that it would never do to let a black villain conquer a white hero, nor the Indians to defeat the cowboys.

It is too bad that the newspapers derive no revenue from the immense Motion Picture industry, as they do from most other enterprises. Did the Picture Houses advertise, then we should not so often see those glaring headlines—"Ruined by Attending Moving Pictures."

If you were asked to name the most pious, sanctimonious, religious colony in America, you would perhaps say Ocean Grove. Not that all people who go there are so pious, but that the rules governing that city are the most rigid—not to say Puritanic—of all; so much so that one cannot smoke there on Sunday, nor a tradesman deliver milk. And yet, this immense colony has established in its midst—think of it!—a wicked Motion Picture Theater!

¢

My philosophy may be commonplace, good reader, but what I do not give you in depth, I give you in breadth; and what I do not give you in breadth, I give you—not in length, but in brief. To say it in few words—that is the thing to try for. Philosophy is something that lightens and brightens up. It is wisdom, and the love of wisdom. It is the science of living. Frederick the Great once said that if he wished to punish a province, he would have it governed by philosophers; but Carlyle says that "The philosopher is he to whom the highest has descended, and the lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all." In olden times the wealthy sent their sons to the philosophers to be taught, and it was thought an honor to entertain philosophers at their homes. Even the warlike Alexander the Great knelt at the feet of Aristotle. Later on in the centuries it became fashionable to substitute jesters, that is, fools, for philosophers; and ever since philosophers have not thrived. He who is a thinker is a philosopher. As Voltaire says, "The discovery of what is true and the practice of that which is good are the two most important objects of philosophy." A Photoplay Philosopher is one who observes what is going on in the Motion Picture world, who analyzes the emotions and passions on which the Picture Plays are based, and who seeks to discover their evils and virtues, striving to cure the one and to encourage the other.

¢

We all found it hard enough to learn *how* to read, but most of us have found it harder to learn *what* to read. A little history, a little biography, a little philosophy, a little poetry—all are good, but always add a little fiction to your literary bill of fare. A good short story is refreshing, and, if it is illustrated, it is fascinating. What magazine in all the world affords such a wealth of good pictures and stories as this one?

¢

Teaching children history by the usual method is like planting an acorn in a flower pot. In the child-mind, words forms pictures; but in the case of history no words can adequately express to the young mind the march of events, and no child can see things in correct perspective. If history is to be taught to children at all, it must be profusely illustrated; and even then it is doubtful if it will ever be of value to them if it is not done in story form by means of Motion Pictures.

¢

Many useful things can be taught by the correspondence schools, but there are some things that cannot be adequately taught by any schools where the student must rely on what he reads. For example, how to handle machinery; how to repair an automobile; how to use carpenters' tools; how to sail a boat, etc. These and hundreds of other branches must either be learnt by practical experience or by means of Motion Pictures.

¢

The philosophers and theologians have spent nine-tenths of their lives in trying to teach the world about the *soul* and the *hereafter*. Very good; but, if not too indiscreet, might I inquire if it would not now be well to devote the other tenth in teaching of the *body* and of the "here"?

It has been suggested that the federal government, and each city and each State, perpetuate its records of important events by making and filing away a Motion Picture film of each event. Why not? While artists may paint, and historians may write, and photographers may make portraits, there is nothing to tell the whole story so vividly as Motion Pictures. If we could only see the real Washington, and the real Lincoln, and other statesmen, poets and philosphers, such as Webster, Longfellow and Emerson, walk and move about—how much easier we could understand them, and how much nearer it would bring them to us!

As a philosopher Emerson has few superiors, but I never could quite agree with his paragraph—"Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can." It seems to me that every night a person should make an inventory of his doings that day, taking account of his mistakes as well as of his well-done achievements. The only way we can guard in the future against the mistakes of the past, is to hold them up as a sort of danger signal, so that we may not again fall into the same error.

Preachers naturally have an antipathy for the Moving Picture theaters. Why should they not? Those Christian preachers who are honest in their religion must believe that Sunday is a sacred day and must be kept holy. They feel that anything which takes people from church and Sunday school must be wicked. Furthermore, whether they are conscious of the fact or not, if people stop attending Sunday services, the preachers will be without employment. Hence, preachers must not be condemned too strongly for their seeming intolerance of what we think is an innocent amusement. The fair way to look at it is this: people have a perfect right to do anything they please on Sunday or on any other day, so long as they do not violate a law nor interfere with the rights of others. If children or their parents wish to attend the Photoplay on Sunday, they should not be deprived of that pleasure, any more than the Photoplay managers should interfere with those who prefer to attend church services. How would it look if the theaters should hold a mass meeting to protest against the Sunday schools on the ground that the latter were interfering with their business and destroying their means of making an honest living? What if they should try to have a law passed forbidding children attending Sunday school? Would it not be ridiculous? Then why is it not equally ridiculous to see the church trying to keep people from attending the picture theaters? If the picture houses were not open on Sunday, there would probably never be anything said about their evil influences. It is only when they come in competition with themselves that the churches raise the cry of Evil Influences. Let us all be more tolerant one with another, and let us not interfere with one another's pleasures, however much they may differ with our own.

I seldom jeopardize my reputation by attempting to predict coming events, and I leave these uncertain things to the weather man and to charlatans; but I am willing to go on record as saying that within ten years every large public school will possess one or more Motion Picture machines, and that they will either take the place of certain school books, or will be used in conjunction with them.

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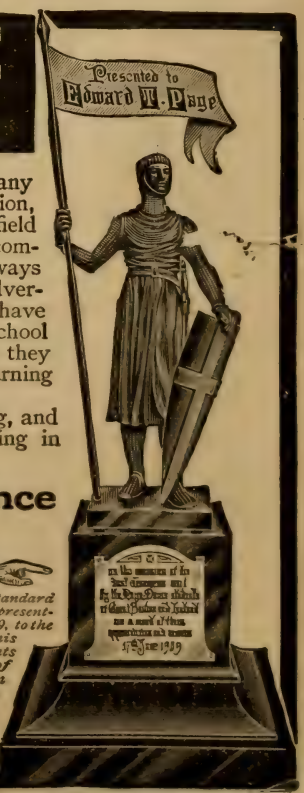

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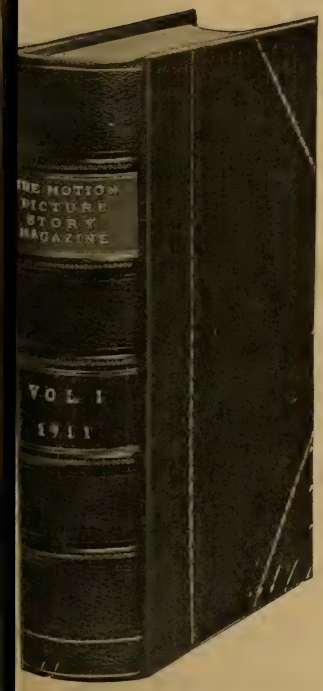

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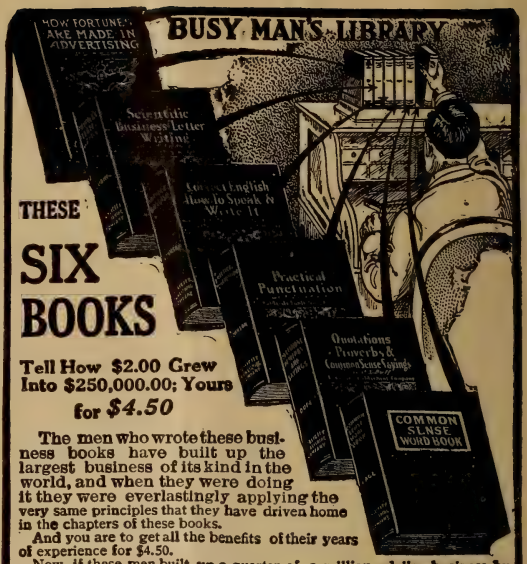
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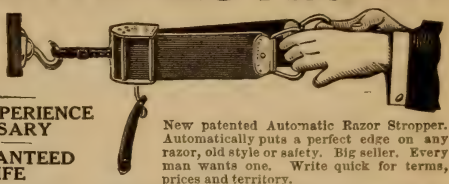

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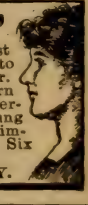

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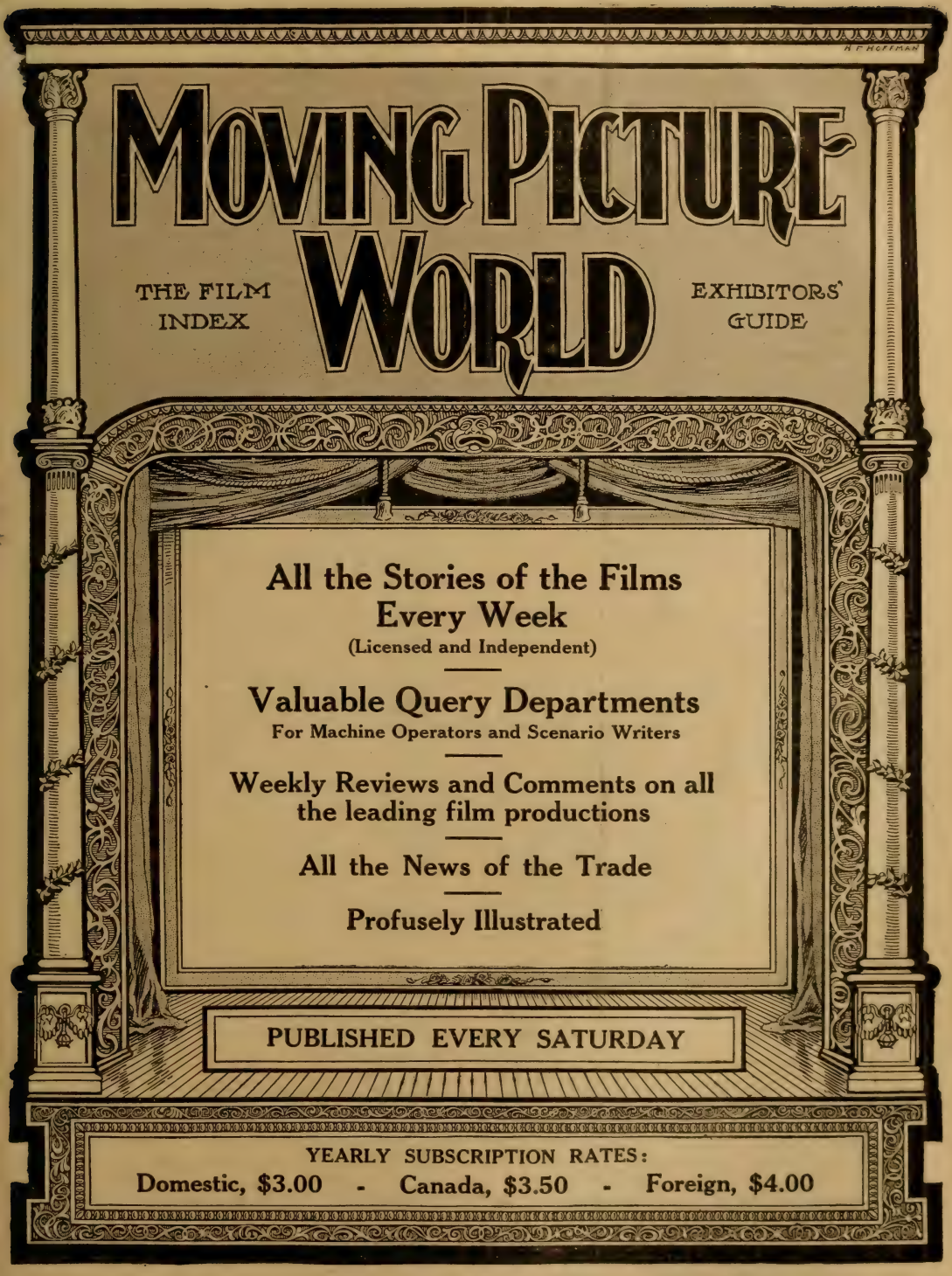
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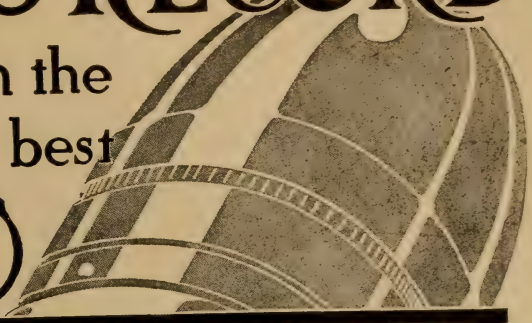

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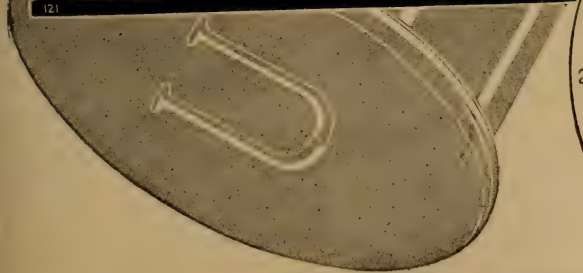

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DECEMBER

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The MOTION PICTURE Story Magazine

"THE GREATEST OF ENGINEERING FEATS—BRINGING WATER TO NEW YORK," ILLUSTRATED

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Fifteen Complete Illustrated Stories from the World's Best Photoplays

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter Feb. 21, 1911.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. J. Stuart Blackton, President; William J. Hilburn, Vice-President; Eugene V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. and Managing Editor; Montanye Perry and Edwin M. La Roche, Ass't Editors; V. H. Kimmelmann, Manager of Advertising; Guy L. Harrington, Manager of Circulation. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba and Mexico; in Canada and in other foreign countries, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. All manufacturers of Motion Pictures are invited to submit scenarios and photos, which, if accepted, will be paid for at usual rates. The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff, who write all stories that appear in this magazine.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

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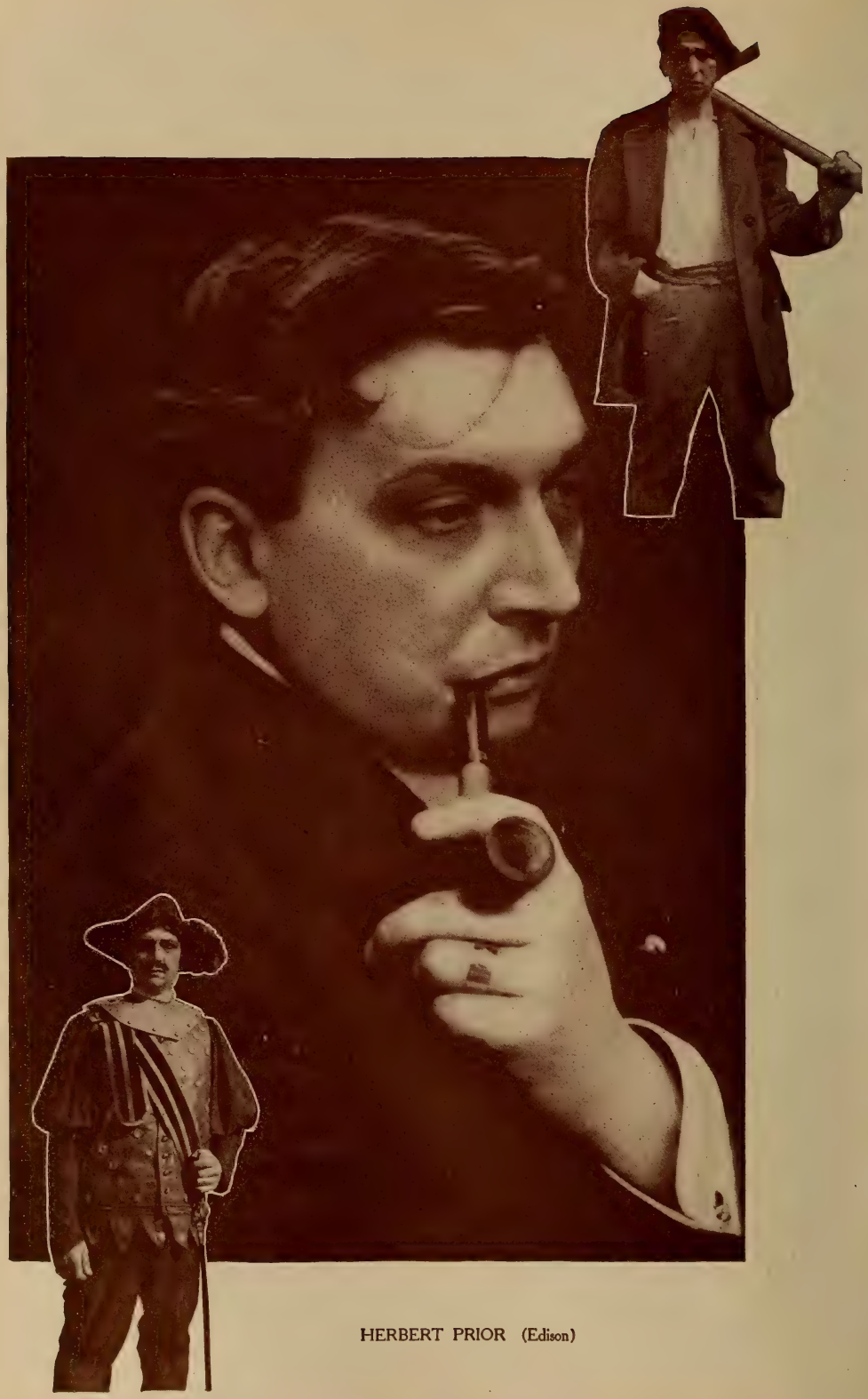
ANNA NICHOLS
(Méliès)

MISS FLORENCE LAWRENCE



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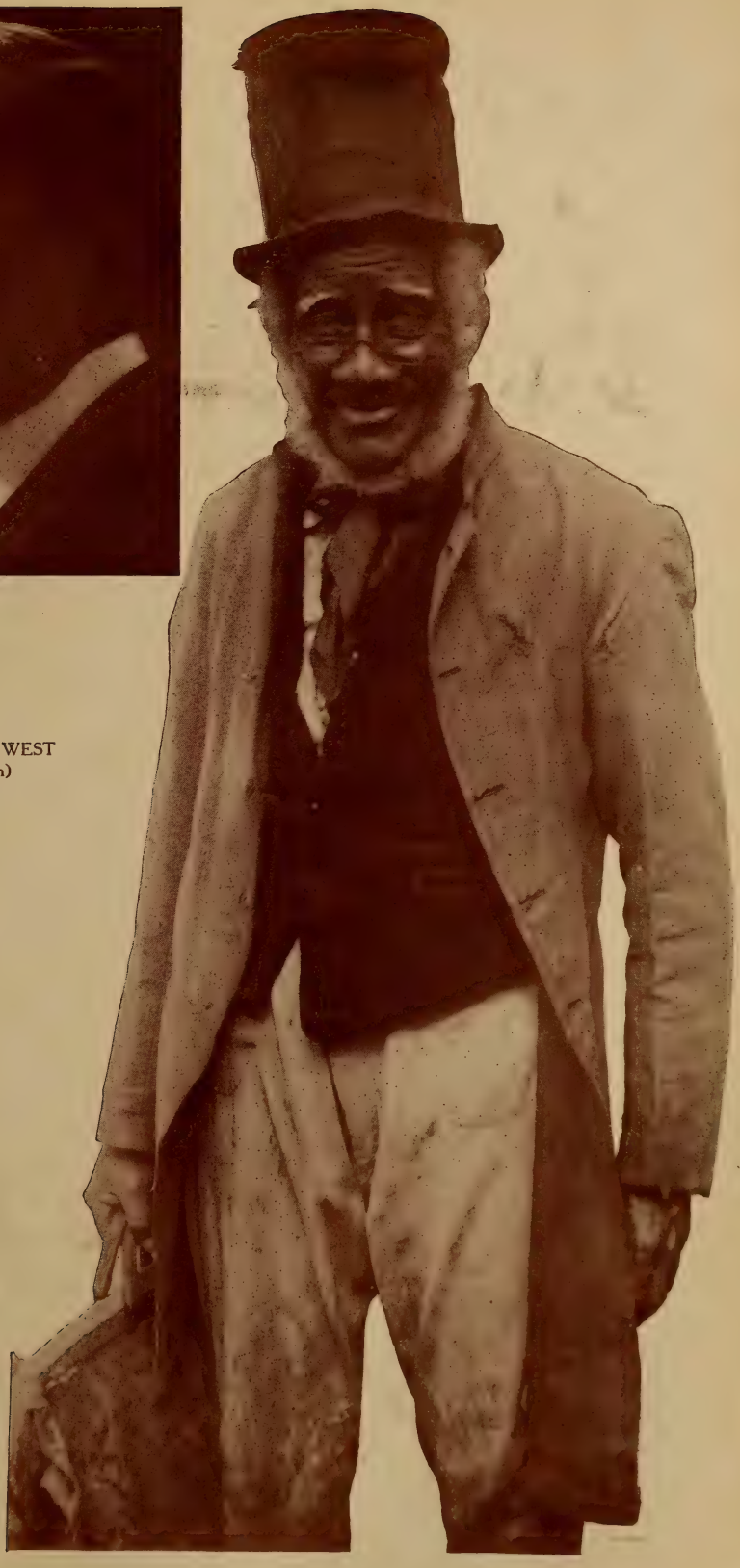

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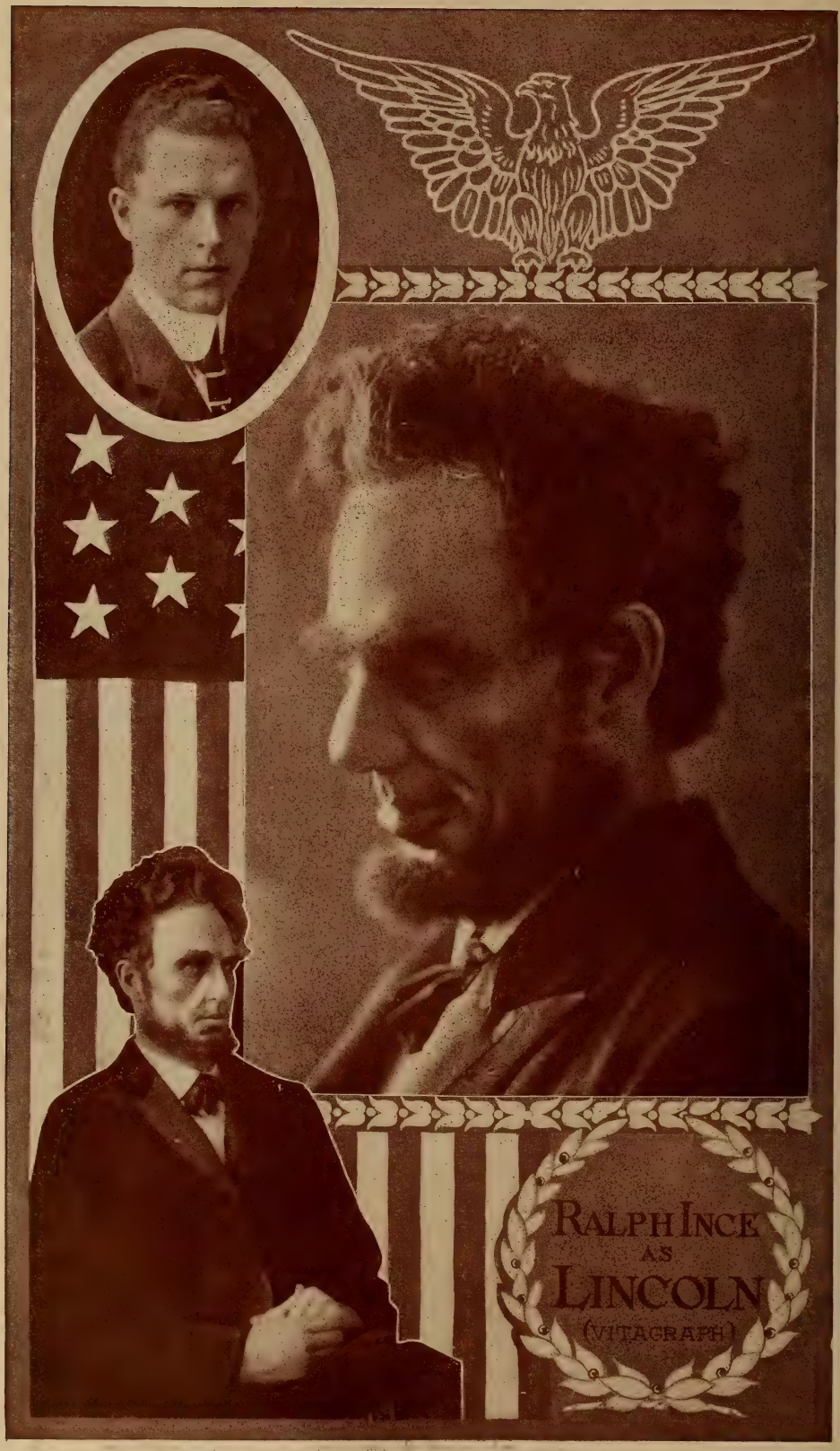
RALPH INCE
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(Edison)

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MISS ALICE JOYCE AND HER "PEGGY" (Kalem)

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. II DECEMBER No. 11

"Old Fidelity"

(Essanay)

By RALPH CONWAY

A TWENTY-MILE ride out and back, forty miles in all, was as incidental a matter to Buck Taylor, timekeeper on the new irrigation canal (which was to make fertile fields out of a part of Washington, which had hitherto been a desert waste) as a stroll down to his office and back is to a New York business man. He took this ride once a week, too, for much the same reason that some New York business men walk down to the office in the morning and back at night—"because he needed the exercise." There was another reason, also, of which Buck was secretly proud. That was because the Boss trusted him above any other man on the works. Buck had never betrayed that trust, and he never intended to. The way he set his jaw when he was thinking this, inspired a feeling of healthy respect in his observers. The weekly ride was to the bank at Wheatlands to get the money to pay off the men. "Tho what they want it for," said Buck, "unless they're doin' a heavy business on a cash basis with the fleas and prairie dogs, is more than I can understand. There's no way that I've found to spend a cent on these works."

A man who has driven a balky mule or handled a heavy steam shovel all the week, however, experiences a certain amount of psychological gratification at receiving his money on Saturday. So Buck tucked the check and his list for the various denominations of the bills and silver, in the bosom of his shirt, and loped away in the dawn. An hour before noon he turned back again from Wheatlands, his saddle bags heavy with the money, and his heart light with the glorious day.

The name of Buck's horse was "Mr. Henderson," and Buck always used the title in full. He invariably declined to explain this peculiarity, and his comrades, who jeered at it, were left in the dark; but it had been gleaned from some of his intimates in other camps that the name had some connection with a fearful experience when Buck was penniless in the wilds of Chicago, where he was not at home, and a total stranger, a Mr. Henderson had extricated him from his difficulties, and shipped him back to a "white man's country" on the frontier. Buck was extremely kind and considerate to Mr. Henderson, his horse, but he was kind to every living creature.

"Mr. Henderson," said Buck, "I'm afraid that ye're gettin' tired carryin' all this money, and that your sense of responsibility is beginnin' to weigh on ye. What do ye say to a rest and a bite of lunch?"

For obvious reasons, Mr. Henderson did not reply, but Buck took his assent for granted, and swung easily to the ground. He took off Mr. Henderson's bridle, and led him down to

the stream for a long, cool drink, and then turned him loose to graze. For when Buck whistled, Mr. Henderson always came up at a trot.

Buck stretched himself lazily on the ground, and began to eat his lunch, glancing casually from time to time at the *Wheatlands Gazette,* which he had accumulated on the occasion of his recent visit. He reached suddenly for his gun when the underbrush rustled beside him, and then laughed good-naturedly when a white dog, with bull terrier obviously predominant in his ancestry, came rollicking across the glade.

"Hello!" said Buck, rolling the friendly animal over on his back immediately upon his arrival. "I'm Boss Clarkson's dog. Whose dog are you?"

"Urf!" said the dog, breathlessly. "R-r-r-r! Urf!"

"Exactly," said Buck. "I was thinkin' that myself. Have a bite of lunch?"

The dog would, and did. In token of gratitude, he worried Buck's boot, and tried to lick his face, uttering little excited yelps, which said as plain as day that it warmed the very cockles of his heart to have met such a kind and hospitable man, and that he thoroly approved of him. But Buck was always averse to gratitude, so he presently informed the dog, somewhat gruffly, that his conversation was monotonous, and turned his attention once more to the *Wheatlands Gazette,* reading the article on cosmetics for women, in the patent inside, with painstaking care. Presently he yawned and turned to the dog again.

"Dan," he said—"I think I'll call you Dan—now that I know what to do fer my complexion, I think I'll just snatch a wink of beauty sleep. Just keep an eye out, will ye, and see that those saddle bags dont get up and leave?"

"Woof!" said the dog.

"Much obliged," replied Buck, and pillowed his head upon his arms. Dan went over and sat down firmly upon the saddle bags.

It was over an hour later when Buck awoke and cast a startled glance at the sun. Then his eye fell upon Dan, keeping majestic vigil upon his trust.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he remarked, as he sprang to his feet. "Derned if the pup didn't understand what I said! Much obliged again, Dan."

Mr. Henderson came galloping at his whistle, and Buck hastily flung the saddle upon his back.

"DAN"

"Mr. Henderson," he said, as he hurriedly cinched the girth, "I want you to meet my friend, Dan. I'm sorry to hurry you, but we've got to hit the trail hard to be there by sundown."

With an easy motion, he swung himself upon the horse's back, and loped swiftly away.

"Wuff!" said Dan, hurrying alongside. "Wuff! wuff! wuff!"

"Comin' along, are ye?" said Buck, pleasantly. "Well, I'm glad of it. I dont want to flatter ye, but I think ye're nice."

"Wuff! wuff! wuff!" clamored Dan, excitedly; and jumped up and tried to seize Buck by the boot.

"See here, my friend," said the latter. "I'm not goin' to stay here with you. I've got business up the line. I've got no time to argue, so if ye're comin', come along."

Dan jumped at his boot again, and Buck lifted the reins. Mr. Henderson knew the signal, and broke into a run with the suddenness acquired only by a cow pony. Dan ran stur-

dily on behind, clamoring for attention with beseeching yelps. With his short legs and heavy chest, he had difficulty in holding the pace, but he never ceased in his despairing outcry. His gruff bark presently became a breathless whine, but he still continued.

"Gee!" said Buck, presently. "That dog cant have had any one to talk to fer over a year. I never see an animal with so much conversation saved up, and so anxious to get it out of his system that he's fit to bust a lung. Ye was sayin'?"

"Wee-ooou!" came a dismal howl from Dan, who was being rapidly left in the rear.

Presently there was a river to ford, and as Mr. Henderson paused at the brink, Dan came pattering breathlessly up. He looked up at Buck with an eager whine, but the latter shook his head.

"Ye're tryin' to tell me somethin'," he said, "but I dont get it. You'd better take a drink, and run away home. I ain't no dog thief, an' I want ye to cut it out."

He made a fierce gesture at the dog, which retreated a few feet and regarded him wistfully. Flecks of foam were dripping from his jaws, and he was panting painfully and shuddering. Buck cast a keen look at him as Mr. Henderson plunged into the river, and then turned his attention to the opposite shore. It was attracted in a moment by the deep breathing of the dog swimming alongside of him, and a determined, almost savage nip at his leg. Buck's

BUCK'S ARRIVAL AT THE PAYMASTER'S SHACK

half awakened suspicions crystallized in a flash. The hot and thirsty animal had not taken a drink! With a frontiersman, to think is to act. Buck's hand traveled swiftly to his hip, and the roar of his forty-five broke the stillness of the sunshiny afternoon.

Dan turned slowly on his side, and the water around him was crimsoned with blood. He could no longer lift his voice, but he lifted his eyes to Buck's, and looked at him.

"I didn't want to do it," replied the latter, "but ye got too fresh, and I thought ye was mad. I guess I better finish the job an' put ye out of

yer misery." He raised the revolver, still smoking, in his hand, but the dog turned and began to swim slowly back toward the shore they had left.

"I cant do it," said Buck, somewhat shakily. "Ye treated me white, an' perhaps yer constitooshun will pull ye thru. Ye ain't no city dog."

As Mr. Henderson mounted the further bank, Buck glanced backward over his shoulder. The dog was dragging himself feebly along over the backward trail, tottering sometimes, and almost falling, but keeping steadily on his way, like a dog with an object in view.

"That's what comes of mixin' in with strangers," muttered Buck, remorsefully.

The men raised a cheer when Mr. Henderson halted outside the paymaster's shack. Buck waved to them absently, as he slowly dismounted. His mind was still occupied with the frequent Western result of "mixin' in with strangers." He reached for his saddle bags, and his face went suddenly deathly white. In a flash he remembered them lying on the ground where Dan had sat on them, and his haste in getting away.

"So that's what he was tryin' to tell me!" he exclaimed, as he turned his grief-stricken face to the men.

"Who? What?" asked the Boss, impatiently. "Where's the money, Buck?"

The latter whirled upon him fiercely.

"Dan," he said. "He was tryin' to tell me that I had left them behind. And I shot him!"

"Shot who?" asked the Boss.

FAITHFUL DAN

"Boss, give me your horse. Mr. Henderson's too tired."

"Where are you going?" demanded the Boss. "Where's the money?"

"Damn the money!" answered Buck. "I'm goin' to find Dan!"

He flung himself upon the Boss' horse before the astonished eyes of the men, and the next instant he had vanished at a run into the dusk.

"You're a big fool, Boss," said the assistant foreman, "to let Buck steal your money and then borrow your only fresh horse."

The next instant the assistant foreman lay prone upon the earth, while the Boss blew reflectively upon his knuckles.

"I hate to do it, Mr. Henderson," he said, "but I fear that I shall have to submit you to the indignity of being harnessed to the buggy. Come along," he added to the assistant foreman, "and help me find Buck. He may be crazy, but he's not a thief."

Buck, on the Boss' horse, never slackened his pace, except to ford the river, until he had covered the fifteen miles he had to traverse. He covered his eyes with his hands, as he rode up to the spot in the moonlight, and then shook his head fiercely—and looked. Lying on the bloodstained saddle bags was the white patch of dog called Dan. Buck fell rather than jumped from his saddle.

"Dan, Dan!" sobbed the big plainsman, who had ridden nearly sixty miles, "speak to me, Dan!"

"Woof," said Dan, feebly, and licked his hand.

"What's that, Boss?" said the assistant foreman, three hours later.

"That's Buck," replied the Boss, shortly, "and I guess it's Dan."

Buck was sitting in the moonlight, nursing the dog tenderly on his lap. He had staunched the slowly bleeding wound, and poured some water down the grateful animal's throat. The Boss was a man who understood.

"You get in with your friend, and ride, Buck," he said. "I'll take the horse. Is the money all there?"

"I guess Dan ain't taken none of it," said Buck, with a feeble attempt at a smile, "an' no one else could while Dan was around."

DAN IS WELCOMED TO THE CAMP

In the bright light of the following Sunday morning the weary cavalcade drew up at the paymaster's shack, to be greeted again by a cheer from the men. On the way back, Buck had told his story, scoring himself unmercifully for his hasty conclusion. "Ye might have thought," he concluded, "from the way I acted, that I was a nervous school-girl in her teens. That dog knows more than I ever will, right now. Why, he's as white as—as Mr. Henderson."

"Buck," asked the Boss, "who is Mr. Henderson?"

"He's just a white man," growled

Buck in reply. And that was the extent of the information on this subject that anybody in that camp was ever able to extract.

When the Boss told the story to the men, another cheer went up, and they crowded around the wounded animal. Buck carried him into the little office, and refused to leave his side. He continued his thirty-six-hour vigil thru that day and the following night.

"How's the patient, Buck?" asked one of the men, as they passed the shack on Monday morning.

"He's better, I think," replied the big plainsman. "His pulse is stronger, and his nose ain't so hot."

By nightfall Buck and the dog seemed much refreshed. The former had fallen asleep from sheer weariness where he sat, and the latter had taken a little food. The first man who glanced in thru the doorway dropped a morsel of food in the empty plate. A second followed suit. Then the contributions came in rapidly. Each man had saved something from his lunch.

"That's mighty nice of you," said Buck genially; "but," he concluded indignantly, "do you think I'm goin' to overload the patient's stomach like that, and him in such a weak condition?"

Two weeks later the dog was himself again. Buck was about to mount Mr. Henderson to go on his weekly trip to the bank.

ADMINISTERING TO DAN'S NEEDS

"If you dont mind," he said to the Boss, "I think that we'll take Dan with us. Mr. Henderson and I ain't fit to be trusted by ourselves."

"I'd trust either you or Mr. Henderson anywhere," the Boss replied gravely. "But wait a minute, Buck. The men have something to say to you."

The assistant foreman advanced at the head of the group, fumbling clumsily at a package. When he had

CHRISTENING DAN "OLD FIDELITY"

finally succeeded in undoing it, he drew forth a resplendent new collar and placed it about Dan's neck. It bore the inscription, "OLD FIDELITY."

"Woof!" said Dan, as he capered delightedly.

"He says," explained Buck, "that he's much obliged."

The Quinceville Raffle

(Essanay)

By LILLIAN CONLON

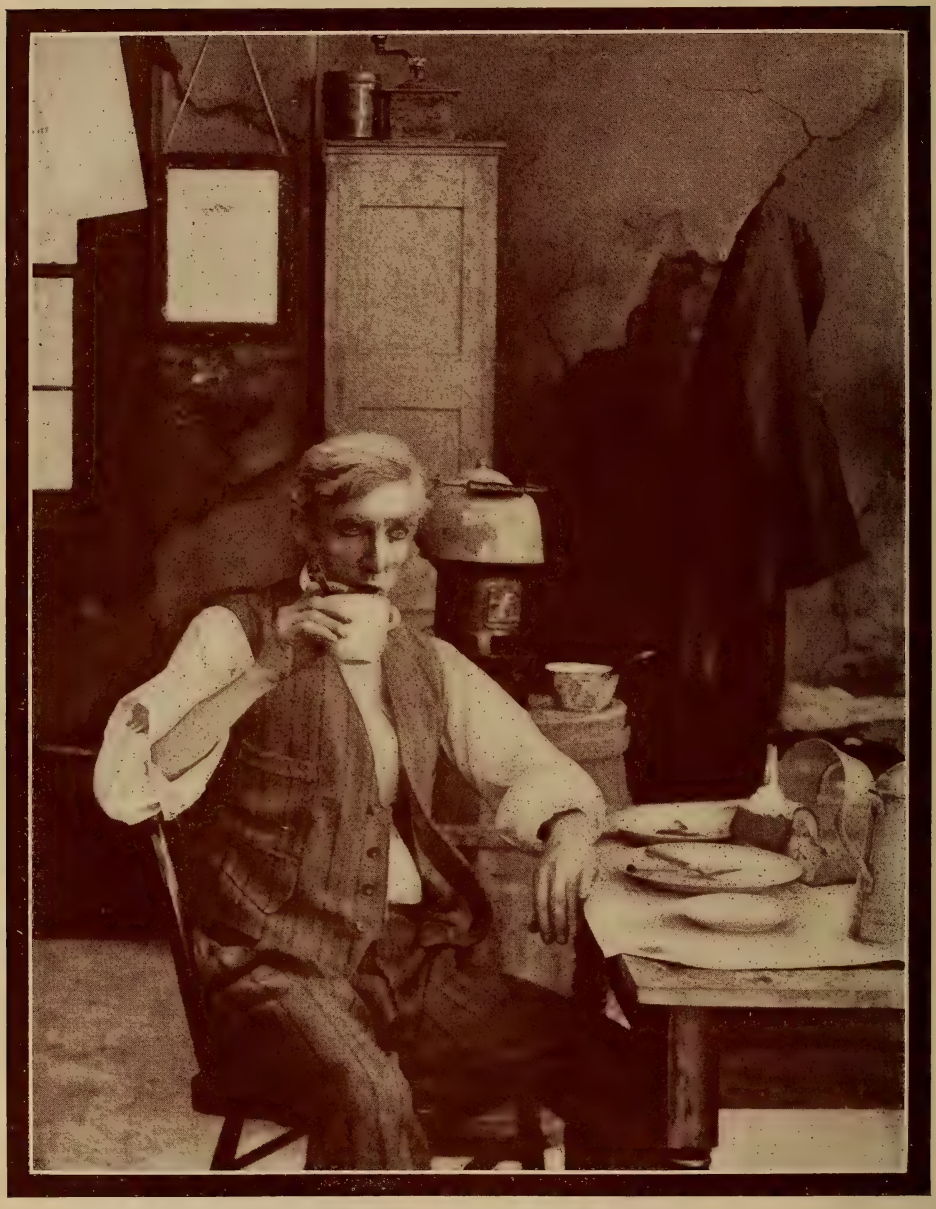
EZRA HIGGINS, editor and publisher of the *Quinceville Bugle,* sat in the back room, which served as bed-chamber, dining-room and general storehouse for overflow matter from the printing office in front.

"Something has got to be done right away," he muttered, as he finished his second cup of muddy coffee, "or the *Quinceville Bugle* will have to quit blowing."

He went thru into the little office, sank into a chair, and abandoned himself to black gloom and pessimism. His eyes strayed over the desk and rested idly upon the *Blatfield Gazook,* just unfolded from its wrapper.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, looking at an item. "A quick road to wealth. Just what I need. I'll try a raffle like that, myself."

The next issue of the *Quinceville Bugle* created a sensation, which had not been equaled since Deacon Jones' daughter eloped with the visiting evangelist. Its first page bore this announcement in bold-faced type:



THE LAST DAY OF *Bachelor* HIGGINS

LADIES,
DO YOU WANT A HUSBAND?
GRAND RAFFLE
on
EZRA HIGGINS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Quinceville Bugle.
DESCRIPTION:
Bachelor. Forty-two years old.
Sound, sane and healthy.
Morals A-1. Kind and loving.
No kicker about victuals.
MAIL THIS COUPON AND ONE DOLLAR AND GET A NUMBER.

"It's scandalous!" was the general consensus of village opinion, and it was noticeable that the widows and the maiden ladies of uncertain age were the loudest in their denunciations.

"No lady would think of filling out one of those disgraceful coupons," they declared, with modest unanimity.

And yet, at ten o'clock that night —a time when the streets of Quinceville were usually silent and deserted —shy, fluttering figures appeared from every direction, proceeding cautiously toward the one mail box which the village afforded. Next morning the report that Ezra Higgins got five hundred and forty-three letters in the mail spread thru the village like wildfire. The shy maidens of Quinceville were not alone in their appreciation of this unique raffle. Letters were pouring in from all over the country.

Ezra Higgins saw his financial troubles vanishing. But the coupons must be numbered, and returned to the senders. This job grew irksome, and he called the office boy.

"Finish up this job, Jim," he directed. "See, I've numbered up to 109. Do them all like this one, put them in the envelopes, and mail them."

Alas! Jim did not quite get the idea. He numbered every one of those coupons 109.

When the day of the raffle arrived the receipts amounted to nine hundred and eighty-seven dollars. Up to this time Higgins had given little thought to the end of the matter, but now he began to feel uneasy.

"Nonsense!" he reassured himself. "They'll never show up. There wont be a woman with nerve enough to do it."

But, as he consoled himself with this reflection, Jim burst into the office with a delighted whoop.

"Here comes the nine hundred and eighty-seven!" he yelled.

To Higgins' dismayed eyes there seemed to be millions of feminine forms coming up the street. Tall and short, fat and thin, young and old, gay damsels with fluttering ribbons, faded women in widow's weeds, even one black beauty in a gorgeous plaid gown. Outstripping all the rest was an extremely fat woman in a brilliant red shawl.

"That's the Widow McCafferty; she's had four already," chuckled Jim.

"What shall I do?" cried Higgins, looking wildly about for a way of escape.

"Keep your nerve," counseled Jim. "Go on with your raffle. If you dont like the lucky one, buy her off."

Somewhat reassured by this idea, Higgins stood his ground, while as many of the women as could get into the little office, poured in, leaving the rest crowding and gesticulating upon the sidewalk. Taking a tall hat, Higgins collected every coupon. Then he beckoned to Jim.

"Draw one, and tell the ladies the number," he said.

"109," read Jim, innocently.

"Mine!" "Mine!" shrieked scores of voices, as the whole mob of women surged toward Higgins, each one waving her coupon.

Higgins grabbed a few of the nearest coupons and looked at them. Then, with a terrified yell, he dashed from the office, out into the shabby living-room, thru the little window, and down the street. The women rose to the fray, and dashed after him, but, fortunately for the fleeing man, the Widow McCafferty was ahead. She made a valiant plunge, but her portly form stuck in the narrow window, and by the time they had dragged her out, several minutes had been lost by the pursuers. Once outside, however, they made good time, and such a stream of gasping, puffing, gesticulating femininity as eddied down that street was never again seen in Quinceville.

Higgins climbed stone walls, so did the ladies; he leapt over fences, so did the ladies; he braved the terrors of an orchard with a "Beware the dog!" sign, so did the ladies. At last the river spread itself before him, a broad, rushing current, shining coldly in the November sunlight.

"I cant swim, but I can wade," he thought.

SCORES OF FEMALE VOICES ANSWER TO "109"

He hardly felt the chill of the icy stream, as he waded out, so great was his relief.

"Come on," he shouted defiantly, to the pursuing band, now paused upon the brink. "Whoever gets me will have to come after me."

There was a pause, a silence, and then a mighty splash. It was the Widow McCafferty.

Step by step Higgins backed into the icy flood. Step by step the widow advanced. She was taller than he was. When the water reached his chin, Higgins decided that life, even with the widow, was preferable to a watery grave.

"Brave one, I will not endanger your life by going further," he cried melodramatically, throwing up his hands.

"Sure, I could swim, me darlint," crooned the widow, as her strong arms closed about him.

The Fishermaid of Ballydavid

(Kalem)

By LEONA RADNOR

THE little fishing hamlet of Ballydavid, on an indentation of the wild Irish coast, was out of the beaten track of tourist inquisitiveness, so when a jaunting-car rattled down its main thorofare, the women of the community left their indoor occupations in wonderment at the unaccustomed invasion.

The occupants of the car were on the last lap of their Continental tour, and, heading for Queenstown thru the romantic Killarney country, they were getting their fill of impressions by just such little side trips as the jaunt thru Ballydavid. To the wealthy Americans, the cluster of rock-built huts in their rude simplicity supplied the human note that intensified the picturesque ruggedness of that formidable coast.

"Papa, let's get down and talk to some of these quaint people," suggested one of the young women of the party.

Turning so as to address the question to the ear of the young man on the opposite side of the car, the father asked: "What do you say, Henry—shall we get down?"

"Sure, Mike!" responded the young man heartily.

"Why, Henry!" remonstrated his older sister.

"A concession to the environment and the circumambient influences, my dear," he explained glibly, as he helped her to alight.

Molly O'Rourke, standing in the door of her hut, beamed upon the elegant strangers.

"Good marnin' to yez," she ven-

KATHLEEN, THE FISHERMAID

KATHLEEN PRESENTS RHODES WITH A FISH

tured, as they approached and greeted her with frank friendliness. Warming under their apparent interest in the humble life of Ballydavid, she entertained them with her naive remarks and her rich brogue.

"An' to think the min shud all be away," she rattled on, "whin it wud do their hearts gude to see the loikes of ye at Ballydavid. An' shure ye'd loike to hear thim tell of the foine catches there is these days wit' the mackril runnin' shtrong. Me mon Terry has his own boat an' he's bin out the night wit' Owen Magrane an' the rist of his min. Owen's me gurl's swateheart, an' a foine lad he is, to be sure. An' a pity it is ye cudn't see the gurl Kathleen. She's a wild colleen, she is, an' she wud go wit' her fayther the night. Whin she beggit her fayther to take her out wit' him, he says, 'No; it luks loike dirthy weather. Besides,' he says, 'a fishin' shmack's no place for a colleen.' But wud she rist at that? No more'n a pig'll shtay in the road. So aff she wint in the boat, and Oi'll not feel contint tull Oi see her back agin." As Mrs. O'Rourke paused to take breath, a laugh sounded from among the rocks that screened the beach.

"That'll be Kathleen now," announced the mother, "and so the boats is in."

The girl who emerged from the rocks fairly irradiated the spirit of the elements. Her hair blew in tendrils about her face, her eyes flashed with the remembrance of the rough night at sea. She was thinking of Owen, too—of his devotion and the wonderful, sweet things he had said to her out there when they were alone in the stern of the boat. There was a smile on her lips, as she climbed over the rocks. Then she became aware of the strangers. Her mother called to her and introduced her to the well-dressed Americans, who looked with kindly curiosity upon the winsome, wind-blown maid. She set down her basket of fish, and, to hide her confusion and pleasure at the too marked admiration of young Henry Rhodes, she picked out a particularly fine specimen and offered it to him with a coy mixture of shyness and daring. He refused it, laughingly protesting that he had no use for it. But he kept his eyes upon her vivid face, and thought that in all the galleries of Europe there was no portrait of famous beauty that could compare with the mobile, richly-colored features before him. He scarcely noticed the arrival of Terry O'Rourke and Owen, nor the movement on the part of his father and sisters to leave. They called to him several times before he could say good-by to the simple little maid who had proved that she possessed a quick wit as well as entrancing eyes.

He knew he felt only a momentary interest in something fair, something novel and piquant. In a few days he would be on the ocean, impatiently watching for the first signs of his native land, and remembering but dimly the quaint little character in Ballydavid. Nevertheless, when he started out from the inn, several miles further on, in order to take a few last snapshots, his steps turned involuntarily toward Ballydavid. And from that obscure fishing village came Kathleen, blithely picking her way over the rocks into the focus of his kodak. At sight of him and of the camera, which was pointed at her, she turned as if to flee. But he called to her and assured her that the kodak was not a deadly weapon. So she posed for him, bashfully, and, that ordeal over, sat upon the rocks with him and watched the tremendous waves that thundered threateningly, only to meet their dissolution and send up their souls in misty clouds.

Like all those who live upon the edge of the sea, Kathleen was superstitious and filled with tales and legends. As Henry listened to her, he realized what a perfect child she was. And with the inclination that one always feels to kiss and caress a pretty and lovable child, he put his arm about her and kist her. She accepted his caresses with the readiness

and innocence of the veriest infant, but with far more appreciation. Owen had kist her, too, but she hadn't liked it quite as much. She infinitely preferred this gentleman stranger to the fisher lad she had known since babyhood.

"An' so ye go across the wather fer days an' days," remarked Kathleen, ruminatingly. "An' phwere's yer home whin ye git there?"

"In New York. This is my address." He took a card from his pocket and gave it to her. She spelled out the name and address and delightedly put the card in her bosom.

"Now, of course, you will write to me, won't you?" he asked.

Her face grew serious.

"It's little the writin' Oi kin do," she confessed.

"Then we'll just remember each other," he said, with another kiss.

At a short distance behind the absorbed pair stood the astonished and indignant Terry O'Rourke. He could hardly believe it of his little Kathleen, the honest Owen's betrothed. As for Henry Rhodes, he belonged to another world, whose ethics the simple Terry would not presume to inquire into. But his little Kathleen! That she would permit such familiarity from a passing stranger so upset the father's belief in his girl that he turned from the spot in disappointment and rage. When Kathleen reached home shortly after, she was met by a sternness that she had never seen before.

"Phwere've ye bin?" demanded her father.

"Out on the rocks," she answered carelessly.

"An' phwat doin'?"

"Nawthin'."

"So, 'tis nawthin' to let a foine-talkin', foine-dressin' stranger hould ye in his arrums an' kiss ye loike a swateheart, an' ye bespoken by Owen Magrane!"

"Who's the wan ut says the stranger kist me?" demanded the girl angrily.

"Oi says it, fer Oi wuz behint yez on the rocks!"

"Well, phwere's the harrum? He loikes me and Oi loikes him, an' Oi'd do it agin!"

"Oho, so ye wud? Ye're a foine colleen, ye are, wid yer bould ways! Ye're no daughter of mine, annymore!"

Kathleen was as hot-headed as her sire, and the two were in the midst of a battle of words that threatened to become corporal, when her mother interposed.

"An' is it a bould huzzy loike yez ut dares talk back to her own fayther?" she cried. "Hould yer tongue and git out o' here!"

The girl flung out defiantly. She sank upon the bare floor of her poor bedchamber, and, in her rage and humiliation, sought for some shreds of justification for herself. She was ill-used. *He* was so kind and gentle and loving that he would be horrified to know how they had spoken to her. She would go to him. He was on his way to Queenstown now, but she could follow and find him in New York. How surprised and pleased he would be! And then they could be married and she would be a fine lady and her father and mother would regret their bitter words. She opened an old trunk and took from it her little store of savings. She counted the coins over carefully, wrapped them in a piece of paper and tucked them beneath the kerchief knotted over her fair young bosom. After making a bundle of her scant wardrobe, she tied on her quaint little bonnet, threw on her Connemara cloak, and stole from the hut.

She made a slow journey to Queenstown, covering many of the miles on foot, for the rest jogging along in farmers' carts. She reached the port in time to get passage on one of the big liners. As she stood on the steerage deck and watched her beloved coast fading from her view, she bowed her head upon the rail and shed tears of loneliness and homesickness.

The thought of meeting Henry again, and all the new and bewildering things she saw and learnt aboard,

KATHLEEN PREPARES TO GO TO AMERICA

kept up her spirits until the boat steamed into New York harbor. Then she began to experience the feelings of a stranger in a strange land. The huge buildings impressed her with her own insignificance. She was afraid of this big city before she had set foot in it. When the immigrants swarmed off the boat at the Battery, she went as a unit in the crowd, too dazed and crushed by the immensity of things and by the roar of the traffic to know or care where she was drifting. Aimlessly she followed first one group, then another, until they divided up and dispersed. She was alone, wandering stupidly from street to street, not even thinking to ask the passers-by for Henry's address. The day waned and still she wandered on. Here and there, she had come upon little parks, where she had rested on the benches for a while. Then on she would go as if driven by a penance-devising demon. When darkness had settled down upon the streets and the traffic had almost ceased, she sank upon a stoop in utter weariness of mind and body.

Down the street came Officer Donlin, casting a wary eye about as he nonchalantly twirled his night-stick. He espied the huddled figure on the step. He grasped a shoulder and shook the figure, expecting to arouse a drunken prowler. The face that Kathleen raised to his surprised him, and her first startled query tickled him, for the rich brogue of it was of his own erstwhile land.

"So ye're jist from the Ould Sod, are ye?" he chuckled delightedly. "An' ye're lost in the big town, an' ye have no money an' no friends?"

"Yis, indade, Oi have a frind that Oi've come over to foind. But Oi wuz that put out of me head by the noise an' the rushin' about that Oi clane forgot to ask annybody about him. His name's Henry Rhodes."

"Well," said the good-hearted officer, "the best thing ye can do now is to come along with me to my home. We'll go to the station-house first,

and then I'm off for the rest of the night. And Maggie'll be glad to see ye, too, for she's got a tender spot for the ould country yet."

At the station-house, Officer Donlin accounted for his charge. Several reporters who were chatting with the desk-sergeant grew facetious when Donlin explained his intention of taking the girl to his home. But when the name of Henry Rhodes struck upon their ears, the stretching of those organs was almost a demonstrable actuality. They crowded about Kathleen, and, with a few pointed questions, drew forth the simple story of her quest. Then they hastily departed for their offices.

The next morning the father and sisters of Henry Rhodes were amazed to see him start precipitately from the breakfast table after glancing at the morning paper. To their questions he answered that there was nothing whatever the matter. But he was careful to take the paper with him as he hurried from the room. Outside the house, he had the good fortune to stop a vacant taxicab. Giving Officer Donlin's address, he urged the driver to hit up the speed to the limit.

His hasty ring at Donlin's bell brought the policeman's little girl to the door, and the excited young man was immediately admitted to the presence of that particular tentacle of the law.

"I say, officer," burst out the visitor, "what is the meaning of this story in the paper? Who put it in?"

"Ah, so ye're hot in the collar about it, are ye? That's the way with yez grand folks. Ye do something ye ought to be sent up for an' then ye're quite indignant if it's mentioned in the papers."

"Now, see here, officer, this is all a mistake. I've done nothing to encourage that girl to follow me over here. I looked on her as a child. I made no promises to her—she has no claim whatever on me."

"An' ye didn't make love to her an' lead her to think ye'd marry her?"

"On my word of honor, no! It's very unfortunate if the girl is deluded, but, as I said before, I looked on her as a pretty, lovable child. I kist her, but I didn't dream that she would take it seriously. Why, I dont believe I saw the girl for more than half-an-hour altogether."

The officer began to assume a more lenient bearing toward the young man.

"Well," he commented, "it's a fine mess ye've made with yer innocent kisses. The girl's mad about ye an' thinks ye are about her. I wouldn't like the job of undeceivin' her."

Their voices had penetrated the corridor leading to the other rooms of the flat. Kathleen had caught the familiar tones that had so impressed her on the rocks at Ballydavid. She rushed into the room, and, with a glad cry, flung her arms about Henry's neck. Gently, compassionately, he removed them, the while talking to her soothingly, explaining that she had misunderstood him. With wild and tragic eyes she stared at him, trying to comprehend.

"Then ye meant nought whin ye kist me?" she moaned. "An' it's to hear this Oi've left the only hearts that love me thrue!"

The grief of the poor little maid was harrowing, and the officer and his kind-hearted wife joined Henry in trying to comfort her. But hers was a sorrow of disillusionment, of humiliation and remorse, and sympathetic words were an ineffective balm. Henry felt keenly his responsibility for this bitter grief, and, as the curly head lay disconsolate upon the table and the little figure shook with sobs, he talked earnestly with Donlin.

"It's the only thing to do, officer," he insisted. "The girl will be all right after she has been back home a while. So, here's the money for her expenses. Arrange everything, and if you need any more, just call on me."

With one lingering, pitiful look at the sobbing Kathleen, he passed from her life forever.

So there came the evening of a day when Kathleen again stood at the

FAITHFUL LOVE REWARDED

THE PRODIGAL IS WELCOMED HOME

rail of a deck and looked with aching heart toward the land she was leaving. It was the land of promise, but its fruits had turned to ashes on her lips, and, as she watched the red sun sinking, dipping into the ensanguined waves, she forevisioned its rising, glorious, golden, triumphant, over the headlands by Ballydavid.

The homecoming of the prodigal is ever fraught with uncertainty and misgivings. Kathleen's longing for her own little niche in the universe was tempered with fearsome reflections. Would they forgive her? Would they still love her? And would poor Owen look with charity on her infatuation and her impulsive flight? As she drew near home and every familiar object seemed eloquent of a welcome, she broke into a run to keep pace with her impatient spirit. But when she reached the closed door of the hut, she dropped to her knees, overcome with the fear of her reception.

Light as had been her step, it had been heard by the two grieving men who sat within mending a net. The father reached the door first, and one glance into his glad and loving eyes as he raised her from the ground gave the girl the encouragement she sought to lay her head upon his breast and murmur her plea for forgiveness. In bustled Mrs. O'Rourke. At sight of the returned wanderer, she melted into tears and laughter and gave such a magnificent demonstration of the obliterating power of love that Kathleen plucked up courage to look at Owen. He simply held out his arms, and the poor little storm-tossed soul found a haven of peace and security in his strong embrace.

Later, when they sat together on the rocks watching the persistent waves, Kathleen told him the whole unhappy tale. He listened closely, asking few questions, making few comments.

"Mavourneen," he said at last, "it was loike chasin' a will-o'-the-wisp over the bog. An' ye're all the wiser fer it, an' that manes we'll be all the happier along o' it."

The Battle

(Biograph)

By ROY MASON

DANCING was more informal in the early sixties. You balanced to your partner then, and if you cut an extra caper or two, you were merely put down as a rollicking blade, and it added to the fun. This was what Lieutenant Harry Chalmers was doing with a will. Resplendent in his bright, new full-dress uniform, he was exaggerating his steps grotesquely opposite Grace Ewing, who swayed gracefully before him. Her eyes shone with laughter, but her only recognition of his ebullition of spirits was to drop a curtsy of exaggerated depth at the conclusion of their dance together. She demurely consented to stroll out into the fields, for this was an afternoon dance. No such revelries could be held at night under such a splendid disciplinarian as McClellan, who had welded an army from the frightened groups of men who streamed off the field of Bull Run the year before. At night the soldiers had to sleep, and obtain the rest which would enable them to take Richmond. The time was just previous to the Seven Days during which Lee gave the North the first taste of what daring, generalship and enthusiasm could do in combination with troops who knew how to shoot and who were accustomed to an outdoor life.

Never was there a stauncher Union patriot than little Grace Ewing. She had recently come down into the Federal lines with the newly formed Christian Commission, and made their headquarters a haven of delight for the young officers off duty. Harry's new coat and bright buttons and the splendid military bearing which months of hard drill in the camps around Washington had given him made an earnest appeal, therefore, to her loyal sensibilities, and when his wooing commenced with that impetuosity which befits a soldier, she hung back charmingly for only a few brief moments. Then she was enwrapped in his stalwart arms, and blushingly lifted her rosy mouth to his. There was no time to listen to his fervid utterances, which bade fair to consume the entire afternoon. Other partners waited, and they would be missed. Once again he clasped her in his arms, and they turned back to the dance.

Harry stepped out on the porch for a breath of the sweet air of the day which would henceforth be signalized in his life's calendar. Erect and glowing, he expanded his great lungs in the peaceful sunshine. A sudden crash shattered the air, and a shell from the concealed Confederate battery went shrieking over his head. Almost instantaneously, a bugle rang out in proof of McClellan's thoro discipline. Long lines of men in blue appeared from nowhere. A caisson whirled by on the gallop, struck a rock, overturned, and the body of an artilleryman shot from his seat and struck the house with a sickening thud. Harry plunged forward to where he knew his company must be. The edge of the woods was now blazing with fire, and he found the

THE FAREWELL

THE DEPARTURE

earth disturbed as if by an army of frantic moles. An ever increasing mass of yellowish dirt was rising before the blue lines of his company. The men were loading and firing now, and for an instant Harry cheered them on, encouraged them, thundered his orders. Then a man staggered back with a sudden thick sob, caromed against him, and sank at his feet. A man to his right rose from his crouching position, and without transition there was a mass of quivering limbs on the ground where he had stood. A shell had taken off the top of his head. The Confederates were getting the range.

Harry gave back a pace in horror. Then his limbs carried him two more. A howling demon shrieked in his ear, and two minutes later found him crouching in a clump of bushes shaking like one of the leaves which his passage had disturbed. He rose to his feet and ran on blindly anywhere, anywhere out of the path of those gray-coated fiends who were trying to take his life. Before his eyes, half blinded with perspiration and terror, appeared the house where he had but now been dancing. He darted in thru the shattered doorway, crossed the parlor at a bound, and burst into a room beyond to find Grace!

Grace upon her knees, sobbing and praying for his safety; Grace upon her feet, facing him with incredulous joy.

"It is over," she whispered. "You are safe. We have won."

A crash of musketry disproved her statement, and cut short his reply. She shuddered at the sound, for the first time, altho spent bullets had pattered at her casement. Realization dawned in her eyes even before he groveled at her feet, begging, gasping, ejaculating.

"Oh, Grace, I cant! It's awful! I want to live, dear—and marry you. I cant die! I dont want to be killed! There are enough out there. Grace, for God's sake pity me!"

And then the girl laughed. Like ripples of sunshine her sweet voice rang out in the little room around which the battle thundered. Harry stared in astonishment at the sound.

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, musically, "get up and go out and get shot at. What did you come here for? Do you know that this is my room?"

If he had gazed about him its daintiness would have betrayed the fact, but he was far beyond any power of observation.

"You d-d-dont understand, Grace," he stuttered. "They shriek and yell about you, the shells, and mock you until you almost pray that one will end it. And the bullets whistle spitefully. Men bleed. They groan. They writhe upon the ground——"

The girl's eyes blazed with unbearable scorn. "And some of them," she added, "are cowards and run away."

A heavy tramp was heard upon the veranda, and the sound of men set-

THE BATTLE

ting down a litter. Grace flew to the door, and peeped thru the opening. Her face was white as she turned to her lover.

"It's the Colonel of your regiment," she said, unsteadily. "Perhaps you had better get out of the window."

He wriggled shamefully thru to the ground as he heard the men take up their burden. They marched straight onward into Grace's room, and laid the stricken Colonel, without ceremony, on her bed. Harry, crouching beneath the window, heard him hoarsely protesting as they pressed him back upon the pillows and tore away the shirt at his throat.

A nearby fusillade of shots apprised him of the approach of the battle. The girl leaned out of the window above him, her unfathomable eyes a mixture of anger and love.

"Go! go!" she whispered, fiercely.

One, two, a dozen men of his own company swept around the corner of the house. Harry leapt upon the nearest and faced him about with a powerful swing.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, roughly.

"Ammunition's low," the man panted in reply. "We had to hold our fire, and they charged and took our trenches."

"Come," said Harry, "we'll take them back."

The man gazed at him stupidly.

"Come," the young lieutenant repeated, "or by God I'll go alone."

HARRY RETURNS

POWDER RUNNING LOW

The colloquy had lasted but a minute. Men hesitated and clustered round them. Harry's sword flashed in the air.

"Close up!" he shouted. "Guide left! Charge!"

They swept away, a transmuted body, magnificent with life and daring. Behind them, their wounded Colonel was whispering hoarse commands in the little room where Harry had groveled. At the white-curtained window, her soul in her eyes, Grace followed the rush of men. Then she threw back her head with a triumphant laugh which ended in a sudden sob.

The officers who leaned over the muttering Colonel gazed at each other with blanched faces, and silently shook their heads.

"Tell—tell the men to cheer as if they had lots of ammunition. Tell them to give a rousing cheer. And send—send to General Porter for ammunition. Who will go?" he demanded, fiercely. He half rose from the bed, but sank back with a groan.

One of the officers departed swiftly, and a feeble cheer was heard outside. The door burst open, and Harry stood in the opening.

"We've got the trenches," he shouted, excitedly, "but we cant hold them for another half hour. Our ammunition's nearly gone. For God's sake, where's the wagon train?"

"It's straight across that field where the bullets are mowing down the grass," replied an officer. "Then

thru the woods along the road which leads to Gaines' Mill. No man could live thru such a trip. We're cut off, out-maneuvered!"

"Colonel," said Harry, "may I go?"

"Go!" gasped the Colonel, "and—and God—be—with you."

With a swift salute Harry had dashed from the room, and the last words were lost to his ears. "Go!" One word is enough for a soldier.

He pushed an orderly aside, and leapt into the soldier's saddle. The bullets whistled about him viciously as the horse's hoofs thudded on the yielding grass. The animal shied violently and nearly unseated him. A backward glance showed him that it had merely dodged the rock upon which Grace had sat when he poured out his love to her an hour before. A roar that seemed to be almost beside him deafened the rider for a moment. He flung up his arms in mad exultation, and spurred his horse to still greater speed. The noise slackened, and the road wound in thru the trees.

Back in the trenches the Union rifles spoke intermittently. The Confederates were gathering for another rush, and the Federal soldiers were saving their fire for the supreme moment, which meant defeat or victory.

In front of the commanding General, Harry was eagerly voicing his request.

"We've got 'em, I tell you," he

HARRY ASKS FOR AMMUNITION

CONFEDERATES BUILDING BONFIRES

was saying, in violation of all rules of military etiquette. "With another regiment, and another forty rounds, we've got 'em. They're beaten!"

"I'll give you three wagons of ammunition, but I cant spare another man."

"But, General——"

"Enough, sir! Take the ammunition!"

Back again over the winding road thru the woods, lashing the teamsters' horses into a frenzy, Harry galloped, urging on the flying wagons. But his flight had been seen and his purpose divined, and the crackle of Confederate rifles ahead brought the flying cavalcade to a stop. At the same instant the dry brush piled across the narrow road burst into tongues of flame. Who could drive ten thousand cartridges thru fire? A horse cut by a bullet bolted forward, dragging one of the ammunition wagons. His mates joined in the runaway. The teamster uttered a shriek of despair as the Confederates scattered from about the blazing brushwood. The shriek was his last. With a thunderous roar the wagon was scattered high in the heavens. The licking flames had ignited the powder.

Dazed for a moment by the force of the explosion, when Harry focused his eyes again on the scene before him he realized with a start of joy that it had nearly extinguished the fire. The blazing brush was scattered far and wide, and the road was clear save for the ugly rent where the first wagon had exploded.

A POWDER WAGON BLOWS UP

"Drive on! Drive on!" Harry shouted to the teamster; but the latter fell back, limp and inert, upon the heaped-up boxes of cartridges.

With a bound Harry was in his seat, and had gathered up the reins. The horses started under the sting of his lash, and a minute later he was past the fire.

Back in the little room where the Colonel lay dying, and Grace still shuddered at the window, an officer was leaning over the bed.

"Hold the trenches!" the Colonel was saying. "Hold the trenches! It is our only chance!"

In front of the trenches a man in a white shirt was running forward, far in advance of the triumphantly yelling Southern soldiery. Harry saw him stagger and fall as the wagon bounded over the ruts of the bullet-swept field. The Federal fire was slackening from minute to minute. The Confederate advance was almost malignantly deliberate in its certainty.

"Come! Come!" shouted the young lieutenant. "Cartridges! cartridges!"

His strained voice rose above the roar of battle, and in an instant they were swarming about him. The boxes were ripped open with bleeding fingers, and cartridges distributed from hand to hand. A real cheer, unlike the feeble shout that had gone up at the Colonel's command, rose upon the air. The gray line surged above the earthworks, to be met with a deafening roar of musketry. It withered before the terrific fire as Harry leapt from the driver's seat.

"Close up!" he shouted. "Guide left! Charge!"

Once before that day they had heard that order in that resonant voice. Once again they responded to their leader. The mass of blue-clad soldiers swept resistlessly forward. Up to their own trenches again! Across the field! The stars and stripes were planted on the Confederate earthworks!

"Before I die," the Colonel was saying, "I want the hand of the man who saved the day."

Harry stood bareheaded before him, and clasped the Colonel's feeble fingers between his grimy hands.

"All my life," said Grace, breaking

THE HERO RETURNS

the silence, "all my life, and until I die, I want the lips of the soldier who saved the day."

As Harry clasped her in his arms the Colonel smiled happily as if he had had a glimpse of heaven.

All delight in fine art and all love of it resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—*The Crown of Wild Olive, Ruskin.*

My Fickle Lady.—By PETER WADE

I've traveled 'round the restless sea
From Greenland to Japan,
And tho I've often wished to be,
I'm not a marrying man.
'Tis strange, one girl has haunted me
Where'er I choose to roam,
And could I bear inconstancy
I'd surely bring her home.
On the first night I met her, yes,
She to another clung,
And tho I loved her none the less
My vows could not give tongue.
When next I spied the merry maid
She married out of hand,
And I forgave her quite, the jade!
Tho I could not understand.
The months rolled by before I came
To seek her in her nest;
Oh, pity the capricious flame!
She'd sought another's breast.
I put the seas between us then,
Resolved to stay away;
A juggler with the hearts of men
Had driven me to bay.
The earth is nought, the sea is vain,
The stricken have their bounds;
Back I went to her nest again,
Its sunshine and its frowns;
T'ward me she came, all dressed in white,
A sister of the poor;
I thought her heart was shriven quite—
That love could not allure.
Swift as she came, a lover darts
To her and makes his bows.
"Oh, you," I cried, "of many hearts
You've quite forgot your vows."
Yes, vows she'd made, to many wed,
To blacken as she could;
From some she'd slipt, and some she'd fled,
But none she had withstood.
Then, I gave her up in high despair—
Yet her face I oft have seen,
For she's just a pretty player girl
On the Motion Picture Screen.

Arrah-na-Pogue

(Kalem)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

From the play by Dion Boucicault and the scenario of GENE GAUNTIER

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Beamish McCoul.....*Jack J. Clark*
Shaun the Post.....*Sidney Olcott*
Michael Feeny.....*Robert Vignola*
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady.....*Arthur Donaldson*
Major Coffin.....*Harry O'Brien*
Irish Secretary of State.....*J. P. McGowan*
Sergeant.....*Thos. P. Glancy*
Winterbottom.....*Geo. J. Hardin*
Oiney Farrel.....*Chas. Lally*
Fanny Power.....*Agnes Mapes*
Katty.....*Mrs. Clark*
ARRAH MEELISH.....*GENE GAUNTIER*

Soldiers, Peasants, etc.

PROLOG

BEAMISH McCOUL, fiery patriot and disturber of English rule and policies in the mountainous district of County Wicklow, Ireland, had been found guilty of inciting to rebellion, and had been condemned to die by hanging. None of his followers was allowed to visit him, and the plans they had made for his escape were growing less and less feasible. It remained for Arrah Meelish, foster-sister of the young McCoul, to circumvent the strict surveillance. She appealed to his guard to be allowed just to see him—just to kiss him for the last time. The jailer yielded to the seemingly ingenuous, grief-stricken girl, but he stood by to see that no communication reached the prisoner.

PASSING THE NOTE IN A KISS

No word was spoken—only a sob heaved Arrah's bosom, as Beamish McCoul pressed his lips to hers in a long farewell kiss. Then she was led away weeping.

But when the guard turned his back, Beamish removed from his mouth a little roll of paper, which had been given him in the kiss, and read that his loyal followers had a horse waiting to carry him to the coast, where a boat stood by in readiness to land him in France. So, when a rope came hurtling thru his unbarred window, he lost no time in fastening the end securely,

climbing thru the window, and sliding down into the arms of his friends. There was a hurried leave-taking, an embrace and a promise to wait for him from Fanny Power, the woman he loved; then Beamish McCoul exacted the best speed from the thorobred under him. He reached the coast, and France, in safety.

For her part in his escape, his canny, little foster-sister was thenceforth affectionately known as "Arrah-na-Pogue" — "Arrah of the Kiss."

I

Michael Feeny, process-server and informer for the English, had been collecting the rents from the confiscated McCoul estates. His profitable day's work done, he rode on Shaun the Post's car as far as Glendalough, where he alighted to walk across the hill to his home. The moon bathed the trees and rocks in a flood of silver, but Feeny, with his coward's heart, felt no protection in that clear light. He hurried timorously over the hill, and, at a turn in the path, he came face to face with the very thing he feared—a man with his face masked with a kerchief.

"You have just come from Hollywood, where you have collected the rents of the

BEAMISH MAKES HIS ESCAPE

estates," came from behind the mask. "You collect the rents for the government—now, I collect for The McCoul; so, hand out the amount!"

"Is this robbery? An' widin call av the barracks?" cried Feeny, with chattering teeth.

"If you lift your voice over a whisper to alarm the patrol, it will be murder as well," the masked man replied. "Quick—the money! Good! Now, your pass. Out with it! I want it to secure my free passage across the mountains."

Sending the craven wretch on his way with admonitions as to silence, the highwayman beckoned to a number of men lurking in the shadows. He divided the gold among them.

"You need not hesitate to take it," he told them, "for it is my own. I leave Ireland tomorrow, and forever! I could not part with you without giving you some token of my gratitude for your fidelity and love."

The removal of the kerchief revealed the features of Beamish McCoul. His four years of exile had palled upon him; he had fretted for a sight of his old home, and longed for the woman who loved him and had been constant to him thru those weary years. With a price upon his head, he had braved the risks of discovery. For six weeks he had remained hidden by day, and had stolen forth at night to meet his staunch adherents and keep love-trysts with Fanny Power.

It was now the hour for his meeting with Fanny—for the final understanding in regard to their flight together. The proud and handsome girl had dared much for her sweetheart, riding from the home of her guardian, Colonel O'Grady, in the middle of the night. The stolen interview was short and fervent. As she again turned her horse's head toward home, Beamish said: "Remember, tonight, at an hour before midnight, meet me at the chapel near

"QUICK—THE MONEY!" BEAMISH DEMANDS

Tullabogue. There the ceremony of marriage will be performed; and before daylight, we shall be on board a French craft, now lying off Brayhead, awaiting my signal."

With a final embrace, she cantered away, and Beamish went by devious paths toward the cottage of Arrah-na-Pogue. He reached it soon after sun-up, but, early as it was, Arrah had already had a caller. Which fact, perhaps, was not so astonishing, considering that it was Arrah's wedding-day, and the early caller was the prospective bridegroom, Shaun the Post—the cheeriest, wittiest, most likable young chap in all the countryside.

"What brings ye here at all? Did ye think annybody was wantin' ye?" asked Arrah, with a toss of her curly head and a flash of her dark eyes.

"Iss, indeed," answered the love-possessed Shaun. "Ses I, 'There's that colleen all alone wid the cow to milk, an' the pigs to feed, an' the chickens; an' the big barn beyant to get clane an' swate by the evenin' for the widdin' tonight, an' not a haporth of help she'll take from anny mortal. I'll go an' give her a lift.' "

"Go an, thin," answered Arrah, giving him the milk-pails, "an' drive the cows up from the field beyant. An' maybe whin ye are back, I'll have a hot whatemale cake on the griddle to stop yer mouth wid."

When Shaun had disappeared, Beamish emerged from behind a clump of bushes.

"Has he gone?" he asked.

"Oh, Master Beamish, it goes sore agin' me to be desavin' the poor b'y this way. Isn't it better to let him know that it's yerself that's in it?" pleaded the girl.

"My dear Arrah!" exclaimed Beamish, "if I were discovered in your cabin, you know the penalty you would pay for the shelter and protection you have offered the rebel."

"Ah, sir," she insisted, "but sure Shaun would lay down his life for ye."

"Is it not enough that you should live with the halter round your neck, without including Shaun's foolish head in the same rope? Now, hold out your hands."

"What's this?"

"It is my wedding gift; the marriage portion you will bestow on Shaun this day."

"Bank notes! But, sir, why wud I take this from yersilf, an' ye so poor?"

"Sure, if I were rich," laughed Beamish, "there would be less pleasure in giving it to you, goose!"

"But how will I tell Shaun that I came by so much money?" she asked dubiously.

"Answer no questions for three days," he cautioned. "Then I shall be in France, and you may tell him all."

He stepped into the cottage. Arrah looked after him with a prayer in her grateful heart, but her tender thoughts immediately took flight at the sound of Feeny's voice.

"Where's Shaun?" he asked, with his malicious leer.

"How wud I know?" was her short rejoinder.

"Aisy, now, Arrah! As I came on the top av the hill, I saw ye both on this spot togither."

"Did ye? I hope the sight was plazin' to ye, sir!" said Arrah, with magnificent contempt.

"An' as I turned the corner there, I saw the tail av his coat as he wint intil the cabin. Ah, Arrah! it's the bad luck that is on me intirely this day. There's yersilf, that I love wid all me heart——"

"That's not sayin' much," she broke in.

"Well," he whined, "I'm a poor thing intirely; but maybe ye'll repint the hour ye made so little of me, for I can wait, me darlint, I can wait! An' to thim that waits, their time comes round, an' whin mine comes, I'll make ye feel a little of what I feel now!"

"If Shaun heard thim words," said Arrah, warningly, "he'd have to answer fer yer life!"

"Lit him answer first fer me money!" snarled Feeny. "This

mornin', on Derrybawn, not five minnits after I lift his car, I was waylaid and robbed. Who but Shaun knew that I had the rints of Hollywood in me pocket? Who but him knew the hour an' place I cud be caught?"

"Robbed, an' by Shaun?" cried Arrah. "What cud he want wid yer dirthy money?"

"Sure, he'd want it for ye!" answered Feeny, showing his yellow teeth.

Arrah's indignation was at white heat.

"Look here, man!" she demanded, producing the bills Beamish had given her. "D'ye see that? It isn't money we want!"

And Feeny looked with his ferret eyes upon the bills that he had lost, and saw his own name on the back of one. He rubbed his hands with satisfaction; he had struck a scent.

"Now," continued Arrah, "ye see we dont want yer money, nor yer company, either! There's your road; it's waitin' fer ye. Good marnin'!" With that, she went into the cottage and slammed the door.

Certain as he was that Shaun had robbed him, Michael Feeny wished to make sure that he was within the cottage. He stooped and applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Yis; there he is. Now I see him," he muttered.

"An' do ye feel him, ye spyin' vagabone?" cried Shaun, coming up from behind and administering a kick. As Feeny turned in fear, Shaun seized him and threw him to the ground.

"What's this?" quavered Feeny. "Shaun! I thought—I mane—ain't ye inside the cabin?"

"No; I dont find it convaynient to be in two places at oncet," was the sarcastic reply.

Arrah appeared at the door, looking agitated. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"It's only a mistake," answered Feeny, squirmingly. "I thought Shaun was inside there wid yersilf—didn't ye tell me he was?"

"No, I didn't," she snapped.

"I was thinkin' ye said 'twas he give ye all the money ye showed me."

"What money is he talkin' about?" asked the bewildered Shaun.

"Ah, niver mind him," said Arrah, coaxingly, with a baleful glance at Feeny.

"Oh, tare an' ages! I smell a rat!" he muttered exultantly. "There's a man hidin' widin there that Shaun knows nothin' about. Oh, Arrah Meelish! I have ye now! You despise me, do ye? Well, I'll bring ye down to me feet, low as I am! We'll see what ye like best round yer purty neck—me arms or the felon's rope, me jewel!"

"May swate bad luck go wid ye!" Shaun called after him, as he shuffled away, laughing to himself.

"Ah, niver mind him, dear!" repeated Arrah. "It's thrue what he said about the money, an' here it is, Shaun. A prisint I got on me widdin' day."

"Bank notes!" exclaimed Shaun.

"Yes, indade; it was one of the good people that give it to me, an' he told me not to till ye a word about it for three days—thim's the conditions I resaved wid it."

"Well, that's an aisy way of raisin' money," commented Shaun. "Three days? Can ye git anny more of it on the same condition? Make it so, me dear, an' divil a word I'll ax!"

And laughingly they went about their preparations for the wedding, with never a thought for the accusations and the veiled threats of the vindictive Feeny.

That creature of unpleasant motives and dark purposes gloated over his discovery, as he shambled over the road on the way to the barracks with his information. Major Coffin was so impressed that he immediately took Feeny to acquaint Colonel O'Grady with the news that the mysterious French emissary, whose presence in the neighborhood had been reported, had at last been run to earth.

Now, the Colonel was not at all in sympathy with this spying on, and

FEENY, SHAUN AND ARRAH

arresting of suspected rebels. He was an Irishman himself—he understood the situation—and his leniency even extended to working to obtain a pardon for The McCoul.

In this object, he was not wholly disinterested, for his beautiful ward, Fanny Power, had forbidden him to declare his love for her until he could bring her the pardon of Beamish McCoul. He had obtained a pardon, but the clause "provided he is not implicated in the fresh disturbances which once more threaten to agitate your neighborhood," rendered it worthless. Fanny, with a sigh, advised the Colonel to throw the paper into the fire.

It was on the heels of this setback that Major Coffin arrived with Feeny. Colonel O'Grady greeted the latter with scant civility, even reminding him of the occasion when he had been kicked from the hall-door to the lodge-gate. But, as magistrate, the Colonel was obliged to take the informer's deposition.

Fanny, listening at the door of the adjoining room, heard the plan for trapping Beamish at Arrah's cottage. She resolved to accompany the Colonel, and try to find some way of warning the man she loved.

Arrah and Shaun's wedding festivities were in full swing. With jigs and songs, the fun grew fast and furious, and every timber in the old barn vibrated with the revelry. At its height, a sudden hush fell upon the company, for the doorway was blocked with soldiers, thru whose ranks passed Colonel O'Grady, Fanny Power, Major Coffin, and Michael Feeny.

"Guard the doors; let no one pass," commanded the Major.

Colonel O'Grady's attitude was friendly, and his explanation of the intrusion was prefaced by an apology.

"Is it a thafe ye are afther, sir?" asked Shaun. "Ah, thin, if anny sich is here under this roof, ye are welcome to him."

"Now, Mr. Feeny," said the Major, "whom do you charge with having possession of the plunder?"

"That woman—Arrah Meelish," came the answer. "We'll find the money in her pocket—lit her be searched."

"Lay a finger on her, an' I'll brain ye!" shouted Shaun.

"Arrest that fellow!" ordered the Major.

But Colonel O'Grady stopped the sergeant about to execute the order.

"Aisy, Major!" he remonstrated. "What would you do if a man offered to lay a hand on the woman you loved? Shaun, my man, the thing is settled in a moment. We dont believe a word this fellow has deposed to; but, if Arrah has any money—bank notes—about her——"

"She has," said Shaun, promptly.

"Then, just let us look at them," said the Colonel, kindly.

"Wid all the pleasure in life. Arrah, dear, give me thim notes you showed me a while ago. Dont be frightened, darlint. Come!"

Slowly Arrah drew forth the notes and gave them to Shaun.

Feeny eagerly peered at them, as the Colonel looked them over.

"They are a part of thim that I was robbed av last night. I'll swear to thim! Luk an' ye'll find me name on the back of one of thim! There—that one. See! d'ye believe me now?"

"Where and from whom did you receive this money?" the Colonel asked Arrah. She stood with dark lashes sweeping her paling cheeks, and made no attempt to answer. The Colonel tried again.

"I am sure you wont refuse to tell us how you became possessed of these notes. After what you have heard, if you are innocent, you wont help to screen the thief."

Still no answer came from the girl's white lips.

"Well, then," took up the Major, "perhaps you will answer another question. Where is the young man who has been concealed in your cabin the last six weeks? Do you hear? I want the young man, your lover—the secret leader of the rebel movement

THE WEDDING FESTIVAL

in this neighborhood—who committed the robbery last night, and then shared with you the proceeds of his crime!"

Arrah remained speechless, her face hidden in her hands. Consternation showed in the eyes of the guests, and the girls drew away from the accused woman. Shaun held out his hands appealingly. "Arrah!" he coaxed.

Then she spoke. "Shaun, let me spake to ye!"

"No!" interposed the Major. "You are my prisoner. This girl must hold communication with no one. Search this place!"

"I know ivery hole an' corner in it," volunteered Feeny. "Folly me!"

Fanny Power had listened to the baiting of the girl with growing suspicion and jealousy. Beamish had not told her of his hiding-place, and it appeared that this girl had sheltered him. Arrah's silence provoked her. Approaching her, Miss Power urged her to give the information demanded. But Arrah maintained her stony silence.

"You desire, then," said Miss Power, "that all here should believe you guilty? You wish that Shaun should accept your silence as a confession of your shame?"

"Fanny Power," burst out the goaded Arrah, "if all Ireland thought me guilty—ay, if I said the word mesilf an' swore to it, Shaun wud not belave it agin his own heart, that knows me too well to doubt me!"

Michael Feeny scrambled down the ladder from the loft, a coat in his hand.

"He has escaped!" he cried. "But here is his coat, and look! here is me pass that he stole!"

"You see this, Arrah?" asked the Colonel. "Reflect, my good girl, that a cruel and a painful death is the penalty of this crime. I believe that you are screening some unworthy villain at the cost of your own life. Speak, Arrah!"

The unhappy young bride flung out her arms.

"Take me away!" she cried. "Dont I offer me hands to the irons? Why dont you take me away?"

"Stop!" ordered Shaun. "If she will not spake, I will. That coat there belongs to me. I robbed Feeny, and gave the notes to Arrah."

"Shaun! Shaun! What are ye saying?" wailed Arrah, throwing her arms about him.

"Hould up yer head, me darlint," said the young husband. "Who dare say a word agin ye now? Yes, O'Grady, put it all down agin me, plaze. Dont cry, acushla. Sure, they cant harm a hair of yer head, now!"

"Oh, Shaun, what have ye done!" sobbed Arrah.

"Ye see how wrong ye all wor to be so hard upon her, an' she was as innocent as a child," said Shaun, reproachfully.

With a moan, Arrah swayed, and the Colonel caught her in his arms as she fainted.

"There, now, git me away handy afore she's sinsible," begged Shaun. Then, with an appeal in voice and eye, he asked: "Major, dear, is it agin the rigulations to take one kiss from her before I lave her, maybe foriver?"

The favor was allowed him, and then he was led from the scene that had begun with such promise of happiness for him and his Arrah-na-Pogue.

II

The night passed drearily in his prison cell, and Shaun's bright spirits were dull, indeed, in the morning. He heard the sergeant addressing the guard; then the door was opened, and Fanny Power entered. She had determined upon this step after a night of wakefulness and wretchedness. She was convinced of Beamish's infidelity, and had sent him a cruel note in place of meeting him at the chapel. She had then sought out her guardian, Colonel O'Grady, and offered him in marriage the hand he had before begged in vain. And now she was to perform the last act of readjustment; she had come to tell Shaun

THE ARREST OF SHAUN

that she knew him to be innocent, and that she would denounce the guilty man, who had been concealed in Arrah's cabin.

"An' ye belave he is false to ye?" queried Shaun.

"Alas! I know it!"

"Then, thank ye kindly, miss; but I'd rather ye'd hould yer tongue about me, an' lit me die me own way!" said Shaun.

Such faith and love seemed wasted on the object, and Fanny considered it would be "cruel kindness" to undeceive him and have the truth exposed in his presence. With this in view, she went to fetch Arrah, whom she had seen crouching outside the gate, where the girl had lain the livelong night. When Fanny returned and bade her follow her, the young wife's heart beat wildly and her heavy eyes grew bright.

As Shaun clasped her hands and kist her tenderly, she told him that she had decided to reveal the name of the man. But Shaun forbade her to think of it.

"Ye must kape yer word, Arrah," he admonished. "Ye niver bruk it yit, an' I wont ax ye to begin now."

Fanny interrupted. "No promise restrains me," she said. "The man concealed in your cabin was Beamish McCoul."

"The McCoul!" exclaimed Shaun, joyfully. "Och! daylight to my sowl! The McCoul himsilf! An' I niver guessed it!"

His emotion gave Fanny the first inkling of the injustice of her suspicions.

"Why," she asked of Arrah, "did he not confess to me that he had found shelter in your cabin?"

The girl answered simply, without malice: "Maybe he knew that you did not love him well enough to trust him; an' how cud he put me life into the power of one in whom he had so little faith?"

The shaft went home. The unhappy woman paced the floor of the cell.

"Oh, what have I done!" she exclaimed. "My word is passed to The

O'Grady." Then, at the sound of the guard approaching to conduct Shaun to his court-martial, her consideration was all for him.

"Shaun, come what may, you must not die!" she declared.

"Maybe he'll get off, afther all," suggested Arrah, clinging to Shaun. "They say the law is mighty onsartain."

But Shaun had confessed himself guilty, and when, in court, he was asked by the Major for his defense and his witnesses, the prisoner had to acknowledge himself without either. The good Colonel did all in his power to have him acquitted, and the peasants, who filled the courtroom, and were a constant menace to the dignity of the proceedings, contributed a solid offering of sympathy and loyalty. But the unspeakable Feeny, amid groans and jeers, gave his damaging version of the robbery, and of Arrah's having the notes. So a conviction was inevitable; and the sentence pronounced was death at daylight the following day.

Thru misty eyes, Shaun saw Arrah rise up and stretch out her arms to him. He threw off his guard and went to her; she clasped him close and kist him wildly. The soldiers forced him from her, and dragged him from the courtroom. And Arrah fell back sobbing into the arms of the compassionate priest, who had comforted her thruout the trial.

III

When the paroxysm passed, she resumed her vigil outside the walls of the castle in which was Shaun's prison. Only a few more hours and Shaun would be taken from her! He was to die for her and the young master, and there was no power that could save him.

But there were other intentions in regard to Shaun's fate forming in minds that could see a gleam of hope. And that gleam of hope to each of them was an appeal to the Secretary of State in Dublin.

Young Beamish McCoul was the

THE TRIAL OF SHAUN

first to set his face toward Dublin. After hearing of Shaun's arrest and receiving the note from Fanny, his duty lay clear before him: he must save Shaun's life by giving himself up. He reflected bitterly that Fanny Power would learn too late how she had misjudged him. After sending her a note acquainting her with his purpose, he engaged one of his men to secure a mount for a fast ride over the long road to Dublin.

Colonel O'Grady had the same destination in view when he left the court-martial, convinced of Shaun's innocence. And when Fanny Power read Beamish's note, she knew that there was but one course open—to ride in hot haste to Dublin and throw herself upon the generosity of the only man who could avert the catastrophe.

Thus, it happened that on that night three riders, on the same errand bent, made the rocky Dublin road ring to flying hoof-beats.

When Beamish presented himself before the august Secretary of State, that gentleman was mightily interested in the surrender of The McCoul and the story of Shaun's impending execution.

"I presume, then," he said, with a sly chuckle, "that you and this fellow are disputing which of the two shall die?"

Beamish answered quickly: "And I rely on your lordship's sense of justice to give me the preference."

The statesman was about to reply, when a commotion at the gate diverted his attention. His man entered with a card. The Secretary smiled a wry smile, and asked Beamish to step into the window enclosure.

Colonel O'Grady was shown in. He began his explanation of his visit, but the Secretary cut him short by forestalling him with the facts, and, further than that, enlightening him as to the love-affair existing between Fanny and Beamish. His words were cut short by a loud knocking. The Colonel, at the Secretary's suggestion, concealed himself behind a screen. Fanny swept impetuously into the room. The Secretary surprised her, in turn, with his knowledge of her reason for seeking him. In her distress and embarrassment, she made a full confession as to her love for Beamish.

The Secretary finally made a pronouncement. "The surrender of this young man," he said, "is known only to me. Let him return at once to his exile, and pledge his word never to set foot in this country. On these conditions, he is free to depart."

"He will do so; he will," averred Fanny. "He will not sacrifice his life, as I have done, to be revenged upon his love."

"Let him answer for himself," said the Secretary, drawing aside the window curtain.

"Beamish!" cried Fanny. Beamish gravely thanked the Secretary for his generosity, then turned to Fanny and advised her to return to the Colonel, who deserved her far more than he.

Upon this, the Colonel emerged from his concealment and refused to accept the sacrifice from Beamish. So, it was settled then and there, and, with the Colonel as surety, Beamish was accorded a full and free pardon.

"The devil admire me!" suddenly exclaimed the Colonel. "I forgot Shaun! Here we are exchanging the height of politeness, while we left him beside the door of death and only on a jar!"

"Shall I dispatch a courier to arrest proceedings?" asked the Secretary.

"Give it to me," answered O'Grady, extending his hand for the reprieve. "I know what government speed is! If any animal can get over the ground to save the boy, I am that individual!"

After a hasty leave-taking, he started back with his message of mercy, with Beamish and Fanny galloping close behind him.

Poor Shaun possessed no power of divination to bring those hurrying hoof-beats to his ear. His light heart had taken on a leaden weight, and the

words of the priest brought no ease to its throbbing ache. His thoughts were all for Arrah. The sergeant had told him how she lingered about the prison walls, and how, at last, she had climbed the Castle Hill, and then, by the aid of the jutting stones and the ivy that grew to the turrets, had reached the battlements above Shaun's cell. Here the tender-hearted sergeant had found her and had pointed out the chimney that led up from her darling's cell. So upset was Shaun by this proof of her devotion that the priest saw the futility of remaining with him. Scarcely had the holy man left the prisoner when the rattling of a stone on the hearth drew Shaun's tear-dimmed eyes in that direction. He pounced upon a scrap of paper that was rolled round the stone.

"'Tis from her! 'Tis from her-silf!" he cried. He read:

"My darlin', I am near you. Oh, but my eyes are hungry for you, Shaun! I am lookin' down to where you are. I am stretchin' my arms toward you. Oh, Shaun! God bless you! and may He help you to find the Heaven I have lost in this world!"

"Oh, Arrah!" he cried passionately, "my heart is bruken intirely!"

Her voice came down to him thru the chimney, bravely attempting snatches of song, but breaking off with sobs.

SHAUN ESCAPES

"She's there!" he cried wildly. "She calls to me, and I—I am caged! Arrah! I cant rache ye—I cant kiss away yer tears an' hould ye to me heart!"

In a frenzy, he dragged the table to the window and climbed upon it. He shook the bars furiously; a stone was dislodged, and hope flared up out of his black despair. Grinding and hammering his handcuffs against the stone, he managed to snap the chain. The beacon of hope flared more fiercely. With the strength of a maniac, he tugged and wrenched at the bars until they gave way and went crashing down a hundred feet into the waves below. Out thru the opening crawled Shaun. His safety depended upon the strength of the century-old ivy that had sent its roots into every crevice in the ancient stones. Up and up he climbed, with one vision before his eyes, one worshiping thought in his heart. His hands reached an opening in the crenelated wall. He grasped the ledge, and, as his eyes rose to the level of the battlements, he saw two figures struggling above him. A second glance told him that they were Arrah and Feeny. Drawing himself up quickly, almost exhausted as he was, he rushed upon Feeny, wrenched from him a huge stone, with which he

seemed to be threatening Arrah, and with the pent-up rage and vengeance that had been growing against this viper, he clutched him by the throat and swung him over the parapet into the lake, far below.

Clasped in Shaun's arms, Arrah told him how Feeny had come to her with his vile proposals, and, when she repulsed him, how he had caught sight of Shaun climbing up, and had

In a regretful tone, Colonel O'Grady answered, "It was Shaun! The poor fellow was trying to escape. We found his cell empty and the bars of his window broken."

"He may be rescued yet," said Beamish. "The boys had seen his attempt, and they put off in their boats to assist him, if he fell."

"A hundred pounds reward to the man that saves him!" cried the

SHAUN REACHES THE BATTLEMENTS IN THE NICK OF TIME

nicked up the stone to drop upon him.

A confused murmur of voices silenced further talk and sent the escaped prisoner and Arrah in hiding behind a mass of chimneys. The first words they could distinguish came from Major Coffin.

"A man has fallen from the battlements into the lake," he was saying.

Colonel. "It's a poor consolation to that unfortunate girl to know that here is Shaun's pardon."

"They've got him!" exclaimed Oiney O'Farrel. "I saw him pulled out of the wather, lookin' like a drowned kitten!"

"Is he alive?" asked the Colonel, as the party leaned over the parapet, watching the rescue far below.

"Impossible!" said Fanny, hope-

lessly. "He cannot have survived the fall from so fearful a height."

Shaun considered that the moment for revelations had arrived, so he stepped forth. "Spake out," he cried, "an' tell me, am I dead?"

"Oh, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Fanny, fervently. The men shook him heartily by the hand, and the battlements echoed to a "Hurroo!" from the crowd that had found their way up after "the quality."

"Shaun," said Beamish, earnestly, "can you forgive me for the sorrow I have caused you?"

"Bliss you for it, sir!" came the quick response, "for widout it, I'd niver have known how Arrah loved me. I'd consint to be thried, convicted, an' ixicuted oncet a wake to feel mesilf loved as I have been loved this blissid day!"

"Oh," exclaimed Arrah, bewildered, "I can hardly undershtand me sinses! It comes on me all of a suddint! Is there nothin' agin Shaun?"

"No," answered the Colonel; "the law has no further call to him, or to Beamish, either—there's a free pardon to both."

"D'ye hear that, Shaun?" cried Arrah, joyfully.

"I do, dear; but it's a mistake," he declared soberly. "It isn't a pardon I've got. Instid of death, I'm to be transported for life—an' it's yersilf that's to see the sintince rightly carried out, my Arrah-na-Pogue!"

The Whirr of the Picture-Reel

By ANNA PHILLIPS SEE

The spinning wheel in the olden day,
Turned round and round
With busy sound
Spinning the threads that were dull or gay.

Loved was the hum of the ancient wheel,
But now we hear
With willing ear
The welcome whirr of the picture-reel.

It spins life's threads on the magic screen,
Some gay, some sad,
Some good, some bad,
While we look, we live in pictured scene.

We understand, and sympathy feel
For every one
Beneath the sun.
Blest be the whirr of the picture-reel!

My Brother Agostino

(Lubin)

By VICTORI MIRIELLO

Not a customer graced the tables of that popular establishment, the *Ristorante di Filippo,* and Tomasino, the waiter, resumed his occupation of enticing an errant fly from the throat of a vinegar-cruet. In the kitchen, behind a screen, the voices of the cook and the fat padrone were raised unnaturally over a game of *tarocchi.*

"Matto!" said the cook.

"Bagatto!" growled the padrone.

The chink of coins changing hands followed, and Tomasino wondered if the cook's wages had been squandered thereby. The grease-spots on the tablecloths were of more consequence, however, and he meditated doubtfully if they would do for the evening rush. By a dexterous rearrangement of the castors and tortoni bread-holders, he contrived to ambush most of them.

"Mondo!" announced the cook.

"Matto!" grumbled the padrone, and then a shrill voice exclaimed, "Tè chì, tè chì! the risotto is scorching!" The quick scraping of chair-legs, and many endearing phrases, betokened the rescue of the favorite dish by the cook.

Tomasino emptied a sugar-bowl, and refilled it again with the broken lumps beneath. Such occurrences were common with that gambler of a cook in the kitchen, but, empty-head! *he* did not have to take the insults from the customers.

A spasm of violent coughing overtook him, and he leaned wearily against the window-casing while it lasted. It had bothered him only at nights, until recently, when the coughing would sometimes almost shake a patron's proffered overcoat from his hands. Yes, he would go to Dottore Macchi about it tomorrow.

The padrone came out from the kitchen, yawning, and, selecting a regalia from the cigar case, puffed contemptuously at the items in a wine bill on his desk. Tomasino hovered over him an instant, as if he would speak of something, but a glance at the column of unheard-of figures terrified him, and he retreated noiselessly.

The next day, when the tables were to be set and napkins pleated in pleasing shapes in glasses, Tomasino did not come to the *Ristorante di Filippo.* In his place came Luisa, his wife, very slim and good-looking, with a note from the Dottore. The overbusy padrone scarce glanced at its incredulous news. Tomasino sick? *Come!* he hadn't noticed it; but his head was above his stomach, that swift fellow! He would hold his place open—a week, maybe. Diavolo! Why were good waiters always getting sick, or else setting up an opposition place to him?

His complaining voice whined out-of-doors as she left.

Dottore Macchi's note had said that his patient was run down with a bad cold and needed rest. He did not add, as he could have, that the poor fellow's lungs were badly affected, and that he might never flourish again so captivatingly those long-necked bottles of Spumante, which were thrown in gratis with a dinner.

Luisa, tho, knew something dreadful must have fastened upon her husband, for the drug-clerk at the *farmacia* had given her scant change from the bill, which stood for Tomasino's wages at the restaurant. It was the first time, too, she had ever seen him lying in bed in the daytime, and his white face in repose had frightened her.

When she came in, the medicines had arrived, and Tomasino lay awake, looking at their array. He was too weak to sit up, but his long

EL ME CARLASCIA IS ATTENTIVE

fingers played with the bedclothes, as if making shapes with napkins.

"Luisina, is it late?—have any patrons come to the restaurant?" he asked her.

"How should I know? You are taking a holiday," she said, smiling down on him.

"On holidays the cook cant play at *tarocchi*," he said, which seemed to please him, for he sank off into a gentle doze again.

The week went by, and Tomasino's place at the *Ristorante di Filippo* had not been successfully filled. Many trips the perspiring padrone had made to the rooms of applicants. They, and their families, and all their neighbors had sworn that not another such waiter could be had. As he was hopeful, he had believed them, but when another morning had followed a day of bungling, the peg, where Tomasino had hung his well-brushed overcoat, was empty again. Customers began to stay away. Fil-

ippo smoked many black cigars and footed up the wine bills industriously. He had even ordered the fly-specks washed off San Filippo's picture, but the evil would not avert from his door.

When the place was all by the ears, and Filippo had wept on the cook's shoulder many times over his losses, Agostino, the young brother of Tomasino, appeared as the successor to his job. He was swift, obliging, and did not break crockery, or fish the raisins from steaming polenta. Offish patrons came back again to the seats by the mock-orange trees, and the padrone again offered his cigars for sale.

Dottore Macchi and the venerable Curatone sometimes dropped in, and Agostino catered to their palates with delight. To Filippo's inquiries about Tomasino, the Dottore shook his head sadly. "He is very bad; he will not live much longer," he said.

Agostino continued to improve in his art. When the *ristorante* was crowded, he was not able, like Tomasino, to serve the risotto as if he could scarce refrain from pouncing upon it, or, again, if some customer grumbled, could he put forth, herald-like, with smoking dishes from King Cook to some visiting potentate. But his fingers were skillful, and his bright smile opened many stubborn pocketbooks. Tips were his specialty; he rose to them like a pickerel to bait.

Rosa, who danced the *tarantella* at the "Thalia," and her husband, the Sicilian seller of images, came as patrons to Filippo's. She was a Neapolitan, gorgeous and dramatic. Filippo hugged himself over this new attraction. He put on clean collars with some regularity, and bought a "Brazilian diamond" scarf-pin.

His remarkable improvement from the front did not impress her unduly, however, but there was something in the *ristorante* that did. One evening, in a dress of crimson satin, she came alone. Filippo bowed low; Agostino smiled a welcome respectfully. With such smiles vows are plighted and hearts set to beating, but Agostino's was a mark of the trade—nothing more.

Rosa, eating, watched his graceful movements, with the eyes of a stag. Filippo polished his jewel till it put forth some of its guaranteed luster. Agostino's teeth did not sparkle more genuinely; but Tomasino's brother had polished them to keep clean his mouth—nothing more.

Having finished her coffee, she gave Agostino careful drilling in icing her Maraschino; Filippo lit her cigarette with a spill of his own making. Theater time coming, she paid her bill with a dollar and slid another one into the soft hand of Agostino. Filippo, holding her cloak, heard its swift crackle, and bowed with great dignity at her exit.

As he folded the safe door on his pin, he said: "She is fond of him—yes, she is stuck on him." To the cook, Agostino carried the untasted Maraschino, as a pledge of their friendship.

"El mè Carlascia," the seller of images, gave his close ear as a funnel to the acid of Filippo's voice. At closing time he had come to check against her movements of the evening. Agostino had been whirled home by the sails of Tomasino's big overcoat, and Filippo, by candle light, whispered some true things Carlascia believed. He did not lie, but he left out words to fill in with shrugs or a sleepy smile. Carlascia, as was meant, too, filled in, and went home, nursing the swollen tale.

For a long time he had felt Rosa's drawing away from him, and now, jealousy, the child of vice and virtue, clutched him, seeking for a breast.

The following night was the closing of San Antonio's Day, and colored lamps were hung in front of the *Ristorante di Filippo*. Within doors, many guests sat at the Saint's table, and ate greedily what he had left. The festa spirit had spread to the kitchen, too, where the oil keg had been dripping into everything, and a pack of cards had fallen into the kettle of spaghetti.

AGOSTINO AND TOMASINO

"Matto! bagatto!" mumbled the cook, as he drew a good hand out, "this mixing of business with pleasure is a silly thing."

Rosa did not come until after the theater, and Carlascia was not with her, again. She wore a dress of shimmering violet, which to the Italian is suggestive of widowhood. A great jewel in Etruscan setting shone from her forehead. Filippo's scarf-pin glowered spitefully at it, as he led her to a vacant table. The lights had been turned off to give place to wax feast candles, and three stood half-burnt before her. Agostino's face smiled thru them like a fragile cameo.

She ate well and drank much wine; "Tears of Christ," which Filippo had ordered for her alone. He had meant to pour it preciously himself, but, when he came up with a second bottle, she preferred a liqueur from Agostino. She was one of that kind who will drink hemlock from a lover, but who are very temperate to all the rest of the world.

When the candles had guttered and she was alone with Filippo and Agostino, the padrone made a pretense of closing. Agostino took down the coat of Tomasino, and she watched him.

"Agostino," she said, "what time is it?"

"Half-past twelve."

"And the weather?"

"It is snowing."

"Ah! Will you walk part way home with me?"

Filippo, yawning, held her cloak open.

Agostino watched the snowflakes fall softly against the window and wondered if they would be bad for Tomasino.

They stepped out on the white carpet and walked by dark houses with closed shutters.

"Madone, how still it is!" she shuddered.

They came to where a narrow street marked his way from hers. Rosa laid a caressing hand upon his shoulder. "Caro mio," she whispered.

Agostino shivered, but not from the soft air. "Come with me to the house of my brother," he said gently.

She took his hand, and they sank into the shadow of the little street. Carlascia followed. His larger footprints crushed out theirs; his burning eyes turned inward to the smiles of sleepy Filippo. "It is true," the clinging thing on his breast whispered in his ears.

Agostino led Rosa up dark flights of stairs and opened the door to a room in which a single candle was burning. From its wavy light a man's head on a pillow shook a solemn no, no, no, to their entry. It was some time after they entered that his eyes opened.

Agostino bent close to the face and the eyes drank warmth from his. "Behold! my dear one," he whispered, "the grand lady who has been so good to us."

Tomasino smiled the smile which he had taught to Agostino. Then Agostino brought cool water in a pitcher and sat, sewing, at the foot of Tomasino's bed.

Rosa understood.

Feet sounded in the hallway, and Dottore Macchi came into the room. He was very red from the climb and

CARLASCIA UNDERSTANDS

made quick gestures, like a bear, in his fur overcoat. Carlascia crouched, listening, in the open door.

"Ecco! Luisina, little waiter," he panted, seizing the hands of Agostino, "I have the greatest of news."

Carlascia folded his knife with a snap. He understood.

"What cannot San Antonio accomplish?" the Dottore shouted, as to heretics. "I have greatly interested the most illustrious of specialists in Tomasino. He is going to send him to the great hospital, all of glass, where the sun will bore into his lungs. Is it not stupendous?"

Tomasino moved his hand along the bedclothes, as one brushing crumbs from a table, and laid it in the glove of Dottore Macchi. Luisa helped him to his feet, where he stood smiling at all of them.

He understood. But one must be happy on feast-days.

Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art, that of the want of mind in a mean man. A foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one, sensibly; a virtuous one, beautifully, and a vicious one, basely. So that when once you have learnt how to spell these most precious of all legends—pictures and buildings—you may read the characters of men and of nations in their art, nay, as in a microscope and magnified a hundredfold; for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights.—*The Queen of the Air, Ruskin.*

A Blind Deception

(Lubin 11-23-11)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

"Do come out with us, Mr. Nelson. We've got a new roller-coaster, the automobile kind, you know, and it's a dandy!" begged Burt.

"It just zips down the hill. We can go clear to the end of the avenue. Please come," coaxed Hal, adding his persuasive tones to those of his older brother.

Robert Nelson regarded the pair indulgently, but he temporized.

"I'm too big," he objected. "I'd smash the auto."

"No, you wont. Father rode with us after lunch."

As their father weighed something over two hundred, there was no chance for argument on that score, so Nelson took up another line of defense.

"The dust will get in my eyes," he demurred.

"Here, you can take my goggles," said Burt; "I dont need them; I only wear them for show. Mother says that's why most folks wear them."

"I'll just come out and look at the machine," said Nelson, and the boys exchanged delighted glances. They knew their cause was won.

Robert Nelson was not too far from his own boyhood days to catch the enthusiasm of the youngsters. The air had that first tang of autumn crispness, which touches the faintest glow of youth into action. Jefferson Avenue lay glistening in the afternoon sunlight, a smooth, shining slope of temptation. The red auto was soon speeding down the avenue, gathering momentum with every turn of its flashing wheels. Burt, at the front, steered skillfully. Hal, in the rear, honk-honked the horn with vigor. Nelson simply hung on and enjoyed himself.

"Look out for the turn, Burt," Nelson cried sharply.

But something had happened to the steering gear. Nelson saw that they were bound to strike the great elm at the foot of the avenue.

"Jump for the grass, boys, quick," he commanded, and as they obeyed him, he followed them. They picked themselves up from the soft turf, unhurt, and gazed ruefully at the wreck of their precious auto.

"Never mind, you shall have another one," promised Nelson, hastily, noticing the blur in the younger lad's eyes. "Here, brush me off; see how dusty I am. Play Pullman porters, and I'll tip you enough for a new auto. Pummel me as if I were an old carpet."

The boys rose to the occasion with the elasticity of spirit which belongs to youth. But they had scarcely begun their vigorous onslaught upon Nelson, when each boy was seized firmly by his collar and jerked away from his task.

"What do you mean by teasing a poor blind man?" scolded a sweet, tho severe, feminine voice. "Go away at once. I shall help the gentleman home."

As the newcomer glared fiercely at the boys, who were too bewildered to do anything but stare, the reason for her mistake flashed into Nelson's mind. He was still wearing Burt's goggles.

She was very pretty, this valiant little lady. Her eyes were snapping with indignation, her cheeks were flushed, and the soft hair, which escaped from under the blue turban, was ruffled becomingly by the crisp breeze.

"Thank you," Nelson said quickly; "it would be very kind of you to walk up the hill with me. I dont think the boys meant any harm. Children are thoughtless, you know."

As he said these meek and Christian

NELSON IS INVITED OUT TO PLAY

words, he was edging closer to the boys, and his left hand held a bank note. Now he whirled suddenly upon them.

"Be off, now," he said aloud, but under his breath he whispered, with more haste than dignity, "Here's the tip; beat it, like good fellows."

"How fortunate that I happened along," she said, as they started up the hill.

"Very fortunate," he murmured, sincerely.

While he fixed his attention on the fact that he must walk very slowly and carefully, in order to sustain her delusion, he was wondering anxiously what would happen next.

"Of course, she will just walk to the door, and go away," he thought. But her next remark opened up new possibilities.

"I was just on my way to answer your advertisement," she said. "Have you engaged any one yet?"

"No," he answered, groping for a clue to this mystery; "were you—er—interested in the place?"

"I'm not a regular nurse," she answered, "but my father was an invalid for many years, and I cared for him. He died last month. It is necessary for me to support myself, and I thought perhaps I could please you."

"I think you can," he assured her, truthfully. "This is my house. Come in, and we will talk it over."

It had suddenly occurred to the artful Nelson that his neighbor across the way was a blind man. It was all clear now. His neighbor had advertised for a companion, and this young lady, true to the propensities of her sex, had jumped to the conclusion that he was the afflicted one.

Jenks, the butler, having been in the Nelson family before Robert was born, and having had sole charge of his young master's household since the death of the parents, was accustomed to surprising events. But even his trained impassiveness was

not proof against the shock of seeing his young master coming slowly up the steps, assisted by a beautiful, solicitous maiden.

"Are you hurt, sir?" he ejaculated, rushing forward; "has anything happened?"

"No, thank you, Jenks, only a little more tired than usual," replied Nelson, feebly sinking into the chair to which his companion had guided him. "Bring us some tea, and dont let me be interrupted until we have finished our business. I hope Miss Fullerton is going to be my compânion, Jenks."

Jenks gasped, and looked blank and puzzled for a moment. Then, like the good servant that he was, he rallied, and made his best bow—the one he reserved for state occasions.

"I wish you happiness," he said, impressively; "this is most delightful news, sir."

Miss Fullerton looked perplexed at this warmth of reception, but Nelson explained, hastily.

"You see, I've had such trouble to get some one, and Jenks is delighted to think that I am succeeding at last."

Jenks' face was a study as he bounced into the kitchen. "Fix the tea tray, quick," he exclaimed. "Mr. Nelson is sick, and crazy, and going to get married. Hurry up."

The details were soon arranged, over the teacups, and Miss Fullerton left, promising to begin her duties the following day. When she was out of sight, Nelson called for Jenks.

"Jenks," he began, decidedly, "I've got to have an aunt."

"A what, sir?"

"An aunt; a middle-aged, respectable maiden aunt. She's got to live with me. She's got to come tonight. You've got to get her for me."

Jenks, reduced to speechless wonder, could only stare, perplexedly.

"I'm blind, Jenks," continued Nelson, thoroly enjoying his servant's bewilderment. "That young lady is coming to be my companion—to read

WAITING FOR THE "BLIND" MAN

"OH," SHE SHUDDERED, "HOW COULD YOU DO IT?"

to me and write for me and soothe my weary days. I told her my aunt lived with me. Get me an aunt, tonight, Jenks."

"Yes, sir," stammered Jenks.

"And if any one calls in the next few days, dont let them in. I'm ill; I cant be seen. Dont tell them I'm blind; we will keep that melancholy secret for the present. Just say I'm ill."

For a week, Nelson kept up his deception, successfully. But after the first day, his conscience troubled him sorely. The girl was so eager to be helpful, so untiring in her efforts, so sweetly unselfish.

"What did I ever do it for? I cant keep this up forever, and what will she say when she knows the truth? She will be angry, of course, and she will leave me," he growled to himself one morning, when he had risen very early in order to prowl about the house for a while, unhampered by his pretended affliction.

His heart sank at the thought of losing her. We are taught that seven days was long enough for the world's creation. Surely, then, seven days is sufficient time for a tender, ministering maiden to entrench herself deeply in a man's affections.

He flung himself into a chair, moodily, and picked up a letter from the morning mail. But he had read only a few words when he heard a low, faint "O-o-h!" close beside him, and there stood his companion, staring at him with a face so white that he sprang toward her, thinking she was fainting. But she shrank away from him, leaning against the paneled wall, her face so pallid against its darkness, her eyes so wide and bright with dawning accusation.

"Oh," she shuddered, "how could you? To bring me here, a young girl, an orphan, with no one in the world

to protect or avenge me! How could you do it?"

"Miss Fullerton," he begged, his face as white as her own, "indeed, I meant you no harm. I never meant to wrong you. Please let me explain; listen to me, just one moment."

But she drew away from him, slipping along the wall toward the stairway, her white arms groping for the banister, as if the dark horror in her eyes rendered her sightless. One hand clutching the banister, the other pressed against the bright coils of her hair, she climbed the stairs, slowly. At the top, she turned, facing him, steadily.

"Please let me go away without seeing your face again," she said, brokenly; "that is all I shall ask of you."

The week that followed seemed intolerably long to the repentant Nelson. He had entered into the deception in a spirit of thoughtless fun, never dreaming that the result would be so serious. For the first time in his life he was desperately in love, and the object of his affections seemed entirely out of his reach. He called at her boarding house, to be refused admission; he sent her a letter, and it came back unopened.

Matters were in this unprogressive stage when Burt and Hal came bouncing in with a new plaything—a real gun, this time.

"You haven't played with us in such a long time," they pleaded. "Please come out while we shoot at the target."

Nelson consented, listlessly. He might as well give the children some pleasure, since he never could have any more pleasure himself. He followed them into the garden where the target was set up, and the fun began.

But the fun ended, tragically, as Nelson took the gun from Hal for a moment's examination. There was a sudden flash, a sharp explosion, and both boys screamed, as the man staggered backward, his hands pressed tightly to his eyes.

"Run for Doctor Graham, boys," he directed, and they obeyed him, with wildly beating little hearts.

"What shall we do?" sobbed Hal, as they waited outside Nelson's home after the doctor had gone in. "It's our fault that he got hurt—what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Burt, suddenly. "Let's go and get that nurse, the one that stayed with him when he was sick. I know where she lives. I saw her on a piazza yesterday when I was riding with father."

Without telling any one, they set off on their mission. It proved to be a long one, for Miss Fullerton had only been calling at the house where Burt saw her, but they persisted, and after two hours' search, they found her. She grew very pale, as they told the story in their graphic, childish way, urging her to come with them at once.

"You see, there's no one to care for him, only the servants, and maybe he will be blind," urged Burt, with quivering voice, "and it's all our fault, 'cause we coaxed him out to play with us. Please come with us."

The girl consented. How could she refuse, when her heart was beating with such terror and anxiety for the man for whom she had longed every day, in spite of her just anger?

When she entered the house, followed by the two boys, Jenks came forward, his troubled face brightening as he saw her.

"I'm glad to see you, Miss," he said. "Mr. Nelson is hurt badly. There's a great specialist upstairs and they're operating now. They are afraid he will never see again."

It seemed hours to the girl, as she waited with the little group at the foot of the stairs. All her anger and resentment ebbed as she stood there, waiting, hoping, dreading the message from the room above. At last the specialist himself appeared, with his face so grave, that she knew the worst before he spoke.

"Let me go to him," she begged; "I am sure he will want me."

The doctor looked keenly into the

BLIND, INDEED!

girl's face for a moment, then he nodded.

"Go to him," he said; "he needs you."

In the quiet room above, Robert Nelson was having his fight alone, facing a future of darkened, lonely years.

Lonely—yes, that was the worst! The loneliness, the emptiness of years before him. It served him right, he thought, with grim justice; his punishment fitted his crime with terrible exactness. Would she be sorry if she knew that he was really blind now?

Upon his musings broke a familiar footfall, and some one knelt by his bedside, laying a soft, cool hand upon his.

"Is it really you?" he whispered. "Have you come to me, or am I dreaming?"

"I have come," she answered, softly. "I can nurse you, now you really need me. Hush, dont try to talk. You must be quiet. I have forgiven you, of course, and I shall stay with you as long as you want me."

"As long as I want you," he said, slipping an arm from the coverlet and drawing her close. "But that would be forever, and I cannot ask you for that. I cannot——"

But she placed a silencing finger upon his lips. "We will not talk about that, now. You must not be excited. But I shall stay, dear, forever, if you want me."

Then, as he still struggled to speak, she silenced him, at last, effectively, with her own warm lips.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science; so thought our Saviour when he taught the multitudes in parables.—*Jameson.*

"One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin"

(Vitagraph)

From the Scenario of HAL REID. By HENRY PHILLIPS

BEHIND the mask of Rabbi Greenberg's stern demeanor and calm dignity lay a world of affection for his family. But never did he permit the lesser and perhaps stronger ties of husband and father to chafe the greater and more serious bonds of the Lawgiver and Teacher of his people. In all things, then, he was Rabbi first. To be otherwise were gross sacrilege.

As he sat at his desk one morning late in May, with the flowers and all the green glories of Spring shedding their fragrance, and the birds, in their joy of parenthood, bursting into song in every quarter, the father-spirit in his own breast was strangely stirred. And when his daughter Helen entered a few moments later to receive his daily kiss and blessing before going to High School, his heart swelled in affection not unmingled with pride at the sight of the comely girl.

His daughter! Then for the first time did it cross his mind, with a sweep of emotion, that already the child of his loins stood on the threshold of womanhood. Instinctively he harked back thru the ages to that message delivered to the Patriarchs, that has never been disobeyed by the Faithful, "Be fruitful and multiply!"

And as Helen passed down the street, he gazed after her, overwhelmed by the sweetest passion of the Hebrew heart, that of seeing one's children's children swelling the number of God's Chosen People.

He called his wife to him, and for a long time did they indulge their parental hopes, by making definite plans for their beloved daughter's future.

They were both happily agreed on the fortunate young man who should make an ideal son and husband.

But Helen Greenberg went to school that morning busily reviewing the French verb "to love" without the faintest suspicion that it had any meaning in her plans.

But Fate, and a little fellow sometimes called Cupid and sometimes the Little Blind God, were making altogether different plans for Helen Greenberg's future than had yet been guessed by any human being.

Nor, for that matter, did James Mahoney, Jr., that eventful day he came home from Law School and joyfully unrolled a brand-new diploma before two doting parents—neither did he suspect how seriously his plans were going to be tampered with. Already his wealthy parents were discussing a young heiress, for whom they considered James Mahoney (a coming Judge of the Supreme Court, without doubt!) too good.

But, as the poet says:

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley!"

Summer came and was followed by Autumn and then Winter. The course of the seasons, then, had not changed in the least. But Helen Greenberg had grown more beautiful and James Mahoney had worked hard and proved a remarkable success in his apprenticeship to the law. In the Spring he was admitted to the bar.

In the afternoon of that memorable day, James went out into the Park to walk alone, filled with serious thoughts of his career. He practically worked out a plan that should occupy every minute of the ensuing two years. It would mean hard work, nothing but work. With the arrogant certainty of youth, he swore that nothing on this earth should or could swerve him from his purpose.

Just at this critical moment he es-

pied two girls coming down the pathway. One of them was Edith Saunders, of whom he knew his mother wished him to think all the world. He felt a little angry with her that she should come along at this moment and collide, as it were, with his cherished plans.

As a result, he feared Edith and treated her with a slight coolness of manner. He saw no reason, however, to fear her pretty companion and was more than cordial to her.

That, then, was how James met Helen Greenberg, and how all the plans and fond hopes of so many people began to crumble and fall.

During the weeks that followed, James did not pursue his law work with the same diligence with which he had either planned or begun it. He spent many, many precious hours strolling in the Park, near where he had met Edith that day. But Edith no longer appeared on the scene. By his side, with a glorious radiance in her eyes that had for many days puzzled her parents, walked Helen.

One balmy day in early June they both instinctively sought a secluded spot "far from the madding crowd." James was very serious. Helen trembled from the sweet emotion that clasped her. Instinctively she knew she was about to hear the sweetest story ever told.

Both the law and the prophets were forgotten.

"Helen," began James, taking both himself and her by surprise; "Helen——" He seemed unable to proceed.

But their eyes spoke, and sang, for that matter. She *knew,* and he knew that she knew; and the next moment he had caught her in his arms and drawn her close, very close, roughly at first, then ever so gently.

"Oh, Helen, Helen, I love you," he told her thru the masses of hair that brushed his face, bringing an ecstasy all of its own.

"Yes, James," she whispered. And when he kist her the large eyes were wet and shone like jewels.

James took from his pocket a tiny plush box. Within sparkled a wonderful diamond.

"When, dear Helen, will you marry me?"

At the sight of the ring the girl paled and stepped away. James' words brought forth only a shudder. For one moment she saw clearly the far-reaching consequences of their act.

"Oh, James," she began. But the next moment she was in his arms. "I cant live without you," she murmured. "I cant. I cant."

They determined to begin braving the consequences at once. But when they arrived at Helen's home a sudden and terrible fear of the Rabbi's wrath filled them both, and James decided it would be best to defer speaking to him.

Helen looked down fondly at her ring as she was entering the house. Suddenly she paused with a slight shudder, removed the ring and placed it on the chain of the locket about her neck. A feeling of dread possessed her as she entered the door of her father's house.

Two days later James drove up in his runabout to a point near the Greenberg home, where Helen, filled with evident anxiety, awaited him. They rode away to the quiet little village of Suffern and were married by the Justice of the Peace.

That very afternoon Rabbi Greenberg and his wife decided to have a serious talk with their daughter and to confide in her the plans which they had been quietly arranging for her future. They had been somewhat vexed in her want of interest in them thus far. But Jacob Levin had been invited to dinner that very evening, and Jacob had not been backward in telling the girl's delighted parents how very much he thought of their pretty daughter.

But Helen had strangely disappeared, and by late afternoon their vexation had turned to anxiety as to her whereabouts, when she was descried entering the yard with a young man.

The two old people's hearts leapt with sudden joy at the thought that

"GO WITH YOUR GENTILE HUSBAND!"

Jacob and Helen had met, and that perhaps some important part of their plans had already borne fruit.

But when Helen entered, followed by a young man of unmistakable Gentile features, a sinister solemnity settled on the mother and father.

The parent instinct fled from the Rabbi at once and he stood perplexed, yet unbelieving, a Prophet and a Judge of his people.

"Father, this is James Mahoney," said the girl in a low yet firm tone. "I have loved him for a long time. Today we were married. Father, I have come to ask—your—blessing." Her confidence wavered in the last few words.

The old Rabbi passed a hand across his eyes as tho to remove a film. The other hand gripped the table against which he had staggered for support. For a moment the white-faced couple in front of him were displaced by the vision of Abraham sacrificing his son on the mountain.

"My daughter—and a Gentile!" he gasped hoarsely.

Then he slowly straightened up with the dignity of an impartial judge.

"You have sold your birthright! Go with your Gentile husband!" Turning, he walked from the room.

For a moment the mother, who had stood all the while a picture of grief and despair, appealed to the Rabbi, and then, turning to her daughter, pleaded with her to stay.

An interval of silence followed, and then the bride of an hour and her Gentile husband left the house, hand in hand.

With heavy hearts they took their way to the great Mahoney mansion.

Here James found his mother first.

"Mother, this is my wife," he said simply, placing Helen's hand in hers. The mother, who had never cherished any image but that of Edith Saunders for her daughter, was stunned for a moment. But the next moment her

"GO WITH YOUR WIFE AND HER PEOPLE!"

amiable nature came to the fore and she took the girl in her arms and to her heart.

"Well, well, what's all this?" asked a voice behind them. They all started guiltily. It was Contractor Mahoney, smiling and in a most jovial mood.

"This—is—is your new daughter, dear," said his wife slowly; "James's wife."

For what seemed many minutes the man stood studying the girl's Semitic features, incredulous. Then very slowly he turned on his son.

"You have dishonored your race! Now go with your wife and her people! That's all I've got to say to you."

James showed resentment at first, but at length got control of his temper.

"Oh, very well," he said in measured tones. "Good-by, mother. Come, Helen."

He walked proudly from the house with Helen on his arm.

The Little Blind God had altered beyond recognition the plans and lives of six people.

With the prestige of great riches withdrawn, James Mahoney, Jr., found his position somewhat changed. He was one among a hundred struggling after each lean morsel of a case that was thrown into the courts. He saw clearly that the law was a profession that was woefully overcrowded, and he who would succeed must do so either thru "pull" or by sheer merit, the latter way being seldom opened to the unknown attorney.

At the end of three months the young husband was so reduced in circumstances that he and his wife were obliged to move into two miserable rooms.

When they were together there was always a loyal showing of cheerfulness on the part of both. James was always poring over weighty-looking documents which he usually threw

into a drawer of his desk. Nor was Helen's confidence assumed; she fully believed that some day James would become a great lawyer.

All day long James sat in his bare office, waiting, waiting for the client that never came. Now and then he picked up some scrap of semi-legal work that a first-class lawyer would disdain to touch. But the end was rapidly coming in sight. Another week without a goodly sum of money at hand and they would be at starvation's door. Creditors will wait just so long.

Friday came. Saturday marked the limit of endurance. After that he would not even have an office at his disposal.

There was one hope. He had heard indirectly that an old friend of his father's had a lawsuit on hand. He had written offering his services—four days previously.

The factory whistles were announcing lunch hour—not for him—when he was startled by a knock at his office door.

A client? No, perhaps the inexorable landlord. He hesitated so long that the knock was repeated. It *was* his client; his father's friend. The young lawyer pretended to be very busy. He must make an impression. He scurried here and there, and once behind a screen brushed his seedy clothes and carefully rubbed his browning shoes with a rag.

Then with a businesslike air he sat down and listened to his client's presentation of the case. He could scarcely believe his ears.

"You ask me to take a case against my own father? Never!"

"I had not even thought it necessary to urge you in this matter," said the client disappointedly. "I simply had faith in your ability, that was all. I'm sorry." He rose to go, but his departure was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger boy.

At your mother's wish you may bring your wife and come to my home until you are able to earn your own living. So far as I am concerned you are not welcome.

JAMES MAHONEY, Sr.

"No answer, boy," said Mahoney to the waiting messenger. There was a peculiar expression of iron resolution about his mouth. "Now," he said, turning to the puzzled client, "I am ready to discuss your case, sir. I think I can win it for you, too!" he added with a bulldog set to his jaw.

He did win it! The verdict of the jury ran like this:

"We, the jury in the issue joined, find in favor of the plaintiff and assess the damage at $50,000 for failure on the part of James Mahoney, Sr., to fulfill contract."

And Mahoney, Sr., behind the raging anger witnessed by those in court that day, hid a chest that swelled with pride at the conquest of *his boy* whom he had considered a dead failure.

And James went home that night ready to weep like a child with the patient little girl who had shared his poverty. She greeted him as usual, and when he told her the good news, she stood just as one who sees a dream coming true.

"Dearest—*I* am not surprised," she said simply. Then, looking at the floor consciously, she went to him, and tip-toeing up, whispered something in his ear.

With every sign of overwhelming tenderness and joy he took her in his arms. "Helen, *that* will make us the happiest couple in the world!"

Three weeks later the happy pair might have been observed entering the yard of a pretty cottage, and as they approached the porch James handed the surprised Helen a key.

"I dont understand," she said, her lips quivering a little.

"It fits the front door, dear—the front door of *your* house."

The tide had turned.

But there were whirlpools yet in the stream that went down to the very depths of three pairs of human hearts. Twice had the Rabbi and the Gentile father met—and passed by—each feeling in his breast a tender wound torn by the meeting.

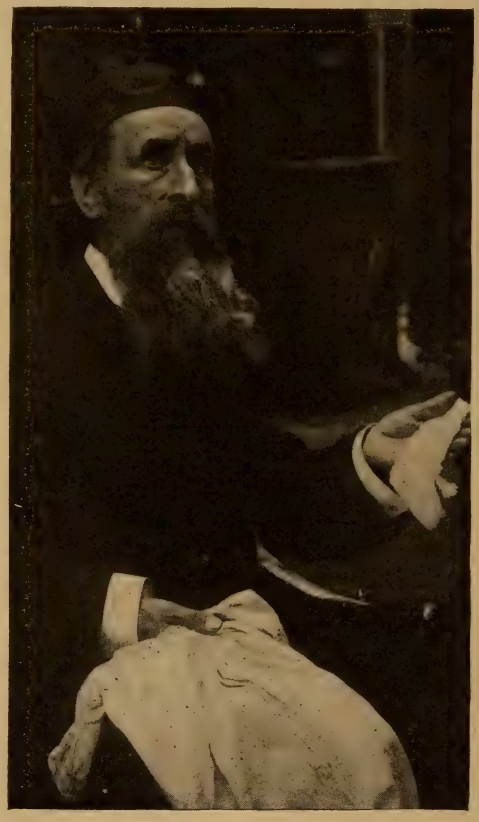
What the Gentile might have done was unthought by the Hebrew, whose

daughter had committed the unpardonable sin. This was clearly demonstrated one brown October afternoon, when, thru some message that binds the mother-heart to her child, Helen and her mother again sat together under one roof.

For two whole hours the happy child had poured into the mother's hungry soul the glad tidings, and all the while she sat working away with tender, loving hands on the tiny garments of the coming generation.

Suddenly the Rabbi, who was supposed to be far away out of town, entered the room. His daughter, rising in dismay, dropped the wee garments to the floor. Then she started forward impulsively. But the Rabbi as suddenly shoved the clamoring father-spirit to the background.

"No," he said coldly, "you are not my——." He would not even permit the word to pass his lips. "Return to your Gentile husband."



THE STERNNESS MELTED

The mother, who had stood in breathless suspense, attempted to speak, but was silenced by the Rabbi.

But when the two had left the room, the cold eyes softened. The sternness melted. The father returned. His eyes fell upon the baby's dress, and the light of this knowledge opened unguessed depths in them. For a moment it seemed that he would go after his child and bring her back. Then he sat down determinedly. "My child! my child! You are lost to me forever!" he said brokenly.

And then, after making sure that he was alone, he did a strange thing. He lifted the tiny dress and pressed it tenderly to his lips, his long beard gently trembling with emotion. But no nearer tribute could he give—above all he was a Rabbi.

When the baby came, two grandmothers managed to be present. There the matter seemed to rest. For when the maternal grandmother told the Rabbi he had a grandson—supposedly the happiest moment in the ripening years of a Hebrew's life—he expressed only the mildest sort of interest. Then, motherlike, she appealed to him in behalf of her daughter. Without a reply he left her, a stoical expression on his face.

The news was broken to the elder Mahoney in quite a different manner. That gentleman sat moodily in his living-room puffing a dead cigar, when his wife entered, skipping and pirouetting about like a girl again. She shook a baby rattle in his face, knocking the cigar to the floor. Then without a word of explanation, she stopped for a moment, throwing a kiss to her amazed husband, and rushed out.

"What the devil——?" he asked, standing for a moment in a deep study. "Well, by Jove, it must

be——." Slowly a broad smile passed over his face, and slapping his thigh, he went out, looking for grandmother, bearing himself with undue pride.

Then came a day when the weather was fine, and James took Helen for ever so short a ride past a certain path in the Park, and where they could see a little secluded spot that a couple of sweethearts had sought one balmy day in June.

the elder Mahoney's house with an uncertainty that was not unlike stealthiness.

He knocked timidly at the door and was admitted by the nurse, to whom he disclosed his identity and asked to be left alone with the child.

For a full minute he gazed at the child, until his stern features were changed by a most glorious smile.

To his dismay, some one was heard approaching. He walked slowly

THE TWO GRANDMOTHERS WERE PRESENT

"And just think, *now*," said James, squeezing the very white hand that lay by his side.

"I cant think, now, dearest; I can only feel it all, here." The white hand fluttered for a moment to her breast. "Oh, James, dear, if only father——"

And all the while they sat thus reminiscing happily, an old man with a long beard had been doing interesting things. In fact, he might have been discerned moving toward around to the head of the cradle and stood back of it, facing the door, guiltily.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney, Sr., entered.

Mr. Mahoney, in his eagerness to see his grandchild, made at once for the cradle. Even then the Rabbi held his amazed attention for an instant, first. Then he slowly bent over the child.

The Rabbi in turn now watched Mahoney; then, letting his eyes fall to the pink face on the pillow, he in-

voluntarily bent over it, too. Mahoney stood upright again, now an amused twinkle in his eye as he looked down at the Rabbi.

Here was a family; this was their child! The thought seemed to come to both simultaneously.

Then for the first time the two grandfathers, alien in race, in creed and in character, looked each other in the eye, steadily, ponderingly. Who can tell what passed thru their minds in that moment of tenseness?

THE ONE TOUCH OF NATURE THAT MADE THEM KIN

Instinctively, still gazing into each other's hearts, their hands met in the strong grip of men become kin.

The baby had wakened and was looking up in frightened wonder, little knowing it was the tie that binds, the one touch of nature that had made them kin.

Thus James and Helen found them, their cup once so bitter suddenly become sweet and overflowing.

But it was not the Little Blind God this time, nor Cupid, but a tiny, pink little fellow that they had decided to call James III.

Little Hank's Plea

By BERT HUMPHREYS

"Say, Pop, kin I have a nickel?"
"What for?" "Why, I want to go
Where all the kids are goin'—
To the Moving Picture Show.
Buck Jones, he went already,
And Dick and Frank and Nell;
They told me all about it,
And, gee! they say it's swell.
Say, Pop, kin I go?

"Buck says a kid, he almost drowns
A-hanging to a log,
And he would, too, only he gets saved
By a big Newfoundland dog.
But the dog, he just swam out
And brought him in, he did;
Buck says it sure was dandy
And it's the niftiest little kid!
Oh, Pop, I want to go.

"Buck says they got three pictures,
And all of 'em so nice
That after he had seen 'em once,
He stayed and saw 'em twice.
It only costs a nickel, Pop,
I think you might,—oh say,
When all the kids are goin'
Would you make me stay away?
Oh, Pop, let me go.

"And then they had a funny one:
Two men, they played a joke
On another one,—you just had to laugh,
Buck says he thought he'd choke.
And then there was some cowboys
And some Indians had a fight,
And when the cowboys won, why, everybody
Clapped with all their might.
Oh, say, I *got* to go.

"Look, Pop, there goes Jim Fletcher,
And Tommy Doogan too.
And Jaky Schwartz and Bill Magee,—
Oh, if you will only do
What I ask, just this once!
Please hurry, I'll be late.
Oh, thanks! Say, Pop, you're all right.
Hey, fellows, cant you wait?
Pop says that I kin go!"

The Greatest of Engineering Feats

Bringing Catskill Mountain Water to New York City

(Kalem)

By PHIL LANG

A FEW years hence, when the water streams flows thru the city from the Catskill mountain mains of Greater New York, a feat of engineering—without question the greatest in history—will have been accomplished.

It was to be expected that New York's water supply would in time prove inadequate. Years ago experts pointed with apprehension to the not-to-be-disregarded law of supply and demand, which made more extensive arrangements imperative. When it is remembered that the daily consumption of water in New York has been approximately 125 gallons per capita, as compared with 200 and even 320 in several other large cities of the United States, it will be seen that New York's allowance is quite moderate and that the installation of the new system, which will require an expenditure of millions of dollars, is not an extravagance, but an urgent necessity.

Since the time of our grand parents, New York has depended upon Croton River, which drains thru its reservoir the water of 360 square miles and furnishes a daily average of 336,000,000 gallons. Two aqueducts, 34 and 32 miles long, bring 80,000,000 and 300,000,000 gallons, respectively, into the city. The gigantic proportions of the completed system will be understood when it is stated that the work now in progress will add 770,000,000 gallons of Catskill water daily. This supply drains from an area of nearly 900 square miles and necessitates the construction of new reservoirs, dams and dykes, an aqueduct 92 miles long—to the city line at Yonkers—and tunnels aggregating 18 miles thruout the city, as well as 16 miles of large pipes.

The main province of a reservoir is, of course, the regulation of water distribution, as the supply from the turbulent streams of spring diminishes until the midsummer drought arrives. Of the new Catskill reservoirs, the Ashokan, located 14 miles west of the Hudson, at Kingston, and approximately 86 miles from New York, is by far the greatest. Seven villages will be removed to make way for this gigantic basin, with its shore line of 40 miles. With a water area of 12.8

STORM KING MOUNTAIN, WHERE THE CATSKILL AQUEDUCT PASSES UNDER THE HUDSON AT A DEPTH OF 1,100 FEET

THE CATSKILL AQUEDUCT LEADING INTO HILL VIEW RESERVOIR

square miles and a maximum depth of 190 feet, the capacity of the Ashokan is estimated at 130,000,000,000 gallons, and its cost, exclusive of the real estate involved, will be in the neighborhood of $14,000,000.

The Ashokan dam across the Esopus gorge will be nearly a mile in length and is 240 feet in height. Its width of 24 feet at the top will permit a road to be built across. Work was begun on this dam in 1907, and some idea of its size may be gained from the statement that it will require eight times the material used in the construction of Cheops, the largest pyramid in the world.

From the Ashokan reservoir extends the main aqueduct, known as the Catskill, which will convey the water into New York. When "aqueduct" is mentioned, one instinctively associates the creations of the Romans, who in 97 A.D. had no less than nine, with an aggregate length of 263 miles. But the contents of all those aqueducts would occupy less than one-fifth of the space within the Catskill. To appreciate its enormity, one must visit a point where hundreds of men and horses, massive steam shovels and rattling stone-crushers and concrete mixers are gradually molding this great concrete tube, 17 feet in height and 17 1-2 feet in width.

This type of construction, known as the cut-and-cover, and forming 55 miles of the aqueduct, is but one of the four distinct types. Where hills and mountains cross the line, and it would be impracticable to circumvent them, tunnels at the natural elevation of the aqueduct are driven thru them. There are 24 of these grade tunnels, aggregating 14 miles. They, like the cut-and-cover, are horseshoe shape, 17 feet high by 13 feet 4 inches wide and lined with concrete. Where deep and broad valleys must be crossed and there is suitable rock beneath them, circular tunnels are

driven deep in the rock and lined with concrete. There are 7 pressure tunnels, totaling 17 miles, with a diameter of about 14 feet. A shaft at each extremity connects each pressure tunnel with the adjacent portions of the aqueduct. Steel-pipe siphons are used in valleys where the rock is not sound or where for other reasons pressure tunnels would be impracticable. These steel pipes are made of plates riveted together, from 7-16 to 3-4 inch in thickness, and are 9 feet and 11 feet in diameter. They will be lined with 2 inches of cement mortar, embedded in concrete and covered with an earth embankment. In all there are 14 of these siphons, aggregating 6 miles.

At that picturesque spot four miles above West Point, where Breakneck Mountain on the east faces Storm King on the west, the Catskill aqueduct passes under the Hudson at a depth of 1,100 feet. Approaching Manhattan, the Catskill strikes Croton reservoir, where its course continues 500 feet under ground.

Near White Plains is located the Kensico reservoir, which will act as a safeguard should accident befall the Catskill aqueduct at any point above. It has also been embodied in an act of legislature that adjacent towns may secure their water supply from Kensico, so that this reservoir will at some future date become a distributing point.

In Yonkers will be located the Hill View reservoir, covering 163 acres and with a capacity of nearly a billion gallons. This reservoir will control and distribute into the city the water which has come down by way of the Catskill aqueduct from Ashokan and Kensico.

And now the engineer meets with the problem of placing city conduits without tearing up the streets or striking the subways and other subterranean passages and pipe lines which underlie the city. From Hill

TUNNELLING A PATHWAY FOR THE CATSKILL AQUEDUCT IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY

SECTION OF CATSKILL AQUEDUCT AT BROWN STATION

View reservoir an immense tunnel is being made, hundreds of feet below the street level. It will pass under the Harlem and East Rivers, and numerous shaft houses along the line, thru the city and suburbs, are the only indications of the extensive work now being carried on in penetrating the solid rock beneath New York.

Before this gigantic undertaking is completed there will be a filtering plant installed near the Kensico reservoir. At both the Ashokan and Kensico reservoirs immense aeration fountains will be built. The function of these fountains is to throw the water high into the air, where gases are given off and oxygen supplied.

In the space of such an article as this it has been impossible to comment upon the construction of dams, dykes, sluice gates and valves, the removal of whole townships within the reservoirs' area, the almost insurmountable barriers overcome in making a pathway for the Catskill aqueduct and the host of experts who

VIEW OF ASHOKAN DAM

have concurred in the several branches of this vast work.

We seldom think of the subway, except when occasion demands that we ride in it. In the same way, when the clear water of the Catskills issues forth at the turning of a faucet, we will doubtless accept it as a matter of course—the only reminders of the great system which brings the supply being the reservoirs and dams and an occasional view of the evenly graded embankment over portions of the aqueduct. Yet when all things are considered, the years of labor, the scientific principles involved and the commendable end accomplished, the construction of New York City's new water system will stand as the greatest of engineering feats and one of the wonders of the world. The main features of the work now in progress, from Ashokan to New York, have been taken in Moving Pictures, with the co-operation of the Water Department, and they will prove highly instructive, giving a clear idea of the enormity of the undertaking.

New Lines to an Old Song

By JOHN S. GREY

How dear to my heart are those fine Moving Pictures
Which every evening now come to my view,
In spite of the foolish, the misguided strictures
Which Misunderstanding oft tries to renew!
The dramas of love and of human emotions,
The plays that amuse and the plays that excel,
The plots that are pleasing, the whims and odd notions
And ev'ry loved scene that the films show so well!
The fine Motion Pictures, the new Motion Pictures,
The dear Motion Pictures that please us so well!

The comedy-dramas I love to unravel,
The tragedy plays with their lessons so plain,
The numerous scenes of adventure and travel—
I love to go see them again and again!
The pictures that tell how a break or a fracture
By surgeons are mended, howe'er they befell,
The screens that explain how machines manufacture
'Most all kinds of goods, my attention compel.
The fine Moving Pictures, the new Moving Pictures,
The dear Moving Pictures we all love so well!

The films that depict scenes from History's pages,
Political, Biblical, social or war,
That reproduce characters from the past ages,
Are best evidence of what pictures are for.
To teach, to instruct, to inform and amuse us,
To lessons impart as their stories they tell,
So why should old "Misunderstanding" accuse us
Of stanchly defending what we love so well?
The fine Moving Pictures, the new Moving Pictures,
The dear Moving Pictures we all love so well!

The Reason Why

(Méliès 11-30-11)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

It was a beautiful pipe which Slim Dan had offered to sell, addressing himself more particularly to Hank, and there really seemed no reason why the latter gentleman should arise in wrath and with threats and a handy axe-handle drive the astonished and indignant Slim out into the night. I looked inquiringly at Pedro, whose life has been embittered by his erroneously suggestive name. So near the Rio Grande, Bill or Mike would have been much more satisfactory.

"Which he probably didn't mean nothin' 't'all, Hank," Pedro remonstrated. "You're too sensitive that-a-way."

He grinned at me.

"Pipes an' talk of pipes always recalls to Hank the sad occasion when his heart was plumb busted, an' some of these here mavericks has found it out," he explained.

Hank nodded cheerfully.

"When both our hearts was busted —mine an' Pedro's," he said, and lapsed into a revery that mingled sadness and sweetness, to judge by the alternating sighs and smiles.

"I reckon you never heard tell of Marie French?" he presently asked, and when I pled my newness in the region he shook his head. "I thought you might 'a' knowed her back East," he explained, "only, in course, her name ain't French now."

"No, it ain't," Pedro seconded, "it's Smithers!"

They sighed deeply, in chorus.

"But Marie was the prettiest little

"PRETENDIN' TO WANT MORE TOBACCO"

"A-DEMANDIN' LICKER FROM MARIE"

trick you ever did see, when she whirled in to run the general store over to Painted Post. Which was all there was for her to do, when her pa and ma died and left her all alone, that-a-way," Hank hastened to say, as tho defending her memory. "He was a right smart of a good looker, if his name *was* Smithers."

"She thought a whole lot of me, an' never held my name agin me none. Hadn't been for Smithers, I reckon I——" Pedro began, softly, whereat Hank scowled menacingly.

"You reckon you—— huh? Shucks! You mean you reckon *I* would 'a'——"

"Oh, well, *one* of us, anyhow," Pedro offered, conciliatingly, and Hank let it go at that.

"Seems like 'tain't no more than yesterday that I blew into that store," Hank presently continued, "an' there was Marie standin' back o' the counter, smilin' like, but askin' real business-like what I'd have. Shucks! I plumb forgot what I *did* want—which I was reminded that it was bakin' powder when the biscuits was flat an' hard as a Mex dollar that night—an' I just stood a-staring with admiration like, an' she asked me again, sorter sharp, what I would have. There was a rackful of pipes on the counter, so I said I wanted a pipe, an' in less'n no time I was outside with a pipe in my pocket."

"He needed a pair o' pants mighty bad, an' rid all the way to Lacy's, forty miles, 'cause he couldn't think of 'trousers,' an' didn't think it was ladylike to ask for pants," Pedro sniggered.

"Which the instincts of a gentleman is plumb past the comprehension of some folks," Hank retorted loftily, but Pedro did not regard him.

"I needed some tobacco, and went to the store to get it, next day," he was saying. "I know it was next

day, 'cause I asked her if a pie-faced Apache with manners like a grizzly had been 'round botherin' her, an' she said if I meant my partner, Hank, he had been in the day before, an' had warned her that if a black-haired coyote with a Greaser name came snoopin' 'round, she'd better watch the small articles on the counter, so if I didn't wish anything more just then she'd be obliged if I'd step outside, so she could sweep the floor.''

''An' he had the nerve to go back next mornin', pretendin' to want more tobacco,'' Hank sneered.

''An' while I was a-gettin' it, who come sidlin' in, sayin' he'd lost his pipe, an' wanted another?'' Pedro retorted.

''Which it was his week to wash the dishes, an' he was so plumb locoed, a-runnin' to the store every minute, that there wasn't nary clean plate to eat offen,'' Hank jeered.

'' 'Twas your week to wash 'em that you thought of that fine scheme of usin' one side o' the plates an' turnin' 'em over an' usin' the bottom side next meal, wasn't it?'' Pedro demanded.

Honors even, Hank continued:

''She was shore the most business-like young female girl ever you did see. Feller go into that store, an' 'fore he can say a word, pleasant and casual-like, she ups an' says, 'Good-morning-what-will-you-have-thank-you-call-again,' just that-a-way, an' you'd be outside——''

''With another pipe in your pocket,'' Pedro interjected.

''Or more tobacco,'' Hank thrust back.

''Funny how much money a feller can spend on tobacco,'' Pedro said, with a slight sigh.

''Ain't to be compared to pipes for expensiveness,'' Hank denied.

''But it was worth it,'' Pedro affirmed, loyally.

''It shore was—but I wish I could 'a' thought of somethin' besides pipes to ask for,'' Hank said thoughtfully. ''Socks, maybe.''

''FUNNY ENOUGH TO MAKE A HORSE LAUGH''

"TRIES TO BUTT IN"

"An' soon as a feller had bought somethin' she'd run him off same as a dog," Pedro sighed.

"*Any* feller," Hank agreed.

"*All* fellers," Pedro amplified.

"But she was shore glad to see me the time them two drunks come 'round," Hank asserted. "Hadn't a-been for me——"

"Hadn't a-been for *me,* you mean," Pedro corrected.

"Well, if it hadn't a-been for us, anyhow," conceded Hank, and the concession was accepted. "Two low-down tramps come a-wanderin' down this-a-way," Hank remarked directly to me, with an apparent sudden realization that the narrative had been somewhat fragmentary, "an' they was pizen drunk. They'd run out of licker an' wanted more. They went past me where I was a-sittin' on my ho'se in the shade, side o' the road, not far from the store——"

"He was a-watchin' to see if I went to the store—like that would do him any good!" Pedro interrupted.

"I was jest a-restin'," Hank denied scornfully. "You didn't dare go near that store—you didn't have no more money to buy tobacco," he added, crushingly.

"Didn't have no more money 'cause you'd borrowed it all an' spent it on pipes!" Pedro snapped, and the narrative had again lost its forward movement.

"After them tramps had gone on," Hank presently resumed, "I got to thinkin' that they might take a notion that they could get licker at the store, same as at most stores down this-a-way, so I wakes up the old ho'se and lopes after 'em. Shore enough, I sees 'em go into the store. I knowed that pore little girl was in there all by herself, most likely, like—like a——" Hank groped desperately for a simile and found—"like a pore little rabbit caught in a fence corner by a pair o' hound-dogs. So I charges right up to the door, an' jumps offen my pony, an' rampages into that store an' jumps them two tramps, what is a-demandin' licker from Marie. They was a right tough handful."

Pedro took up the tale.

"I was a-sittin' in the shade, jest a-restin' like, not far from the store, when I hears Marie scream for help, an' when I gets there, them tramps has got Hank down, an' one is about to knife him."

"My foot slipped on a—on a cake o' soap," Hank grumbled. Pedro merely looked his contempt, and continued:

"It would 'a' been all over with Hank in a minute, but I jumped in an' knocked them tramps around somethin' scandalous."

"Yes, you done fine! Mighty lucky for you that I got my man down an' out just when I did, or that other feller'd got you all right!" Hank snorted.

Pedro nodded.

"Reckon you're right. Reckon we 'bout broke even that time."

"Well," Hank continued, "between us we dusted off that pair right smartly—licked all the fight out of 'em, and by the time a bunch o' folks come pilin' in, they had got into a foolish, harmless state. They was funny enough to make a ho'se laugh, an' when I busted one of 'em's old derby down over his head, so that the brim went down 'round his neck like a collar, Marie laughed like she never would stop. But she did stop, pretty soon, an' come over pretty as you please to thank me for savin' her, but that thick-headed Pedro tries to butt in, an' it ends up by Marie treatin' us like a couple of kids, makin' us shake hands, an' laughin' at us as we walks off. Felt mighty sorry just then that I hadn't let that feller knife Pedro."

"Just what I was a-thinkin' 'bout you right then," Pedro grunted.

"An' first thing next mornin'," Hank resumed, "this here Pedro person tries to slip off, intendin' to see Marie an' tell her some sorter tale that will give him all the credit for savin' her from the tramps. But I saw him go, an' soon as I could get on my shirt I jumped on my old ho'se, an' caught up with him.

"Might 'a' saved yourself so much trouble," Pedro sneered.

"Might jest as well," Hank agreed, sadly. "Pedro and me took one look, an' turned around, an' went our way with busted hearts."

"Took one look at *what?*" I ventured, as Hank seemed disinclined to continue.

"IN THE ARMS OF THIS HERE SMITHERS PERSON"

"WE'RE A-SMOKIN' ON THAT TOBACCO YET"

"Why, at Marie in the arms of this here Smithers person," Pedro explained, evidently annoyed at my dullness. "When you see a girl like Marie all snuggled up in a feller's arms, you can just go on your way, knowin' it's all over but the talk with the parson."

"We ambled on home with our busted hearts," Hank took up the sad tale, "'cause there wasn't nothin' else to do. We was told afterwards that Marie had been engaged to this Smithers person ever since she was at school back East."

"We are a-smokin' on that tobacco yet—reckon it'll last us two years longer," Pedro sighed, as he took a fresh package from his pocket.

"And them pipes—we'll never use 'em up," Hank said slowly. "A month's wages worth of pipes is a lot of 'em. I shore wish some of them was socks."

The Play's the Thing

By PAGE LOW

Nowadays there seem to be
  Inventions of all kinds,
To suit the tastes and to agree
  With all the different minds.

But of them all there is one thing,
  Which pleases every way:
Old and young its praises sing—
  And that's the Photoplay.

The best of drama we can view,
  Behind the poster signs;
The best of actors in them, too,
  Who always know their lines.

We sit and watch the picture-folk,
  In whom we see and feel
The story sad, or the funny joke,
  But the smiles and tears are real!

The Motion Picture as a Crusader

By H. F. EVERS

THE Motion Picture has become the crusader of the twentieth century. Its only weapons are interest and enlightenment, and they are rapidly eradicating evils which no other human agent can reach. Reformers acknowledge that the Moving Picture theater plays a most important part in forming the ideas and tastes of the people. It reaches a class of city inhabitants that neither the church, the lecture hall, nor the newspapers can scarcely interest. The new crusader is becoming more powerful every year.

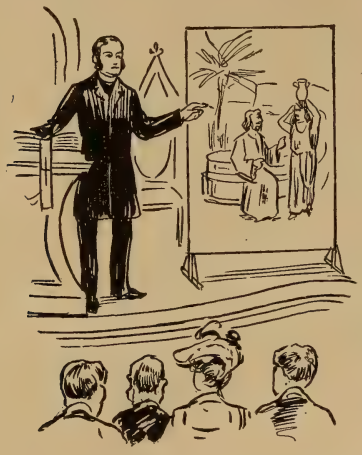
Out in the Philippines the Motion Picture has vanquished ignorance and barbarism among the wild tribes of those islands, and has become a most efficient aid to the processes of modern civilization. The natives have watched, with awe and fascination, the moving film, which has told them in silent language to alter the unspeakable conditions and inhuman customs to which they have adhered from time immemorial. There have been fewer murders since the Motion Picture made its crusade than ever before. Civilizing strange peoples has become a simple task. It is officially used by the army of the United States for this purpose in Far Eastern colonies of this great republic.

The most significant application of the Motion Picture to the assistance of good movements for the benefit of the people was shown during the preparation made for a "safe and sane" celebration of the recent Fourth of July. One of the film companies helped champion the agitation by producing a film which was an effective weapon for attacking the barbarous customs of the old-fashioned celebration. This pictured the horrors and dangers resulting from adhering to precedent in the use of explosives, merely for the noise which they produce. This was all done in an interesting way, presenting not alone a delightful love story, but also a vivid reproduction of the enjoyable features of a celebration of Independence Day that is both gloriously and sanely observed.

This, however, was not venturing into an untried field, for many films have been flashed before the Motion Picture screen which have social uplift for their theme. The evils and inhumanity of man toward man, in certain kinds of employment, have made excellent subjects for virile Photoplays, and film-producers recognize that there are both profit and public approval to be gained from this policy. Indeed, the Motion Picture of the future will co-operate with the social worker, as it is now doing with the educator, and in this the invention will have one of its most benign fields. Child labor, the dangers of the sweatshop, the effects of impure milk, the action of bacteria on food, and countless other evils of modern life, have been pointed out to the uneducated as no other device ever invented has been able, or will be able, to do.

There have been a few ministers of the church who have realized the power and popularity of the new crusader, and who purpose making use of it in the near future. Because the Motion Picture, carefully selected, will tell to the eye moral truths, with vigor of illustration and with an eloquence

of impression which the most enthusiastic orator cannot command, they declare that it has a proper place in the equipment of any church which is trying to reach the masses. The first of its possibilities as a religious tool for the moral reformer is as an entertainment device. It can help in giving religious instruction in the Sunday-school. It can do more for foreign and home missions than any agency yet devised. The church is thus equipped with an effective agent of broad civilization, for its religious ministry should certainly include the social education of the needy. The graphic, universal language of the Motion Picture needs no interpreter, and social and domestic and personal hygiene is being taught thru its aid.



Not the least of its possibilities is the usefulness of the Motion Picture to the preacher. His sermons can be made vivid, dramatic and interesting, and he can thus vitalize his teachings, appealing to human nature in the most effective way. Clergymen who see the light declare that were ministers to return to Jesus' method of sermonizing, and, with story and dramatic pictures drawn from contemporary experience, would illustrate simple ethical and spiritual realities, the constituency of the church would become larger, stronger, and more loyal. They have even gone so far as to plan and outline a Motion Picture service of worship.

The Motion Picture as a crusader is growing in power and influence. Every movement for uplift will realize its potency as an agency of reform, and will enlist its aid. It stands for better citizenship; it is attracting millions to higher standards of living; its value as a crusader cannot be measured. Future generations alone will benefit more largely thru its influences than can be appreciated now. It keeps time with the march of progress. It has come to stay forever.

The Photoshow

By MINNA IRVING

"I think," said Papa Brown one day,
"I'm feeling rather blue,
I need a change to cheer me up,
A little pleasure too,
So I'll put on my hat and go
To see a Moving Photoshow.

"And Mabel—school will soon be out,
She really ought to see
The views of foreign lands, they help
Her in geography,
I'll wait, and she can also go
Along to see the Photoshow.

"There's Mary, tho, a faithful wife,
Whose work is never done;
She likes the vivid Photoplays,
Their pathos and their fun,
I'll stop and take her as I go,
We both should see the Photoshow.

"But Billy—it will never do
At home to leave the boy,
The cowboys and the Indians
Are his delight and joy,
So bless the kid, he'll have to go
With us to see the Photoshow.

"Oh! Essanay, and Edison,
Pathé, and Vitagraph,
And all the rest, they make us cry,
But also make us laugh.
And that is why whole families go,
Like Brown's, to see the Photoshow."

The Chains of an Oath

(Vitagraph)

From the Scenario of BENJAMIN BARONDESS

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

THE sun had climbed to its height above them and hung there, a ball of brilliant heat. Those in the flat wheat field had felt its first gray coldness, its rising warmth thru the morning, and now, as they rested, they talked of its glowing anger.

Donia sat in the stubble and ate her black bread and herring hungrily. For six hours she had stood behind Gregory, with rake or binding wisp, and followed dumbly the path of his scythe. The sweep of its blade had always cut close to her; too close for safe labor, not close enough for careful love, yet she had heeled, like a dog, behind him. When he had stopped to join the men, she had laid her rake across his scythe and turned away alone.

She was dog-weary now, empty, and ate with animal directness. Overhead a few curlews, with their dreary whistle, winged southward. In the distance, like a burning haystack, the sun glistened on the roof of St. Damian's.

In the hands of a gray-haired rester the strum of a balalaëca came feebly across the open. When his fingers had formed the minor chords of a folk-song, the harvesters joined him in a slow chanting guttural. It would seem the recital of things that had to be. With its continuance came passages of wailing, as of remonstrance, and sustained high notes, too, as of a striving unborn in speech.

The seeking ballad ceased in low, checked notes, and the clay bricked in the breast of the peasant girl again. She did not move as Baush, her father, crossed the field and squatted at her side. He took the hunch of neglected bread from her lap.

"Donia," he said, chewing, "why dost thou grind with the grindstone? Why art thou without words?"

She aroused herself with an effort. "Nitchevo! father, who knows!" she said slowly; "I was dreaming."

"See, see!" he said, reddening, "there is work to be done—much work."

"Am I not at the point of the scythe all day?" she answered lowly.

"Yes, yes; you step on his heels; you kiss the steel; it is good enough; but Gregory is angry. See! he is drinking like a fat pig. Your step always behind him, yet no words, has frightened him."

"I work to work," she said.

His mouse-like eyes blinked resentfully. "Pfoo! have a care," he growled, "you are taunting him too far."

She lapsed into dullness, as an old woman came feebly across the field from the road.

"Good health, good health!" she said in a cracked voice to Baush, and seeing the girl she continued, "and good news."

"Well, old match-maker," Baush said, "what is it you bring?"

"A husband, a husband," she droned in a mincing manner. "If he blew hot last night, he may blow cold today."

"Eh, little mother, you are joking?"

"God keep me! no; it is the truth. He came to me last night and asked to arrange for Donia. Is it not nice?"

Baush laughed loudly. "Gospod zuajer!" he said. "God knows if you are lying. Gregory! Gregory! Little worker!" he shouted.

A tall man rose up from the moujiks and walked toward them with clacking boots. As he drew near them they could see the gray eyes somewhat dilated above his pitted face and broad cheek bones. He came up and stood in front of Baush so that his back would be toward Donia.

BAUSH PERSUADES DONIA TO GIVE GREGORY HER HAND

"Well, well, well!" said Baush cheerfully, "so you want my ewe lamb? But why do you go to the match-maker? Why this long road to the barn?"

Gregory Petrovitch stood silent.

Baush went on: "Will you pay ten roubles to the batuschka?—you must marry without too much bargaining with the little father. Can she sleep on the oven in winter? Yes, yes! Come!" he added, warming with his solicitude, "and you will not beat her more than is necessary?"

Petrovitch spat out a mouthful of bread, as if it had gone bitter. A woman in the field bending over a suspended ljulka, started a low cradle song. Its croon fell dream-like upon Donia. Her hand seemed to rest as upon an anvil, within the hand of Gregory. Searing eyes sought hers, downcast. She shivered as if waiting a blow. Then the clacking boots before her face turned about and the sunlight filled up the space of his shadow.

Baush yawned, now that the love-making was over.

Donia was dreaming, in the land where it is not permitted to think, as the wood-smoke wreathed about the oven. She pictured the strange appearance in the village of a great bareen with curious clothes and shoes of shiny leather. How they, thinking him some high official, held off as from a bear-trap. When he had thumped his chest and shouted, "I am Piotr, the son of Vlass; dont you know me?" they had gathered round him, peering and cringing. Little Piotr, the carpenter's ne'er-do-well, who had run off with a peddler? Well, well, well! Had the Little Father made of him a great nobleman? With much smoking of trembling pipes and drinking of vodka they had crowded round him at the inn and listened to

his story. He told them of a land all streets and big warehouses reaching to the sky; somewhere, too, he did not know, back of this were pleasant farms with many cows and buildings of white and red. Pretty soon, when his eyes had ceased rolling, he was put to work, sawing and hammering at the big houses. Others were working in big caves under the street, in which to run trains without steam. Surely, a crazy people. But he was working, working; getting five roubles a day! One day, after several years, a great fat man came to him and gave him money and said he could help to make a new Tchinovnik, a President high official of the democrats. "God bless those dear democrats, who are the men-people of America," Piotr had explained, with tear-filled eyes.

But the moujiks, tho moved, gave no utterance save whispers. "Be careful," one cautioned, "he is a drunken official, a terrible fellow."

"Yes," said another, "after this honey comes the sting of the lash."

PIOTR RELATES WONDERFUL THINGS ABOUT AMERICA

The young peasant girl had listened as to the preacher of a new gospel. Her dawning vision had leapt ahead of his words. A land where toil was paid with gladness! Where the sick could lie on soft beds; where the old did not beg bread on the streets! Where the voice of hunger was listened to! It was too wonderful not to accept. She had crept home, hugging her treasure of belief.

As she lived over again this unforgetable scene, her swelling breast cloyed with the sweetness of desire. So much so that she took no notice of the little old man standing in her open doorway. His shinell was of fine cloth and he wore earrings of beaten gold. His thick face, flaccid and white like a carp, held the cunning of a pig's as he blinked into the hut. Those who did not reck the visit of Goloplek, the usurer, were either crazy or dead. It was his custom to lend against the harvest, and then, as authorized by law, to gather threefold what roubles he had sown. What was his security? Plenty: the crops; and those failing, the home, the furniture, the live stock; and those not satisfying, the bodies of those bound to him.

Baush's loan was due; the usurer had come to remind him of it. He must serve notice and be off on his rounds.

The moujik, coming in with a backload of boughs, almost brushed his guest into the hut.

"The kulack!" he gasped, as the little man blinked his anger. "Otchen bedni, I am very poor. What can you want with me now?"

"My head aches with such silly cries," the kulack said; "give me my roubles and let me be gone."

"But, little master, the grain is not yet gathered," Baush explained hurriedly.

"Do I not hear of a marriage? Is this right? Would you have her avoid body labor? Pfoo! I think you are sly," the creditor panted.

"Gospod zuajer! I tell you the truth," Baush said, paling.

"Liar, liar! My head is cracking with your denials." The creases in

the fat face smoothed out again. "There, there! you have refused me; I have made my demand." He backed out hurriedly, smiling.

Donia turned her serious face to Baush. "Father," she cried, "I fear that terrible little kulack; he has a heart of ice, with all his pretty ways."

"He is a pest, a blight: he comes down upon the grain and eats at the stalks," he muttered.

"Dear father," she said, with sudden animation, "this Piotr, the son of Vlass, is no creature of the Zembla Bogh. There is something about him that shows he has been touched with the nobleness of the New Land—he made me feel it deeply."

"Nitchevo!" he grumbled, "I do not understand him."

"I do, I do!" she cried, with burning eyes. "He has been sent by the God in Heaven to tell our commune of this America, to lighten our misery. I am persuaded, I am persuaded," she added, with the devoutness of a convert.

"Yes, yes," he said, puzzled.

"Cant you see?" she said, rising. "I will go there, and work, work, work. I will work gladly and in peace—whatever they give me to do, with my hands always busy and my heart here in our dear village."

He looked at her dumbly, as at a holy procession.

"But Gregory, thy be-be-betrothed——" he stuttered.

The girl shivered as she had in the wheat field. The dumb animal look closed down over her face like a spent fire. She became the dull peasant again. As a burnt log, when its gases are stirred, gives out one dying tongue of flame, so she put forth her last effort.

"Little father," she said softly, "tomorrow a cart will take me to the railroad. When the people are gathered to see me go away, I will swear before the Holy Image that I am betrothed to Gregory."

He bade her set food and kvas before him, and sat down and ate and drank greedily.

The next day, before sunrise, the villagers assembled before St. Damian's to witness the departure of Donia.

"Poor girl," one said, "she is bewitched by that lying fellow, Piotr."

"Who knows, eh!—she may be running off with him."

"Evil will come of it."

As the peasant girl stood with Baush before the cart, a tall fellow in a shirt of sackcloth pushed thru the crowd and fronted them. It was Gregory. His hand closed over hers again.

"I swear to return and to marry Gregory Petrovitch," her high-pitched voice said, so that those in the back heard it plainly.

Petrovitch's high forehead was furrowed with doubt, but his eyes gleamed as at the sight of vodka.

"Oi, öi! she is a good girl," the wives said. "As for Gregory, he loves her too much. He will beat her—yes, he will be the head of his household."

As the sun came up, orioles began to sing with plaintive notes in the woods of the commune. The creaking wheels of the cart started down the road.

Donia had been with the Ramienoffs for three years. It was a pleasant house, somewhat noisy, always filled with poor relatives.

She had been with them, almost one of the family, since her coming to the country of tall warehouses. And she was busy. Little Paul had to be washed and dressed and the baby fed from many patent bottles. Vera must be taken to the public school, and out with the others in the park. When night came they fought her vigorously before going to bed. But she was happy, too. Mr. Ramienoff sometimes came home, his pockets filled with cheap candy, and took the household out for a trolley ride to some beach or picnic grounds. She had puzzled a little over the strange clipt words in the child's school books, and could spell out the words "H. Linderkrauss, Fine Table Groceries" in letters of gold on the

DONIA JOINS THE RAMIENOFFS' HOUSEHOLD

delivery wagon that stood diurnally at their door. Otherwise, on the surface, she was a Russian of the Russians. Underneath, the long winter was breaking in her breast. The boisterous affection of the Ramienoffs, the look of the laborers in the early morning from her window, the noisy children running out of school, the very antics of the household pets spoke to her in the tongue of the new country. She was beginning to understand that the spirit, the soul, must be free and the body would follow joyously.

One day, as she left Vera by the gates of the school, a fresh-posted bulletin caught the child's eye.

"See, Donia, dear!" she cried, "what they are saying. 'Evening School Opens Tonight,'" she spelt out slowly. "Now this is too much; they want to lock us up altogether in there.

"'English, Sewing, Dressmaking'" she continued. "Oh! it's for grown people. Goody! I'm glad they have to go to school again."

That night, long after the big classroom had settled down to its task of learning English, a quiet girl, with the strong figure of a worker, walked softly up the aisle and stood in front of the teacher's platform. To his question, "What do you want?" she said, "Englese," which answered him exactly. Something in her full, unwavering eyes pricked him on, and he called out, "Any one speak Russian here?" at a chance.

A voice in the back answered yes, and a slight, dark young man stood up. This was her first sight of Ivan Ilarionovitch.

When they had come to an understanding, the teacher said: "Ivan, I turn this young girl over to your charge. She will sit by you, and you

TEACHING DONIA ENGLISH

shall make things known to her in your own way. Be careful—remember that she is ignorant and comes to learn."

Ilarionovitch, a Tatar Russian of the little nobility, was of the material of a great poet or of a little meddler, as his government would recognize him. When his love of man had grown so that he had begun to voice it in writing, they had sent him out of the country. He was very lithe, dark, and with extremely fine eyes.

On their way to the Ramienoffs that night he questioned her about her life and why she had come to America.

Her life was all work—ever since she could remember. She had gone away to make money. Did not every one come to make money?

"Ah! these peasant girls," he thought, when he had left her, "their nose is not above the oven."

The following class-night she began to interest him. What a fine, strong mother she would make—a study for a sculptor!

One holiday, while all the Ramienoffs and their relatives were off making merry, he called at their house. Donia, herself, let him in.

Then he told her all about himself—of his early life among the serfs on his father's estate. At the age of eight he had been sent to the school of the pomostchnik, a kindly man, who was seldom sober. From him he learnt twelve prayers in Old Slavonic, their Russian version, and the four rules of ciphering—nothing more. This lasted several years. One day, coming upon him quite sober, he told him that his education was quite finished, that there was nothing more in the world to be learnt from books; so he had gone home and taken to hunting and maybe some drinking. When he was eighteen he had read an immoral story of Lyeff Tolstoi's, and seeking another, had ignorantly bought "The

Landlord's Morning." It told the oppression and suffering of the poor in simple language—it spoke as their spokesman.

From then on, the earth and the things that live upon it had taken on a new meaning to him. The peasants were of the earth: they plowed it, tended it, fed it. But the officials, from the top to the bottom of the miserable system, robbed, took bribes, oppressed, stood in with the kulacks, drove the poor from the lands. It made him sick, this baiting the whelps of the mother bear. He had written in remonstrance—gone to see the Governor. One night the ispravnik came to their estate with a sealed letter and a band of soldiers. His father opened it, looked at him affectionately and kist him three times—he had been ordered to leave the country.

Donia listened as if his simple words were winging from the sky. Tears gathered in her eyes. Quite pale, with heavy black hair and full bosom, she seemed to him the symbol of patient Russia.

Soon after, she received a letter from Baush which acknowledged the receipt of 100 roubles, and spoke of the coming harvest. The black cow had calved, and he had sold her to pay land rent and to buy scythes. Among other things he had said, "Gregory holds you to your promise. Come home soon to marry him."

At one time she would not have cared; now, the words seemed framed in fire.

Ilarionovitch missed her at the night-class and thought she must be sick. On Sunday he called again, bringing a bunch of flowers, costing little.

It was summer, and she was wearing a neckless dress of black, which set off her clear skin wonderfully. He had not realized until then how much he had missed the comfort of her presence.

"See what I have brought you," he said; "wild roses, something like ours."

He had expected her slow smile of pleasure. She looked at him as children gaze into a bake-shop window.

Ilarionovitch became frightened. He seized her hands.

"What is the m-matter?" he stammered. "Are you sick? Are the Ramienoffs not good to you?"

A dull, patient look came over her face.

"Donia, little dove!" he cried, bereft of all reason. "Can you not see I suffer with you?"

Her eyes opened wide with unutterable longing. For a minute she trembled unsteadily.

"Yes, yes, I am sick," she said hoarsely, going toward the door.

He saw her leave the room and he started to follow. A terrible bitterness welled up within him. He sank down upon a sofa and sobbed thru his hands childishly.

She went to her room and locked her door. On a few pegs hung black dresses, one red, which she had labored to fashion in the American manner. A "Life of Abraham Lincoln" lay on her shelf; of this, with much effort, she had read a few pages.

The girl took down her long hair, brushed out its waves, and began to plait it. When she had finished, she slipped out of her dress and took a dingy yupka from her box. Wrapping it close around her, her trembling stopped.

Seated on her bed, a difficult task was before her: she must compose and write a letter. With the most painstaking care somehow she finished it:

dear Ivan,
In russia I swore before god to marry the peasant gregory petrovitch I return there god Help me I LOVE YOU
DONIA

Enclosing a tintype of herself, taken on some frolic with the Ramienoffs, she slipped thru the empty house and mailed them.

A month afterwards the creaking cart jolted her over the road to her native village. Nothing had changed. Sleepy, fat Yermolaï still drove it to and from the railroad. The sun still

A TERRIBLE BITTERNESS WELLED UP WITHIN HIM

glistened, like a burning haystack, on the roof of St. Damian's.

Baush, returning from the fields, met her. He looked older and his knees shook as he raised his feet.

"Little father!" she cried, falling at his feet.

Baush stood still, and listened as to a far-away call. Then he bent near her, took her shoulders and peered into her face.

"It is Donia," he said. "Thou hast come back."

He seemed to remember something. "Gregory, Gregory!" he shouted.

A tall fellow, crossing the stubble, turned at the call. "Voj, voj!" he answered, "I am coming."

When he looked up and saw Donia he knew her from a distance and started running. As he came up, his hair blowing in the wind, she was frightened and stooped down and threw her skirt over her face in token of fear.

Petrovitch stopped in front of them, his swart cheeks red from the running. Seeing her face covered and her shoulders shaking as with crying, he stepped about her on all sides, with clacking boots.

"Pfoo, pfoo! s-such a home-coming!" he stammered.

Her actions seemed to enrage him. He reached under her armpits and brought her to her feet.

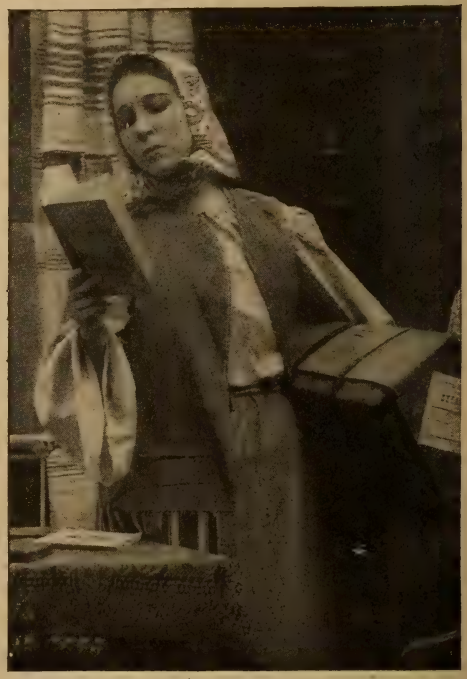
"What is the matter, eh?" he cried, jerking up her head. "Are you marked with the plague? Have you lost your good looks?"

She remained silent. Baush grew impatient.

"You have welcomed her enough," he said, pushing him soothingly. "Come, let her alone. She is stupid—she must get acquainted again."

They walked along, and she followed.

They were to be married within the month. Gregory had haggled with the priest—had beat him down to three roubles; so the solemnization would be bare, without crown or wine. Donia had done little in preparation; a wife or two had helped with sewing, otherwise she was in the fields. When the day came the hut was clean inside. The linden-wood table had been scrubbed and a lamp was burning beneath the holy picture.



A LAST LOOK AT THE AMERICAN SCHOOL BOOK

Gregory sat near her, his hair combed and oiled with fat. The old priest was with them, too, and spoke kindly to Donia. They waited patiently; the wives would be coming to lead her to the church.

The past night a young bareen on horseback had ridden up to the inn and sought lodgings. He had been dressed before sunrise and they had heard his steps crossing and crossing the floor of his room. He was now coming in the direction of Baush's hut.

Donia had heard the voices of women, and had gone out of doors, her veil drawn over her face until Gregory should part it. The stranger was coming toward her. She did not hear his light footfalls.

He touched her arm, and, seeing that she was dressed as a bride, in a low voice asked her the way to Baush's izba.

The girl turned at his touch. Behind the veil her face was ashen with fear. She recoiled against the logs as from a fantom spirit.

"Ivan, Ivan!" she gasped.

His face became convulsed with happiness; a mystic light shone in his eyes. He drew near her and touched her hair reverently.

"Donia, lamp of my life," he began slowly, "I have come quickly to you over the ocean, as a bird to its feeder. Now the school class-room is lonely to me, and the streets, full of people, are empty. When you first came to me, you were cold, yet not so still as my heart. I saw in you a big heart, patient, full of love that you would give gladly. Its warmth warmed me; I fed from it and you missed nothing from its bigness. As my sick heart grew well, it beat madly, crying for yours—you were the breath of my other nostril. I could not bear you out of my sight. You left me—you were sick, sick; a sickness of soul. I knew it; and the strings of mine were plucked with discordant music."

He stopped as if checking the crowding words. She looked at his brilliant eyes, wondrously.

"For nights I walked the streets. Then a resolve came over me. I would go back to Russia and seek you out. 'Come,' I said, 'that big nature of hers will understand me—to be near her is like lying on the warm earth. Yes, I will go back—I will seal my lips. By repression, by labor in the fields, I will win over the officials. With Donia as my staff I will gain the hearts of those rough peasants.' Some day—eh?—we will lighten their misery—you and I."

Many fantastic ideas rushed into his head. His eyes flashed like jewels and his breast heaved with their nobleness. He seized her hands and kist them passionately.

She stopped breathing like one under a spell. His words beat against the roof of her brain; his kisses tore at her breast. She heard him panting. Then a thin sound, the voice of the priest, came thru the open window.

"So, so," he wailed, "little rascal! thou wouldst have wine on the altar for three roubles?"

She flung herself into the izba, pulling to the door. Gregory was not inside. She saw his hands on the window sill. He had heard all that they had said. Ivan walked back to the village slowly, his head rocking. Gregory, with his clacking boots, followed at a distance.

Ivan went up to his room. The matter was settled, then—there was the thing left to be done as he had planned. He took first the tintype of Donia from his coat and set it up facing him on the table, then he poured out a glass of water and let the contents of a little bottle run into it. When this was done he sat down before the picture and spoke to it a minute. "Donia, dear," he said, "I am doing this for your sake. Do not be sorry—I will always be near you."

Noisy boots could be heard climbing the stairs. A hairy fellow carrying a long knife had been seen going into the inn. When he had pushed open the door of the guest-room, Ivan Ilarionovitch, smiling, was holding a glass to his lips.

IVAN THOUGHT THAT THE PEASANT MEANT TO SACRIFICE THEM TOGETHER

Gregory Petrovitch dashed it on the floor with his club. The acid made white streaks on the boards. The two men looked at each other. A terrible struggle was dawning in their eyes—the feudal one of noble and peasant. This struggle had personal hatred, besides.

Some one else came into the room. She was breathless from long running. Falling on her knees between them, she faced Gregory. She expected a thrust of the knife.

Petrovitch came toward her. The mystic light that had been upon Ivan's face had fallen upon his. He pulled her up roughly and sought her hand. When he had found it, he dragged her toward Ivan.

Ivan thought that the peasant meant to sacrifice them together. He thrust out at him in fear. Gregory grasped his hand and, without effort, held it. When he had drawn Donia and Ivan together, he placed their hands one upon the other. Then he left them.

Oh, Russia, Russia, such is your spirit! Great hearts, greater patience—a back to carry burdens unbearable. Your children are all so different, yet so much alike!

A Nature-Lover

By LILLIAN MAY

I like the farm, the simple life,
So far removed from care and strife;
The patient cows, the milkmaids coy,
The babbling brook, the barefoot boy,
I like the fields of waving wheat,
The tall corn rustling in the heat,
The ancient well, the cock that crows,
I like them all—in Photoshows!

The Ghost's Warning

(Edison 11-17-11)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

WHO can forget Nice, nestling at the foot of the Alps, where they come out of the formidable eastern boundary of France to meet the Mediterranean, almost under bold Tete du Chien, thrusting its stone beak into the sea like the prow of a mighty galley, begirt with crumbling ruins of Roman and Saracen domination, with flower-laden fields and fertile orchards blooming in all the four seasons? Who could weary of its palms waving softly in sea breezes carried from Afrique's shore, of innumerable lemon and orange trees delighting the eye with their golden harvest or steeping the senses with the fragrance of their white blossoms, of its soft hills enameled with gray-green olive leaves, bright branches of the mulberry and dark boughs of the pomegranate—hills rising to white Alpine summits in the near distance, sparkling like diamonds and emeralds in full sunshine, with the red Esterels to reflect deeper colors at sunset? Who would not delight in its brilliant purity of atmosphere, in the gorgeous bursts of color above and below, the rolling clouds of pink, violet or crimson, the rosy shades of the ambient air, the azure sea retracing and reflecting all the forms and tints of heaven's display?

Into this picture—and there is none more beautiful—came a wandering artist, not to use his palette in vain reproductive effort, not to form new conceptions of classic charm framed in the undying loveliness of nature, but in search of a lost love.

Hugh Trevor was formed in the womb of a new country across the ocean, where men had conquered a dark continent, fighting their way thru trackless forests, clearing and constructing as they went, and all with a resistless energy that became a race characteristic. Their spirit was his, coupled with a new growth, a delicate appreciation and consideration of womankind, seen nowhere else on earth. It was in him to reverence woman's high mission, while loving her with all the force of his nature. His mother had been raised amid an excess of cultivation in life and had transferred to her son what was pre-eminently beautiful in her ideas, tho new to the soil—he had inherited a sensibility of temperament that enabled him to transfer the sudden illuminations of his soul to canvas. He had painted his earnest way thru the wearisome narrowness of critics, who can find nothing of merit in modern production, to academic recognition, when called upon to undertake the portraiture of a lovely American heiress, Stephanie Boyne.

An alliance had already been planned by Stephanie's father with Count Sombra, one of those European decadents that are encouraged to beg and beat their way by monarchical forms of government, a gentleman possessing an alluring toy—an ancestral residence in need of repairs, often dangled before the delighted eyes of our children of the children-giving sex. In opposition to these plans was Stephanie's girl cousin, who had chosen to play with this bauble for her own delectation, who contrived to upset Boyne's arrangements, temporarily at least, by introducing Stephanie to the talented young artist. The presentation was made in Boyne's own mansion, the two met under delightful circumstances, and it was a case of love at first sight.

Love came like the first sweet breath of summer and grew warmer while Stephanie posed for Trevor in his studio. She was often left there by her designing cousin—the

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

little minx who contrived to act as chaperon—and she had never appeared to better advantage than in a clinging black satin gown selected for the portraiture; it was draped on a form as graceful and softly rounded as that of Psyche. Her attitude was at first constrained—she had the lofty aloofness of modesty combined with distinction — but Trevor surprised fleeting glances from her soft eyes that told of an instinctive yearning. She was ready for a mate whose heart should beat in unison with her own, and had chosen; the full measure of her passion was revealed in the wave of color that overspread her cheeks and neck whenever their eyes met.

From the moment of mutual discovery, life had no quest for Trevor but her love. His own, pure and natural of intent, grew and flourished on such scant nourishment as the frequent exchange of glances or an occasional thrilling pressure of hands thru many bright days until the picture was completed. Their last hour in the studio was darkened by overcast skies and the prospect of separation—Stephanie's father had instructed her to prepare for a short cruise in their yacht along the New England coast—Trevor's finishing touches with the brush betrayed intense nervous excitement, while Stephanie on the platform could no longer stand erect; she drooped like a famished lily. When there was no more to be done, she stepped down from the superior position she had occupied, and her dignity fell like a royal mantle from a queen who preferred to be on a plane with her subjects. She sighed as she looked at the exquisite portrait, but could only whisper her words of praise and congratulation—she was choking back sobs. He touched her hand; she quivered like a blushing rose on the stem; her shoulder touched his own; her subtle fragrance enveloped him, and he clasped her madly in his arms. Her head sank on his shoulder; she turned her face to his, and their lips met. Her kiss, at first a fleeting

touch, soon became the expression of a pent-up feeling that had too long tormented her spirit, the lingering embrace of a woman who loves with all the fire of youth the man of her intuitive choice. Full-blooded passion, one of the greatest forces in the evolution of humankind, shamed its pale semblance, friendship. Each lover realizing that there was to be found in the other that rare combination, the perfect merging of personality and harmony of interest, their intense feelings rose high, sank in reaction and rose again like a giant wave, as resistless as the force of a great storm at sea. Stephanie tore from her bosom the Sombra Cross given to her by her titled suitor, cast it on the floor, twined her arms around Trevor's neck and abandoned herself to the ineffable joy of the moment.

The hours they had passed together were like dreary years gone by. They had never lived until now. As feeling hearts have noblest thoughts, she breathed softly in his ears, "God lives in the happiness He creates; even our frailties become pure in His direction; that I obey the promptings I little understand is because I love you, and I thank Him a thousand times for sending you into my life. Dearest heart, I will love you with all my strength and with all my weakness forever, to the end."

There was a sound and a sudden, shadowing cloud.

Trevor crushed her in his arms and whispered, "There is a sad note in the music of your words. Proud I am of the love in our hearts, and the cold earth shall cover me before mine turns to ashes, but you are going away; where shall I find you?"

Hark!

A voice aroused them and brought

STEPHANIE POSES FOR TREVOR

THE SOMBRA CROSS

them back to earth from their fairy-land.

The door of the studio was flung open, and Stephanie's father entered. He stood on the threshold, regarding the lovers for a moment in cold silence, then he called his daughter to his side.

"It is time that you leave," he said —his tone was neither bitter nor explosive. "Your conduct is the worst I could expect of your mother's child."

Trevor attempted to protest.

"I cannot complain of your deterioration," said Boyne to the artist; "you lack all the qualities of a gentleman or you would not have acted in this way towards a girl entrusted to your custody and protection."

He told Trevor to keep the portrait, repelled all appeals with cold disclaimers of interest in the painter as a man, and took his frightened daughter away without other comment.

That night Trevor called at the Boyne house. It was dark and closed.

Next morning the shipping news mentioned the departure of the Boyne yacht.

The afternoon mail brought a hastily scrawled note from Stephanie's cousin:

"I am giving this to the harbor pilot to mail. Stephanie was brought from your studio to the yacht by her father in a half-conscious condition, and she is now very low, but she keeps calling your name and imploring your help. A party of us had gone aboard for a short cruise, but I was alone in deciding to remain when Mr. Boyne announced a change in his plans suggested by Count Sombra. We are to cross the Atlantic, touch at the Azores, and land at Gibraltar. That is all I positively know, but it seems to indicate that we are going into the Mediterranean. Count Sombra has a castle in the French Riviera near a small body of water and commanding a view of the sea. As he often speaks of Nice, I think it must be near that city. It should be easy to find, if you have the courage to follow."

Trevor was a man of action. He turned over his studio to a brother artist with whom he had attended the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris, con-

verted his ready resources into cash and went to Nice as fast as a transatlantic steamer and the *chemin de fer* could carry him, taking along the Sombra Cross as a possible clue.

With Nice as a center, Trevor swiftly searched the western Riviera by rail from Hyeres, France, to Genoa, Italy, utilizing guides and books devoted to travel, without finding a trace of Castle Sombra. He then made occasional excursions up into the surrounding hills and valleys for the unlocated habitation. From the beautiful city he set out every day to explore the clusters of houses thousands of feet above the sea, now traversing dark gorges, now wandering among orange groves; now meditating at the blackened ruins of some Knights Templar castle, now refreshing his soul with the tints and inspirations of nature, with an occasional far glimpse of the blue Mediterranean, until he one day penetrated the town of Vence, picturesquely situated on a hill amidst mountains clothed with olive trees, and visited an old cathedral, where the Lords and Bishops of Vence had been buried. Behind the chancel he found several stones with Latin inscriptions and interesting devices, among them a Cross Estoille in the exact design of that he carried as a clue to Count Sombra's habitation. Inquiry revealed that there was only one person who could enlighten him as to the story of the man buried beneath the sign, a venerable Sacristan long retired and devoted to the cultivation of double violets near Rocher-Noir, some three miles north of Vence. Trevor started at once and soon passed Rocher-Blanche, with its walled village and castle on the summit, and strode along—he had undertaken this part of the exploration on foot—until he reached a cave called the "Riou," containing a large basin of water, from which flowed a copious stream. Near an artificial lake formed from this stream, stood a villa of melancholy aspect, apparently deserted, but not in ruins. It stood out in the lake a short distance from shore and was reached over an arched bridge of roughly-dressed stones leading into the second story of the structure. Near the bridge entrance stood a column of stone supporting a hexagonal vase bearing carved designs and inscriptions. Among these was the Cross Estoille and a Latin motto signifying "The Death of Love."

On the Sombra Cross was the same motto.

Trevor sat down at the foot of the stone column to meditate. The château was not occupied at present—that was plain—but it corresponded in all particulars to the description given by Stephanie's cousin and bore the distinguishing marks that were on the token he carried. He had undoubtedly reached his destination ahead of the visiting party. In confirmation of this he was soon approached by an old man in peasant's costume, whose face was far above that of the average farmer in quality—he was confronted by the former Sacristan of Vence Cathedral. Careful inquiry developed the fact that the château was commonly known as "Mort d'Amour," tho a castle had once stood on its site many generations before. Part of the ancient edifice remained, a ruined tower on the side opposite to that where Trevor was sitting, and a famed grotto, once the water-gate of the fortress. The older building had been destroyed by fire, and the modern château constructed from the materials remaining, but the name, "Castle Sombra," had not been preserved. Count Sombra had been absent for some months; none knew his whereabouts nor when he would return, tho the Sacristan should have had some information on the subject—the bunch of keys at his girdle showed that he was in charge of the place. It was all very plain that Trevor, in spite of weeks running into months spent in finding their supposed destination, had arrived in advance of the visiting party. His head drooped in thoughtful consideration of the situation, while the Sacristan was giving his scant information in detail,

CHÂTEAU MORT D'AMOUR

but the artist had acquired a habit of swift upward glance while painting, and one of these surprised an expression of infinite cunning on the Sacristan's face.

The man was lying!

Trevor rose abruptly.

The man who had been engaged in the cultivation of double violets, who had spent most of his life as custodian of the vestments of a church, might be intelligent and devoted to the interests of his present employer, but he was not an athlete.

Trevor caught the man by the collar with his right hand, relieved him of his keys with the left, and proceeded to march him over the bridge. The Sacristan struggled angrily, but made no outcry. At the door of the château he refused stubbornly to indicate the key which should admit them, but it was easily found, and they entered, Trevor keeping a vise-like grip on the other's collar. They traversed a large hall with a groined roof, probably used as a reception-room—all doors leading from it were wide open and the furniture bore evidence of preparation for use—and reached a corridor leading to an ancient portion, which had once formed part of the tower. There they found a locked door. Again there was a struggle. The Sacristan made a desperate effort to recover his keys, but the American shook all the ambition out of him. The door was unlocked and they entered. The room was not a cell; it was handsomely furnished and lighted by a balconied window overlooking the lake, but escape from it would have been difficult, if not impossible. It had been fitted in comparative luxury, had been recently occupied, and, across the back of a chair, was hung the *satin gown worn by Stephanie when posing for her portrait.*

Trevor uttered a cry of triumph and dragged the Sacristan to the window.

On the narrow balcony, clad in her yachting suit, her head bowed in her arms, sat Stephanie Boyne.

She rose at the sound of Trevor's voice, smiled faintly and extended her hand.

He drew her into the room and urged her in English to make swift preparations for flight. She did not seem to understand, stood balancing weakly, as if inclined to relapse into a dozing state, until she saw the Sacristan choking with impotent rage and scowling at her; then a sudden realization seemed to come of her relation to the outer world. She passed her hands over her brow in fright, gazed about her wildly, and ran out of the room. Trevor whirled the Sacristan, he who had been her jailor, into a corner with fearful violence, and followed Stephanie, locking the door behind him. He caught up with her at the bridge, restrained her a moment while he locked the outer portal and threw the keys into the lake, then passed a sustaining arm beneath hers and fled with her.

The girl said nothing as they hurried down to Vence, while Trevor was fully occupied keeping a lookout ahead with an occasional back glance for pursuit. She walked with difficulty at times, stumbling along with drooping head, as if half awake and simply dominated by his will, but she roused herself courageously at intervals and exerted herself with intelligence, tho without full support of her muscles. It was a trying journey, but Trevor was incapable of being turned from his purpose of getting her away, and there was not a moment to lose. There was no rest for either until he secured a private carriage at Vence and directed the *cocher* to drive straight to Nice.

"No, no!" Stephanie exclaimed. "Not that way! Take the west road to Grasse."

Trevor yielded in compliance with her request—she had displayed unflagging zeal and determination up to this moment—and he learnt during a lucid interval that her father and Count Sombra had gone to Nice by the south road and could only return the same way. During the ride to Grasse she collapsed in his arms, laid her pale face on his breast and slumbered uneasily thruout the journey. At Grasse he was given a first glimpse of her daring plan. They took a train at that high point down to Cannes, Stephanie explaining that her cousin was on the yacht lying near the Iles de Lerins. On their trip down from the French center of floriculture to the beautifully situated town on the Golfe de la Napoule, the suffering girl became terribly nauseated. She was very weak on their arrival, but refused to go to a hotel. She recovered spirit enough to declare that they *must* board the yacht without delay, and that she would never again set foot on French soil. They took a small steamer to the Iles de Lerins, landed at the island made famous by the imprisonment of Matthioli, the Man of the Iron Mask, and were transported to the Boyne yacht lying under steam.

Trevor had reason to be mystified by the character of the reception accorded them, as well as by the immediate orders to get under way that followed. It was not in his character to falter—he had not hesitated to follow a course opposed to his own plans in order to co-operate with the woman he loved—but he was amazed at the scene of excitement that followed their appearance on the deck of the yacht. He acted with dignified reserve, while the Captain folded Stephanie in his arms, as if she had been his own daughter, and kept cool while the vessel's officers and men got her out of the sheltering harbor into the open sea. Stephanie was taken to her cabin in a half-fainting condition by her cousin, while Captain and crew attended to their duties, and Trevor paced the deck in tactful silence. They were heading due east under a full head of steam, when the Captain took Trevor by the arm and led him down to the main cabin for a talk.

"We are going home," said the chief officer, when they were seated at the salon table; "have you any objections?"

"None whatever," Trevor replied. "I can telegraph at Gibraltar to have my effects forwarded from Nice."

"You are all to the merry," said the Captain, grasping his hand. "I know all about you. Now, this is how it is. Stephanie's grandfather left a property in trust to her father for her, the mother to enjoy the income for life, but it was to be Stephanie's at her mother's death. The mother died four years ago, when Stephanie was not of age, so her father had the income to spend until then. He has been having the time of his life aboard this yacht—and all out of Stephie's money—but she was near twenty-one, and things were looking dark for her dad, until this French Count came along with a scheme. When they brought Stephie aboard, sick, at New York, the Count was very sweet to her below and gay with the little cousin on deck. It was none of my business, tho I have known Stephie's mother all my life, and her since she was a baby. She got better when we came thru the straits, and wanted to go ashore, so we put in here, and the Count took the party on a coach up to his castle. I was given orders to keep under easy steam all the time and to stand a close guard over the safe—I believe they have all Stephie's securities there—but I was not suspicious until this morning, when the little cousin came back. She begged me to cable you or appeal to the American consul. The game was to marry Stephanie to the Count. A woman who weds a Frenchman in his own country loses control of her property.

"When is she of age?" Trevor asked.

"Today!" the Captain blurted out. "The banns are published. I may be going too far to tell you that Stephanie gave her consent to please her father, possibly because she received no reply to the cable messages she sent you, but she saw the ghost."

"The ghost!" Trevor exclaimed absently—he winced at the reference to cable messages, for he had left no address behind.

"Count Sombra pointed out the haunted grotto," said the Captain, "and told the story of a spirit who could not leave the earth because she had committed suicide, but nobody paid attention to that at first. It is a hair-raising story, but perhaps I am going too far. Come aft and rest there while I attend to my own business. I will leave the rest to Stephie."

The afternoon waned, and the sun went down in glory, where they were heading, while Trevor sat beneath an awning on the after-deck and swiftly reviewed the series of events that had restored his lost love. The stars were peeping out over far Sahara when he heard a voice that thrilled every nerve in his being, and felt the soft pressure of fond lips on his hair. Stephanie had come. Her color was magically restored when she sat down by him and nestled within his arms. They sat there with cheeks touching, while she told him how sad and sore she had been at receiving no word in reply to her messages, and how she had grown weaker instead of stronger from the administration of medicine, until she had no will of her own to resist her father's influence. The cool breeze sweeping in from the direction of their course tossed wisps of her hair in his eyes the while, but did not blind him to her tender beauty—she who was sister to the rose, yet so fair—nor to those passion-depths in her drowsy eyes that had so powerfully stirred him from the first moment they looked into each other's souls.

Above far Sahara, where the Sphynx looked out on a waving ocean of sand, a pale star suddenly flared, then dimmed.

"The lost spirit!" Stephanie murmured. "When she came to me I could see her as plainly as I do you—almost. She was beautiful Lady Grimaldi, who married for rank, discarding her sculptor-lover—he who carved the ancient baptismal font at Vence Cathedral—only to sorrow in her exalted state. Her Lord murdered the lover at Castle Sombra and threw his body from the tower. My Lady leaped after the one she loved and fell lifeless near the grotto. She told

"COUNT SOMBRA POINTED OUT THE HAUNTED GROTTO"

me that there is a death worse than death—the breaking of a woman's heart; that death would boast no sting in the presence of a broken-hearted, loving woman. Her spirit lingered in this house of tears to see that the Sombra race was not perpetuated, and they had all died fruitless but the one who sought me." Stephanie paused and pointed to the western sky. "How sad is that star!" she whispered.

"The rose is glad," quoth Trevor, "because it lives joyously thru its season. The star is sad because it has seen a million roses fade."

Stephanie waked—she had been dreaming again. "The spirit," she whispered, "told me that the Paradise of mortals is love. Once we are driven from its gardens, we may never again wander in its summer-scented air. She said that the men of Sombra obtained an influence over woman by means of the peculiar cross——"

Trevor started and took the heirloom from his pocket. Crushing his promised bride closely in his arms, he threw the Sombra Cross into the sea.

Out in the western sky a pale star suddenly became detached and went shooting thru the heavens into limitless space.

Over on far Sahara the inscrutable Sphynx smiled.

Hope Deferred

By DOROTHY HARPUR

The maid he never saw alone,
  Yet grew to swift adore
Her tender eyes and shining hair,
  The satin gown she wore.

Alas! her lips he never kist
  (As all lovers do, they say);
You see, he couldn't, if he would,
  She was in the Photoplay!

"SUDDENLY A GREAT LIGHT FROM ABOVE CAST ITS RAYS UPON HIM" (Page 110)

The Story of the Indian Ledge

(Edison)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

THIS story is a really truly fairy story and most of it happened just a little while ago, which makes it all the more wonderful and interesting.

Have you seen the rock that looks exactly like an Indian standing on a ledge overlooking the waters of the St. Lawrence? You may think it is just a plain ordinary rock, but it isn't. It's an Indian—and this is how it happened.

Once upon a time, a very long time ago—over a hundred years ago—a young brave of the Algonquins loved little White Arrow, daughter of his big stern chief. For many moons Shooting Star had loved her, but, brave as he was, he trembled at the thought of telling his chief, for did he not know that she was to marry the son of Hunt-the-Bison, chief of the great Mohegans? And well he knew the hopelessness of outwardly showing his love. Big Chief would be very angry, and would talk thunder and lightning, and swiftly the dread penalty of death would follow.

Besides, little White Arrow had never seemed to notice him any more than the other young braves who had come and humbly laid their gifts at her wigwam door; and perhaps—oh, could it be possible!—perhaps she never would love him at all.

He would go away till sunset time, far away into the friendly forest, and think, and ask the Great Spirit to help him, unhappy son of the Algonquins.

And what of little White Arrow? Ah! the Great Spirit must be very angry with her, for not once had he shown her a way of escape since the dreadful day when her father had told her that before many moons the young son of Hunt-the-Bison would come for her to be his squaw, and carry her away to his people, the Mohegans. Then that union of the two tribes, long hoped for by her father, would at last be brought about.

Dearly as she loved her father, White Arrow dared not voice her wishes. Too well she knew the hopelessness of outwardly showing her love for Shooting Star. Her father would be very angry and would talk thunder and lightning, and swiftly would he hasten that dread wedding-day.

Besides, brave Shooting Star had never seemed to notice her any more than had the others who came and laid their gifts at her wigwam door; and perhaps—oh, could it be possible! —perhaps he never would love her at all.

She would go away till sunset time, far away into the friendly forest, and think, and ask the Great Spirit to help her, unhappy child of the Algonquins.

And so it happened that the forest helped them to find their love. For as Shooting Star lay thinking, thinking, he picked up a little piece of jasper and began to carve a beautiful white arrow in the slender tree beside him. And the maiden, wandering sadly in the forest, saw him at his work, ran and crept behind the bushes, watched and saw the arrow gleaming. Then the clouds were blown away and she knew! And leaning eagerly forward, she sighed—and quickly turning from his work, he gazed—and suddenly—he knew!

Side by side they watched the arrow grow to its completion, while the deep old forest wrapped them in its quietude and joy. Then, when sunset-gleam filled the western sky, Shooting Star drew his blanket round the maiden's slender figure and led her toward the river to worship the

UNFALTERINGLY THE YOUNG BRAVE DRANK

Great Spirit in the glory of the closing day.

When the last dim rays had faded and they turned upon the homeward trail, before them, glowering darkly, loomed the figure of the chief, father of White Arrow, the foe of Shooting Star—and the wise men of the tribe.

For a moment there was silence. Not a figure moved or spoke. Then Big Chief, with a sharp and stern command, ordered the dread punishment to be inflicted upon young Shooting Star.

As the Medicine Man came forward White Arrow's courage died within her. Well she knew the deadly power of the potion he was bringing; well she knew that he whose lips it touched fell into a death-like slumber, never more to be awakened save by that same magic potion. Earnestly she pleaded with her father, begged the life of Shooting Star; but the Big Chief knew no pity.

There upon the rocky ledge the penalty was paid in full. Unfalteringly the young brave drank, and with one last lingering look at the lovely Indian maiden, sank, unconscious, to the ground. Swiftly then the rigid form was lowered into a great hole in the rock, and the story of the love of White Arrow and Shooting Star was ended.

A hundred years and more passed by. White men came to see the river, drove the Indians from their forests, felling trees and building castles, killing buffalo and bison, frightening all the little creatures, so the few that dared remain there of the squirrels and their comrades were not half as brave and chatty as their grandfathers had been.

The learned Professor was showing a party of friends the charms of the island he had purchased, when, suddenly, he stopped before a great weather-beaten rock with a curious fissure thru it. Down on his hands and knees he went and began to dig up layer after layer of twigs and leaves and earth, and twigs and leaves and earth again, until he nearly de-

THE RIGID FORM WAS LOWERED IN A GREAT HOLE IN THE ROCK

spaired of ever finding anything else, when he came upon an Indian blanket and under it some feathers, and under these—an Indian's face!

Even the Professor gasped. Then he adjusted his glasses excitedly, and began to feel down into the hole. Yes, there was an arm. There were *two* arms! Actually two arms, he told his friends, as tho he had made the most important discovery of the age. With difficulty he lifted out the figure, and observed that it also had two legs—in fact, here was a perfect specimen of an Indian.

But how had it happened? What magic spell had been cast over him to cause his preservation thru all these years?

Suddenly the Professor's searching eyes fell upon a curious reed fastened around the Indian's neck. Professor-like, he smelled it, then tasted it, and excitedly pulled a vial from his pocket and smelled and tasted that. They certainly were very much alike. Could the Indians have known long ago of the sleeping-potion in search of which he had spent a lifetime?

He touched the reed to the Indian's lips. The little party waited, breathless. Then a gasp as of one man escaped them as the tall figure trembled slightly and the Indian slowly opened his eyes.

What were these pale-faced people doing in his forest? He saw no war-paint and no feathers, so their errand must be friendly, yet—they brought no presents—and where were their bows and arrows? Mystified, he looked at them, only to meet with even greater wonder in their faces. Who were they? Where was White Arrow? Then he remembered.

Thoughtfully he turned to these strangers who had restored his life and told them that he must hasten to the village to find White Arrow. But the pale-faces did not understand him, so, making signs for them to follow him, he started for the trail.

The familiar path was gone, overgrown with tangled brush. He ran thru the forest, searching for a new one, then suddenly stopped at the sight of a great arrow carved high in

WITH DIFFICULTY THE PROFESSOR LIFTS OUT THE FIGURE

the trunk of an old spruce-tree. *He* had carved a little one—on a slender sapling—and White Arrow had been with him. Could it be—could it be that many moons had passed? Was he too late to find her?

Onward he sped thru the forest, seeking neither trail nor path, but climbing with unerring instinct to the summit of the mountain where the village of his tribe had stood. As he neared the top the trees grew scarcer, and suddenly there stood before him a great white monster, larger than anything he had ever seen and taller even than the forest trees. Across the front were many totem poles, all white, and from every side great dark eyes peered down upon him searchingly.

As he stood there, bewildered, not knowing what to do or think, the strangers came hurrying up behind him, breathless from the climb. They led him up flat stones before a doorway and let him feel the smooth white totem poles. Then, suddenly, at his side sounded the voice of the Great Spirit ringing forth in tones of ecstasy. From the depths of a mysterious horn it sounded, and Shooting Star, fearing to look down the pathway of the voice, sank upon his knees before it in the worship of his fathers.

When the voice had died away the strangers led him thru the doorway, showed him heads of deer and moose hanging on the walls, and great skins upon the floor. On they led him, new wonders rising at every turn, until they came to a great table, gleaming white, and glittering with bright objects, and in the center a tall basket filled with many strange-looking fruits. Around the basket burned four tiny torch-lights set in shiny sockets, as tho in homage to the Spirit of the Vintage. Suddenly a great light from above cast its rays upon him, burning steadily and blinding him with its glory.

Was this the Land of the Hereafter? Had he journeyed to the place of the Departed Spirits? No, no; he would not stay—he must find White Arrow first; surely the Great Spirit would show him the way!—and he left the place of wonders and fled

swiftly toward the calmly flowing river.

On the shore a canoe lay waiting, a familiar friend at last, and pushing off he glided forward toward the setting sun. All about him night was falling and the river-banks were dark with shadows, but before him shone the fiery sunset, the long pathway of its gleaming light beckoning him as with majestic finger.

So he went on and on until he came to a place he knew full well, a ledge where he had fished in boyhood, and he paddled swiftly to the shore.

As he stood once more upon the grim old boulder, a mighty monster rushed passed him, filling all the sea and sky, and lashing the quiet waters with the fury of a tempest; and the Indian, frightened, awe-struck, turned to stone upon the ledge where he stands today, unchanging, the lost spirit of his race.

Deacon Small's Conversion

By LILLIAN MAY

"What would the Pilgrim Fathers think," said Deacon Ezra Small,
"If they could see men wallow in that brutal game, football,
Or see the crowds a-going to the Motion Picture Play?
A most ungodly way, I'm sure, to spend Thanksgiving Day!

"In Bible School, Miss Nancy Pert said Sunday, week ago,
She'd take her class, Thanksgiving Day, to see a Photoshow.
She said 'twould be inspiring; now, that is what I call
Inspiration of the Devil," said Deacon Ezra Small.

His daughter then came prancing in—a bright-faced, winsome lass,
"You'll let me go, dad, wont you, with my teacher and our class?"
Said he, "You do precisely as your mother tells you to."
"All right, dad dear, that's what I want, for mother's going, too!"

The deacon settled down alone to read the Good Old Book,
But something seemed to draw his thoughts; said he, "I'll find a nook
Myself in that there Photoshow!" No sooner said than done,
Of all the pictures shown that day, he didn't miss a one!

He saw the Mayflower anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod,
Bearing the Pilgrims, seeking for freedom to worship God;
He watched them build their first rude huts in storms of snow and sleet,
Then struggle thru the long, cold months with scarce enough to eat.

When their ship returned to England, not one who chose to go,
Tho half their valiant, struggling band now slept beneath the snow.
Their harvest time was but a name; hardships they did not lack,
But steadfastly they kept their way, no thought of turning back.

He saw glad, thankful faces for a bit of bread and fish;
Freedom of conscience, home and God, they had no other wish.
He saw the saintly elder, with his outstretched, trembling hands,
Thank God for "bounty of the sea and treasure hid in sands."

The deacon never moved his eyes, thru all these changing scenes,
Thought he, "I never knew before just what Thanksgiving means.
I hope the deacons all are here, 'twould be no harm at all,
I'm not so old that I cant learn," said Deacon Ezra Small.

The Reporter

(Pathé Frères)

By RUTH BREWSTER

"ALL stuff and nonsense," declared Penworth, throwing down the magazine with a bang and addressing a group of reporters in the "city department" of a certain large newspaper.

"What's exciting you, Pen?" queried the sporting editor from his nearby desk.

"I just read a mushy story about a reporter who turned his back on a big scoop and suppressed a fine story for the sake of a pair of violet eyes. No one who ever knew a real live newspaper man would write such rot."

"Go easy, my lad," warned Bates, who had been on *The News* for nearly a quarter of a century. "'He jests at scars who never felt a wound,' you know. Wait till a pair of violet eyes get in their work on you."

"I bet Pen would be an easy mark," chided another. "Not a bad looker, is he, Bates?"

"I'm off to do the Wayne reception, tonight," said Penworth, modestly ignoring the compliment. "There will be all kinds of eyes there, but I'll bet the City Hall against a peanut that I escape unscathed."

They were not violet eyes, but merry, dancing blue ones that met Penworth's as he entered the Wayne mansion that night, and their arch sweetness promptly danced straight into his heart and nestled there, as their owner came toward him.

"I'm from *The News,*" he explained, "to write up the affair."

"I'll take you to papa," smiled the owner of the blue eyes.

"Couldn't *you* give me the story?" he begged, audaciously.

"I cant tell stories," she demurred; "I've no imagination."

"No imagination needed; it's facts I want," he assured her.

"Oh," she said, innocently, "I didn't know newspapers ever wanted facts."

"*The News* is the one exception," he loyally boasted.

"Very well," she said, entirely assured; "let us sit here in the window-seat."

Of course, Penworth lost no time in accepting this unexpected invitation.

It took such a long time to make those notes! Penworth's conscientiousness about them was really amazing. He wrote every name so carefully; he put down the details of the decorations so painstakingly. Finally, when it seemed that every possible question had been asked, he had a brilliant inspiration.

"Would you mind looking over the lists of names with me?" he suggested. "It makes folks so mad if their names are not spelt right."

The two heads came very near together as they bent over the notebook, scanning the list. He could feel her soft, fluffy hair against his cheek, and once, as he turned a leaf, his fingers touched hers and his heart beat faster.

"There," she said, at last, "you have them all right." She smiled up at him; then, at something in his gaze, her eyes fell and she blushed.

"I must go back to the guests," she said, rising hastily, "and you must see papa. He may want to add something."

She led him to her father and tripped away. His gaze followed her, and his notes on Mr. Wayne's observations were not made with the same care that had characterized the preceding ones.

"This reception is in honor of the close of my first term as president of the Elm Club, and my re-election to a second term," Wayne informed

WAYNE IS PRESENTED WITH A LOCKET

him pompously. "They have just presented me with this fob," showing a handsome gold locket, attached to a broad ribbon. "Dont forget to feature this locket—it must have cost a cool hundred."

"Yes, sir—very gratifying," murmured Penworth, absently. Something in this man grated discordantly on his nerves, and, muttering something about another assignment, he prepared to leave.

"Go thru into the music room," directed Mr. Wayne; "you'll find some good punch there."

It was a welcome suggestion. He was longing to look for those blue eyes again. He found them in the music room, but, to Penworth's great disappointment, they were apparently focused upon another victim. The other victim, who was sweetly introduced as "my friend, Mr. King," did not seem to relish the interruption, either—for which Penworth could not honestly blame him—and after a few cool words King, with a proprietary air, took Miss Wayne's arm and walked away.

Penworth looked after them indignantly. Who was this fellow who called her "Alice" so familiarly? Just then his eyes fell upon a square white cardboard at his feet. He picked it up, turned it over, and the dancing blue eyes smiled up at him.

"Her portrait!" he exclaimed. "They must have dropped it. I'll take the gifts the gods provide." And he left the house with the photograph tucked safely away in the pocket over his heart.

Ten minutes after his "copy" was turned in, Penworth was called before the city editor.

"What in thunder do you mean, Pen?" he demanded. "Have you lost your head—or your heart? Look here—read what you wrote."

Penworth took the sheets and read: "The Wayne reception was a big success. The decorations consisted of

PENWORTH'S INTERRUPTION IRRITATES KING

thousands of blue eyes, banked with palms and ferns!"

"Why," stammered Penworth, "why—er—er—they did!"

The chief eyed him sharply for an instant.

"Their punch must have been pretty strong," he said, decisively. "Cut it out, Pen; it's bad for your business."

Now, if Penworth had read in a magazine the events which occurred the following night, he would have thrown down the periodical in disgust, declaring that such absurd and improbable stories should never be printed. But the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction" is as true as it is trite.

Penworth was going home in the small hours of the night from a late assignment, and a vision of merry blue eyes was dancing along the walk before him. He stopped under the shelter of a bay window, which hung out from a large brownstone house close to the street, to light a cigar. As he stood puffing and shielding the spark from the wind, a pair of boots suddenly appeared, dangling before his astonished eyes, then some legs, and finally a man dropped lightly to the ground. Quick as a flash, Penworth seized him, holding on and shouting lustily for help. In a moment lights flashed on in the house, and a sleepy, answering call rang out, "What's the matter down there?"

"Thieves!" yelled the reporter, "hurry up!"

Steps were heard running down the stairs; then, as the intruder gave one last, desperate struggle for freedom, the mask which covered his face slipped off, and Penworth, to his utter amazement, recognized William Wayne, his host of the night before. The recognition was mutual.

In his surprise and half instinctively, Penworth loosened his hold, and Wayne, with a quick wrench, was free, dashing up the street, just as the door opened and two men bounced out.

"He's got away," cried Penworth; "let's look and see what's missing."

THE BURGLAR

A hurried investigation showed that a great deal was missing—rings, a diamond necklace, watches and a large sum of money. Penworth listened, half-dazed. It all seemed so unreal, incredible. He wanted to get away and think it over. He said nothing of the thief's identity and left the house as soon as possible. As he stepped upon the pavement something jingled by his foot. Stooping, he picked up a massive gold locket—the same that had been presented to President Wayne by the Elm Club. Wayne had evidently dropped it during the struggle.

"Here's the evidence," he exclaimed. "Gee, what a scoop!"

His news instincts were now fully aroused. Back to his desk he raced and wrote a thrilling tale with all its details.

PRESIDENT WAYNE EXPOSED

HE ROBS A HOUSE AND LEAVES HIS LOCKET BEHIND

his headlines declared. But as he finished the story, suddenly there flashed across his vision a pair of merry blue eyes. He paused, uncertainly. It would be a terrible blow. He drew the photograph from his pocket and looked at it. The lovely face smiled back at him trustfully. How could he bring sorrow, disgrace and shame to quench the light in those eyes? But his scoop! What a hit it would make with the chief! How could he suppress it now?

For a time he gazed at the portrait, debating, arguing, reasoning with himself. Then he shoved the story far back in a pigeon hole of his desk and wrote another one headed:

BURGLARY ON HAMILTON AVENUE

UNKNOWN THIEF ESCAPES WITH BOOTY. POLICE AND DETECTIVES BAFFLED

Did the fates conspire against the young reporter to teach him what a man will do for love of a woman? Certain it is that few men had ever gone to greater lengths for the sake of the "light that lies in woman's eyes." The suppression of the scoop was as nothing to the events which followed each other in rapid succession. That very day found Penworth sitting in a prison cell charged with the murder of William Wayne.

It had all been so startling, so unexpected; the train of events which led to his arrest had been so swift, so impossible to foresee. Thru it all he had moved with blind impulse, following a strange, impelling instinct to save Alice Wayne from sorrow and disgrace.

The door of his prison cell clicked, and his attorney, Justin Morse, a lifelong friend, entered.

"Tell me everything you know about the case, Pen," said Morse, after a greeting which assured Penworth that his old friend did not doubt his innocence.

"I went up to Wayne's home yesterday morning," began Penworth, "to return to him his locket which I had found on the street. As I stepped on the piazza I heard a shot. The door was a little ajar and I went in

PENWORTH IS ARRESTED FOR MURDER

and found Wayne lying on the floor with a bullet in his temple. His revolver lay there by him, still smoking. I bent over him; he was dead. I went to the telephone to call the police, but I saw Miss Wayne and Mr. King coming up the steps, so I went out and broke the news to them. Mr. King, being Miss Wayne's fiancé, took charge of things, and I hurried back and was writing the story when they came to arrest me."

"It was King who insisted on your arrest," Morse said, thoughtfully. "He said you acted queer and looked guilty. Miss Wayne took your part immediately and begged King not to move against you. But that seemed to make him more determined."

The lawyer was watching his client closely, and he saw the gladness that sprang into his eyes as he heard of Miss Wayne's attitude.

"What are you keeping back, Pen?" he questioned sharply. "I tell you I've got to have all the facts. Conceal nothing from your priest, your doctor and your lawyer."

"You've got the facts," said Penworth, after a moment's thought, and the lawyer, but half satisfied, left him, turning back to say significantly, "I'll look into this matter for you, old man!"

Left alone, all the arguments which reason had presented when he had suppressed the truth in writing the story, came back to him with redoubled force. Was he acting a part that was merely foolish and sentimental? Should he sacrifice his reputation—perhaps his life—for a woman who loved another? Should he send for Morse and tell him the truth which he had withheld—tell him facts that would at once fasten the crime of burglary on the girl's father? Should he reveal the fact that when he had entered Wayne's house he had found beside the dead man's smoking revolver a note which said: *"I have lived a double life for years. I am found out. The man who found me out is at my door. Death is better than disgrace."*

Penworth had tucked this note

away in his desk, together with his first notes of the story of the robbery, which he had not turned in. They would establish his innocence immediately, if he used them.

"Let the girl bear the added sorrow and disgrace," counseled reason. "Why should you suffer for her father's misdeeds?"

But stronger and more potent than reason was the power that swayed him, rendering it impossible for him to add another pang to the sorrows which that young heart was already enduring.

He looked at her picture. How merry and winsome the face was! Then he thought of it as he had seen it last, white and stricken, like a delicate, crushed flower. He lifted his head with a quick, resolute gesture.

"I'll stick to my course," he declared aloud; "I'll save her." Half an hour later, after he had become fully reconciled to his generous resolution, his cell door again opened, and his city editor and Morse entered, their faces bearing expressions which were a mixture of triumph and exasperation. Penworth sprang up in dismay, for in one hand the editor was waving the discarded burglary story, and in his other hand was Wayne's note of confession.

"Pen, you young idiot, you consummate, quixotic fool," he yelled; "why didn't you show these things? What's the matter with you, anyway? Are you stark, raving mad?"

"Those papers are my own property. I wont have them used. You have no right poking into my desk," Penworth retorted, angrily.

"No right! I suppose I'd have no right to pull you out of the river if you were trying to drown yourself. We didn't have one shred of evidence to offer in your favor, except our own faith in your character, and your good reputation. What does that amount to? I never saw a jury yet that was much impressed by a lot of character witnesses swearing that they never saw the prisoner kill a man."

"We had to have some evidence, Pen," interrupted Morse. "I was convinced you were keeping something back, so we decided to see what we could find out—and it's a mighty good thing we did."

"But think of Miss Wayne," protested Penworth; "think of her feelings when she learns that her dead father was a common thief. She must not know."

"Dont worry," answered Morse; "she knows already. We had to consult her to identify her father's writing."

"You would make her testify against her own dead father?" cried Penworth. "It will kill her!"

"Oh, no, it wont. She was terribly broken up, of course, but she bore it splendidly. In fact"—here the attorney began to smile broadly—"there seemed to be a satisfaction to her in our discovery that balanced up her grief a good deal."

"What do you mean?" stammered Penworth.

"I mean that she seemed highly gratified to know things were all right with *you,*" answered Morse. "Didn't you think so, John?"

"I certainly did," replied the editor, with a grin; "and, by the way, Pen, I understand now about the blue eyes you mixed up with the decorations the other night. They certainly are as decorative a pair of eyes as I ever saw."

Penworth looked uncertainly from one to the other of the two men, who were regarding him with quizzical enjoyment.

"She's engaged to King," he said, disconsolately.

"She wont be much longer," replied the cheerful attorney. "Do you know where she is right now? She is outside here in the office. Your being held for trial is only a matter of form now, so they are going to let her in to see you. We will wait for her out there. You needn't hurry."

They left the cell, laughing at Penworth's bewildered face, but the editor turned back.

"If you want to relieve her of her disgraced name and give her a good

honest one like Penworth, I'll give you a raise and a little vacation," he said, benignly.

Their footsteps echoed hollowly down the corridor, and Penworth waited all a-trembling. The seconds dragged by like hours; she was not coming—it was only a joke. Then a light, quick footfall, a rustle of silken skirts, and Alice Wayne stood in the doorway. It was, indeed, the dainty, blue-eyed girl for whom he had been willing to sacrifice so much; but so changed was she, so wan and white and frail in her clinging black gown, that he could only look at her in shocked surprise and pity.

The girl hesitated a moment, blushingly, then went forward and placed both her hands in his.

"I had to come. I couldn't wait to thank you for what you have done for me," she said, almost in a whisper.

She was struggling bravely with her agitation, and she trembled pitifully, as she tried to speak again.

Penworth did not make answer. He, too, was agitated and nervous. He had stood up strong thru all the tragic events of the past two days, but now this unexpected reward was overwhelming. Here was the dear one come to a prison cell to thank him. He felt that his heart was rising to his throat to choke the words that he wanted to speak.

"You were so kind," she murmured, "but I am glad the truth came out. What a noble sacrifice you made! Papa is gone, and I can forgive and think kindly of him, but I could not have borne it if you——"

She broke down and began to sob. As Penworth looked at her, a great sympathy struggled with a great joy in his heart, but he repressed himself, sternly. "I must wait," he thought; "I must not take advantage of her gratitude, her weakness, her excitement."

But even as he was silently making these worthy resolutions, she turned toward him, her lovely, tear-stained face so perilously near, her drenched eyes so innocently appealing. And still Penworth was silent. But it took all his strength and will to resist the impulse to crush her in his arms.

"Oh, speak! You must tell me what to do," she said. "I am so alone, so friendless. I have no one to go to. My name is disgraced—how can I live? What shall I do?"

"I thought you were engaged," Penworth stammered, trying to control the tide of his emotion.

"I shall never marry him," she answered, "and, perhaps, he does not want me now, with this disgrace upon me. I—I do not love him. I never did really love him. I knew it that night when you came to report the reception, and——"

All the man's stern resolutions melted away before the pitiful droop of the moist blue eyes. Then, as she sat silent, on the edge of the narrow cot to which she had sunk, a faint flush beginning to rise on her face, so pale against the blackness of her somber gown, he suddenly fell upon one knee and threw his arms around her, clasping her close and tight to his breast.

For a full minute, neither the one nor the other spoke. No words could express what those two hearts felt. The true language of love cannot be spoken in words. Words are but a faint echo of a voice from within. Actions speak louder than words, and hearts speak louder than actions.

What happened next should be briefly told. One long, lingering kiss came first, then a double confession, and then a conversation of love and of plans for the future, all of which must not here be related, because it was strictly confidential.

Now, in the lovely, upturned face, what does he see? Such a shy, fleeting glance; such a tender glow in the starry eyes; such a sweet trembling of the perfect lips. Then she lies upon his breast, her heart beating against his heart, her soft fragrant hair brushing his cheeks, and as he bends his lips to hers a thrill of passionate joyousness strikes him—the divine spark that lies in every human soul, kindled into flame.

AFTER THE TRIAL

The trial, as Morse had said, was only a matter of form, and when it was concluded and Penworth stepped down, a free man again, every one in the crowded courtroom looked sympathetically at the slender, black-gowned girl who hastened to his side to embrace him.

"It is all right now, dear heart," he whispered, drawing her arm within his own. "Are you ready to go with me now, today?"

"Yes," she answered, "any time, anywhere, with you, my noble, self-sacrificing hero."

"It all goes to show," said the sporting editor, with a genial smile, as Penworth, after his honeymoon, came back to his desk, "that when it comes to a comparison with real life, the lurid story of the popular magazine is as apt to be underdone as overdone."

Still Moving Pictures

By HARRY LEWY

Years back, when I was a kid,
One of the few things I did
Every Spring and every Fall
Was help my mother in the hall;
Moving Pictures.

Now I've grown to be a man,
Raising six as best I can;
Times are hard, but what's the odds?
Instruct them with the gift of gods;
Moving Pictures.

The Bo'sun's Watch

(Edison 11-22-11)

By PETER WADE

Captain Horace O'Meara fixed a pair of menacing eyes on Bo'sun Patrick McBride as he bent over the straining hawser. Bo'sun McBride would have liked nothing better than to return with accrued interest said unloving stare, only that duty fastened his own orbs to the aforesaid cable. The trim schooner *Evening Star* was putting the finishing touches to a long voyage, by berthing gracefully at the public wharf of Mulchester.

On the high seas the Captain's little maritime family dwelt peaceably enough, were it not for the unsuppressible argument as to the relative historical importance of the Macs and the O's, but on tying up to a dock the ordinary rules of the sea were reversed, and the O's, in the person of Captain Horace, were wont to come into unreasonable pre-eminence. Hence the domineering look in his usually mild eyes.

The skipper's blithesome daughter stood atop of the companionway, and searched the wharf with limpid eyes that had never been hardened by controversy. A young man, on the wharf, in holiday attire, beamed a large smile on the bent shoulders of the elderly Bo'sun, which did not seem to hearten him in the least. His heart was beating steadily enough, against a tender letter in his pea-jacket, from a certain vivacious Widow McCann, dwelling in Mulchester. While the skipper's eye was upon him, however, he preferred to be the downtrodden mariner.

The young man continued to beam onto the Bo'sun's back, on the theory possibly, that a refracted smile would end somewhere near the companionway. It *would* have, maybe, had the schooner's side not been moving slowly into the wharf. As it was, its powerful ray fell aslant the formidable features of Captain O'Meara. That worthy commander, hardened to tropic suns, did not move from its path, but took full note of its intended direction.

With the slightest rubbing of her paint, the *Evening Star* nestled against the wharf, and, like two freed spirits, the Bo'sun climbed over her bows, as she of the companionway stepped upon the rail. The eyes of the skipper were not afflicted with strabismus, but they almost crossed in their effort to follow the divergent paths of the deserters. Making the best of it, they followed the rolling gait of the corpulent Bo'sun, while their experience told him that his daughter would not stray far from the path of that misdirected smile.

As, beseeming his dignity, he slowly mounted the wharf, the sense of sound abetted his flagging eyes. The space of the landing was quite clear of frequenters, except for the hurrying figure of the Bo'sun. From behind a bulkhead of pilings, however, a most unequivocal smack cut the air sharply, and the Captain strode toward the source of the telltale explosion.

Altho he came upon his daughter, May, safe in the arms of the dressy young man, he persisted in acting as if a fatality had happened.

"Young woman," he blustered, "what will ye be doing here?"

She was tempted to suggest that she was resting up after the weariness of the cruise, but, on second thought, she hung her head and blushed prettily.

His anger switched to her restful companion. "As for you," he continued in high voice, "ye young wharf-rat, be off with ye, an' dont be nibbling again at the likes of mine."

He shook a big brown fist very close under the nose of the dressy experi-

menter in high explosives, and watched his retreat from the wharf as patiently as he could. "Come, May," he said, "ye'll be havin' enough of this glad welcome home business. I'm mindin' the cabin's the fittest place for ye."

The distant figure of the Bo'sun making for cover, caught his eye.

"Oh, Patrick!" he shouted; "avast ye, mate!" but the flapping legs continued their retreat.

"McBr-ride!" he bellowed, and the stout seaman halted. "Come back, man; I've a mission for ye."

The perplexed Bo'sun scratched his head and stood on wavering feet; 'twas only on solemn occasions, or in the thick of dispute, that the captain called him by the clan name, so he faced about and came toward the schooner.

"I'm wantin' ye to stand a watch," said the Captain, and, without more ado, led the wanderers back to the schooner's deck.

May entered the cabin dutifully, and he, who had decreed no rest for the weary, turned the key in the lock. Coming on deck he presented it to the amazed Bo'sun. In a few words he instructed him to keep watch over her, and on no account to permit her to leave the vessel until his return.

"Mind ye," he said in parting, "ye're very old to be playin' at nursie, an' it's the heart ye must mind as well as the body of her."

McBride spat upon the deck in defiance of tidy seamanship, and hauled out the widow's letter as a last appeal for liberty. The Captain glanced at it, and immediately made a malicious deduction.

"Hoity-toity! ye're too far gone in decrepitude for this sort of business," he said, climbing on the rail, out of reach. "Besides," he continued, "ye had better be warding the daughter below, than to be putting out with that dismasted cardiotomus of yours."

With this final shot he disappeared over the rail, in the twilight.

The Bo'sun glared at the empty wharf, and gave vent to his feelings in words that sounded like the antics of home-made root-beer corks. Then, as he subsided on a coil of rope, his slandered heart beat again with the pulse of the young, against the signature of the waiting widow.

And now, having scattered our characters, as in the old game of Anagrams, it is necessary to bring them together again in some sort of meaning.

It must have been within an hour or so of eight o'clock, or at least the bell in the old town-hall had eight times emphatically sung so, when the love-lorn Bo'sun was aroused from his meditations on the hard-heartedness of skippers and the rutty road of love, by a persistent knocking on the cabin door.

"She'll be wantin' nursie," he said, in contemptuous remembrance of the Captain's designation. "If she wants to turn in, I'll be durned if I'll sing 'Rock-a-bye, baby,' or any sich nonsince."

The door-knob set up a nerve-racking clatter. "Hold hard; I'm comin'" he grumbled, and unlocking the door, he stuck his ruddy face thru its crack. May's impatience died down at the sight of it.

"Why, Patrick!" she exclaimed in seeming wonder, "have you been out there all this time?"

He looked at her in a puzzled manner. "There's much to be done about a boat," he said. "Yur faither left avrythin' to me."

"I'm not going ashore tonight," she said, like one playing a part; "so perhaps you can take this note for me?"

The Bo'sun held the envelope gingerly, which she thrust at him.

"You know your way about in the dark?" she queried solicitously.

He seemed to choke over something, so she shut the door promptly and left him to himself.

There is no use for even a Bo'sun to mutter in the dark, and out on the wharf a lighted lantern winked at him in a friendly way. Once under it, he resorted to the consolatory head-scratching.

"ME MOTHER'S LOVE TELLS ME TO KAPE THIS ONE"

"I wance read a buke," he soliloquized, "called 'Romeo an' Julyet.' In it there was an old nurse always chasin' her feet fur this same Julyet."

The superscription on the envelope caught his eye: "Mr. Jack Readyman, No. 5 Oversea Terrace," it read.

"Nursie's no good at riddles," he mused, ungumming its flap.

"I am ready to run away with you any time.—Your loving MARY," answered the note, as he read its single line.

Then another one, the one against his breast, chimed in. "I am counting the days," it seemed to say, "till the ship comes in, so you can be married to your own Bedelia."

He listened as to voices. "Me mother's love tells me to kape this one," he said, thrusting May's note into his breast, "an' me own heart tells me to follow the uther."

Thus, having satisfied conscience and Cupid at one stroke, he put forth in the direction of the Widow McCann's.

We left the chopfallen Jack retreating before the brown fist of Captain Horace O'Meara. It is safe to assume that he continued this discreet maneuver until he reached land, and some way up a side street, where the swing-doors of the "Sailors' Rest" hinged inward to the thirsty. He had barely seated himself when his late antagonist, Captain O'Meara, pushed thru the doors and brushed by him. Jack was prepared for a lively encounter, but the skipper, disregarding him, made over to a table against the wall, where the masters of homing craft were wont to gather. A pair of deep-sea dogs gave him noisy welcome, with much back-slapping and a moving about of chairs.

Our unfortunate lover deemed it the exact time in which to continue his masterly retreat, and would have done so, if a certain watery and not unbenign look in the skipper's eye had not told him that the day of fugitive animosity had been too exacting for the Captain's palate. He had evidently "likered up" freely in his passage to the "Sailors' Rest."

Jack busied himself with a week-

THE CAPTAIN RECOUNTS HIS ADVENTURES

old newspaper and waited for things to happen. After the steaming grog had been set on the masters' table, Captain O'Meara, in his best oratorical manner, recounted the events of the day. With becoming modesty he barely touched upon the *Evening Star's* fine landing, and the complete subjugation of the clan McBride. On the Bo'sun's and his daughter's solicitude to desert the schooner, and his eye-trouble consequent thereto, he dwelt with the lightest touch. But when he came to his successful swooping down upon the lovers, he fairly flapped verbal pinions. How he had torn his fainting daughter from the arms of the gilded trespasser, and had booted him righteously from the wharf; how he had carried her, shrieking, in his arms to the cabin and confined her there under the tender ministrations of the Bo'sun, he most truthfully described. Then, amid roars of laughter, he volplaned from the realms of fancy, and described his mishandling of the hapless McBride. The pair of loverless lovers were marooned on the schooner; the youth in proud raiment was in full flight; the Clan McBride was put out at nurse-maiding. Surely he was the Captain of his ship!

So they all concurred, with much thumping of glasses. There was only one dissenter, the scorn-driven Jack, who slipped thru the doors with their guffaws jangling in his ears.

Now it may have been the planes of his desire that carried him so swiftly to the wharf, or, again, this master of retreat may have been mazed by ridicule. Howbeit, he tiptoed down its gloomy length at the precise moment that the love-torn Bo'sun had set out in quest of the widow's lodgings. Had they collided in the dark, I needs must give up Cupid's pickle. But the light craft, with no lights showing, passed by the laboring one, unhailed, even so far as the end of the wharf. Here he looked below upon the deserted deck of the *Evening Star.*

A dim light shone thru the cabin skylight, and he whistled down at it ever so softly. Have you ever heard the answering flutter of wings, in the tree-tops, when a robin calls in the springtime? Just so, must have sounded the flaunt of her skirts as the one nesting below sprang nimbly up the companionway. For a few delicious moments she resumed the restful attitude which Captain O'Meara had cruelly interrupted, and, had the Bo'sun not been so far landward, a series of slight explosions might have warned him of danger.

Jack Readyman lost no time in tardy dalliance. "Come," he whispered almost dramatically, "there is much to be done."

He followed her to the cabin, and, whilst she hurriedly put on wraps and a sailor hat, he unfolded a plan that had come near throttling his passage to the wharf. It was nothing more or less than that they should take advantage of her captors' absence and seek a marrying minister, whose card, in Jack's pocketbook, proclaimed his specialty, "done with neatness and dispatch." Once married, they could return to the schooner, and she could assume her duties toward the Captain until the proper time came to divulge the secret.

"But I'm sure," she objected faintly, "papa will inflict the most horrible tortures on Patrick, for desertion or mutiny, or something." She explained the Bo'sun's absence from his duty.

"Pshaw!" he said, deprecatingly, "that old firkin expects to get the rough end of it. If he didn't he'd come up grumbling—I know his kind."

The alluring pasteboard of the "Rev. Dr. Theophilus Daniels, D.D.," hung provokingly in his fingers as he studied the address. May jabbed a hat pin thru her curls determinedly. "Come," she said, "I'm quite ready."

The eager groom sprang forward to help her up the stairs, but she leapt up them to let him follow. In his second successful retreat that day, the impetuous Jack mussed his store clothes quite sadly in scrambling onto the wharf, but, like most sailor girls, with a swing and a step she fluttered to his side. Out of the darkness a drawn-out explosion advertised their coming, but nobody was there to listen.

According to our untidy habit, we left the faithful Bo'sun by the wharf-side, hastening to the call of the Widow McCann. There, if we would accompany him, we must catch up with his heavy tread again. The Great Chronicler alone knows when the more than late McCann had withdrawn his strong arm from around the waist of Bedelia, and in answer to an invisible nod, had silently climbed the Never-ending Stairs. None of the neighbors (whose business it is) could remember, and it is safe to say that the widow, herself, had long since forgotten the feel of Mac's arm, whether laid on in affection or in anger. The rosy cheeks that she had imported duty free, from Protestant "North of Ireland," had flattened some, seeking warmth, and the grey ones would crop out in the scant brown hairs doing duty for many fallen ones. As she sat, knitting, in her snug parlor, the expected visitor could hardly be said to come "bullying her out of her weeds." Lying on her sewing table was a freshly written marriage license, which proves that if Love flies out of the window as a fatalist, he can enter at the door as an opportunist; for which let us be thankful, when the sun is setting, say I!

The puffing seaman turned the handle of her door, and at last a strong arm encircled the domain of the absent Mac.

"Me husband," she murmured, picking at a brass button on his tent-like coat.

His new title fell heavily on the ears of the Bo'sun. The pressure of his supporting arm relaxed a little.

"Bedelia, me darlin!" he panted.

"Me soul-mate," she softly answered.

The valiant arm was about to be withdrawn, but she leaned heavily on it to keep it in place.

The Bo'sun's legs trembled. "I've follied the seas," he said, "for a score of years, but divil take me if I've seen sich a mate."

She tucked her head under the roomy coat and clutched its lapels firmly. "You will understan'," she whispered.

"I'm not wantin' to," he said resolutely, "phat with new duties fallin' on a bo'sun ivry day."

"I have the license," she said, from her shelter.

He thought a moment. "An' ye'll be wantin' a minister," he said finally.

"He is waitin' for us," she said less softly.

"An' the ring?"

"McCann's will fit me agin," she said determinedly.

The Bo'sun decided to make the most of the inevitable. "Acushla! me darlin'," he said, with a breath-taking hug, "phat a head ye have for mathrimony!"

" 'Tis me heart, Patrick," she said, unconvincingly, and straightforth came out from shelter to fling a shawl round her shoulders. "An' it is the Riverind Dochter Daniels," she added, "who will perform th' ceremony, and be sure, darlin', ye hiv two dollars ready."

She led the way as she spoke; the subdued Bo'sun followed. Thus, if you are ever in love, and Cupid, the fatalist, poises his wings at the open window, throw wide the door and let him walk humbly back.

It becomes us now, like a good shepherd, to gather all our sheep into their fold. Jack and the Captain's daughter, with joyous hearts, are seeking the minister's parlors; Bedelia and the Bo'sun, with at least one youngish heart between them, are started in the same direction; it remains only to round up the boastful Captain, at his ease in the tavern.

With the incoming of fresh cronies and the downgoing thereby of fresh liquor, his story must needs bear a retelling. Its repetition, like the old game of Scandal, brought forth entirely fresh situations. He had but discovered the lovers, to have the infuriated gilded youth fall upon him in the frenzy of attack. As he beat him back, his fainting child had fallen into the waters of the bay. Consequent to pulling her out, the Bo'sun had fallen upon him with the fury of an ancient feud. He was, even now, locked in the cabin, with his daughter standing watch.

By such slight digressions from the strict truth, the Captain's emotions became so topheavy that he decided to visit the scene of his triumph. A willing committee of skippers would have accompanied him, but he waved them off, as one who deserves the first-fruits of victory. Perhaps he kenned, too, that a dash of fiction is stranger than a bucketful of truth.

With mixed feelings he groped down the wharf to the berth of the *Evening Star*. As far as he could see, everything was snug on board, and he hailed the tamed Bo'sun to render a report. No answer broke the stillness, and he floundered onto the deck to arouse the slumberer. A quick inspection proved its emptiness, and he made a dash for the cabin with the deepest misgivings. That was empty, too! The pair had flown! On the table the Rev. Dr. Daniels' card gleamed, like a signboard, to the muddled man, and he picked it up to decipher its wordy message. His daughter gone—a minister's address! The deduction was evident. He flung out of the cabin, and with angry, sobering strides made in the direction of the pastor's fold.

It is now high time that we were introduced to this popular establishment. Jack Readyman and the Captain's daughter already had been seated in the roomy front parlor for the good part of an hour; waiting their turn, so busy was the splicer of knots.

HYMEN'S DOUBLE DUTY

Their feverish sitting was quite harrowing, and no relief came until the Rev. Dr. Daniels, himself, drew the curtains, and, with a reassuring smile, announced that he was ready. The loving couple jumped up in unison, and were overcome to find out that they had been holding hands since leaving the *Evening Star*. Dr. Daniels, however, very kindly overlooked the incident, and, in a most businesslike manner, ushered them into the back parlor.

In the meantime, the Bo'sun, steered by the widow, had come to the same haven, and as May passed thru the dividing curtains, the entering seaman sighted her. There was no mistaking that top-hamper of hers, with an *Evening Star* band in letters of gold.

Buckets of cold water fell on the Bo'sun's matrimonial ardor, as he realized that his ward had escaped him. Could Bedelia ever protect him from the Captain? He groaned audibly, and drew out his bandana to mop his beading forehead. In so doing, May's forgotten note, shorn of its envelope, dropt upon the carpet at the very feet of the widow. She picked up the feminine writing gingerly, and, as she glanced at it, her jaws set with a snap.

"'I am ready to run away with you any time.—Your loving MAY,'" she read aloud, and the tones of her voice fell like acid on the pit of the Bo'sun's stomach.

He glanced at the curtains wildly. May was somewhere in there—she alone could extricate him. With a courage born of despair, the tottering Bo'sun dashed for the hangings, and struggled thru them, to be an involuntary witness of that fatal wedding—the consequences of his own neglect.

Captain Horace O'Meara had no difficulty in finding the address—from inquiries, he was passed along by grinning volunteers. In fact, when he reached the door, quite a small army of the curious had tagged at his heels. He entered the parlor fearfully, but the relict of his old

"THAT FATAL WEDDING"

friend McCann, seated alone, was the only disturbing element.

It was a great relief—his clue had been a false one, after all! This chasing the love germ about was a luckless task, at best.

Had the poor man but known it, the elusive microbe was waiting for him on that very seat deserted by the wriggling Bo'sun. Without warning, he sank into the cushioned chair by the Widow McCann, and talked of the happy days gone by. To his tired eyes, she seemed a rosy-cheeked image of the past.

Bedelia spread out her shawl and folded it neatly again, as if to retain in her breast each sweet word that he uttered.

"I have a feeling," he said, among other things, "that McBride knows a good thing when he sees it."

"He's a heart-breakin' wretch—he is," she snorted, and in token, showed Captain Horace the perfidious letter.

"Where is he?" he shouted, the truth dawning on him at last.

She pointed to the curtains, and a second eligible man, that night, rushed to them, and broke his way thru.

The Captain beheld the ceremony over, and the last linking word had hardly been spoken, when the Bo'sun jumped at May and seized her hand, as if his life depended from it.

"May, darlin', come with me a minit, *plaze,*" he pleaded.

That terrific storm, gathering way in the Captain's breast, held back an instant, not knowing where to expend itself. He was angry at the Bo'sun, at May, and at Jack, with equal ferocity. It looked as if its full force would, as usual, sweep the hapless Bo'sun from his feet, but that worthy, noting the scared look on every one's face, turned about in time to meet it, bows on. Vials of wrath are too diminutive; the enraged Captain uncorked bottles and carboys upon his poor assistant, who bowed his head to the storm of acrid words.

When the skipper subsided, he had nothing but sour looks left for the

AT THE LAST MOMENT BEDELIA BECOMES AN O'MEARA

young couple, and McBride had been blown clear into the front parlor in his efforts for shelter. Here, to make matters worse, the widow fell upon him, in the fury of post-virgin love, and if the Captain's lashing had been cruel, you must remember that she had spared her tongue, thru necessity, for many years, and that her opportunity was neat and her provocation of the best.

Now all this time, you must remember, that minute particle, the love bacterium, which the Bo'sun had shed and the Captain had leaned against, was getting in its fine work on the ducts leading to the said commander's heart.

Quite suddenly he felt as if something soft and pulpy had invaded this stony chamber, and his actions took on a peace-loving and somewhat tender character, very surprising to the others.

"Bedelia," he said gently, stepping in front of the Bo'sun, "it isn't just for two Macs to be having it out like this. Now, if ye'll become an O'Meara I'll promise to turn Patrick over to you—when I'm off the schooner," he added, in the desperation of sacrifice.

Right Off the Reel

By DOROTHY HARPUR

What care I for lovers' dreams
And handsome, "gay Lotharios,"
Unless they help to build the themes
For Photoplay scenarios!

Cynthy Ann at the Motion Pictures

By LIZZIE PINSON

"MORNIN', M'randy; I knowed I'd surprise ye by droppin' in so early, but I'm up tew bilin' point 'n bubblin' over so thet I couldn't wait till yure chores was done. Go right on with yure work 'n jest listen.

"Ye see, las' night Hiram comes home tew supper kinduv early, 'n ses he, 'Cynthy Ann, get a move on 'n spruce up a bit. I'm gonter take ye tew Milltown—folks frum all around is goin' 'n I thought es how it's sech a nice night we might es well ride out 'n see what's goin' on.'

"Well, I got ready in less then no time 'n Hiram comes along with the surrey 'n off we goes. D'ye know, M'randy, thet five miles didn't seem like nothin'. We met the Jedkins, the Higgenses, 'n the new school miss with—I guess it must 'a' bin her beau, 'n, lands sakes! ev'rybody 'n his cousin was out—all headin' for Milltown.

"So we lands there bright 'n early, 'n if Hiram doesn't drive right up tew the hall they use for theayter plays; 'n ye know I dont keer shucks for play-houses, so I ses tew Hiram, 'Dont stop here—let's look in the store winders fust 'n then——' But afore I could finish he was up 'n out o' the surrey 'n tellin' me tew hurry er we wouldn't get good seats. I jest told him in a few words what I thought, but, goodness, he wouldn't listen, 'n es I didn't want tew 'tract attention I follered along. My feelins!

"We went inside 'n they was lots of people there a'ready. We got seats 'bout nine er ten rows frum the platform, 'n folks kep' comin' in, till by-'n-by, when I looked around, I sees nothin' but heads, 'n ye couldn't tell one frum t'other er who's who.

"Well, soon all the lights went out 'cept on the stage, where they was a big square o' canvas like a frame, 'n I jumps up 'n ses I tew Hiram, 'I ain't gonter look et magic lantern picters—you kin stay ef you wanter, but I'm goin' out.' What d'ye think, M'randy, he ses nothin' but jest looks et me 'n sets me down in the seat. Ye could er knocked me down with a straw, I was thet astonished. Ye know I dont never take no bossin' frum Hiram, but he seemed so set 'n domineerin' like, thet I jest caved in 'n tried tew reconcile my feelins.

"Jest es I got kinduv comf'table agin they begun tew show things on the canvas, 'n the fust was a sign thet said for the ladies tew please take off their hats, 'n right glad I was, I kin tell ye, for I'd 'a' hed tew crink my neck a hull lot with the fuss 'n feathers in front o' me.

"After thet the real picters came 'n thet's what I wanter tell ye of. Ye ain't never seen nothin' like et afore! Tell the truth, I was scared! They was oney picters, but ye'd think they was livin' 'n breathin'! Ye might well stare, but et's true es gospel.

"They was boats sailin' along on big high waves, 'n one time when a man fell overboard I up 'n yells, 'Quick, throw him a rope, somebody!' Hiram pulls me by the skirt 'n ses he, sassy-like, 'Cynthy Ann, dont be a fool!' I sees folks laffin' et me, but anyway, the man was saved.

"Then a train o' cars comes along 'n stops tew let a man off, then starts agin, 'n thet enjin looks like et was going tew run right over us, 'n I kin tell ye I warn't the oney one thet screamed thet time, but all of a sudden it disappeared 'n there was the purtiest little parlor with a fine pianny in it 'n a man settin' down—the very self-same man thet got off 'n the train a minute afore! Now, how did he get there so quick?

"They was a boy playin' tricks on ev'rybody 'n I felt like hollerin' out

'n tellin' on him, but I was afraid Hiram 'ud get mad. (Jest think, M'randy, me afraid o' Hiram!) Folks laffed 'n thought he was funny—the pesky little critter—but I'd 'a' liked tew warm his jacket for him!

"They was one time thet I cried. They was a poor gal thet was workin' herself tew death tew save the farm for her old father 'n mother, 'n the villin thet hed the mortgage wanted tew marry her 'n she in love with the likeliest young feller oney he was poor. Well, the villin comes tew put them out, 'n she cant see the old folks turned outer their home, so she promises tew marry the villin, tho her heart is breakin'.

("Yes, I know I'm cryin'—I cant help it when I thinks of thet old rascal with his grinnin' face, shinin' up tew thet little angel. I warn't the oney one cryin' neither, 'n Hiram seemed like he hed gotten hay-fever all of a sudden—it looked kinder suspicious the way his hancherkef kep' goin' up tew his face ev'ry minute, but I ses nothin'.)

"Anyway, jest es the minister was gettin' ready tew marry them ('n honest, M'randy, I think I'd 'a' hed tew forbid the banns), sure es I live, up comes the young feller she's in love with 'n grabs her away frum the villin 'n waves a paper in front of him. Then the parson marries the young folks 'n the villin sneaks off with the nastiest look on his homely old face, but the others was all happy and I felt like shoutin' for pure gladness, but I knows enough by this time tew keep still.

"Well, M'randy, I could keep on talkin' till the day o' jedgment, 'n even then I couldn't tell ye enough about 'em. They's surely the most wonderfullest things I ever seen er hear tell of, 'n listen, M'randy, they oney cost us ten cents apiece, 'n there we hev tew pay a quarter at the school concerts with magic lantern picters 'n old recitations 'n sech.

"Well, ef they ever comes within twenty miles of this township agin I wont miss seein' them ef I've got a leg tew stand on.

"Honest, M'randy, I'm prouder of Hiram then I ever was, tew think he hed sense 'n grit enough tew make me stay 'n see 'em.

"Well, I'll be goin', M'randy; but remember, next time they comes nigh hereabouts, be sure tew go 'n see the Movin' Picters."

The Castle of Enchantment

By MAY HOWARD GWYN

When fears and doubts encompass
And tasks are hard to bear,
A fairy land awaiteth me
Where I forget my care.

A wondrous, mystic castle stands
Close by my humble door,
Its portals open every day
To welcome rich and poor.

A nickel is the talisman;
The magic screen's unrolled,
And there, while music softly soothes,
A pageant doth unfold.

Brave knights are there, and ladies fair,
In courtly, quaint array;
The old, the young, the tiny babe,
The sorrowful, the gay.

The faded woman of the world,
The winsome, rustic lass,
The city's whirl, the country's peace,
Before my vision pass.

The vivid views of modern life,
The lore of ancient years,
The scenes that call my childhood back
Thru mists of tender tears.

So I sigh when it is ended,
The crowd drifts thru the door
Of this Castle of Enchantment,
Out to the world once more.

Oh, visions of ne'er ending hope
To cheer life's dreary way,
Thy witchery is fraught with joy,
Oh, magic Photoplay!

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

MISS FLORENCE A. LAWRENCE, OF THE LUBIN CO.

WHEN the editor decided to inaugurate the Chats with Players, and I received my first assignment for the new department, I felt that I was fortunate. For who that had seen Miss Lawrence's acting would not be delighted with the thought of interviewing her?

When you were a child, did you ever dream that the figures in your favorite pictures upon the nursery walls came down out of their frames and talked and played with you? If you did, you will understand the unreal, dreamlike sensation that I felt when Miss Lawrence, in her own pretty sitting-room in the Philadelphia hotel where she lives, came forward, with gracious words of welcome, to greet me. For Miss Lawrence off the stage is exactly like Miss Lawrence upon the stage—the same charmingly expressive face, the same dainty, natural, yet finished, manner. It was as if The Little Rebel or The Hoiden had suddenly stepped off the screen and begun to converse with me in a musical, clear-toned voice.

"I have a long list of questions that I am directed to ask you; I hope you wont mind," I said, hesitatingly.

"I have not promised to answer them all, but you may ask them all," she smiled. So I asked them all, and she answered most of them, directly and concisely, with an occasional witty comment which made the task a pleasure.

According to these answers, Florence A. Lawrence, known to her intimates as "Flo", was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, of Irish and English parents. Just when this event took place was not stated, but I am convinced that it could not have been very long ago. She was educated at the Loretta Academy in Toronto. Her stage work began with baby parts when she was three years old. Then she played Little Lord Fauntleroy, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ten Nights in a Barroom, Rob Roy; toured the West as leading lady in the Lawrence Dramatic Company, and finally, three years ago, turned her attention to Motion Pictures, in which she has played innumerable parts with the Edison, Vitagraph, Biograph, Imp and Lubin companies.

"Dont you miss the glare of the footlights and the applauding audiences?" I questioned.

"No," she replied. "I am quite contented without those features. I love to go into a Photoshow and sit unknown, among the audience, watching the effect that my pictured acting has upon them; but I do that as a study rather than as a gratification to my feelings, tho, of course, I am pleased when I see that they like my efforts. I enjoy all my work when I am in the right mood, but it's hard to act tragedy when one feels like comedy, or vice versa—and I always dislike rehearsing."

"Do you ever go to the picture houses and appear before the audiences?"

Miss Lawrence's height is only five feet four, and her weight only one hundred and eighteen pounds, but the look that she gave me at this question shriveled me (altho I am many sizes larger) into a mere pigmy beside her.

"Emphatically, no," she said. I changed the subject, hastily, to that of her favorite sports and pastimes, and she smiled again.

"I love the country," she declared with enthusiasm; "the seaside, the

mountain, the farm are equally dear to me. I enjoy walking and swimming, and I adore a baseball game. Automobiling is delightful, especially in the country. Once the report spread abroad that I had been killed in an auto accident and I was compelled to go to St. Louis to prove myself alive."

"And your spare time in town? Or dont you have any?"

"Yes. Some days I do not pose at all; other days the work continues into the wee sma' hours. I do not care for social functions, and in leisure time enjoy the opera, the regular drama, or the Photoplay. I delight in reading the old writers, especially Lytton and Thackeray,—I also like needlework."

An inquiry about politics brought out the fact that Miss Lawrence is a Suffragette. She doesn't look the part, according to my ideas, but I forebore argument. She also confessed to a love for beautiful clothes, to a very sensitive disposition and to an abhorrence for anything bordering upon vulgarity, and she *does* look the part in these particulars.

Finally, to my great pleasure, she spoke most kindly of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

"I enjoy all its contents," she told me; "it is extremely interesting and tends to elevate the Photoplay."

So I left her, and as I stepped out of her presence the dreamlike illusion came back, as if, for a delightful half hour, I had talked with a dainty pictured lady, who had stepped back into her frame again.

MR. JOHN E. HALLIDAY, OF THE LUBIN CO.

I FOUND John E. Halliday, familiarly known as "Jack," in his apartment on North Broad Street, opposite Philadelphia's fine Opera House.

"I was born in Scotland on the fourteenth of September, 1881," he informed me, without hesitation. "I'm married, and glad of it."

This genial frankness was encouraging. I foresaw that the rest of my questions would be kindly received, and they were.

Mr. Halliday was educated at Cambridge University, England. Altho his interest in theatricals began in childhood, he did not begin his stage work until mature years. He played with various companies, appearing with such stars as Belasco, Nat Goodwin and Mary Shaw. His Photoplay work has all been with the Lubin Company, where he has played a great variety of rôles.

"Yes, I do miss the footlights," he confessed; "there is a fascination about playing directly to our audience, and the applause furnishes a certain inspiration. On the other hand, I am pleased with the larger numbers which the Photoplay reaches. I enjoy emotional and light comedy rôles best. It is always beneficial to sit in an audience and watch the films in which I have appeared. No, I never appear personally before such audiences, and would not consider doing so."

Mr. Halliday thoroly enjoys his work and, unlike many of the players, does not dislike rehearsals.

Questioned about his recreations he said, laughingly, "I always enjoy seeing my friends work when I am not busy. I'm fond of walking and swimming. All my summers are spent at my cottage on the shore. I enjoy the opera and the regular theaters, and always see the ball games when I can."

"You have had some extremely difficult and hazardous tasks to perform in your work, haven't you?" I asked.

"Occasionally," was the laconic answer. And that was all he would say.

"How about that heroic deed of yours that the newspapers featured awhile ago?" "Nothing to say," he returned.

Burns, Wilde and Kipling are Mr. Halliday's favorite authors.

"I think your magazine is excellent," he said in parting. "It tends to the general elevation of the Photoplay, and that is what we all desire."

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

E. B., Brooklyn.—Yes, the story of the Powers film "Across the Mexican Border" was published in the June issue of this magazine.

Lillian, San Francisco.—We do not know your ideas on "so few" pictures, but the Vitagraph releases five reels each week, being exceeded only by Pathé Frères with a daily release. If you do not see them there is a simple solution. Change to a theater that takes a majority of these releases. If you will locate the branch of the General Film Company in your city, perhaps thru the telephone list, they may be able to advise you where the reels are booked.

Joe, San Francisco.—See answer to Lillian, above.

Californian, Los Gatos.—Write the company at Los Angeles, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. This applies to your question as to the movements of the company. We do not advise the matrimonial inquiry.

B. O. W., Baltimore.—All of your questions are outlawed by the rules of the game. Matrimonial and other personal questions are not replied to, nor can we give the names of the Biograph players. We cannot promise the photographs you ask for.

L. N. S., Rochester.—We thank you for your interest, but our stories are done only from produced films.

H. C. B., Augusta.—The "little lady" you mention is a Biograph player and there is a legend to the effect that Biograph players have their names locked in a big safe and only get them back when they leave the company. Sorry we cannot answer.

Rex, Cleveland.—The nearest company to you is in Chicago, but we do not believe that you can watch the making of Photoplays unless you chance upon a company taking exterior scenes. The studios are too busy to entertain visitors.

R. J. C., Houston.—James Vincent was Miss Gauntier's opposite in the Kalem Photoplays, "The Perversity of Fate" and "The Plume Hunters." (2) Hobart Bosworth is the Selig player whose work you admire in common with other enthusiasts.

A. N. D., Jacksonville.—Guy Coombs is not now connected with the Edison company.

C. L. W., Pittsburg.—Robert Conness is not with the Kalem players and your identification of him in "The Express Envelope" is an error. (2) Harry T. Morey was the husband in the Vitagraph's "The Thumb Print."

M. W. P., New York.—Jack Standing was the lead in Lubin's "An Accidental Outlaw." (2) Helen Gardner. (3) Trixie Dinsmore was the girl in Edison's "A Cure for Dyspepsia."

L. M. L. G., New York.—Gladys Fields was the feminine lead in "Spike Shannon's Last Fight" (Essanay). (2) Edwin August was the lead in Edison's "The Big Scoop."

Klens.—Kenneth Casey was the Boy in Vitagraph's "Barriers Burned Away." (2) In Kalem's "The Loyalty of Don Luis" George Melford was the Lieut. Malcolm.

Inez R., Jacksonville.—Mabel Normand. (2) Earl Williams and Lillian Walker had the leads in Vitagraph's "The Prince and the Pumps." (3) The operator in Thanhouser's "The Train Despatcher" is Elsie Glynn. Other answers later.

M. S. W., Washington.—See answer to L. M. L. G. (2) Mrs. Mary Maurice. (3) Leo Delaney was the chauffeur in the Vitagraph's "A Gasoline Engagement."

Mrs. G. M. B., Santa Clara.—There are several advertisers to whom you might submit the manuscript. See the October issue for the list of studio addresses.

Allen, Brooklyn.—We do not place "Wilful Peggy," but believe that it was a Biograph. (2) Miss Storey was with the Méliès company before going to the Vitagraph.

Mutt, Washington.—Miss Ione McIntosh played in the Vitagraph's "The Bell of Justice." (2) Personal questions are not answered. (3) Mr. Blackwell has been with dramatic companies. (4) There have been several short lengths of Italian cavalry pictures put out by various companies, notably Pathé and Ambrosio.

Mrs. R. L. B., Norfolk.—We have read your letter with interest. Miss Leonard left the Reliance company last spring and spent the summer abroad. She has lately returned, but at this writing is unplaced. (2) Miss Julia M. Taylor was the Juliet of the Thanhouser "Romeo and Juliet."

F. C., Hattiesburg.—The Imp dogs seem to be bashful since the company withholds their names. (2) Mrs. Jones in the American's "The Harem Skirt" was Miss

Dot Farley. (3) Miss Adriene Kroell was the boy's mother in the same company's "Too Much Aunt."

HERBERT D., NEW YORK.—You might make application to the various companies in town, using the list given in the October issue, but the chances are very much against you since competent players are to be had in abundance and experience is now an essential.

ANXIOUS M. F.—Questions as to the matrimonial relations and ages of the players are barred for reasons of good taste.

L. S. B., STREATOR.—We do not give the personal addresses of the players. They should be addressed in care of the company employing them. In this instance the player is Arthur Johnson.

ELIZABETH S., BRIDGEPORT, writes: "Will you please answer these questions I ask—Florence Turner, Alice Joyce, Dorothy Phillips, M. Costello, F. Bushman, Carlyl Blackwell, Leo Delaney, I'd like to know if they are married." Didn't you forget Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson and Gene Gauntier, Miss Elizabeth? Undoubtedly some of them are married and some are not, but we dont know the bachelors and spinsters from benedicts and brides, so we cant tell you. Miss Lamp is the Lubin light-haired lady. Look in the next issue for information as to Happy Jack. You didn't forget to ask if he was married, at any rate.

I. R.—You must be a newcomer not to know Miss Florence Turner. Her picture has been used several times. You can get the back numbers for March and July containing her pictures for fifteen cents each. The Vitagraph has her photographs for sale.

MISS G. R., ROXBURY.—Write your story in action and divide it into scenes. Do not use dialog or story form. Simply give the essentials of action. The list of companies buying manuscript can be found in this department for October.

OLLETOS, TORRINGTON.—We do not know whether the Vitagraph players work under "real" or stage names, but we do know that Maurice Costello uses his own name in the pictures. He is of French parentage.

W. F., LOCK HAVEN.—The question as to the superiority of the Licensed or Independent product is out of order. At best it is a matter of personal opinion.

JANET MCG., BROOKLYN.—Miss Joyce is an American. Miss Pickford's picture is not available and, anyhow, she is no longer with that company.

N. H. F. D., NEW HAVEN.—The Selig picture "Through Fire and Smoke" was made in Los Angeles. The company took several thousand feet of the Los Angeles fire department and this picture was the outcome of the friendly relations then established. The company answered all day second alarms until they got the right sort of fire and the outside scenes were made. The interiors are studio made.

M. F., NEW YORK.—Miss Mary Pickford is no longer with the Imp, but with the new Majestic company, if that is what you mean. (2) There is no "Independent Biograph Co." (3) We shall probably print a picture of little Miss Costello in due course, but she is a very new comer in the Vitagraph.

E. M. R., CHICAGO.—Warren Kerrigan is the American player to whom you refer. The company is in the West.

MISS LILLIAN R., NEW ORLEANS.—It was Charles Kent and not Arthur Johnson who appeared as the King in the Vitagraph's "The Death of King Edward III." Mr. Johnson is a Lubin, not a Vitagraph player. Mr. Kent was one of our foremost dramatic players before going to the Vitagraph and was one of the first to perceive the possibilities of the Photoplay and to seek connection with a company.

DOC, NEW YORK.—The cannibals are "cullud" persons. They are not permanently employed but are used as occasion requires.

MISS R. G., SYRACUSE.—(1) Look in the next magazine for this question. (2) Miss Briscoe is now in Philadelphia. (3) She was. (4) Miss Gladys Fields is the Essanay player you probably mean. (5) The Edison "In the Lighthouse by the Sea" was not made in Colorado, but on the coast of Maine. They have companies in the field very frequently and they dont go to Colorado for lighthouses.

MOTION PICTURE FIEND, WHEELING.—We have no means of knowing which of the Vitagraph players employ their own and which have stage names. The two you mention appear under their baptismal names. We do not place your Mr. Corbett with the Vitagraph. James J. Corbett, the pugilist-actor, appeared in a special release about a year and a half ago, but he is not a member of the stock company. We cannot recall some of the companies Mr. Bushman has played with, but the Essanay company states that he started with the Albaugh stock company, Baltimore, sixteen years ago playing boys' parts, and has appeared both in stock and with important dramatic companies.

J. S. A., WASHINGTON.—This was a matter of detail probably due to the hurried copying of the manuscript. Thanks for your good wishes.

H. C., NEWARK.—The Edison Bumptious is John R. Cumpson. (2) We cannot state positively the "longest film." We would cite the Vitagraph's "Moses and "Les Miserables" and the Monopol's "Dante," each in five reels, but there are some European films even longer. Better call that bet off and buy an ice cream soda with it.

G. D., FISHKILL, wants to know if there is a lady named Mary Smith playing in Photoplays. We presume that there is. Will Mary Smith please stand up and identify herself? There is a Mrs. Smith with the Lubin company and perhaps her first name is Mary.

ELIZABETH E., CHARLESTON, wants some information concerning the plots we want. The plots we want are those done into Photoplay by some manufacturer, and they should be submitted to the various companies whose addresses appear in the October issue.

W. F. B., BROOKLYN, writes: "Will you kindly advise me thru your next issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE if Miss Marion Leonard is back with the Biograph Co. as I recently saw her in a picture, but do not know whether the picture was old or new. If she is not with the Biograph, what company is she with?" W. F. B. probably is mistaken in his identification of Miss Leonard. She has been abroad all summer, following her retirement from the Reliance company, but has recently returned. She is not at this writing connected with a company. When she does make a connection we will make announcement if we have to ask the question ourselves. Meanwhile the question of Miss Leonard is placed in the same class with the Biograph players and "Is he married?" Let all who read take notice.

S. R. B., MUSKOGEE.—King Baggot is probably the Imp player to whom you refer. We do not know whether you can obtain his picture, but you might write the I. M. P. Co., 102 West 101st street, New York. (2) For a picture of Miss Lawrence address the Lubin Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia. (3) Matrimonial questions are not answered. (4) We do not discuss matters of editorial policy.

C. A. B., COLUMBIA.—We cannot undertake to answer questions as to relationships, but believe you are correct as to the first and wrong as to the second. (3) We have not yet published the photographs referred to.

NO NAME.—Miss Mabel Trunnelle was the heroine in Edison's "The Sheriff." (2) Mr. Costello is of French descent. Give name and address next time you write.

MARITANA FOUR.—No answers by mail. Miss Joyce is with one of the Western sections of the Kalem players and is at Glendale, Cal. It was Miss Gene Gauntier who headed the Irish company.

S. R. R., NEW YORK.—Miss Storey is not a westerner but a New York girl. She was taught to ride while with the Méliès company. She is known as "Billy" about the studio. (2) Mr. Costello is of French descent. (3) Answered next month. (4) Arthur Johnson played the part. (5) Miss Gauntier was the Eily of "Colleen Bawn." (6) Not that we know of.

MARIE C., BROCKTON.—His picture has not appeared. (2) See next month.

E. C., WALTHAM.—The player is Arthur Johnson, formerly with Reliance. (3) Other answers next month.

MR. INQUISITIVE, SCHUYLKILL HAVEN.—"Playing opposite" is to play opposite to a player such as the suitor and the girl. Its general application is to the lovers, but broadly it may be any two players whose scenes are together. (2-3) See next month. (4) Evangeline Blaisdell was the girl in Capt. Barnacle's courtship. (5) Harry T. Morey was the father in "The Strategy of Anne." (6) Miss Pickford recently left the Imp to go to the new Majestic company. (7) We do not place the lady. Others next month.

P. E. W., NEW YORK.—As in the play, the Prince and the Pauper, in the Edison version of the Mark Twain story, were played by the same person. Miss Cecil Spooner was especially engaged to play the part. She is widely known as a stock player and star and is the wife of Charles E. Blaney. This was her only appearance in the pictures.

M. M. S., WASHINGTON.—Your questions refer to Biograph players, who are nameless, and to European players, concerning whom no information is available. This last, of course, is applicable to Little Moritz.

XANTIPPE, PURCELL.—Will reply later. There was some mix-up on releases and the information is not at hand. See next month. (2) As Mr. Costello and Miss Turner are not man and wife, the child is not their son. (3) No information. (4) We consider Mr. McGovern a good actor. What do you think? He has held important parts with Robert Edeson and others. We do not answer letters by mail.

P. E. W., NEW YORK.—The Reliance company knows only F. H. Lang. He has not been with the company the past few months.

R. F. J., ST. LOUIS.—Edwin August played the part of the drunkard in "The Big Scoop" (Edison). He is now one of the anonymous Biograph players.

MR. INQUISITIVE, SCHUYLKILL HAVEN.—The Uncle in Lubin's "An Indian's Appreciation" was Guy Oliver. The girl was Miss Lamp.

ANXIOUS.—The Kalem Company has no Jack Hyatt on the pay roll. They offer Jack J. Clark as a substitute. Will he do?

M. C., BROCKTON.—Milroy, in Kalem's "The Special Messenger," was J. P. McGowan. His stage wife was Gene Gauntier.

ROGER G., CINCINNATI.—Alice Joyce and Jane Wolfe were the leads in "The Wasp." Miss Hines was the girl in "The Express Envelope" and the servant in "Hal Chase's Home Run." Miss Burman was the lady in the latter. All Kalems.

E. C., WALTHAM.—Terry in Kalem's "The Lad from Ireland" was Sidney Olcott.

C. C. J.—Calvin was Harry Myers.

MRS. O. F. K., STROUDSBURG.—We dont know about the Biograph horses, and the Biograph players are similarly nameless. The chances are that the horse was hired—the same as the actors—with the understanding that his name was not to be used. Sorry we cant do better, but the Biograph withholds all information.

L. M. W., CHICAGO.—Reliance address is Number One Union Square, studio 540 West 21st street, New York City. (2) Miss Leonard's photographs are not on sale.

E. R. W., NEW YORK.—Arthur Johnson is the player who appears in opposite rôles to Miss Lawrence in Lubin films.

J. L. McK., WEATHERPOND.—We have some few of the photographs but no "news." This is not a trade paper, but a magazine offering the best Photoplays done into illustrated story form.

NEW READER, TOLEDO.—The suggestion you offer has been made several times. This is purely a fiction magazine, giving stories of the films. This department has been added to cover to a large extent the matter to which you refer and we are always at your service, but we cannot always elaborate upon the idea. (2) We believe that many more than you have found an old and friendly acquaintance in John Bunny.

FRENCH, BROOKLYN.—See answer to E. R. W. (2) Spike is Gilbert M. Anderson, the "A" of Essanay. That applies to the other questions. He played in all. (3) Most of the companies will supply photographs of your favorite players at prices ranging from 25c. to 50c. according to size and finish. Write direct. The addresses are in the October Question Box or will be sent on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

M. C., TORRINGTON.—Back numbers (except the first, February issue) may be had of the publisher at 15c. each. Ask about the bound volume or look in the advertising pages for particulars. For a little work one may be had free of cost—including the first issue. (2) The Vitagraph is Mr. Costello's only affiliation. (3) Yes. We do not know what companies. (4) Write the Lubin Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for photographs of Arthur Johnson.

WACO.—You cannot copyright a Photoplay without more trouble than it's worth. It is not necessary, anyway. (2) Look in our advertising columns.

F. S., NEW ORLEANS.—She has not. (2) The Lubin company has a studio in Philadelphia, but does not confine its activities to that city alone.

C. M. W., YONKERS.—We do not place the first two plays. Miss Turner was the Vitagraph's Elaine.

SIS, NEW YORK.—Miss Alice Joyce was a professional model. (2) We are not interested in her residential addresses—past, present or future.

MRS. J. G.—Biograph players are not named. (2) Sydney Booth and Miriam Nesbitt had the leading rôles in Edison's "Then You'll Remember Me."

SHERLOCKO, ST. LOUIS.—It doesn't take a detective to find Reliance at 1 Union Square.

AN INQUISITIVE BRUNETTE, MILWAUKEE.—No chance unless you can show experience and ability. (2) Answered later. (3) What do you mean by "Has Mrs. Thurston (or Florence Lawrence) any child?" If you are trying to connect Miss Lawrence with Mrs. Thurston you're badly mixed. Who is Mrs. Thurston? She is not Miss Lawrence. We dont know about Mrs. Thurston's kiddies and we do not know about Miss Lawrence's private affairs. Personal questions are not answered anyhow.

————.—Guy Coombs is not now with the Edison and we do not know the dramatic company he is with. Next time cut out the scrap book picture and sign a name.

CAPT., VINEYARD HAVEN.—Miss Lawrence and Arthur Johnson. (2) Miss Turner.

AN ADMIRER.—Mrs. Mary Maurice is not the mother of Maurice Costello. (2) If you only see an occasional picture with Mr. Costello ask your theater manager. But remember they turn out five a week and he cannot be in all.

N. V., SAN FRANCISCO.—John Bunny is not dead nor has he left the Vitagraph. (2) How do you suppose we know who played in the Biograph's "The Ruling Passion"? (3) The boy in "A Geranium"—not the longer title you use—is Billie Phillips. (4) He is not the same.

MR. INQUISITIVE.—The leading woman in "Cupid's Chauffeur" was Hazel Neason, the Mother in "Capt. Barnacle's Courtship" was Miss Sydsmith—both of the Vitagraph. (2) Augustus Carney is Alkali Ike of the Essanay Co. and Curtis Cooksey was the sailor in "Taming a Tyrant."

MISS M. J. D., BROOKLYN.—"The Millionaire and the Squatter" (Essanay) is Gilbert M. Anderson, who was a "real" actor before he went into pictures. We do not know his age and would not tell if we did. (2) Arthur Mackey was the squatter.

C. C. J.—Guy Coombs was the British officer in the Edison "The Minute Man."

has gone back to the dramatic stage. (3) Francis Bushman was the Howard Graham in "A Burglarized Burglar" (Essanay).

M. Y., East Boston.—Miss Edith Storey was the Juanita of Méliès' "A Spanish Love Song." She is not a Mexican but a New Yorker. She is now with the Vitagraph.

Mrs. W., Washington, D. C.—Lubin question answered later. Owen Moore and Mary Pickford are now with the Majestic, a new Independent company.

M. L. S., Augusta.—The Selig company advises that Miss Briscoe is in Philadelphia. (2) The Edison company released "The Rival Candidates" March 1 of this year.

Miss M. S., San Francisco.—She is appearing regularly. You do not get them—that's all. (2) She is. (3) He is. (4) She is. Why ask questions when you know the answers?

W. T. A., Brooklyn.—A regular reader, and you ask Biograph identities!

His Admirer.—Mr. Costello's pictures may be found in the March issue. We do not know when another will be published.

Dot and Trixie, Buffalo.—Miss Florence Turner played the parts you credit to Miss Lewis. (2) Van Dyke Brooks was the Bill in "My Old Dutch." (3) The leading parts in "Mary's Masquerade" were: Mary, Mabel Trunnelle; Uncle, Harold Shaw; Aunt, Miriam Nesbitt, and the Young Man, Sydney Booth. (4) Next month.

An Elderly Admirer, Santa Rita.—Kenneth Casey is ten years old. He is with the home companies; not in the field.

Six Little Girls.—The little boy—and it was a boy; not a girl making believe—is Kenneth Casey and he never worked with Kalem. We bet somebody loses the ice cream sodas on this. No trouble at all. Ask some more. Oh, yes! We didn't publish *that* story.

Admirer, Huntingdon.—He does. You dont see them—that's all.

Miss B., Washington.—James Morrison played Billy's classmate in "Cherry Blossoms." (2) The small boy is not the son of the player mentioned.

R. R. R., New York.—G. M. Anderson is part owner of the Essanay company. (2) Brothers. (3) Biograph players have no names. (4) Answered next month.

Costello Children.—About twenty inquirers are informed that the Costello children in recent Vitagraph pictures are the daughters of Maurice Costello. This also answers about a hundred questions as to whether that favorite photoplayer is married. Now dont all ask if Miss Florence Turner is his wife. She is not. Neither is Kenneth Casey the son of either of these players. This goes for Adele De Garde, too.

M. D., Hazelton, Pa.—We have to give this up. We have complete records of both Licensed and Independent films from July 1, 1910, but we do not place this title.

H. J. R.—The demand for the suggested press proofs would scarcely make the project practical. They would cost almost as much as direct photographs, all of which may be had of the manufacturers.

R. R. B.—Jack J. Clark played opposite Miss Gauntier in "Rory O'Moore" and "Losing to Win."

Frances G., Staten Island.—Mrs. Frances Hulette was the Nurse in Edison's "The Surgeon's Temptation."

Mrs. W., Washington.—Frank Crane was the Sheriff in Lubin's "The Señorita's Conquest." (2) He was recently with Thanhouser. (3) The son in "The Arrowhead" was played by Arthur Finn, who bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Crane tho they are not related.

Dot and Trixie.—William Clifford was the Jack of Méliès' "A Spanish Love Song."

G. H., Indianapolis.—If you will correctly name the makers of the film inquired about we will endeavor to reply. It is not an American and does not appear in our records.

Gloria L.—Send your story to the Bison at 1 Union Square, New York City. You will have to give your name and address in order to get the answer, but this will not be used. In a separate communication ask about the photographs and enclose a return envelope.

F. V. M., Brooklyn.—Miss Gladys Field played the part you mention.

M. J. H., Philadelphia.—Kenneth Casey is ten; Miss De Garde about the same. (2) A Biograph player? Naughty! They have no names.

J. G. K., Baltimore.—Miss Pickford is with the new Majestic company. (2) See answer to W. F. B. for Miss Leonard.

Photoplay Readers, New York.—The company generally furnishes the photographs we use. We'll have them all in time, so be patient.

A. B. W., Brooklyn.—Miss Pickford is with the Majestic. (2) Nothing happened to the players. It is merely that you do not get the right reels. (3) Will be answered later. (4) Same. (5) Tom Santschi was the fireman.

C. E. K., Bath Beach.—No matrimonial information on tap. Send twenty-five cents to the Vitagraph, 116 Nassau street, for the photograph. We do not handle them.

Miss J. E., Baltimore.—"The New Faith" has not been used in this magazine.

Editorial Announcements

THE January issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE will contain a complete story adapted from Thackeray's

"Vanity Fair"

By MONTANYE PERRY

Also—

"Romeo and Juliet"

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

from the play of Shakespeare, with Indian characters and an Indian setting.

Also, fourteen other complete illustrated stories, and the usual features, including "Chats with Players," "Answers to Inquiries," "Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher," and a beautiful gallery of portraits of the players.

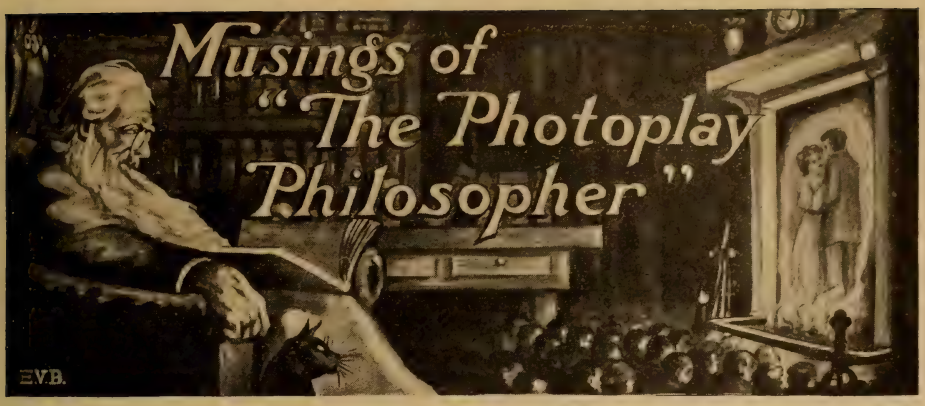
THE editors would be pleased to receive critical expressions from the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and in order to encourage such expressions, the following offer is made:

To the person who sends in the best letter in answer to the questions given below we will give five dollars in gold; to the person sending in the second best we will give a handsome bound volume of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, valued at four dollars; to the person sending in the third best letter, we will give two yearly subscriptions to this magazine; to the persons sending in the fourth and fifth best letters we will give one yearly subscription each to this magazine. In case of a tie, the prize will be awarded to each. No letter will be considered if received later than December 31, 1911. Anybody is eligible, whether a subscriber or not. The editors of this magazine will be the judges.

These are the things we want your opinion on:

1. **Which of our writers is your favorite, and why?**
2. **What kind of story do you like best?**
3. **Do you like the longer or shorter stories best?**
4. **Do you prefer to read the story in this magazine before seeing it on the screen, or vice versa?**
5. **Which of the stories that appeared in the October, November or December numbers of this magazine did you like best, and why?**

THE EDITORS.



Perhaps no Photoplay ever had the advance publicity of the Kalem production of "The Colleen Bawn." Great things were expected of Gene Gauntier, Director Olcott and others of the "O'Kalems" who went to Ireland to make this play, and when the pictures were shown last month, there was a country-wide interest to see if the much-heralded production was equal to its advance reputation. A Photoplay is something like a cigar. If it is good, everybody who smokes wants a *box;* if it is bad, no amount of *puffing* will make it *draw.* Not only did "The Colleen Bawn" fully meet all expectations, but it has proved one of the best drawing cards of the year, and it will probably be in demand for many months to come.

Unhappiness is often only a bad habit. Most troubles, like fear, are but a fantom; face them, and they are gone; run, and they pursue.

It is pleasant news that comes from the Vitagraph studio—they are doing Dickens' masterpiece, "David Copperfield." About a year ago they did "A Tale of Two Cities" wonderfully well, and just before that Tennyson's "Elaine." It is such excellent Photoplays as these that are helping so much to raise the standard and to make the Photoplay a real rival of the regular drama.

There be those who still persist in believing that Motion Pictures are but a fad that is doomed to die out in a short time. These persons do not seem to realize that the life of a "fad" is seldom more than two or three years, and that the Motion Picture has long ago outlived the fad period. Mr. Robert Grau writes, "It was my pleasure to be among those in the audience at Keith's Union Square Theater, in New York, one evening in July, 1894, the eventful night when the Motion Picture was first revealed to American theatergoers. It is true that an inferior device under the name of Eidoloscope had previously made a feeble effort to introduce the effects which were destined ultimately to change the theatrical map, and to create the most lucrative field of endeavor in the history of public entertaining." Thus it will be seen that Motion Pictures date back at least seventeen years; and it is certain that an institution which has been in existence for seventeen years, and which has steadily advanced in popularity and progressed in merit, is hardly to be called a fad.

A smile is a splendid liniment for strained relations. There is something about a pleasant smile which is at once soothing and healing. The man with a good smile can always command repose in his adversaries and thus prevent a threatened quarrel.

We may be the architects of our own fortunes, but most of us would do better if we hired another architect.

If you have ever intently watched the lips of the actors and actresses in the Motion Picture plays you must have noticed how they differed in the conveyance of meaning. Some are almost audible because of their naturalness, some others interpret nothing in their movements. With some lips the words originally uttered are plainly distinguishable, with others they are incomprehensible apart from the guesswork accompanying the action of the play.

The education of the lips is a great feature in dramatic art. On their mobility often depends the interpretable delivery of silent words. It makes their sound easily imaginable to the intelligent observer. One can almost fancy he hears the spoken syllables as they fall from the mouth. While much depends upon the other features of the face—the eyes, the brows, etc.—still it is but natural for an audience to watch the lips of the silent actors as they deliver their speeches dumbly.

Heavy mustaches conceal the lips and hinder the interpretation of formed words in the mouth. Mustacheless lips are consequently easier understood in their mute movements. For this reason it is said that the moving lips of women are better understood than those of men, yet many of our Photoplay actors have lips that quickly and intelligently convey their voiceless meaning. Practicing before a mirror is said to be a good way of educating the lips in the representation of speech.

But it is generally conceded that one can better understand what the player is supposed to be saying if familiar with his acting and his personality, just as we can better understand the movement of the lips of one of our own family or immediate circle of friends, than we can the voiceless words of a stranger. It is claimed that the deaf can tell what their friends are saying simply by watching the movement of their lips, and this bears out the theory that familiarity with the speaker greatly assists the understanding of what he is saying, even when the sound of his voice is not heard.

It is a curious fact that, while lips and mouths and tongues are very similarly shaped to the casual eye, they are not equally expressive or eloquent. In fact, there is a great discrepancy in the way they move in the pronunciation of words. Good actors are invariably distinct speakers, yet if the lips are closely watched during the delivery of the same identical speeches it will be found that the lips assume different curves and shapes in the enunciation of the words. This is as certain as the different intonations of the human voice, as a little study will convince, tho it is difficult to get those who see everything superficially to admit the fact.

There are thin lips and thick lips, firm lips and drooping lips, straight lips and wavy ones. The lower one is always the more active, but both are capable of varying in mobility. Players should remember, when posing for picture plays, that tho their voices will not be reproduced, their lips in action will, and a better effect can be given by speaking every word as naturally as if it were meant to be heard by the audience. "Mouthing" the syllables, in the expectation that clear enunciation is not necessary, is a mistake and will seriously mar the "lip effect" for all observers.

Collier's Weekly speaks editorially of the advantages of Moving Pictures thus: "In the West the picture show continues to increase in scope and influence, and in a process of becoming specialized has bettered its qualities. Actors who tour in the Mississippi Valley have observed that they cant play to the gallery nowadays because the old-time gallery gods are haunting smaller, darker theaters to watch dreams of the camera. What is euphemistically described as the family circle is sparsely filled this season or closed. A few of the theatrical managers like to insinuate that the Motion Picture audiences are largely composed of former patrons of the gallery. In scores of instances, however, the film shows maintain a higher standard of censorship than first-class playhouses. In other instances, however, there is a well-based alarm over the influences on young children. The better tendency is shown in such staples of the bill as living photographs of industries, travel pictures selected with judgment and even with artistic skill, occasionally some animated scenarios of literary classics or Photoplay biographies of historic figures."

Unhappiness is often only a bad habit. Most troubles, like fears, are but a fantom; face them, and they are gone; fly from them, and they pursue. Half of our misery comes from not recognizing Happiness when we see her. She is always there, just outside the door, and we have but to bid her enter. The greatest troubles are always those that we never quite catch up to. When we meet them face to face, they are not there.

It is indeed wonderful to what endless pains and expense the various Motion Picture companies will go to produce realistic effects. There was a time when, for a cowboy picture, any old horse would do so long as it could run. Now the best horses and riders in the world are employed. For example, the Méliès horses are genuine Western cow-ponies, neck-broke and bridlewise, trained to stand with the bridle trailing over their heads, to stop in the space of two or three feet, and to spin around upon a silver dollar.

Every preacher knows that in his city thousands of children attend the Photoshows every day, yet what is he doing to make these shows better? Because one bad play was once shown, the preacher condemns the whole. If the devil has gotten in the pictures, why do not the preachers try to get the devil out of the pictures? It is a poor general who deserts the field because the enemy appears upon it. From my own observations, the Photoplay industry does not need the assistance of the clergy; but the point is, why do not the clergy seek to purify that which they believe to be impure?

It must be a narrow-minded preacher indeed who would decline to save a soul merely because that soul preferred not to be saved in the particular manner that the preacher desired. Some children can be made to attend Sunday school, and some cannot; some will learn moral lessons there, and some will not. All children will attend a Photoshow on the slightest provocation, and not one but that will digest the lesson that is told on the screen. If the young can be trained in this manner, will the church stand in the way? All pictures are not good, and all are not bad. Will the preachers come in and help, or will they stand off and throw stones?

We are not often as happy as we desire; we are not often as wretched as we deserve. There is something false in all that is good, and there is something good in all that is false. There is no perfection anywhere. We all lead a double life; we all have in us somewhere a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde.

A good, roaring farce in Photoplay is a good thing. A good laugh will do nobody harm, and everybody good. "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom," says Horace. I note that several exhibitors make it a practice to end every performance with a comedy, so that the audience will go home with a smile upon their lips and sunshine in their hearts.

Another feature which must not be forgotten in the making of pictures—a popular play must illustrate some great human emotion, such as mother love, self-sacrifice, generosity, patriotism, affection, fidelity, honesty, goodness, and so on. Furthermore, when crime is depicted (and it is almost as important to show crime as it is to show virtue), it should be shown in all its hideousness, so that the onlooker will abhor it. Hating the bad is but another form of loving the good.

Lots of people say that if they were only rich, what good they could do, and would do, with their riches; but when the riches are theirs the resolutions are forgotten. Wealth spoils most people. Not many Carnegies are produced in a century of time.

If I had a thoroughbred horse that balked, would I destroy it? No. I would try to cure it of its faults, in order to preserve its virtues. If I had an unruly child, would I destroy it? No. I would bend every effort to train that child to do right. Because a bad lesson is taught in Sunday-school, would I stop my children from attending, and then try to have that Sunday-school abolished? No. I would go to the superintendent, and try to persuade him to amend the methods of that school. Because an immoral play is produced at the theater, would I have a law passed to abolish all theaters? No. I would make the managers give good plays. If all the schools did not teach what I think they ought to teach, would I burn down the school buildings? No. I would try to correct the methods and to preserve the schools. And when they tell me that the Motion Pictures are doing harm to our children, do I rise in arms to destroy the whole picture business? No. For I recognize in this industry one of the greatest forces for good that has appeared in modern times. Given a thing which has both good features and bad, shall we destroy it altogether, or shall we treat it so as to increase the good and diminish the evil? What, then, of those prudes who have discovered one little evil in the Photoplay, and who seek to ruin the whole business of Moving Pictures because of that one evil? Why not harness this great giant, this tremendous force—the Photoplay—and make it do our bidding? Why throw stones, when it is so easily conquered? The pulpit, the press, the schoolroom, the library, and the Photoplay, all have their mission, and he who would seek to destroy any one of them is as great a donkey as the man who tried to stop the sun from shining.

It is gratifying to see that the Motion Picture manufacturers have learnt this truth, and that they are beginning to branch out on the right road. Certainly the films of to-day are far more satisfactory than those of a year or two ago. It is not necessary to preach a sermon in a play or in a picture story, but it is necessary to see to it that no ill effects are likely to come from them. The people are easily entertained, after all. There is an unlimited field for wholesome amusement without stepping across the line which separates decency from indecency; and if those who are engaged in the Motion Picture industry desire to perpetuate it, and to make it a great power for good, they will be careful to keep on the right side of the line.

I shall never forget the first time I wrote and attempted to sell a scenario. I was very proud of my effort, and when I walked into a Motion Picture place and offered it "for nothing" I imagined that they would grab it greedily. But, the cruel man looked it over and calmly said: "You offer this for nothing? Well, you have placed the correct value on it!" Not quite comprehending, I asked what he meant. "Do you make a business of writing these?" he inquired. "Oh, no," I replied, "this is only a side-show of mine; I have many irons in the fire." "Well," said he, handing me my manuscript, "I advise that you put this where the other irons are." It looks very simple to write a scenario, but it requires a certain education and seldom comes naturally. The art must be acquired by careful preparation. While it is not a long or a difficult study, it *is* a study, and only very rarely can a person hope to sit down and write a successful scenario without previous instruction.

He who does things, even tho he be wrong, is better than he who does nothing for fear he will make a mistake. The former plants seeds, which, if good, will grow: the latter will soon go to seed.

Now that some of the theaters in New York are charging $2.50 for the best seats, and the grand opera patrons have to pay $6 a seat, is it any wonder that the attendance at the Motion Picture theaters is increasing? What New York needs is a few first-class Picture Theaters. Belfast has one of the finest in the world, so Miss Gene Gauntier informs me, and in the South and West there are hundreds of high-class houses. New York and Brooklyn may be far ahead of the smaller cities, in some things, but in other things they are not.

The Edison Company seems to be the premier producer of that class of films known as "educationals." If I mistake not, the future will bring an ever increasing demand for this kind of Photoplay, and it is these that are doing so much to raise the standard and to elevate the general tone of the whole business.

The National Board of Censors may be a necessary institution, but it would be a good thing for the whole industry if there were a Board of Dramatic Censors whose duty it was to see that no Photoplay was put on the market which contained mechanical and dramatic defects. It is remarkable how exceedingly excellent some Photoplays are, and how exceedingly poor are some others that are produced by the very same company. If the manufacturers would only realize that every poor film that goes out is doing harm to the whole business, perhaps they would be more careful. Of course, accidents are bound to happen, and the best of directors are prone to overlook little things; but there should be less of this carelessness. Inferior Photoplays, and those that contain glaring defects and inconsistencies, are bound to antagonize regular patrons and to disgust newcomers.

Over the walls of a school in Germany, hangs a sign bearing this motto:

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost."

Very good, but it is just as well to save all three, if we can.

The hundreds of letters received by this magazine from young men and women who are desirous of joining a Motion Picture company, indicate that the supply is far greater than the demand. I have made various efforts to find employment for some of these young people, but usually without success. The answer of each company seems to be, "We do not need anybody else just now; we will note the name and address and let you know if we want any new players." The fact is, that the standard is getting so high that only those who have had a thoro course of dramatic training are wanted. There are too many good actors and actresses from the regular stage, who are out of employment, to fill the vacant places in the Motion Picture world. It takes time and patience to train a new player, however talented he or she may be, and the companies seem to prefer those who have had previous experience.

It is noted with pleasure that during the last month many newspapers have admitted that Motion Pictures have their good side as well as their bad side. Numerous clippings have been sent me in answer to the paragraph that recently appeared in this column regarding the newspaper rubber stamp, "Blames Moving Pictures for His Son's Downfall," and these clippings show that not all newspapers are unfair. One clipping amused me very much. It told of a bad boy from Belleville, N. J., who had run away from home and who had, while in Boston, dropped into a Motion Picture theater, where he saw a Photoplay that brought tears into his eyes. The lad was so affected that he returned home to his mother and reformed. Very kind indeed of the newspapers to print the good as well as the bad.

Blest be he who is irritated with trifles. A man burning at the stake does not feel a pin-prick, and a man with great sorrows is not distressed with small ones. Hence, if your pains be small, it is sure that your troubles be not great.

Any Sunday School teacher will tell you how hard it is to hold the attention of the boys and girls when a Bible story is being told, and how difficult it is to make them understand the moral. But just let these boys and girls see the same Bible story on the Photoplay screen, and observe how they will sit up and take notice. There is a fascination about seeing a story or a truth told by means of pictures that rivets the attention and makes the lesson sink in.

"When sorrows come, they come not as single spies, but in battalions," says Shakespeare, but this quotation were amiss were it not accompanied by a more cheering one. As Madame Deluzy says, "Joy is a sunbeam between two clouds." While it never rains but it pours, remember that it cannot always be low tide—the tide that goes out must come back. If thou art sorrowful today, or this week, thou wilt be joyful tomorrow or next week. And then, as Spurgeon says, "There is a sweet joy that comes to us thru sorrow." Hence, milord and lady, cheer up—the best is yet to come.

The high-browed editor of a certain newspaper who said that Motion Picture theaters were attended mostly by the "low-brows," never made a greater mistake. Nor was he right when he said that the poor were in the majority at the Photoshows. If I were a betting man, I would almost be willing to stake my soul that the aforesaid editor has never attended a Photoshow in his life, or at least in recent years, and that his reckless assertion is absolutely groundless. Does the aforesaid gentleman know that he has insulted ten million of his countrymen? Why is it that some persons, otherwise sane, insist on writing about things of which they know nothing?

WHY MAN OF TODAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER GRIFFITH

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves, or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because:

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it

distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says, "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says, "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice, which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Motion Picture Story Magazine.

Personally I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed of this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Copyright, 1911, by The M. P. Publishing Co.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter.

Owned and published by The M. P. Publishing Co., a New York corporation, its office and principal place of business, No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, $1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba and Mexico; in Canada and in other foreign countries, $2.00. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted. All manufacturers of Motion Pictures are invited to submit scenarios and photos, which, if accepted, will be paid for at usual rates. The editor cannot undertake to read and pass upon the merits of scenarios, stories and plots; these must be submitted direct to the manufacturers of Motion Pictures. This magazine has its own staff, who write all stories that appear in this magazine, from scenarios sent in by the various manufacturers.

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Pullen, Bryant Fredericks Co., People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

New England Advertising Representative:
Pullen, Bryant Fredericks Co., Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

New York Office (Adv. Dep't only): Fifth Avenue Building, 23d Street and Broadway.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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John Bunny

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(Edison)

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. II JANUARY, 1912 No. 12

Vanity Fair

(Vitagraph)

Adapted from Thackeray's Novel

By MONTANYE PERRY

CAST

John Sedley ..... *Charles Kent*
Mrs. Sedley ..... *Mrs. B. F. Clinton*
Amelia Sedley ..... *Rose E. Tapley*
Joseph Sedley ..... *John Bunny*
Capt. Dobbin ..... *Tefft Johnson*
George Osborne ..... *Leo Delaney*
Sir Pitt Crawley ..... *William Shea*
Capt. Rawdon Crawley ..... *Harry Northrup*
Pitt Crawley ..... *Alec B. Francis*
Miss Crawley ..... *Mrs. Kate Price*
Lord Steyne ..... *W. V. Ranous*
BECKY SHARP ..... *HELEN GARDNER*

THERE was an air of expectancy thruout the house in Russell Square. Mrs. Sedley, the mistress, fluttered restlessly from one room to another, her motherly face flushed with pleasant anticipation. The parlor maid lingered in the drawing-room, dusting the rosewood piano for at least the twentieth time within an hour, and casting anxious glances toward the hall, where black Sambo, resplendent in his new livery, stood waiting to open the door.

"Miss Amelia's coming, ma'am," Sambo cried, suddenly; "the carriage am right here."

Every servant in the house, summoned by the parlor maid's quick signal, gathered in the hall, while Mrs. Sedley flew to the door, which Sambo opened with a great flourish. A plump, rosy-cheeked miss flung herself into her mother's arms with a force which set every plume on her broad hat a-bobbing vigorously.

"Oh, I'm so glad to get home!" she exclaimed, lifting her face from her mother's shoulder, to smile delightedly at the group of curtsying servants.

"Forgive me, Becky," she added, turning to a girl who had come in with her and stood quietly waiting by the door; "I was so excited that I forgot you. Mother, this is my dear, dear friend, Rebecca Sharp."

Rebecca came forward with just the right shade of hesitant modesty. She was a small, slender girl, pale-faced, with an abundance of straight, sandy hair. Her eyes were habitually cast down, but when she looked up they were of a greenish shade, very large and oddly attractive. She raised them now to meet Mrs. Sedley's kindly gaze, then dropped them quickly as she spoke with a voice that trembled pitifully.

"You were so very kind to invite me to visit Amelia," she said. "You cannot know how much her friendship means to a poor orphan girl like me."

"Poor Becky! She has no home nor parents," whispered Amelia, as Rebecca turned discreetly away, over-

come by her emotions—apparently! "I will take her upstairs. She will recover herself by the time dinner is served."

Rebecca did recover very quickly after her friend had shown her into a dainty chamber, and left her to dress for dinner. As the door closed behind Amelia, the green eyes lifted and glanced about the luxurious room with an odd glitter in their depths. She walked over to a tall mirror and scrutinized herself, calmly.

"You're here for two weeks," she said, addressing the slender, unsmiling reflection, which looked out at her. "You ought to be able to do something for yourself in that length of time. Amelia says her brother is fat and tiresome. That may all be true; but dont forget that he is also rich and unmarried. You must look out for yourself, my dear. You have no mother to scheme for you."

Clad in the simplest of muslin gowns, Rebecca was all shyness when she joined Amelia on the stairway.

"I dread to meet your papa and brother," she whispered. "I feel quite overwhelmed in this beautiful place. Is your brother's wife a very grand lady?"

"Why, Joseph has no wife," cried Amelia, laughing merrily. "He is too shy even to think of being married."

"Oh," said Rebecca, innocently, "I thought he was married."

Amelia did not overstate her fat brother's shyness. When Rebecca was led forward to be presented to him, she lifted her downcast eyes to behold a short, puffy man, with a crimson face, rolling his eyes wildly about the room, as if seeking some way of escape.

"V-v-very s-sorry, Amelia," he stammered, "but I must go—engagement at the club, dont you know."

"Nonsense, Joe," cried his father, hugely enjoying his son's confusion; "you have no engagement—come, take Miss Rebecca in to dinner."

So poor Joseph, sputtering with embarrassment, managed somehow to escort Rebecca to the table, where, as a means of avoiding conversation, he fell hastily to eating his soup. But after a few moments he began to breathe more easily. Rebecca was discreetly coy. Evidently this modest maiden, with downcast eyes, was less to be feared than the vivacious, chattering girls whom he was accustomed to meet. He stole a sidewise glance at her, then another; and, when the soup was removed, he actually addressed her, voluntarily.

"Are you glad to be done with school?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Rebecca, lifting the green eyes so slowly that he was not startled when they finally met his, "I am glad. It is lovely to be here with your sister, and I try to forget that in two weeks I must go away among strangers."

"Why must you go?" asked Joseph, bluntly.

"Because I have no home," explained Rebecca, with a sad, little smile. "I have no one in all the world to care for me."

Joseph's heart gave a startled bound as the big eyes met his so wistfully. "Too bad!" he declared. "You must look on this as your home—come to us in vacations and all that sort of thing."

Down at the other end of the table, Mr. Sedley looked across at his wife with a sly smile.

"That little minx is setting her cap for Joe," he remarked, astutely, "and she's mighty clever. She has actually got him to talking."

Mrs. Sedley looked perturbed at this suggestion, but Amelia's eyes sparkled. She had never thought of this delightful possibility. And straightway this tender, innocent heart fell to devising all manner of little schemes to bring her bashful, blundering brother into Rebecca's company.

Amelia's little plans worked perfectly. On one pretext or another, she managed to draw her brother and her guest together, and she noted with joy that Joseph began openly to seek Rebecca's society. Her obvious shyness and timidity put him more at his ease than he had ever been in a

woman's presence. She never forgot herself, this slender maiden with the downcast eyes, but, alone in her room, she dropped a mocking curtsy to the reflection in the mirror.

"You're doing well, my dear," she laughed; "perhaps you wont have to be a governess, after all."

Dobbin will make a fifth. We really ought to have one extra, you know, and Dobbin will look after things for us."

"Joseph means to devote himself to Becky," thought Amelia, joyfully; "he surely will propose to her to-night."

BECKY BEWITCHES BASHFUL JOE

Rebecca's visit was almost over when Joseph entered the breakfast room one morning, as the two girls lingered over their toast and eggs.

"What do you say to a visit to Vauxhall this evening, Amelia?" he asked. "I'll invite your dear captain, George Osborne, to go, and his friend

Accordingly, when the little party left their carriage at the gate of Vauxhall Gardens, it was Captain Dobbin who dismissed the driver, paid the admissions, carried the wraps of the ladies, and made himself generally useful. He gave no heed to Joseph and Rebecca, as they

strolled out of sight down a green walk, but his eyes followed Amelia's form, with a look of longing admiration, as she tripped lightly beside the dark, handsome Osborne. Perhaps he was a trifle lonely—this awkward, silent fellow—but he was accustomed to being alone; he had never strolled down shady paths with a fair, young creature clinging to his arm. So he walked about, watching the crowds, and keeping an eye on the box where Joseph had ordered their supper to be laid.

Every one in the party, Joseph included, expected that Joseph would propose to Rebecca before they returned for supper. And yet, an hour later, when they came up to the box where Amelia and Osborne sat waiting, it was perfectly evident to Amelia's anxious eyes that Rebecca was not yet her promised sister. The fact was that Joseph, left alone in the shaded path with Rebecca, had suddenly been seized with a panic of his old bashfulness, and found himself unable to utter the fateful words. In this crisis he thought of the bowl of rack punch, which he had ordered to be served with the supper.

"The punch will tone me up," he thought, desperately; "it always does." Aloud he said, "Let's go and eat, before we walk any more," and the disappointed Rebecca acquiesced with a forced smile.

Alas! As a bowl of prussic acid caused fair Rosamond to retire from the world, and a bowl of wine sealed the fate of Alexander the Great, so did this bowl of rack punch cast its fateful influence over all these young lives. The young ladies did not drink it; Osborne did not like it; Dobbin was walking up and down in the distance, forgotten by the whole party; his thoughts were of Amelia, but his loyalty to George forbade any rivalry. The consequence was that Joseph, in his anxiety to tone up his courage, drank the whole contents of the bowl, which produced an effect at first astonishing, then painful; for he talked and laughed so loudly as to bring scores of listeners around the box, much to the confusion of the ladies, and to the disgust of Osborne.

"For Heaven's sake, Joe, shut up, and let's go home," cried Osborne, and he rose with the ladies.

"Stop a moment, my darling," shouted Joseph, seizing Rebecca around the waist, his bashfulness entirely gone now. The crowd around the box laughed and shouted, as Rebecca tried vainly to escape, and a scene seemed inevitable, when Dobbin suddenly appeared in the box, and loosened Joseph's hold on Rebecca.

"Take the ladies home, George," he said, quietly; "I'll attend to Joseph."

Poor Rebecca! It was a sad ending to her hopes. As the girls sat sewing next morning, Sambo brought to Amelia a note from her brother Joseph, which seemed to settle the matter. "I am too ill and upset to see any one," the note read. "Am leaving town for a long rest. Pray excuse me to your friend, Rebecca, for my conduct last night, and entreat her to pardon the words I may have uttered when excited by that fatal supper."

If Rebecca indulged in any outburst of chagrin and disappointment, no one except the silent lady in the mirror knew it. She accepted her fate with outward equanimity, and the next day Amelia was left to mourn dismally in the great house in Russell Square, while a carriage whirled Rebecca away to her place as governess at Queen's Crawley, the country home of Sir Pitt Crawley.

Rebecca soon made herself popular at Queen's Crawley. The two motherless girls were charmed with their new teacher, who coaxed and flattered them into the prettiest behavior possible. Their oldest brother, Mr. Pitt Crawley, disliked and distrusted the girl from the start, in spite of her exceedingly modest, respectful manner toward him. But even he was forced to admit the great improvement in his sisters, and old Sir Pitt was openly delighted with Rebecca. She volunteered to copy his letters, she was in-

terested in everything pertaining to the estate, she listened to his tiresome stories so patiently, that there is no telling what might have happened had not one of her young charges chanced to drop a bit of information which turned Rebecca's thoughts into another channel.

"You little realize what life would be without your beautiful home and your kind, rich father," she was saying one day, while walking in the park with her two pupils.

"Oh, but papa is not rich," laughed the older of the girls. "He has to keep raising money on the estate, or we could not live at all. Our brother Rawdon is the only one of us who will ever have any money."

"But how will Captain Rawdon, the youngest son, have money?" asked Rebecca, in interested surprise.

"Aunt Crawley, papa's sister, is very rich, and she intends to leave her money to Rawdon. She is a very gay old lady, and she cant bear our brother Pitt, because he is so long-faced and pious. She loves Rawdon because he is a soldier and cuts a dashing figure among the officers. That is why Pitt and Rawdon hate each other so, and are never home together, if they can help it. Rawdon never comes home, except when Aunt Crawley comes down for a month, as she does every year. They will be here next week."

PITT CRAWLEY TAKES A DISLIKE TO BECKY

"How fortunate that I learnt all this," thought Rebecca. But aloud, this circumspect maiden only said feelingly, "How sad for two brothers to hate each other. Let us hope they may be reconciled."

When Aunt Crawley arrived on the scene a week later, accompanied by her nephew, the gallant Captain

Crawley of the Life Guards Green, her interest immediately centered in the demure little governess. She was far too astute not to be suspicious of the shy, delicate attentions which Rebecca showed her, but finding that young Pitt Crawley despised the girl, it suited the old lady's fancy to make a pet of her.

"She is setting her cap for my brother," thought Aunt Crawley, shrewdly; "but he is old enough to look out for himself. No danger of her bothering Rawdon; girls like her are not looking for penniless younger sons."

Little did Aunt Crawley suspect that a pretty romance was maturing rapidly in the lovely gardens of Queen's Crawley, where Rawdon and Rebecca spent many a stolen half hour, walking among the roses and enjoying the same manner of conversation that lovers have enjoyed since the world began. With Captain Crawley, it was a clear case of infatuation. From the moment that those great eyes, with their odd, glinting light, looked up into his from beneath their tawny lashes, he had followed their owner assiduously. He met her in her walks, he came upon her in corridors and passages, he wrote her ardent notes. But Rebecca would only sigh and shake her head.

"Oh, no, Captain Crawley," she would say, her voice trembling sadly; "indeed, you must have nothing to do with me. Do you think I would come between you and your dear aunt? Shall a poor orphan like me spoil your prospects in life? No, indeed."

"But hang it, my aunt likes you," protested Rawdon.

"She is kind to me," said Rebecca, lifting her deceitful eyes to heaven, "and shall I repay her by stealing her beloved nephew?"

All of which, of course, only reduced poor Captain Crawley to a deeper state of infatuation. The walks in the late moonlight were prolonged, the conversations grew more ardent; here and there swift, irresistible moments of forgetfulness crept in; until, on the last night of Rawdon's stay at Queen's Crawley, the yellow moon, which has witnessed so many similar events, saw two young lovers steal softly from the gardens, to return, some hours later, with triumphant faces.

"When shall we tell them, Becky?" whispered Rawdon, as they crept silently into the house.

"Just wait until a good opportunity comes to mention it," counseled Rebecca.

The good opportunity came sooner than Rebecca expected. As she was sitting in the garden the next morning, Sir Pitt appeared and, seating himself beside her, began a pompous offer of his heart and hand. Rebecca, for once, was genuinely surprised. She had been so absorbed in the Captain that she had failed to notice the evidences of Sir Pitt's growing desire for her. In her confusion, she gasped out the truth.

"I cant marry you," she said, "because I'm married already to your son, Rawdon."

For a full minute Sir Pitt regarded his sedate young governess in silence. Then he began to chuckle.

"Ho, ho! Rawdon has cooked his goose, all right," he said. "You're a clever one, but you've overreached yourself this time. Maybe some of the rest of us will get a few of my sister's dollars now. And here they all come. Let's have a pleasant little family party."

Rebecca stood her ground bravely, as Rawdon, his brother and his aunt came down the path toward them. Becky flashed a quick look at her husband. He understood, and tho he turned quite pale, he stepped to her side and spoke, before Sir Pitt could interfere.

"Aunt Crawley," he said, with dignity, "let me present to you my wife, Mrs. Rawdon Crawley."

There is no use in describing the storm that broke over the heads of this loving couple. It lulled, at last, and Rebecca stepped to Aunt Crawley's side.

"Aunt Crawley," she said, patheti-

cally, "we do not care for your money, but only for your affection. Rawdon and I will go away, now, but we shall look forward to the day when you will give us your love and blessing. With that, we shall be happy in our poverty."

The creature looked so sweet and artless, as she uttered these noble sentiments, that it seemed as if a heart of stone would respond to them. But Aunt Crawley remained unaffected.

BECKY COQUETTES WITH RAWDON

"Go," she said, tersely, addressing Rawdon, "take her away. I never want to see you again."

So, like the first impetuous, disobedient lovers of history, Rawdon and Rebecca went forth from the garden, to get their bread as best they could.

It was furthest from their intentions, however, to eat bread by the sweat of their brows. "The time has gone by for that sort of thing," said Becky, merrily, as they journeyed up to London. "What we shall do is to take lodgings in Brighton, near your aunt, and wait for her to get over her anger. You have plenty of credit and we can live a long time before the tradesmen find out that you have quarreled with your aunt. There are hundreds of people in London who live gorgeously on nothing a year."

To Brighton the young people went and settled down to wait for their aunt's relenting. It was a long wait. Days slipped into weeks, weeks into months, and still the old lady remained obdurate. All this time they lived splendidly upon credit and enjoyed themselves after the manner of their kind. It must be said, to Rebecca's credit, that she was "game." "You trapped him into marrying you," she said, with her old trick of

talking to her mirrored reflection; "you pretended to love him. If it was a mistake you have only yourself to blame."

One night Rawdon came home very late, in high spirits, and exhibited a roll of bank notes.

"Fifty pounds!" he exulted. "And whom do you think I won it from, Becky? Your old friend, George Osborne. He told me all about the night you went to Vauxhall Gardens and old Joe Sedley drank the punch."

"What is he doing here?" asked Rebecca, laughing at the memory of that fateful night.

"Like ourselves, he is living in lodgings, and waiting for a hard-hearted relative to repent. He is married to Amelia Sedley, and papa Osborne wont forgive them. Joe is staying with them."

"Forgive them," said Becky, puzzled, "but that was all arranged between the families; they were delighted with the match."

"Yes, but old Sedley lost his money, every cent. Then the match was declared off, of course. But they married in spite of it, only a month ago, and came down here to wait for the storm to subside."

"It's queer," mused Becky, thoughtfully. "I never thought Osborne was enough of a man to face disinheritance for the girl he loved."

"You are right, as usual," said Rawdon, with a low bow to his clever wife. "A fellow in Osborne's company told me that he did give her up once, and that she pined away and almost died. Then Osborne's friend, Dobbin—you remember that great, gawky fellow?—got after him, and made him do the right thing. They say he is beginning to tire of it already, tho Amelia is as pretty as a peach."

"And Captain Dobbin was in love with Amelia, himself, tho she never suspected it," declared Becky. "I shall look her up tomorrow. She was very kind to me in my school days. Besides, Joe Sedley has lots of money. You must play billiards with him."

ON THE WAY TO BRUSSELS

The following afternoon found Rebecca and Amelia exchanging confidences. After this the two pairs of friends met constantly. One evening, when Osborne and Crawley sat alone over their wine in Osborne's lodgings, their wives having retired to an inner room to discuss their wardrobes, there was a loud ring, and Dobbin entered, looking very pale and grave.

"I've brought great news," he cried; "we're ordered to Belgium—we shall be on our way before the week is over. But we must put it lightly to the ladies," he added, ever thoughtful of Amelia.

When the ladies were called in,

Dobbin assumed a jovial air, trying to hide his own feelings, which were greatly touched at the thought of the distress his news must bring. So he rattled on, amusing the company with accounts of the army in Belgium, where nothing but fêtes and gayety was going on.

"How you would grace the King's court at Ghent, or the great military balls at Brussels," he said to Amelia.

THE BALL ON THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO

"Ghent! Brussels!" cried Amelia, with sudden understanding, a look of terror coming over her pretty face. "Oh, is the regiment ordered away, George?"

"Dont be afraid, dear," said George, soothingly. "It is only a twelve hours' passage. You shall go, too."

"I intend to go," said Becky, laughing. "I'm on the staff."

Thus the bitterness of parting was juggled away, and it was agreed that the women should accompany their husbands.

When our travelers arrived at Brussels, they found themselves in one of the gayest and most brilliant little capitals in all Europe, and for a fortnight Amelia was as pleased and happy as any little bride could be. Then, little by little, her spirits fell. Her husband had plainly tired of her society, and grown more fond of Becky Sharp's. Becky would take no notice of her friend's coolness, and, as Amelia did not plague her husband with her jealousy, but merely pined over it in secret, he fancied that she was not suspicious of what all his acquaintances knew—that he was carrying on a desperate flirtation with his wife's best friend.

There never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp

followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries in 1815, and led it, dancing and feasting, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball that was given at Brussels on the fifteenth of June is historical. It was at this ball that Amelia's misery reached its climax. Her husband flirted and danced with Becky thruout the entire evening, while his poor little bride sat neglected and alone, save for the kind attentions of the faithful Dobbin. At last, when Amelia saw her husband tuck a note into Becky's bouquet, she turned to Dobbin piteously.

"Oh, take me home," she begged; "please take me home. I can bear it no longer."

Dobbin's heart burned with indignation as he escorted Amelia to her apartment, and he returned to the hall, determined to remonstrate with her fickle husband, and to send him home to his wife.

"Come away, George," he said, upon arriving at the ballroom, where he soon heard the war news. "The enemy has passed the Sambre and our left is already engaged. We are to march in three hours. Go home to your poor wife."

Away went George Osborne, his nerves quivering at the sudden news. He thought about a thousand things in his rapid walk to his quarters—of his past life and future chances; of the fate which might be before him; of the wife, from whom he might be about to part, forever. He entered Amelia's bedroom softly. By the pale night lamp he could see her sweet, sad face. The purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm lay outside of the coverlet. Heart-shamed and stricken, he bent noiselessly over the pillow, toward the lovely face. Two fair arms closed tenderly around his neck.

"I am awake, George," she said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely against his own.

She was awake, poor child, and to what? At that moment a bugle from

AMELIA BIDS GEORGE GOOD-BY

the Place d'Armes began sounding clearly, and was taken up thru the town, and amidst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke.

The sun was just rising as the march began. It was a gallant sight, the bands playing, the colors flying, the gay tints of the uniforms reflected in the glowing sunlight. But dreadful doubt and anguish, fears and griefs unutterable, followed the regiment. It was woman's tribute to war. The brilliant, pleasure-loving little city, which had been so gay the night before, was hushed and frightened now, and thruout long hours the women waited and listened. At last, a dull, distant sound came over the sunlit roofs. A thousand pale and anxious faces were instantly looking out from their casements, and presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city was in the streets. Crowds rushed to the Namur Gate, from which direction the noise proceeded. The merchants closed their shops and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamor. Women rushed to the churches and knelt and prayed on the steps. The

dull roar of the cannon went rolling on.

All day long, while the women were praying, ten miles away, at Waterloo, the lines of Wellington's dauntless infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of Napoleon's horsemen. Guns were ploughing up the British ranks, comrades were falling, and the resolute survivors were closing in. Toward evening the attack of the French slackened in its fury. They were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill at Saint Jean to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day. Unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and on, up the hill. It seemed to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and the city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet thru his heart.

From the tumult and glory of the victorious army after battle, to the dingy squalor of a debtor's prison, is a sharp and unpleasant descent. Captain Rawdon Crawley, altho he had been accustomed all his life to sudden changes of fortune, was perturbed at this swift transition. He had scarcely returned to London and established himself, with Becky, his wife, in a comfortable apartment, when the bailiffs were down upon him. Now he found himself occupying a tiny

WHILE HER HUSBAND IS IN PRISON, BECKY ENJOYS HERSELF WITH LORD STEYNE

bedroom of that hospitable mansion in Cursitor Street, which is provided for gentlemen who are so imprudent as to be caught by their creditors.

"Hang it all," he said to himself, ruefully, "I dont see why Becky doesn't answer my letters, nor do anything to get me out of this hole. I've been here two days now."

As the day wore on and no help came from his wife he grew more restless. Unwelcome suspicions crept into his mind, which were resolutely banished, only to come crowding back.

"Why does Lord Steyne spend so much time at your house?" these little whispering demons questioned. "You owe him money for gambling debts. Did he have you arrested to get you out of the way? If you went home tonight, would you find him there?"

In the midst of these disquieting reflections, the welcome messenger came with a note from Becky.

"My dearest Rawdon," the letter ran, "I have been trying in every way to raise the money. Today I am so ill I cannot leave my bed. I have entreated Lord Steyne to help us, and he has promised to bring the money to me in the morning; then I will fly to your rescue."

The tormenting doubts trooped back again in full force. "I don't want Steyne's help," he groaned. "Why the devil don't she pawn her jewelry, as she has done many a time? I'll send for my brother Pitt. He's in London now. If I tell him the truth his conscience will make him help me."

His estimate of his brother's sense of duty was correct. At nine o'clock that evening Rawdon stood outside the establishment in Cursitor Street, a free man, his ears still ringing with

CAPTAIN CRAWLEY'S BROTHER COMES TO HIS AID

"RAWDON QUICKLY OPENED THE DOOR AND WENT IN"

admonitions and fears. He ran thru the busy streets and crowded squares until he came up, breathless, opposite the house. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. Presently, he let himself into the house and leaned silently against the banisters at the stairhead. Becky was singing a snatch of song. A hoarse voice shouted "Brava!" It was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon quickly opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out. The plates and bottles had been pretty much emptied. Steyne was hanging over a sofa on which Becky sat. She was in full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings. Steyne was leering into her eyes, captivated. She started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of her husband's white face. The next instant she tried to smile, as if to welcome him, and Steyne rose up, fearfully.

There was that in her husband's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him; but Rawdon Crawley, springing away, seized Steyne by the neckcloth, and strangled him until he writhed and bent under his arm, then flung him to the floor, senseless.

"Come here," he said to Becky; "take off those jewels—throw them down!" And she dropped them to the floor.

For a long moment the outraged husband stood, looking down at the jewels and at the terrified woman. Then he smiled, bitterly.

"You might have spared a few of them, to help me out, Becky," he said. "I have always shared with you."

Then he turned and left her without another word. She heard him go downstairs, the door slamming after him. She knew that he was gone forever. Lord Steyne, recovering, angrily declared that he had been the victim of a plot, and, despite her entreaties, left the house in savage anger.

Becky remained alone, thinking of all her scheming, deceitful, venturesome past. All her lies, all her schemes, all her selfishness and her

LORD STEYNE IS SUSPICIOUS

wiles, all her wit and genius, had come to this. How dreary it was, how miserable, lonely and profitless!

All this time Amelia was sitting, unconsolable, in her father's home, to which Dobbin had brought her after the fatal battle. It was impossible to arouse her to any interest in her surroundings.

"I have some news for you, Amelia," said the faithful Dobbin, one morning, as he came for his daily call. "Your old friend, Becky Sharp, is in great trouble. The morning paper states that Rawdon has been appointed governor of Coventry Island and sails at once, but it is known that he is sailing alone. He caught Becky in some indiscretion and they parted after a terrible scene. Then the creditors came down upon her in swarms, and she had to flee from her house. She has no money, no friends. She is indeed a victim of her sins."

Dobbin had hoped that this story might cause Amelia to forget her own grief for a time, and he was not disappointed. All Becky's scheming and treachery were forgotten in Amelia's quick sympathy.

"Let us go to her, dear Dobbin," she said, anxiously. "Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, but you must be prepared to see a miserable place."

It was, indeed, such a place as Amelia had never seen before. She was trembling with horror even before they found Becky; and when she saw her, sitting in a bare, dirty room, Amelia sprang forward with open arms, gathering her unfortunate friend into a tender embrace.

"You must come home with me, Becky," she said, "I am so lonely and unhappy. There is no one to love me now. I need some one with me, dont I, Dobbin?"

Rebecca glanced up into Dobbin's face as that appeal was made, and the look of love and suffering in his eyes, as they dwelt upon Amelia, caused her to form a sudden resolution. She took Amelia's hand in hers in something of her old, imperious way.

"Amelia," she said, "why dont you be sensible? Here's Major Dobbin, who has loved you for years, generously, loyally and patiently. He deserves you now."

Dobbin turned pale at this unexpected outburst from Becky, and Amelia began to cry.

"You ought to cry," continued Becky, severely, motioning to Dobbin to be silent. "You are causing cruel pain to the best man in the whole world. You have no gratitude for his long faithfulness."

"Indeed, I have," sobbed Amelia, "but how can I forget my husband, my dear, dead husband?"

"Dear, dead husband!" echoed Becky, scornfully. "I tell you he was a selfish humbug—he is not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with Major Dobbin. He was weary of you—he made love to me—he asked me to run away with him."

"It is false—he only flirted a little with you!" cried Amelia, so wildly that Dobbin started forward; but Becky, her great eyes with their odd light fixed kindly on Amelia's face, waved him back.

"Look," she said, "you know his handwriting—here is the note asking me to fly with him, which he tucked in my flowers that night at the ball."

Amelia looked at the crumpled note and saw the truth of Becky's words. All her cherished illusions and ideals crashed down like a fallen statue.

But under the pain lay a new sense of relief. The barrier between her and a new affection had fallen. When her sobbing began to subside, Becky nodded to Dobbin. He came, gently lifted the bowed head, and Amelia, like a tired child, slipped into his arms. After all the years of longing love and faithfulness, Dobbin's reward had come.

"There!" said Becky. "I have at least done one good deed in my wasted life. Now, goodby, dear. No, I shall not go with you, and you must not come to me. Our lives lie in different paths and it is too late for me to change."

Resolutely holding to her decision

in spite of all Amelia's tender entreaties, she saw them depart, Amelia clinging tenderly to Dobbin's arm as they picked their way down the rickety stairs. Left alone, her eyes roamed over the room with a sad weariness in their depths. She opened the drawer of the table and took from it a small vial.

broken glass and held it to the light. A weird look, mocking and cynical, yet desperately sad, lurked in the green eyes.

"A toast," she said, clearly—"a toast to Vanity Fair!"

She drank, and her head fell forward upon the table. The light faded from the tiny window, and gray

THE EYES WERE CLOSED FOREVER ON VANITY FAIR

"Vanity Fair," she murmured. "That is what life is. Froth and fluff; shams and hollowness; gaiety and triumph; then failure and desperation, then death!"

She turned the dark contents into a

shadows gathered in the corners of the bare room, growing deeper, hovering nearer, until they covered the slender, silent form of Becky Sharp like an enshrouding veil, and closed her eyes forever on Vanity Fair.

THE MISSION FATHER'S ADMONITION (Page 38)

The Mission Father

(Méliès)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

THE mellow notes of San Miniato's bell floated far down the fair Paradiso Valley, until they lost their cadence among the wooded distances.

For more than two centuries they had been wakening strange echoes in the hearts of a vast paradise of Nature—massive rocks reverberated with the music, giant trees seemed to lean forward to listen and caress it, the wildest animals paused in mid-career to hearken, and, most fruitful of all, bronzed men, unenlightened by the virtues—and vices—of civilization, came leagues to hear the White Man's vibrant message.

In one of these latter years there had appeared, high up on the slope of a neighboring mountain, a child of one of the few Indian families that had not yet been enslaved by the cruel, haughty men who followed in the wake of the gentle Mission Fathers.

In that child's breast the first sweet tones of the bell had awakened scenes and fancies that seemed strangely familiar to him. The whole day long he would lie in some sequestered dell, waiting, always waiting, for a recurrence of the ravishing echoes. Each day he wandered farther and farther from the rude hut that meant his eternal freedom, and drew closer and closer to the siren notes that, to a bronzed man, could mean nothing short of bondage.

At length, one pleasant afternoon, as the mountain shadows began to creep prematurely over the valley and soften the outlines of the Mission buildings, the young Indian boy was discovered, as he lay dreaming, by the cruellest of all the Spaniards that now dominated Lower California. It took a moment before the startled boy could throw off the shackles of his dream, but in that moment the brutal Don Hernando felled him to the ground and his two men bound him tight.

On that day this son of all-outdoors became Pepe, a slave, the branded peon of Don Hernando, to whom escape meant sure death.

In all the slow years that dragged Pepe into youth and manhood, there had gradually sprung up one sweet solace to comfort his broken spirit and bruised body, and this, too, had come about thru the same mellow accents he had learnt to love so well in his days of freedom. It all began in the dusk of a summer evening, early in his captivity, when he had stolen away, at the risk of a flogging, to a sheltered spot close to the Mission wall, to listen to the bell—and loose his fancy to roam at will over the whole broad valley again.

Crouching there, he was discovered for a second time—but, on this occasion, by one of the gentlest of men, Padre Ernesto.

And from almost that first moment of meeting, the Mission Father had found the delicate path that led to the boy's heart.

Thus began their rare friendship.

During the hard ten years that followed, it was the padre who taught the boy the language of his captors, and it was the padre who gently led him from the brutal beliefs of his race into the beautiful realm of the White Man's religion, with its gentle Mother of Sorrows, always ready, with tender arms outstretched, to comfort even the peon.

Many times during these years the patient padre had discovered, with sorrow, that, tho the Indian lad had the sensitive soul of a poet, he had the heart of a savage. Under the spell of personal kindness, or of any situation peculiarly beautiful or poetic,

THEY CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR AT SOUND OF SAN MINIATO

Pepe was as docile as a lamb; but smarting under blows he was as blood-thirsty as a wolf.

Pepe loved Padre Ernesto beyond all else in the world, yet not quite so fervently as he hated Don Hernando.

Don Hernando, in turn, cherished a hatred for Padre Ernesto because of his "meddling," as he termed it, that was second only to that which he held for his peons, who fairly worshiped the venerable monk.

Of late, the planter had been venting his venom with steadily increasing virulence on the backs of his slaves—particularly Pepe, because of the padre's special regard for him.

And Pepe had been secretly and accidentally provided to resist the next attack. The Indian had found a long and wicked-looking dagger which had re-created in his breast a long-forgotten lust for blood. His fertile imaginings took a new turn, which always pictured the brutal master with a dagger between his shoulder-blades. He kept aloof from the padre for days, and only took his hand away from the place where the knife was concealed when the "voice of San Miniato," as he had come to call the bell, broke thru his dark musings.

The grandee was plainly itching for a clash with the Mission Fathers, and the old priest saw, with great anxiety, that a crisis was fast approaching. It came, too, like a flash.

The Donna Inez, Hernando's wife, and his daughter, Lola, thruout the gathering storm, continued to come loyally to the Mission, graciously accepting the cure and the counsel of Padre Ernesto.

One bright afternoon, as they were pacing up and down with him, their hearts warm with the kindliness the gentle priest always dispensed, their peace of mind was dispelled by the sudden appearance of Don Hernando, a scowl on his face and a slave-whip in his hand. There was a time-worn rule that forbade either slave-hunts or floggings on the Mission grounds.

The planter addressed the cowering women, ignoring the priest.

"The clod, Pepe, he is here; dont lie! He is always shirking my work to sneak here; this time he shall pay for it. Come—where is he?"

The priest, as tho to avert hostilities, quietly withdrew; the women slunk within the shadow of the chapel porch. Don Hernando strode about with rising ire, testing the lash on his boot-leg.

At that critical moment Pepe appeared.

"Master, I come," he said simply, his bare shoulders quivering slightly as his eye fell on the whip in the planter's convulsing hand.

"Down, dog, and take it!" snarled Don Hernando, forcing the now supplicating peon to his knees and letting the lash descend with a sickening cleek that brought a suppressed cry to the wretched slave's lips.

"Master, not one more, I warn

you!" Pepe implored, a strange look in his eye.

"You warn me? You—*you!*"

Down came the lash with terrible force, once, then a perfect shower of blows followed in quick succession.

For a moment the Indian moaned softly, and lay writhing in a physical agony too poignant for mental decision. Then his pain-opened eyes narrowed, and he was on his feet, crouching and swaying like a wounded animal, a long knife trembling in his hand. The planter paused, amazed. This was the unguarded moment Pepe sought; he sprang, aiming true at Don Hernando's throat.

Neither of the men had noticed the black-robed figure that had drawn near at the wretched peon's cry, and it was the flowing sleeve of his monkish habit that caught the thrust of the knife.

Padre Ernesto had saved Don Hernando's life. He now turned on him in solemn anger:

"May God visit thee according to thy iniquity! Now depart, thou Herod; thou slave-driver; thou scoffer! Darken not these sacred precincts with thy accursed shadow again —go!"

Don Hernando, somewhat sobered by the proximity of peril, was none the less angry over the outcome of the episode. The proudest of the proud, he had been humiliated by a hated priest before the slave who had attempted to kill him. Sweeping them all with a vicious look, his eyes paused at Pepe. He snapped the lash with an ominous crack—"This is going to lick up every drop of blood out of your black hide—snake!"

When he had stalked away, the padre turned sadly to the kneeling figure at his feet.

"O thou, with the blood of murder

PADRE ERNESTO INTERCEDES

staining thy conscience! Does the demon of thy unregenerate fathers still cling to thy soul? Has not the blood of the Crucified One cleansed thy heart? Give it over." He took the knife from the peon's hand. "Thou, for whom I have given thanksgiving so often, wouldst have done murder! Wilt thou never relinquish the blood lust of thy race?" The priest's severity dropped away as his eyes followed the little jets of blood crimsoning the brown skin. "And yet thy miserable condition must move the All Merciful to compassion. I absolve thee"—here he raised his hand in absolution—"and for penance I command thee seek to do good to thy worst enemy, and lay thy heart before God! Now go, my child, with these good women and have thy grievous hurts attended." The good father lowered his outstretched hand gently upon the wounded man's head, and then, with a meaning glance at the waiting women, sorrowfully went away.

The mother and daughter, each supporting Pepe, disappeared around the corner of the Mission House.

A week passed and Don Hernando had not carried out his threat to flog Pepe. Pepe had, for seven long days, been tossing in fever that crowded his tired brain with swift-moving scenes —of the Merciful Mother forbidding him audience; of his hands stained with blood that would not wash off; of his beloved padre spurning him; and of the shout of "Murderer!" over the whole broad valley every time the clarion voice of San Miniato pealed forth. The fever left him contrite of heart and fearless of the dangerous task of appeasing the vengeance of Don Hernando.

The first day he returned to the big adobe house, he sought at once to see for himself that Don Hernando still lived. From a distance he viewed the planter sitting at a table at the further side of the patio, a strange expression on his face, his eyes unnaturally dull. Once the planter turned and stared full at the youth, and Pepe steeled himself for the inevitable. But in that gaze there was neither sign of recognition nor resentment.

Pepe was puzzled.

Was there to be no way in which he could show the complete self-annihilation he had planned? He lifted a fearful prayer.

Others entered the patio. They gazed with surprise at Pepe, commenting on his recovery, on his audacity.

Suddenly there was a hoarse cry from the other side of the court, and Pepe saw Don Hernando pitch forward on the edge of the table. He knew not why, but he had expected something like this to happen. He was filled with a strange exaltation as he ran forward to the planter's side, Padre Ernesto's words still ringing in his ears, "Do good to thy worst enemy."

He saw what was the matter long before it dawned on any of the others. He could hear the sweet bell that moment ringing the Angelus. His heart sang with it; his lips moved in prayer. When he had finished, he turned on the assemblage, with the glowing eyes of a zealot:

"Stand away—it is smallpox. I alone shall touch him!"

Those crowding about shrank away, as tho caught in the teeth of a hurricane. At that time, and in that place, a summons to Death inspired less terror than a pronouncement of this dread disease.

Donna Inez stepped forward, her bloodless lips scarce carrying her words, "He is my lord and husband; my place is——"

"Mistress, not yet. Send a message at once to Padre Ernesto; this dread disease of Satan flees before the man of God."

"Padre Ernesto!" she gasped, thinking of all of her husband's abuses of that good man. "But——"

"Was there ever such a man?" asked Pepe, softly.

"No, Pepe." And she wrote:

PADRE ERNESTO:
My husband is stricken. We need you sorely.

INEZ HERNANDO.

Ten minutes later the padre entered the adobe house, sore pressed for breath. He hesitated a moment and then raised a hand in silent blessing upon the house.

The padre gave those assembled one of his benign looks, and the gloom that enshrouded their faces fell away. For a moment they seemed to forget the dread disease.

With a stern face, he now turned to the stricken man, lifted his closed eyelids, squeezed the flesh of his livid face and then paused with an almost imperceptible shudder, lowering his head. It was a prayer.

Looking up, his eyes met those of Pepe, who had stood watching him jealously, as tho half hurt at being ignored. But in that exchange of looks these two men saw into each other's heart, and understood.

"Child, we two will stay—we whom he has most wronged. Dost see now how the good God works His miracles?" The low-spoken words that followed shook the youth's heart: "This is thy glorious penance—and *mine.*"

"Yes, padre, we two will stay—*we two.* God is good."

The priest turned seriously to the waiting group.

"Now, good children, leave us. We shall carry Don Hernando to the hut yonder. You will bring food daily and leave it. But," here his demeanor grew stern, "let him who valueth his soul come no nearer than the line I shall draw before the door! The man who ventures closer will be excommunicated! The rites and sacraments of our holy Mother, the Church, shall be withdrawn from him and he shall be left to perish in hell! Amen. This must be, children. God bless you, my little ones! Pray for us."

Six weeks later, when the usual little band, headed by Donna Inez and Lola, drew near the pest-house to ask for news, Pepe ran out with the glad tidings written on his face. Before

PADRE ERNESTO WARNS HIS FOLLOWERS

he could speak, Don Hernando himself appeared, overwhelmed for a moment by the inrush of blue sky, fresh air and all the blessings of health. And once he got his balance again the old arrogance returned to his eye, and, with recollection, came a flame to his cheek.

But the little waiting group saw not this. They forgot all in the return to health of their master; and scarcely had the glad murmur died away when joy was once again dispelled by the cry of another stricken to take Don Hernando's place at the door of Death.

Unnoticed, Padre Ernesto had crept out of the hut too—he now leaned against it, the picture of Death.

Pepe turned and, discerning the terrible truth that the brave old man had till now concealed, sprang towards the venerable tottering figure, a whimper of futile grief in his throat as he gently lifted him:

"I—wanted only—to bless—my—little—children. God bless you!"

They could just distinguish the last hoarsely whispered words.

The next morning early, Don Hernando, with his wife and daughter, came to the hut. A tiny fire still smouldered in the proud grandee's eyes, as he took a pebble and cast it at the door of the hut. Regardless of all that had passed since, he could not forget that that priest had once laid a curse on him, and that that slave had once tried to kill him. Gratitude toward slaves and enemies was still beyond him.

The door of the hut was at length opened slowly. Pepe stepped out with a movement of weariness unnatural to him; in his eyes were only the ashes of their wonted fire; his hands hung listless at his sides.

The three were strongly impressed with the youth's manner.

He made his way laboriously to within a few feet of them before he spoke.

"Don Hernando"—his voice was no longer vibrant; it betrayed a little uncertainty that carried a suggestion of tears—"*he is dead.*"

The women burst out weeping with one accord. Don Hernando fell to plucking nervously his embroidered bolero.

"You—I say it again, proud Spaniard—*you killed Padre Ernesto!* Why did you not kill *me?* You might then have been satisfied not to kill him. Or, why did I not kill you first—yes, a hundred times? Oh, if it could be done again, I would kill you *now!*" Pepe raised a trembling hand in his passionate vehemence, but Don Hernando betrayed no sign.

"Two spirits came into my early life here with the White Man—one I have hated as only a slave can hate; the other I loved as few except women can love. One was the devil—the other a saint. The saint has given his life for the devil's. Shame, Don Hernando! For weeks did the blessed padre lave with cool water those vile lips that cursed him even as he did it. He never slept, lest the man who hated him lose a moment of his care. He seldom ate—he could not, because of anxiety for him that was heartless. And at last, he died—for him who sheds not a tear. He for *you!*" Pepe paused, his eyes cast far down the valley; Don Hernando's cleaved to the ground.

"Had he not died—or even had you become like a child and turned to the Christ—I could still have believed. But now——"

With a gesture of absolute despair, the Indian turned and walked slowly in the direction of the Mission. The Hernandos silently turned the opposite way.

As soon as he had told the sad news to the Fathers, Pepe, with a strange perversity bred of despair, fled to the farthest corner of the grim chapel and there prayed the night long for the soul of his dear padre. The morning sun streamed down on his head and breast before he rose.

The day was one of mourning for the whole Paradiso Valley.

With the noonday sun, the desire to pray had passed away from Pepe.

With savage impatience, he began to seek a new solace. A primitive fancy took possession of his mind.

He recollected where the keen dagger could be found that the padre had taken from him. With extreme cunning, he sought and found it. Again the lust of the savage flamed in his breast. The doctrine of his people, of Blood for blood, was older than that of Love your enemies, of the white people. Don Hernando had killed his best friend, his brother, his father. Only revenge could right matters.

He avoided every one; he refused to eat; and the native cunning, that he had sloughed like a skin ten years before, returned, now polished by the deceit of the White Man.

In the lust for blood, he forgot all —his Church, even his dead friend. The savage heart swayed his hand ever to the hilt of the dagger.

Pepe waited.

When the Padre Ernesto's remains were at length being borne for the last time into the chapel, Pepe was a straggler in the long procession of mourners that accompanied it.

And, following in the wake of even the stragglers, walked Don Hernando; Pepe following his least movement out of the tail of his eye.

The tolling bell ceased as the procession passed the threshold.

Several minutes elapsed before Don Hernando, alone, approached. There was something hesitating, tremulous and altogether foreign to his usual self, in his manner. Twice he essayed to enter the building, but fell back each time. He turned his back for a moment as tho unable even to face it.

In that moment, a dark shadow stole from the doorway, a piece of steel poised and gleamed above it.

The opportunity had at last arrived for revenge on the heartless slave-driver. Pepe was on the verge of his long-planned murder!

The young Indian's eyes glittered thru narrow slits, his lips twitched, and his rapid movements on the unsuspecting planter were cloaked in velvet stealth.

In one silent bound, he covered half the intervening distance, and in another second Don Hernando's broad back was within reach. The blade was lifted high, and for the merest instant hung poised, the muscles of the brown arm swelling with collected energy.

The next moment the dagger clattered to the ground, the brown arm fell inert to the Indian's trembling side.

Pepe, above all things in the world, had not been prepared for a miracle.

At the very moment that Don Hernando stood hovering over the abyss of Eternity, Providence swept his heart with an overwhelming contrition that had been struggling for the past week with arrogant pride, and

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

he fell to his knees, a long-forgotten prayer on his lips, a dry sob convulsing his throat.

Pepe stood for a moment surveying the marvelous spectacle, his savage heart still, the other man's contrition gradually infecting him, all the sweet emotions he had ever known uniting and swelling his heart to the bursting point.

The soul of the poet had come home to stay.

The tolling of the bell roused him. They were now carrying out the body of the Mission Father to his last resting place. Pepe raised his eyes in grateful recognition, just as a single white dove raised itself aloft in flight. Pepe watched it till it passed out of sight into the blue. For him this was the soul of his friend.

Turning, he found Don Hernando's eyes upon him. Instinctively Pepe extended his hand: "Master—come."

PEPE RAISED HIS EYES IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

He spoke from his heart in a voice that was soft and pleading. "She waits." For, thru the gathering mist that began to veil his vision, he saw outlined the benign figure of the Sorrowing Mother of Christ with arms tenderly, lovingly outstretched. And beside her stood Padre Ernesto.

Don Hernando rose without a word. Pepe followed him.

They entered the church with hearts aflame, just as the Mission Father, with his heart cold and still, passed out.

But Padre Ernesto's work was well done. This was God's way—the only way that ever rejoiced the heart of the good priest during his gentle, pious life.

And all the while, the mellow notes of San Miniato's bell floated far down the fair Paradiso Valley, until they lost their cadence among the wooded distances.

The Photoplay

By GEORGE W. STAFF

What brings the weary brain release,
And soothes the jaded nerves to peace
From all the worries of the day?
The Photoplay.

What tells that sweetest story, too,
Of love, the old but ever new,
And shows the power of its sway?
The Photoplay.

What gives us glimpses of that strife,
With all its countless scenes, called life,
Of every phase, from sad to gay?
The Photoplay.

Indian Romeo and Juliet

(Vitagraph)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

From the Scenario of Hal Reid

CAST

ONIATARE (Romeo) ..... *William Wallace Reid*
ETHONA (Juliet) ..... *Florence E. Turner*
KOWA (Paris) ..... *Harry Morrey*
RAKOWANEH (Capulet) ..... *James H. Reed*
NEOK (Nurse) ..... *Mrs. Adelaide Ober*
OYENKWA (Friar Lawrence) ..... *Harold Wilson*

Director, Mr. Trimble

ON the edge of the woods, where the fire is made and the smoke is rising, they had foregathered with the Nations for many days. By the banks of the Mohawk, in the Long House, councillors from the tribes sat in two long rows. Day and night they had mourned for the great warriors who had passed away, and whose places they should fill. Before the lodges, *akeeks* of steaming succotash were preparing for the guests.

ONIATARE

Rakowaneh, he that is mighty, the sachem of the Mohawks, had welcomed the chiefs, with a locking of arms, and had led each one to his place. Onondaga, Seneca, Oneida, Cayuga had stood equally before him. To some he had said, "Welcome, my brother"; to others, "Peace, my children."

One, a young warrior from the far-off Hurons, Oniatare by name, had been neither grasped nor bespoken in brotherhood. He was the representative of their hereditary foe, the Wyandots, and had come to them by many streams and over portages, bearing peace-belts of fine wampum.

No white man had witnessed the swift glide of his canoe down the currents, for it was before the time of their coming. Nor had any single Huron warrior ever before penetrated the demesne of the Five Nations.

Rakowaneh had welcomed the tall, young stranger as befits an ambassador, but Oniatare, during the term of the council, had pitched his camp on the far side of the river. Here he remained, or explored its granite ledges, until the ceremonies should be finished.

While the fire burned high or low they had extolled their departed grandsires, pledging again the bonds, reciting the duties of right living. Now and again a councillor would walk solemnly between them, seated, and compose his mind for the rev-

erend words to be spoken. No bitterness or savagery breathed in their low-pitched chants.

When they had given the dead their due, new sachems were to be chosen to fill the ranks thinned by disease, by falling trees, or by the uplifted hatchet. Rakowaneh, rising, had said: "Now our uncle has passed away, he who used to work for all, that they might see the brighter days to come—for the whole body of warriors, and also for the whole body of women, and also the children that were running around, and also for the little ones creeping on the ground, and also those that are tied to the cradle-boards. Now we will open your ears, and also your throat, for there is something that has been choking you, and we will also give you the water that will wash down all the troubles in your throat. We shall hope that after this your mind will recover its cheerfulness. Now then, we say, we wipe away the tears, so that in peace you may look about you. Now I have finished: now show me the man!"

Kowa, the War Song, as was the custom, had been chosen by the matrons of the Onondagas to be a sachem of their nation. When he had passed between the lines, revealing his broad shoulders and thick neck, they had invested him with the horns and belt of office. Other sachems were installed, awhile the councillors sang to them the glory of their ancestors, Ototarho and Hiawatha, the peace-bearer.

With the closing of the hymn the newly-chosen were led to their proper seats among them. Rakowaneh, seated, produced the belts on which were worked the records of the Nations. String by string, these he recounted to the councillors; word by word, these they fastened in their memory: "Now, another thing we will say to you who are mourning in the darkness. I will make the sky clear for you, so that you will not see a cloud. And also I will give the sun to shine upon you, so that you can look upon it peacefully when it goes down. You shall see it when it is going. The sun shall seem to be hanging just over you, and you shall look upon it peacefully as it goes down. This we say and do, we brothers."

On the morrow, at sunrise, when the tribes were departing to stream or lake or mountain, Kowa, the Onondaga, stood before the lodge of Rakowaneh, the Mohawk, with a pack of fine furs in his hands.

Between the sessions of the council, he had seen the flitting figure of Ethona, the sachem's daughter, who, even at the "trotting dance" of welcome, had kept ever in the background. Her graceful movements and soft intake of breath had caused her to be called the Flower of the River. She, like a canoe in rapid water, had danced lightly round his bulk.

Now, as earnest to his desires, he would lay rare pelts of sable and of mink in the hands of Rakowaneh. Thus the bargain would be bound.

Rakowaneh, raising the flaps of deerskin at his lodge entrance, beheld Kowa standing at sunrise before the opening.

The Onondaga spoke words of greeting. "I have followed," he said, "the footmarks of our forefathers, which have led me to your lodge; and all but perceptible is the smoke where they used to smoke the pipe together."

The Mohawk answered: "Great thanks now, therefore, that you have safely arrived."

Kowa drew forth his pipe of sun-dried clay. "Now then," he said, "let us smoke the pipe together, because all around us are hostile spirits which are each thinking, 'I will frustrate their purpose.'"

"You have said it," answered Rakowaneh; "here thorny ways, here falling trees, and here wild beasts lying in ambush: by these you might have perished, my offspring."

So saying, he smoked a while in silence.

Kowa resumed: "Great thanks now, therefore, that I have come safely thru the forest. Because it would have been lamentable had I

perished by the way, and the startling word had come, 'Yonder is lying a body, yes, and of a chief.'"

So ending, he placed the gift of furs in the hands of Rakowaneh.

"Now, therefore, my older brother of the river," Kowa continued, "I give you furs of black and white to strengthen the house. For Ethona, the River-flower, has danced around me, and I would carry her to the hills, the land of Onondaga."

HE EXPLORES THE GRANITE LEDGES

Rakowaneh, smoking peacefully, had expected this asking for his daughter, but not by word or sign did he show a sudden interest.

"I have removed," he said, slowly, "the obstruction from my ears and hear the words spoken easily. Now, therefore, to strengthen the house she shall go out from the lodges of the Mohawks, forevermore. I have said it; the watching squaw shall fetch her so that she may grow tall upon the mountain."

At sunrise, too, Ethona had gone to the bank of the river, where, from a pool of clear water, she drank deeply of the fluid that nourished the tendrils of her name. She did not hear the soft strokes of Oniatare's paddle as his canoe of bark sped down the sun-streaked water. He was first to see her standing in the river, and, arising in the floating craft, he let the sun bathe his long back and legs.

Ethona parted her lips from the cold pool, and her eyes traveled across the space of shining water. In its center, balanced straight, the towering Huron stood. So long she gazed she might have thought him a man of bronze risen from the river's bed.

"STANDING, LIKE A TALL PINE, WITH ONE GROWING IN ITS SHELTER"

When their eyes had feasted long, one upon the other, he turned the canoe's prow toward the Mohawk bank. Here the current brought it gently to her feet. From his flattened hair, he took the feather of a snowy heron and pressed it in her half-shut hand. Then, from round his waist, he uncaught a belt of purple wampum; this he clasped around her breasts. Standing together, he was as a tall pine on the plains; she pliant, like one growing in its shelter.

Her eyes had spoken; his gifts had answered; a third voice came from the ledge above them. It was that of Neok, the watcher, calling for her charge.

The young warrior from the land of snows pointed to the sun, and, as her eyes followed his arm, he described its arc thru the sky until it should rest at sundown on the hills. He pointed to his breast, then at her feet. As she turned away she smiled, quite joyously, for she knew that their meeting was delayed but till sunset at the pool.

Neok, with beady eyes shining from a face all furrows, picked her way among the boulders, followed by her ward. Rakowaneh and the suitor, Kowa, stood with crossed arms as the women came before them. The Mohawk sachem looked upon her with loving appraisal as he gave her words of welcome.

"Now, therefore, Ethona," he said, "you have blossomed from the seed into the flower, from the papoose to the toddler, in the shelter of our lodge. Many eyes among the Nations have beheld the opening blossom, many hands have reached to pluck it; pull it from its roots and parents; tear it up and not replace it. Now comes Kowa, lusty singer, here among us, braving perils from the forest, till his wings are drooping at our door. Between two lines we made him sachem, chief among the Onondagas, people of the hills. He has seen the budding flower; saw it dance and flit around him; felt its breath and knew it strangely. Now, therefore, let there be no obstruction in your heart, but go with him wherever he may lead."

As she listened, the little bells of copper stirred upon her breast, above the belt of sparkling shells. Stirred too late to tell her, "Too early seen unknown, and known too late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me that I must love a loathed enemy." The white plume of the heron lay in her hand and she stroked it as if a homing bird had come to quarter there. Tears crept out from beneath her long lashes.

Kowa looked upon her weakness, and construed it as a silent refusal. He would have turned upon his heel and left her in sorrow, too, had not the Mohawk bade him stay.

"My brother," he said, reproachfully, "would you fall after making the leap? Are not the Onondagas the heads of their households? I will cut her off from the tribe, in a lodge by the river. Here the evil spirits will leave her, and she will be made sweet again."

Turning to Neok, he gave her instructions to set up Ethona's lodge-pole in the seclusion of the river, away from the fastness of the camp. There to be guarded and tended till her heart should soften and her eyes should turn toward the hills of the Onondagas.

As night was falling, the shift had just been finished. The blood-red ball of the sun rested on the crest of the hills; shadows were forming across pools and under ledges. A dying breeze stirred the foliage of the river banks.

A canoe had been beached on the Mohawk side, and, to one watching from the other shore, the straight form of Oniatare could have been seen working thru and over the broken ledges to the little cove where the drinking-pool lay. He came upon it bathed in soft shadows like the dark velvet of a couch. The dimming trees, too, formed walls to it of purple and green arras. The ruby lamp of the sun, as from a distant passage, shone faintly over all.

Until the disk had dipped behind

the hills, Oniatare stood before the pool, composed and straight-standing. Not until his bronze shape had been folded into the darkness, did he move or suspect that she would not come. And not coming, he knew that something must have happened to her; for the breast-belt of wrought shells, which he had given her, was warmer, fitted closer and spread to the beat of her heart more truly than cold ring or trinket on pale fingers.

In the dusk, tiny fires gleamed thru the woods from the Mohawk camp. One, too, winked alone among the eyes looked, as if unafraid of shapes that prowl at nightfall, for, like one other, "She doth teach the torches to burn bright, her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night."

Ethona's lodge was far back upon a crag or balcony of rock, and when the call of a ring-dove came from beneath it, she stood up and walked to its front.

"Beautiful Huron," she said, bending over the edge, "what do men call thee?"

"My people call me Oniatare," he said, "Great Reaches of Water; for on

"BRAVING PERILS TILL HIS WINGS ARE DROOPING AT OUR DOOR"

ledges farther up the river. This he would investigate in search of her who was missing. Coming in caution near it, he saw her whom he sought seated by the fire, with an ancient squaw. She was leaned forward with a hand upon her cheek, and the flames seemed to play with her thick braids. Into the outer circle of darkness her

the sands of the long sweet-water lake was I born, and bathed, and grew tall and slender thereby."

"And dost thou come prying in the fastness of the Mohawks in fear or in love? For the place is death to the Wyandot, the sworn enemy of the Long House."

"Where my heron breast has gone,"

he said, "there I can follow, in the fear of death and in the gladness of love."

"And canst thou follow it in the deep darkness, when mourning is set upon the heart of the River-flower?"

"Where my girdle of purple, signifying desire, and of white shells overlaid, signifying hope, has gone, there can I trace them thru my sleeping enemy."

"Now then," she said, "I will make the sky clear for you, so that you will stone as if praying. "Now then," he said, "I may wipe away the tears, that in peace I may look upon you."

The voice of Neok came wailing to them, and Ethona walked within the circle of light to reassure her. When the fire had burned low, and the old squaw lay sleeping, the meeting of the Flower and of the Lake continued under the light of the stars.

Next in importance to Rakowaneh was Oyenkwa, the priest of the Mohawks; he whose pillar of smoke was

THE RING-DOVE CALLS FROM BENEATH THE BALCONY

not see a cloud; for the one growing in the river longs with every breath for the Great Reaches of Water, so clear that men can see what is passing thru beneath. Now, therefore, art thou content that the feather has fallen upon me and that the girdle beats with my breast?"

Oniatare clasped the protruding kindled by the flint of the Great Manitou. At the rising of the sun, Oniatare sat by a spring in front of his cave, his breast covered with white shells in token that he was a guest. Presently the priest came out and welcomed him. Many soothing words of good meaning and consolation for departed ancestors did they offer one

to another. Oniatare said: "Where their graves have been made we will make them still better. If they are ragged we will adorn them and cover them with moss. We will do this: now take these furs of sable and of mink to strengthen your resolve."

Forthwith he unfolded his plan of immediate marriage to Ethona; for it was within the scope of Oyenkwa's authority to sanction this tie. When he had finished, the sachem looked at him coldly, with a swaying of his antlers as would a stag when enraged.

THE RIVER-FLOWER LONGS FOR THE GREAT REACHES OF WATER

Long he stood and wagged his head unsteadily; for the tall Huron was the emblem of death lurking at their door.

"When the Flower is growing," Oniatare pleaded, "by the sands of the long lake, many warriors will come to look upon it, and, gazing at the slender blossom, mother of renowned papooses, will come with open hands seeking others from the river where she grew."

Oyenkwa, with visions of a lull thereby to the never-ending war-cry, and some time to plant and harvest, and to worship peace and plenty, and to still the savage hatred, gave his assent and pledged the bargain with a skin of whitest ermine.

"Now, therefore," he said, "I will blow upon the ashes and remake the fire and cause it to burn again. This we will do; now continue to listen and to wash the blood-marks from the seats of the Nation."

Oniatare, light of heart, departed, seeking with young strides, she who could now go across the river to his teepee on the neutral ground.

There, as the first gray of the new morning paled the east, the Huron and his bride, the Mohawk, stood be-

fore its painted sides. Birds were singing in the woods about them; for "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops." The time had come, and almost gone, when he must present the peace-belts to Rakowaneh.

"Now listen, Flower," he said; "the bobolink is calling from the meadow, chiding the belated day. Even now the Nations are stirring in their camp."

In the half-light her eyes looked strangely large and filled with woe. "The night is still upon us," she pleaded; "but now, I heard an owl scolding from a tree. So, therefore, stay a while, lest in the dark the warriors see not your white breast."

A shaft of light, as if to belie her, played across the tall tree-tops. Sounds awoke in the forest. Oniatare smiled a farewell down into her anxious face, as he turned to cross their glade. Breathing peace toward the Nations, he reached the river where a ford met the trail that started northward. As the cool water bathed his hips, Kowa, coming into camp, crossed him.

The two big men had never looked upon each other till this moment, yet each felt hatred seeking for the other, and knew not why. Kowa stood on the gravel until their nearing eyes met in long gaze. The Huron passed beyond his scowl, calmly and proudly, yet Kowa felt that the insolent back going before him was a just target for an arrow carelessly let fly. So thinking, he followed after.

No sooner had Oniatare left Ethona brooding disaster, than Neok, sped by Rakowaneh, hobbled, leaning on her staff, to the carpeted glade. Her message was brief: Ethona must prepare to follow her and make ready for a fitting ceremony with the patient Kowa.

Who can say what were the thoughts behind that wrinkled mask, as she made a slow return? Had she, too, had her day when hearts beat high and red blood coursed wanton under dusky cheeks?

Not more dun were her cheeks now, nor dim her eyes, than those of the River-flower; for if she loved the Huron, it were not for the pleasure it gave her heart, nor for the fine pain that sucked at its roots.

So it came that on a second early morn, Oyenkwa, the priest, coming out to kindle the fire of his orisons, found another suppliant with bowed head, seated on a fallen log by his welling spring.

To him she gave the twice-told tale of a love that leapt the bounds of hatred to find itself all bleeding in the midst of tribal intrigue. She was as a fawn run down by dogs; panting, knowing not where to turn.

Oyenkwa heard the frightened Flower to her full, shaking his sage head as he listened gravely. None more skillful than he in the weaving of a mesh or net political or sacerdotal, or in curing ailments in the tribe. Then he told her of a simple fluid, extracted from the flowering foxglove, distilled and gourded when the moon was full. By its uses, with discretion, a most deathlike slumber came upon the drinker, unawares. Let her sip it; sleep would claim her, and the mourners would perform the rites by the hearth of those afflicted. Thus he spoke: "When it has gone forth that a loss has occurred among us, we will suspend a pouch upon a pole, and will place in it some mourning wampum—some short strings. The bearer will enter, and will stand by the hearth, and will speak a few words of comfort to those who will be mourning; and then they will be comforted, and will conform to the great law. Nor to the burial ground will the chiefs and warriors and relations go, but a squaw chosen to officiate who will bear thee away. Now, therefore, when thou hast been gathered to thy grandsires and the sun has departed, from the burial ground, the Huron will come to thee and waken thee from thy slumber. I have said it: be not afraid of the dry branches fallen to the ground, for thou wilt grow up to bushes again."

So saying, he gave her a gourd of

the potion, which she carried to the ashes of her fire on the crag or balcony above the river. Not far below lay the sun-flecked reach of water, where she had first beheld the Huron's canoe come gliding; nearer shore the little drinking-pool shone like an outcropping of silver. These had been her nursery and play-room, and until now her bedchamber on lonely, blissful nights. Of Rakowaneh, presiding gravely in the Long House, she thought some, too; how this would grieve him and leave him childless; for his sons had been slain one by one. For Kowa, the Singer, she had just sorrow; for his strong chant would be hushed in council, and he would return to the Onondagas bitter against them. For herself she felt only sadness, lest the plan should miscarry and Oniatare be the loser.

THE POTION OF FOXGLOVE

It was to make his loss less certain that she composed herself upon the floor of rock and raised the sleep-giving gourd to her lips. There, some hours later, they found her, the pallor of death upon her cheeks.

"Woe! Woe!
We are diminished!
Woe! Woe!"

had sung the mourners. In front of the fireless hearth they had laid her, and, face downward, had mourned upon their mats. Many gifts of fur or shell or copper had been lavished on them, unappeased. Rakowaneh lay in his blankets, his face pressed against the ground, and did not join them in the eating of cold food.

To Neok, the watcher, fell the task of guiding the canoe, bearing Ethona, to the burial grounds of the Mohawks beyond the rapids of the river. The form of the Flower had been placed on a bower of branches, which trailed in the water as if unwilling to allow her passage. The crouched shape of the ancient squaw, who had borne so many of the House down this swift-flowing aisle, steered her vessel with slight deflections of her paddle. Who can say what of sorrow she had in her honorable task? In the tribe she had seen many flowers live to blossom or to fade; in the storehouse of her memory, perhaps, other lives were quite as fugitive as this little one she had seen grow and die. Now, therefore, do not accuse her of hard-heartedness if she kept her beadlike eyes on the rocks and snags that jutted from the river.

Where the lofty interlocking oaks, beyond the memory of the Mohawks, made a vault against the winds of winter, there she and the slave, Aerengh, had made a shallow grave. Now these two bore Ethona on her bower, beneath the oaks, and stayed to look upon her for a while; for she was "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

To them thru the woods came Oniatare, believing her dead, for Kowa, at the offering of peace-belts, had so told him. In his unoiled hair he wore a heron's long tail-feather, which streamed out at his swift coming. By his pendants of massy shell, they knew him as a sachem or one held in high honor; wherefore, they withdrew and left him with her, alone.

The Huron had seen, many times, death horrible, or death grotesque, but not till then death beautiful. With awe he stroked her hair, soft as in life; with veneration touched her forehead, smooth as doeskin. With love, too, held in check by loftier grief, he clasped her hands, plaint as in slumber.

For how long he lingered with her spirit in sweet communion, the sinking sun alone has taken count of. It may have been a shadow, or a feeling that his parting with her was not unwatched, which caused him to turn and look about the grove.

OVER THE FORM OF THE LOST REWARD THE STRUGGLE CONTINUED

Kowa, like one drunk with gloating, stood near them, with folded arms. He had his sorrow, too, tho it was mixed impurely with his hatred for the Huron. From this poison his strong face seemed bloated as he met the Huron's look. To Oniatare, pure in his grief, Kowa was a spy at a crevice, a mocker, and an open enemy. The time had come, tho the prize was lost, to declare themselves as such. By silent consent, each drew his dagger, and, stepping in a wary circle, waited for an opening for his thrust. Twice their blades crossed, as they had sprung forward, and then Kowa, with his gloating smile, had slowly pressed down the wrist of Oniatare. To glide backward then from his chopping thrust needed legs of hair-spring. Once, too, he caught him by the loin-cloth to draw him to the point of his weapon; then had the Huron barely escaped him by the quick leg-thrust of a swimmer.

Over the form of the lost reward the struggle of the giant red men continued. Now swaying, now falling, now bent back on giving knee. The blanket of night had all but wrapped around them; arms thrust as thru a hanging; blood dropped down on the bower of leaves. Then the face of Kowa loomed large or distorted over Oniatare, and his arm pressed like the spring of a war-bow. From the air came a maiming thrust, delivered with dagger hilt undermost, and met the swinging hand of Kowa. The crushed fist loosened from its weapon; the face contracted to narrow lines of pain. The Huron's dagger sought deep into the muscles of Kowa's chest. He fell flat, sapless—the Great War

Song had ended without a groan. Oniatare drew his own wounded body to the bower of Ethona, and called upon his gods to witness the deed which he was about to do.

"Juskeha, Master of Life," he invoked, "and the honorable dead around me, and she whom I loved greater than myself, behold me coming! Be ready with open arms to receive my bones, for the wolves or the false takers of peace-belts will mutilate my flesh. I have said it; now I am ready, in spirit, to die!"

So saying, he sighed gently, and bare shoulder, and soon had guided itself to the head upon its pillow.

"Oniatare, my spring," she said, with unclosed lips, "thou hast found me where the trees have grown thickest. Now is our sadness over. Before the prying moon shall see us, we will hasten to the river, and set forth, all joyous, for the land of snows and water. Now, therefore, lead me by the hand."

Thus prating fondly, she sought his hand to clasp it and to waken him to his dear reward. She loosed his stiffened fingers from the dagger's hilt,

"SHE WHOM I LOVED GREATER THAN MYSELF"

fixed the steel between his ribs. His head, with the trailing feather, fell upon the lap of the Flower. All three slept peacefully.

The power of the potion had by now spent itself, and Ethona, from the light jarring of his head, opened her eyes to stare at the unmeaning limbs of oak above her. From such a deep slumber had she never awakened before, and sight or touch seemed quite detached from her. The great stillness of the forest was her comforter, its leaves her couch. In this majestic chamber could she well wait the coming of Oniatare.

Reaching forth, her hand found his and only then the truth held her in its thongs.

"O happy dagger, this is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die!"

She plucked the weapon out, and held its crimson blade above her breast. "Swift, swift!" she said. "Great Manitou, let me seek his spirit on the trail. If thou hast so willed that he become a tortoise, or noble elk, or only an eel gliding in the water, stay his spirit, I implore, until I can come up with it; then, therefore, will I become as him."

So saying, she lay back, and the night wind whirled leaves around and over the sleepers.

Mother Goose Up-to-Date

By LILLIAN MAY (Aged 12)

Sing a song of sixpence, Motion Picture Shows,
Everybody loves it, everybody goes.
When the doors are opened the band begins to play,
Oh, we are so glad we're here, couldn't stay away!
See the cowboy coming as he larrups up his pony;
See the fat man chase his hat, my, but he is funny!
What if everything soars high, rent and eats and clothes,
I still can take my family to see the Picture Shows.

Little Boy Blue is not in sight;
He's out alone in the cold, dark night.
Should you go out and chance to meet
Boy Blue, please send him from the street.
Oh, no! I gave him a nickel to go
Around the corner to the Picture Show.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep 'er
At home one minute, for she would go
Day and night to the Picture Show.
At last he followed and, strange to tell,
He found he liked it very well.

An S. S. teacher met a preacher
In front of a Photoshow;
Said the teacher to the preacher,
"How do *you* dare to go?"

Said the preacher to the teacher,
"It's no worse for *me* than *you;*"
Said the teacher to the preacher,
"Indeed, that's very true."

Said the teacher to the preacher,
"We may as well go in—
I'm not afraid of Deacon Slade,
For we commit no sin."

Said the preacher to the teacher,
"I'm glad I came today;
There's recreation and education
In the Motion Picture Play."

The Awakening of John Bond

(Edison)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

Produced in co-operation with The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis

WHEN old King Midas said that he would be the happiest man that ever lived if he could but possess the magic power of the Golden Touch, he spoke for all mankind.

Every man has in his inmost heart a longing for the magic touch that will make possible the great desire of his life. For some it may be wealth, as in King Midas' case; for others, fame, honor, the uplifting of humanity, or the righting of some great wrong, and for still others it may be just to lend a helping hand at home, to friend or neighbor, or the gift to "put new humps of interest in vital subjects worn flat with use"; but with all there is the same longing for the magic touch.

Did we but realize it, however, every man, woman and child in the universe is blessed with a Golden Touch—magic and yet real—a touch that is unfailing in its contribution to human health and happiness, altho its workings are secret and past our ken—the God-given Golden Touch of Sunlight. Its power falls impartially upon the just and the unjust, and he who has opened his heart to it sings an everlasting song of thankfulness.

"For the comforting warmth of the sun
that my body embraces,
For the cool of the waters that run thru
the shadowy places,
For the balm of the breezes that brush
my face with their fingers,
For the vesper-hymn of the thrush when
the twilight lingers,
For the long breath, the deep breath, the
breath of a heart without care.—
I would give thanks and adore thee, God
of the open air!"

Little lame Nellie O'Brien, who lived with Big Brother George and their younger brother and sister in the wretched tenement room where their father and mother had died of consumption, knew about the Golden Touch of Sunlight. She had heard of it from a lecturer at the nearby public school, and also from the kind woman on the first floor who had helped her thru her mother's illness, and whose window-box of gay flowers was the one bright spot in that gloomy building, and the delight and envy of Nellie's heart. She could not put plants in her window, for it opened upon a brick wall, black and grimy, and the plants always died because the sun never shone there. Lately she had come to understand that that was the reason why her parents had died—because the sunlight could not reach them.

Therefore, when she heard that the inspector was making the rounds with the owner of the building, she determined to beg him to make improvements, so that they could have more air and sunshine.

But the wealthy John Bond, politician, tenement-owner and prospective bridegroom, was not disposed to make changes. In vain the inspector pointed out the deficiencies in lighting and ventilation, and tried to impress upon him the necessity of making many much-needed repairs. In vain Nellie pleaded with him to improve the condition of their crowded quarters. John Bond was obdurate. There was a window in the room, as the law required; what more did she want? That the window was small, with pieces of board and paper covering the broken panes, and opened upon a brick wall, mattered not to him. That the O'Briens' few articles of apparel hung upon the wall for lack of closet room, absorbing the odors of cooking and gathering the dust of the ill-kempt room, disturbed him not at all. He was making it possible for these people to have a roof over their heads, and yet they

BRIBING THE INSPECTOR

were not satisfied. Well, they would have to be, or else move out; there were plenty of others looking for a place to lay their heads. He was glad to shake the filth of the place from his feet and to step into his waiting automobile. On the street admiring political tools greeted him, and a crowd of curious children and loafers, taking their cue from the hail-fellow-well-met attitude of their gang bosses, shouted familiarly after him. Bond's pompous person puffed itself up perceptibly. He would be looking for votes again in the fall election, and this acclamation was very reassuring.

When he reached home, however, his satisfying demeanor was slightly ruffled by a call from the Tuberculosis Committee, soliciting his support of a bill to be presented before the legislature for appropriations for hospitals, sanitaria and camps for tuberculosis patients.

Tuberculosis again! Why was that subject constantly being brought before him? Did he look like a victim of the disease? People were really carrying this matter too far. It was getting to be a regular fad.

With a few words of declination he dismissed them and turned his thoughts to the more engrossing subject of his approaching marriage with the beautiful Grace Haywood, and the arrangements for the honeymoon on board his steam-yacht *Sylvia*.

Meanwhile, sorrow had given place to rejoicing in the little O'Brien household. Big brother George had been out of work for some time, so that their savings had to be spent for food, and, consequently, he had not been able to see the doctor about his cough. When he received word from the Seamen's Union to report for duty on board the yacht *Sylvia*, due to sail in a week's time, sister Nellie's pale face brightened at the thought that perhaps the sea air would cure his cough and send him back strong and well.

Thus it came to pass, by the strange hand of chance, that John Bond's tenant was enrolled on board his yacht.

They were only three days out, when Mr. and Mrs. Bond, enjoying

each other's company in the luxury of the spacious salon, were informed that one of the crew, a certain George O'Brien, was very ill—in fact, seemed to be in the crucial stage of tuberculosis. A visit to his bunk proved that the poor fellow, indeed, had not long to live.

Mrs. Bond's pity and sympathy were thoroly aroused.

"Let me stay here, John, and help him," she pleaded. "A woman's hand means so much, dear, you know. I can write messages for him and comfort him in a hundred little ways. Think what that would mean to his family after he has gone! John, dear, you wont refuse me this, will you?"

So John yielded. But Mrs. Bond had not long to minister. A wasted hand placed some money and a few trinkets tenderly in hers, and she leaned forward to catch the faltering message:

"Take them—please—lady—to my sister Nellie — and — the children — at——," but the rest was lost in a violent attack of coughing.

When it was over he rallied sufficiently to give the address, but with the last word the flickering life went out. He sank back upon the pillow and the days of pain were over.

The incident weighed heavily upon Mrs. Bond's heart, and thruout the cruise she could not seem to shake it off. Moreover, she contracted a severe cough which troubled her continually, so that when the *Sylvia* docked again in busy New York a very different bridal figure stepped off the yacht from the gay one which had gone aboard a few short weeks before. Expert medical examinations disclosed the fact that her lungs were affected. Realizing that it would be impossible for her to go to Nellie, she wrote a note asking Nellie to come to see her.

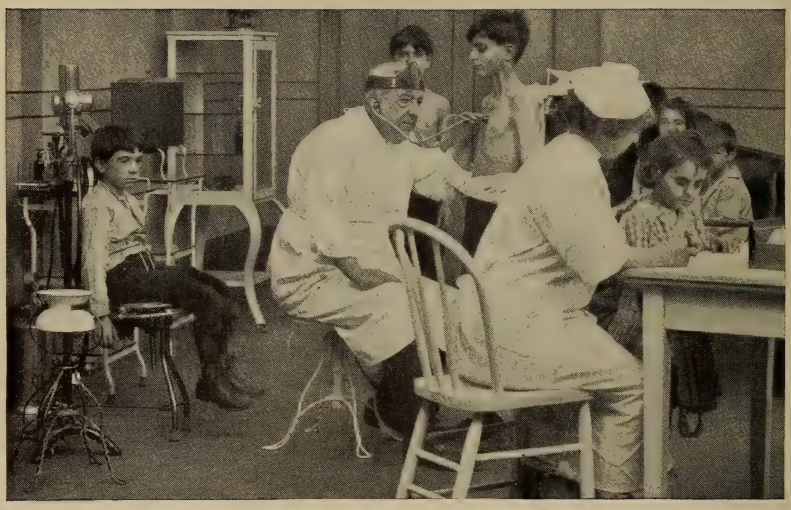
The weeks had brought changes, too, in the O'Brien home. Insufficient food and living in the room which had not been fumigated since the parents' death had developed the dread disease in the already susceptible children, and a visiting nurse had appeared, to remedy conditions, on the very day when Nellie had been brought home unconscious from the dock where she had gone to welcome her brother and had learnt of his untimely death.

The bitterness of her sorrow was still upon her the next day as she found her way to the Bonds' palatial residence; but when she saw the sweet face of the invalid, and heard the story of her brother's illness, her heart glowed with more than gratitude and her eyes filled with tears. Then the terrible conviction took possession of her that perhaps—perhaps Mrs. Bond had caught the disease thru her kindness in nursing George!

When Mr. Bond entered the room, however, and she recognized him as the owner of her tenement, the old bitterness returned with redoubled force, and the fury of her wild denunciation knew no bounds.

"You!" she cried. "You! The man who let my parents die for want of sunlight and refused to repair our tenement! Who would not listen to our entreaties and scoffed at the inspector's warnings! Take care! My brother's death lies at your door; your wife is ill because of your neglect of us; my little brother and sister are starving, and I—I shall die like my brother, and it will all be due to you—you—YOU!"

NELLIE ACCUSES HER LANDLORD



THE O'BRIEN CHILDREN SHOW SYMPTOMS OF TUBERCULOSIS

The Hon. John Bond was in unwonted distress For the first time in his career his word had not been law! The doctors had ordered that Mrs. Bond be placed in a sanitarium, and word had come back that every private one was filled. There was nothing to do but to follow the doctor's suggestion and consult the Tuberculosis Committee about placing her in a public sanitarium with the O'Brien children, for whom he had already made application.

The official in charge at the committee's rooms was exceedingly solicitous when he heard the story, but regretted deeply that every place was already crowded.

"What!" exclaimed Bond. "Do you mean to tell me that there is no room for my wife even in a *public* sanitarium?"

"Yes," said the official, "that is the way matters stand. Look at these lists—hundreds of patients turned away because we have no facilities for them. Hundreds dying in crowded, unwholesome quarters, when they might be getting well and stronger under proper treatment if we only had more sanitaria."

John Bond considered a moment and then drew out a roll of bills.

"Perhaps this will help to secure a place for Mrs. Bond," he suggested.

But the official misunderstood him. He counted the money carefully and presented him with a handful of Red Cross stamps.

"What are these for?" demanded Bond indignantly. "I dont want this worthless paper. I want a place for Mrs. Bond in one of your sanitaria."

"My dear man," returned the now enlightened official, "the quickest way for you to find a sanitarium for your wife is to help to build a new one. Every one who buys the Red Cross stamps is helping to stamp out the dread disease by enabling us to remove the victims from crowded quarters and thus prevent contagion; to treat the disease in its earliest stages when hope of cure is possible, and to teach the measures of precaution that make the disease preventable. Have you seen the exhibition

BOND MAKES HIS TENEMENT SANITARY

at the Natural History Museum? That's an eye-opener! You haven't? Then I'll take you right up there."

As they joined the throng streaming into the museum, Bond was interested in spite of himself. At one end of the main exhibition room a large electric light went out with alarming frequency and regularity, thus calling attention to the rate of mortality among tuberculosis sufferers. Charts, photographs, maps and diagrams hung on the walls, and cases of all sorts of sanitary paraphernalia filled the room. Models of sleeping-porches and window tents invited one to enjoy open-air sleeping, and bird's-eye views of large State sanitaria showed that the country was alive to this means of curing the disease.

Bond was particularly impressed with a representation of a dark tenement room, crowded and filthy, a sick man lying in the darkest corner, while his wife finished ironing the clothes which the small children were waiting to deliver. The aspect of the room recalled vividly to his mind the O'Brien tenement which he had so thoughtlessly neglected. On the other side of the partition was shown the same room after a visit from the district nurse—clean, neat and airy—an incentive to personal cleanliness and self-respect.

From the museum they went to one of the out-door schools, where youngsters, bundled up in bags and ulsters, courted health and education at one breath.

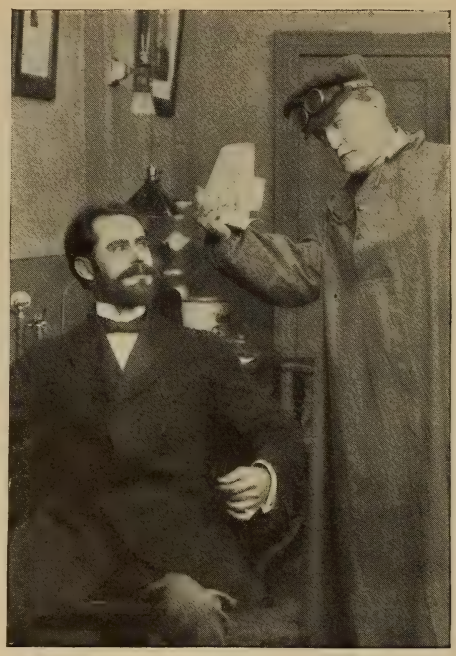
Bond was so impressed with the scope of the work and the campaign of relief measures, that when they returned to the office he impulsively pulled out his check-book and drew a check for $10,000, saying, as he presented it to the official:

"That is in partial atonement. I am the owner of one of those typical dark tenements, and I couldn't see why people were dissatisfied; but now I know, and I tell you I'm going to put in every modern improvement before the winter is over"—and he was true to his word.

Before long, accommodations were found for Mrs. Bond and the O'Brien family at one of the tuberculosis camps in the pine-woods, and a few months' time saw them well on the road to recovery.

When the O'Briens returned, they were amazed at the transformation in their home. Bond had not been satisfied to repair the old buildings; they had been completely torn down and in their place stood model tenements, with plenty of fresh air, sunlight, white paint and shining-tiled bathrooms.

"There are no better tenements in this city," Bond boasted, as he led the happy O'Briens into their new quarters.



BOND LEARNS THE MISSION OF THE CHRISTMAS SEAL

"I'm sorry I talked so mean to you that day," Nellie said, penitently.

"I deserved it," declared Bond; "I was a back number, but I've woke up. From this time on, I'm a model landlord. I never realized that half of the disease in the world is caused by the carelessness of landlords, but I shall now make amends."

And that year, when the Tuberculosis Committee presented its bill for increased appropriations, there was no more ardent supporter than the Hon. John Bond, one-time politician and tenement-owner, now statesman, reformer and philanthropist.

Santa Claus of the Film

By MINNA IRVING

When I was just a little chap,
(I'm eight years old today),
I used to watch for Santa Claus
And listen for his sleigh;
But brother Ed, who goes to Yale,
He said 'twas make-believe,
And it was only daddy brought
The toys on Christmas Eve.

No more, when all the house was still,
I lay awake to see
Old Santa down the chimney come,
To trim the Christmas tree.
And after that the games and things,
They were not half so nice
As when I fancied I could hear
His runners on the ice.

Then mother took me to a place
Where it was dark as night,
Except a stage, where on a screen
Appeared a dazzling light.
And there, behold! to my surprise,
Was Santa Claus, his pack
All full of trumpets, drums and dolls,
And candy, on his back.

His beard was white and very long,
His face was round and red,
He wore a funny pointed cap
Of fur upon his head.
And so there *is* a Santa Claus,
With reindeers, too, I know,
Because I saw him, big as life,
Right in the Picture-show.

The Ranchman's Debt of Honor

(Méliès)

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

THO he had lived within five miles of Lariet for more years than the short memory of the shifting population of that mushroom cattle-country town could cover, John Hardy was an almost total stranger to the popular establishment where "forty-rod" whiskey was dispensed at two bits per drink, and where everything short of deliberate murder was of common occurrence. "Slick Dan," who made his headquarters at this saloon, and who contributed a not insignificant percentage of his takings to the proprietor, was very strong for orderly conduct, and Dan's preferences in most things were scrupulously respected. To obey Slick Dan's wishes made one a better life insurance risk. Dan himself was no gun-man, but with suggestive certainty, persons who annoyed him always found themselves involved, sooner or later, in a powder-smelling argument with one of the town's "bad men."

Dan was seated at a table in the saloon one day, idly shuffling a pack of cards, when Hardy pushed thru the swinging doors, and, with a solemnly jovial air, advanced to the bar and ordered the white-aproned individual on duty to "set 'em up for the crowd." Dan was not a careless drinker, but his instinct to look into the unusual prompted him to accept the rancher's invitation, and he joined the several loafers who had responded with almost undue haste.

"Dont have the pleasure of seeing you often, Mr. Hardy," Dan remarked, as he poured for himself a very modest drink. "Congratulations in order? Celebrating a birthday, or something?"

"Well, just sort o' celebrating a little, but it ain't a birthday," Hardy responded, even his tone of voice disclosing the diffident, kindly nature of the man. He warmed to the gambler's friendly smile, and was moved to a sudden confidence.

"Twenty years ago today," he said slowly, "I bought that little ranch out on the creek. There was a ten-thousand dollar mortgage on it. I've been a-paying that mortgage off—that's how-come I've stuck so close to work and haven't been social-like." His glance was wistful, and Dan nodded as tho in full understanding. "Twenty years it's taken me and my wife to pay off that mortgage," he continued slowly, the memory of the hard days weighting his voice, "and I reckon I'm due to celebrate just a little."

"You sure are!" Dan said cheerfully, and slapped him on the back. "You say you've paid it all?"

"All except a thousand dollars, and that'll be paid today," Hardy replied. With a simple, childlike impulse, he pulled from his pocket a roll of bills. "This is the end of the mortgage," he continued, much cheered by his thoughts and by the several drinks which he had now imbibed. "Our little girl, Mary, will have the place all clear, along with a right smart bunch of cattle, and a string o' horses that, for breed, lay over anything in this county. There's five in my barn now that's worth a thousand any day in the week."

"I sure am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Hardy," Dan said earnestly, and the rancher did not observe the instantly repressed greedy smile that twitched the gambler's lips. "I guess you want to see Squire Davis about that mortgage, eh? Well, he rode out on the Red Dog road a while ago—told me he wouldn't be back afore the middle of the afternoon. Suppose we start a little game, just to pass the time?"

Hardy hesitated and drew back, but Dan smiled in friendly fashion.

"Just to pass the time," the gambler urged, and yawned. "I guess we can get one of the boys to sit in a five-cent limit game."

"Well, I'll try a few hands," Hardy finally agreed, "just for fun. Cant go broke in a five-cent game, I guess," he added, and sat down with

"IT WAS A CROOKED GAME FROM THE START"

Dan at the card table. One of the nearby loafers was carelessly asked to join them, and he guessed he didn't mind trying his luck, if they didn't make the game too stiff, and, with an air of assumed indifference, he joined them.

It was a crooked game from the start. With infinite skill, Slick Dan and his accomplice balked the ranchman's clumsy efforts to win, and the gambler won steadily. Also, at appropriate intervals, the bartender thoughtfully placed a fresh glass at Hardy's elbow. He made no objection later on when Dan, suggesting that the rancher's luck needed coaxing, proposed that the limit be raised to a dollar, and still later, as he was still losing, he eagerly agreed that the limit be removed. Fifteen minutes afterward, Hardy pushed back his chair, his face white and stricken, the last of his thousand dollars having gone to prove the worthlessness of four queens against four kings.

"What's the matter?" Dan demanded in well simulated surprise: "Not going to quit, are you?"

Hardy gulped, then spoke with an effort at carelessness.

"Yep—cleaned out."

"Oh, if that's all," Dan laughed, and tossed over the roll of bills that

had been the rancher's, "I'd rather have you owe me a thousand than have it in my own pocket—it's safer. Come, sit up; luck just ran against you, that's all. I dont want to win your money—you'll probably get it back in a few hands, and then you can go and pay it to Squire Davis."

At the adroit mention of the unpaid balance of the mortgage, Hardy shut his teeth desperately, and pulled his chair nearer the table. Twenty minutes later he owed Slick Dan one thousand dollars besides the thousand that he had lost before. The gambler stowed away his takings in a long, black wallet that was already well lined. For a few moments, Hardy sat in dumb misery, then roused himself.

"I'll pay you that money just as soon as I can sell my horses," he said dully; "I got a standing offer of a thousand dollars for five in the barn right now."

"Oh, that's all right—dont rush around and give the horses away," Dan said lightly. "If you've got a standing offer of a thousand for that bunch, they're probably worth more. If you say so, I'll look them over and see if I cant make you a better offer myself." He rose suggestively, at the same time giving a sly wink to one of the men standing near.

"They are sure worth more, if a man needs any horses," the rancher responded sadly, and led the way to the door.

When he and the gambler had reached the ranch, it was with a mixture of bitterness and pride that Hardy pointed out his choice stock. Dan nodded appreciation.

"They're good horses, all right!" he approved. "Take 'em to the right market, and that bunch of five would bring nearer two thousand than one."

"I'll sell them next week for what they'll bring, and pay you," Hardy replied. "It's plumb white of you not to press me. Wont you come on up to the house?—it's about dinner time."

As they approached the house, Pete Yancey, who found in the smiles of Mary Hardy ample inducement to remain on the place, despite the somewhat scanty wages Hardy was able to pay him, came forward and relieved them of their horses, just as Mary and her mother appeared on the little porch. A quick gleam of admiration leaped into Dan's eyes at sight of the girl, who flushed angrily under his bold gaze. Pete, who saw the look, but not the flush, scowled.

"I reckon dinner's about ready, Mother, eh?" Hardy suggested, and her reply was an invitation for all to enter the house.

With careless assurance, Dan addressed himself to Mary. The girl had felt an instant repulsion at first sight of the stranger, but now, observing the cloud gathering upon Pete's brow, some imp of mischief prompted her to tease her lover, and Dan was the recipient of alluring smiles. When the meal was at length concluded, Mary strolled idly out of the house, closely followed by the enraged Pete. The mother hurried to her duties in the kitchen, and the gambler and the rancher were left together. Dan leaned nearer, his green eyes narrow and gleaming.

"There's no use in beating about the bush, Mr. Hardy," he said shortly. "I make up my mind quick, and once for all. Now, I've decided that I'd like to marry your girl. Shake hands on it, and I'll forget that little debt. Is it a go?"

Hardy quickly but slowly shook his head.

"When my girl marries, it wont be no part of a business deal," he declared.

In Dan's code there was no such thing as a man without a price—it was simply a matter of the amount. His white teeth showed in a faint smile, and he determined to raise the price. "See here now," he offered, "I'll tell you what I'll do; if she says 'yes' today, I'll hand back that roll of yours, and you can ride into town with me and pay off that mortgage, after all."

The rancher was silent, but his open face showed that he was

tempted. Dan watched him keenly; he knew that silence means that a proposition is at least entertained.

To keep his loved horses—to pay off the last of the weary debt—to render unnecessary the disclosure to his wife of his folly! Thru the window, past the gambler's shoulder, he caught a glimpse of Mary and Pete. He saw that the boy's face was clouded; that his eyes were turned from the girl. Mary smiled, and her lover, suddenly turning, saw the smile before she could hide it in a pretense of anger. With utter disregard of who might observe, Pete caught her in his arms, where, for a moment, she struggled, then lay still in happy abandonment.

Hardy sighed and turned his back on the happy scene.

"Well?" Dan demanded shortly.

"You may speak to her if you wish, but I dont think it will do much good," Hardy said, not attempting to conceal a slow grin. "But understand this," he added, as the gambler made to leave the room, "I dont propose to try to force her, none at all. She can do just as she pleases."

"Oh, I guess a girl would think twice before she threw *me* down," Dan remarked complacently, as he left the room.

On the steps he encountered the girl, her lips still moist from her lover's kiss, her eyes alight with happiness. She stopped in amazement as Dan detained her with what was intended for a playful gesture.

"You wished to speak to me?" she demanded, turning sharply.

"Yes, girlie," he replied, and with a laugh attempted to take her in his arms. Tho her brow flamed scarlet, and she gasped with surprise, the girl was quick to act.

"TAKE THAT FOR YOUR BOLDNESS!"

"Take that for your boldness!" she exclaimed. Dan sprang back with smarting cheek, and Mary disappeared within the house. A moment later Hardy, his wife, and Pete appeared, and Dan made every effort to appear at his ease.

"I guess I'll be going," he muttered shortly, and, mounting his horse, rode swiftly away.

Slick Dan rode hard, his still smarting cheek causing him to dig his spurs viciously into his horse's flanks. In a lonely spot, far off the main traveled road, he stopped, and whistled shrilly. There was a crashing of underbrush, and a man, of decidedly tough appearance, stepped into the clearing. Dan cut short his greeting.

"All the boys on hand?" he demanded.

"Yep. Cur Thompson said you tipped him the wink in town, and he passed the word along."

"All right. Let's get on, then," Dan snapped, and followed the man for some distance thru the woods to

where a number of obviously undesirable citizens lounged about a fire. The sheriffs of five counties would have recognized them as gun-men, suspected horse-thieves, and all-round crooks. Their manner clearly declared Slick Dan a cherished leader.

"There is a little bunch of horses over on the creek that I want to get," the gambler growled. "It's a cinch, and they'll be worth two thousand across the line—hustle!"

Five minutes later the band was in the saddle and, under Dan's guidance, riding hard. At midnight they drew cautiously about John Hardy's corral, from which the horses were silently led. Evidently Dan did not have a high regard for the quality of honor he found among thieves, for he took from his pocket his long, black wallet and, on a slip of paper extracted therefrom, made a memorandum of the number of horses and their approximate value, individually.

"I'll hold yer personally responsible for this lot, every durned one of yer," he grunted warningly to the individual addressed as Cur Thompson. "I'm not going with yer. Take them over the line and sell 'em, and bring me the cash—every cent of it. I'll do the division act myself."

Just then a dog began to bark furiously at the ranch house, and Dan hastily proceeded to follow the other men and the stolen horses. The wallet, which he thought to place in the inside pocket, was held a moment between the coat and his body, then he slipped it downward into the supposed pocket, but, instead, it dropped noiselessly to the ground. Unobserving, Dan hurried on and joined his men.

Early the following morning, after a sleepless night, Hardy, accompanied by Pete, went out to the corral, intending to get an early start with the horses, which he intended to sell at once. He had humbly confessed his gambling losses to his wife, and she, while almost heartbroken, had agreed that the "debt of honor" should be paid at once. The mortgage would have to run for another year.

"Why—where's the horses?" cried Hardy, as they approached the corral fence.

A single glance thru the empty corral, and a quick examination of the ground, revealed to Hardy the new calamity that had come upon him. In utter despair, he made his way back to the house, followed by the sympathetic Pete, who promptly conveyed the unpleasant tidings to Mary.

"No, it ain't no use to try and follow them," he replied, in response to Mary's urging that something be done. "They are clean over the line by now."

"Poor old Dad!" the girl murmured, looking at her father, who sat with bowed head in a corner of the room. "Come away, Pete; maybe we can think of some plan."

Naturally, they turned toward the despoiled corral, but found no inspiration in its emptiness. But as they were walking along, just inside the wire fence, Mary suddenly stopped and stared at something. It was a long, black wallet. With a cry of delight, she picked it up.

"Look—the thieves must have dropped this—it is a clue!" she said excitedly, and, with trembling fingers, opened it. A thick wad of bills was disclosed, and a slip of paper on which were a few penciled words and figures. With round, wondering eyes, the girl counted the money.

"Two thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars!" she gasped. "I guess papa will think that a pretty good price for the horses, after all!" she added, and ran toward the house.

During the short time the girl had been absent, further complications had developed. Slick Dan, furious at the loss of his wallet, had appeared, and, with vicious brutality, demanded Hardy make immediate payment of the thousand dollars owing him, or that he coerce his daughter into an immediate marriage. Alone, the gentle-spirited Hardy

might have endeavored to temporize, but his wife was of sterner stuff, and proceeded to state her opinion of the gambler in no uncertain manner.

Into this scene Mary burst, triumphantly waving the wallet. Close at her heels came the grinning Pete.

"The thieves dropped it—nearly three thousand dollars!" the girl cried happily, and thrust the wallet into her father's hand. "I guess that is good enough to pay for your horses, eh, Dad?"

At sight of the wallet, Slick Dan impulsively stepped forward to claim it.

"That's mine!" he said. "I must have dropped it when we were looking at the horses yesterday."

The glad light went suddenly out of Hardy's face. One brief moment he paused, then his frank honesty asserted itself and he held the wallet out toward the gambler.

"Yes, I remember seeing you have one like this in town," he said; "it is yours—take it."

"IT IS YOURS—TAKE IT"

"Wait," Pete interrupted coldly, stepping in front of Dan, who was about to seize the wallet. "Did you take this man inside the corral, Mr. Hardy?"

"No," the rancher replied, shaking his head; "we just looked over the fence."

"Then it cant be his, 'cause it was inside the corral, and a-layin' jest as it fell. I saw one of the thief's tracks under it, so it must have been dropped after the horses was stole. It cant be his—unless——" Pete left his sentence meaningly unfinished.

Dan flinched under this Sherlock Holmes logic, but quickly recovered.

"No; on looking closer, I see that it is not mine," he said firmly.

"And there's a piece of paper in it describing the horses," broke in Mary, and again the gambler flinched.

With a quick movement, Mrs. Hardy took the wallet and counted out a thousand dollars, which she thrust disdainfully into the gambler's surprised but willing hand.

"That settles *you!*" she snapped, "and the quicker you get out of here the better pleased we'll all be."

With an oath Dan sprang upon his horse and galloped away.

"Father," said Mrs. Hardy, when they had gone in the house, "you go in to Lariet today and pay off that mortgage." She counted the money rapidly. "That leaves nine hundred and eighty dollars to pay for the horses," she added, handing her husband a roll of bills. "They were worth more, but perhaps the experience will be worth the difference."

"It might have been worse," Hardy admitted sullenly.

"Well, I'd just say it had!" snapped the wife. "If Mary hadn't gone out there and found that money, and come back just in the nick of time, we'd 'a' been out the thousand dollars and the horses to boot."

"Guess yer right, Mother," admitted the rancher moodily.

"Well, John, I ain't a-goin' to chide yer any more," soothed the wife, going over to his side with a pitying smile on her lips. "But you wont gamble any more, will you?"

"No, Mother," he shouted, raising his right hand solemnly and placing his left arm around her waist; "no—not on yer life—never again!"

PROMISING NEVER TO GAMBLE AGAIN

"Me too," chirped Pete playfully, holding up his right hand, at Mary's instigation, and looking into her laughing eyes.

The Tyranny of Christmas

By HARVEY PEAKE

I wonder what I'd better buy
For Sue and Maud and Bess;
We are not friends, we cant agree,
Yet each one will expect from me
Five dollars' worth—no less.

Then there is that young Marlynspike,
Who does my wrath inspire,
He'll look for something just because
He taught me all those golfing laws—
Five dollars he'll require.

Tho, as my uncle's wealthy heir,
My chances are quite slim,
I'll try to turn his wealth my way,
By Christmas gifts of fine display—
'Twill take a Ten for him.

Then, there's the neighbor on my left,
The ditto on my right;
They scarcely ever speak to me,
But, if I send no gifts, you see,
They'll say that I am tight.

And, for that horde of Bradley Kids,
That come and hang around,
And hint for quarters and for dimes
(They never come at other times),
Three dollars wont go round.

And so it goes, a dozen more
Blackmail me Christmas Day.
They take the money that should go
For home folks and the friends I know,
Because I cant say, "Nay."

His Mother

(Kalem)

By LEONA RADNOR

EVERY untoward event has its compensations, the philosophers avow, but the impatient travelers who dismounted from their touring-car and resentfully watched their chauffeur tinkering at the engine, could see nothing but an annoying delay in their journey thru Killarney, and at a spot where no diversion promised. Then came the compensation. From somewhere out of the summer quiet that lay like a benediction on the beauteous Killarney landscape, there floated, faint at first as the trilling of a lark among the clouds, the plaintive tones of a fiddle.

Fiddle and fiddlers galore had won from the travelers the passing tribute of a smile—and, sometimes, of a grimace; but in the strains that now quivered toward them were brooding depths of tenderness and longing and despair. Ruth Foster had never had music affect her like this. She had heard the great *artistes* of the world and had thrilled to their wonderful playing and singing. But, standing in that country road, with those throbbing strains drifting mysteriously toward her, she heard in them a personal appeal, almost a prayer, that went straight to her heart and impelled her to seek out the player.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "isn't that beautiful!"

"It is rather remarkable playing, it seems to me, for this out-of-the-way place," replied John Foster. "That's no ordinary village fiddler."

"Let's find out who it is," urged his daughter.

Wealth had not spoiled John Foster, nor had great financial ability and colossal enterprises flourished at the expense of his youth, his health, and his ideals. He was still an enthusiast and a congenial companion for his vivacious young daughter. Her suggestion to search out the mysterious musician met with a ready response, and together they turned into a lane, at the end of which stood a thatched hut that proclaimed the poverty of its occupants.

From this humble abode the music reached the listeners, unchastened by the distance, and they could detect crudenesses that were as much the fault of untutored fingers as of an inferior instrument. The musician was evidently improvising, for he played dreamily, one melodious theme melting into another, as tho some beautiful vision passed before his eyes; and thru the enchanting waves of sound ran insistently an undercurrent of melancholy and passionate longing. Ruth listened at the window until she could stand it no longer.

"I must see who it is," she explained to her father, as she lifted the latch.

Within the poor room stood a handsome youth, an old fiddle tucked under his chin, and his eyes fixed on space with the lost gaze of the visionary. In a low chair, a gray-haired woman rocked back and forth under the spell of the boy's playing. The strangers were not noticed for several minutes. It was the musician who turned and saw them. Startled and embarrassed, he greeted them awkwardly; but his mother, with a dignity and graciousness born of her pride in him, welcomed them cordially. They talked of the boy's great talent.

"Shure, he's played iver since he wuz a babby," she told them. "The only tachin' he's had wuz from ould Tim Flaherty what plays at all the weddin's an' the dances."

Ruth turned impulsively to the diffident and silent boy.

"You should not remain here," she stated. "With proper instruction,

you could win fame and fortune with your wonderful gift!"

"My daughter is right, young man," added Mr. Foster. "If you decide to come to America, be sure to look us up, and we'll do everything we can to help you. Here's my card."

Terence accepted it dazedly. He knew nothing of the social amenities, and the bit of engraved pasteboard was a novelty to him. Its only value in his romantic sight was its symbolic relation to that great world he so yearned to see. The strangers took a friendly leave, and poor little Mrs. Dwyer was touched to the point of happy tears that such notice had been paid her boy.

When their overwhelming presence had disappeared from the hut, Terence began to realize how unconsciously he had enjoyed that intrusion. He could feel again the pleasure that the frank cordiality of the Americans had caused him, and he had the sensation of a warm little hand again pressing his in unaffected admiration. This was all new and strange to him, and yet, somehow, he seemed to have expected some such episodes of life. He became more and more abstracted and devoted to the old fiddle. He would take it out to the meadows, and, Orpheus-like, charm the flock of grazing sheep with his melancholy outpourings. He sank deeper into his moody silences, and the attempts of his anxious mother to cheer him up proved futile.

One evening, when she had urged him in vain to eat his supper, she pleaded with him to tell her the cause of his unhappiness.

"Oh, it's this life, mother dear, that I kin no longer bide. I want to git away out into the big wurrld, where there's a chance to learn and be somebody. The shtrangers tould me I cud make a fortune in Amerícky, an' that's where I want to go. But it takes a mort o' money, an' I'm jist a fool to be thinkin' about it!"

The poor little mother listened with aching heart. Her boy was her all-in-all, but she could not see him brooding and bitter. Furtively wiping away her tears, she went to a small cupboard and lifted down a can which she carried to the table.

"Terence, me boy," she said brokenly, "ye kin have yer wish, tho it breaks me heart intoirely to have ye go. Here's the money yer ould mother has bin puttin' by ferninst ould age an' sickness. But it's yer own, Terry darlin', to do with as ye will. If the desire is in yer heart to play to the big wurrld all thim buchiful chunes which has made yer mother so happy, thin I kin say 'God bless ye!' But dont lave yer ould mother long without a sight of ye, darlin'!"

Joy and hope chased the last shade of gloom from his brow, as he sprang up and clasped the weeping woman in his arms.

"Ah, mother darlin', it's a thrue angel ye are an' always have bin! It goes sore agin me to take yer savin's, but I'll soon make a fortune, an' then ye shall come an' share it with me."

The brave soul of her girded on its panoply of cheerfulness and excluded all considerations but those concerning her boy's welfare. She walked with him to the village and watched the train that bore him from her dwindle to a speck between the shining rails. Hers was the mother part —to sacrifice herself with smiles upon her lips while tears dimmed her failing eyes, to return to the desolate nest from which her cherished young had flown, and to live upon the anticipation of a few affectionate words from him, of news of his happiness and success.

For him, after the wrench of parting at the station, there followed swiftly the excitement of travel and the unbridled dreams of youth that outpaced the train in its headlong rush toward the world that lured him with its siren songs of achievement and glory.

His spirit, nurtured in the soft peacefulness of his country home, quailed, for the first time, before the noise and bustle and roughness he

encountered on the docks at Queenstown. It took a couple of days aboardship to wear off his nostalgia and restore his illusions to their pristine brightness. When, at the end of the voyage, the Statue of Liberty towered above him, dignified yet benign in her welcome, the artist inspirations within him became prophetic, and a gratifying sense of security and confidence replaced his shrinking distrust of the approaching city that bristled with cloud-piercing buildings.

After landing, he separated himself from the steerage crowds that were streaming from the dock, and showed a passerby Mr. Foster's card, asking to be directed to the address. Mr. Foster's office being in the financial district, the young immigrant was not long in finding it. The clerks in the outer office were visibly amused at his appearance.

"Is Mr. John Henry Foster here?" asked Terence.

"What is your business?" curtly demanded a boy.

"I jist want to see him. He tould me to call on him if iver I come to N'Yark. An' here I am," Terence answered defiantly.

"Mr. Foster is very busy. I am afraid he cant see you today," announced the boy, with an assumption of authority.

But Terence could not feel his one prop giving way under him without making an effort to save it.

"Now, you jist go an' till him that Terence Dwyer, of Killarney, is come to see him," he insisted.

With an impatient shrug, the boy opened the door into Mr. Foster's private office. Terence followed close on his heels, and, at sight of the Irish lad, Mr. Foster jumped up and grasped him by the hand.

"So you took our advice, did you? And you've come over here to try your luck?" the financier asked genially.

"Yis, sor; I cudn't shtand it any longer. Afther what you an' the young lady tould me, I didn't slape o' nights fer thinkin' of it."

Then, under the warming influence of the older man's interest, the lad told of his mother's sacrifice to furnish him passage money.

"And I suppose you have precious little left by this time," commented Mr. Foster. "But you are not to worry about that. I believe in you and I shall undertake to put you on the right road. You are to be my *protégé,* which means that I will pay all your expenses until you are able to earn your own living."

Such generosity had had no part in the boy's imaginings. He was so overwhelmed that he could only stammer his thanks and promise never to forget his indebtedness.

"Tut, tut!" laughed Mr. Foster. "I'll be repaid if you work hard and turn out as I think you will. I am going to take you home now—I've done enough work for today—and I know my daughter will be pleased to see you again. She has often spoken of you."

"Has she?" asked Terence, eagerly. Then he blushed furiously and fumbled awkwardly with his old fiddle-case; and all the way uptown, during that wonderful auto ride, he was conscious of impatiently wishing for the moment when he could again look into Ruth Foster's clear, sparkling eyes and feel again the friendly pressure of her little hand.

Ushered into the drawing-room of the Fosters' magnificent home, he experienced a crushing sense of his poverty and his ignorance. But Ruth's greeting immediately dispelled the depression, and he found himself talking to her as he had never talked to any one before in his life.

Father and daughter both entered enthusiastically into plans for Terence's musical education. Before a week had passed, he was a hard-working student. Mr. Foster had bought him a very fine instrument, and the joy of the true genius flooded the boy's soul when he drew from that box of ancient wood the glorious mellow tones that his old fiddle had strained after in vain. Theory and technique kept him busy ten hours

TERENCE BECOMES A POPULAR VIRTUOSO

out of every twenty-four. The rich Irish color was fading from his cheeks, and Mr. Foster thought well to caution him.

"Oh, I'm not working too hard," laughed Terence. "It's all I've got to do, and I love it."

Not only was he making such strides in his music that his master predicted marvels for him—he was making up, with the aid of a tutor, for his lack of schooling. His was a very busy life, and he wrote to the dear little mother in Ireland of his wonderful progress and his great happiness.

Time made its round of the months. Terence, counting each moment as golden, had reached the end of his first year with almost incredible success. The chrysalis of the Irish genius had been transformed into a dazzling butterfly. Faultlessly attired, his wavy hair worn long, as became a virtuoso, the Celtic melancholy of his handsome face lending an added charm, he had become the lion of the drawing-room concerts.

Flattered and feasted, sought after by women and men, he lived in an atmosphere of unreality that was almost an inebriation. One constant thought—or rather two—he held thru this excitement of success and increasing fortune: his gratitude toward Mr. Foster, and something more than gratitude toward Ruth. At the concerts, he always sought her out, played to her alone, however much his eyes might wander, and, while admirers crowded about him with their gushing appreciation, he awaited the sincere clasp of her little hand and the approbation of her eloquent eyes.

But one other thought, that should have been clearest, was fading fast from his adulation-excited mind. No longer, as he played the dreamy strains that brought moisture to unaccustomed eyes, did there rise before his vision a lonely hut in a green-hedged lane. Now and then, like a sharp stab, came the memory of the gray-haired mother, but the reproachful reminder would vanish in the whirl of social engagements.

Back in Killarney, that mother's heart was breaking. It was months since she had heard from Terence. The good Father O'Leary knew of her grief and he tried to comfort her. But his efforts only met with hopeless weeping. Then he suggested the only remaining solution.

"Why dont ye go to Terry, Mrs. Dwyer? It's my opinion that when a boy doesn't write to his mother, that's the time he needs her most."

For answer, the poor woman brought forth her little hoard of coins—a pitiful fraction of what the trip would cost. The priest paced the floor thoughtfully, then, reaching into his pocket, drew out several bank notes.

"There now, Mrs. Dwyer, you go along an' find yer b'y," he said.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "I cudn't take it, an' you with so much need of it! No, Father dear, I've worrited ye with me sorrow, but I cant take yer money."

But the priest insisted, and the mother's desire conquered her reluctance. Ten days later, she was gazing open-mouthed at the tiers upon tiers of lights mounting upward, as it seemed to her, almost to the stars,

HER TEAR-BLINDED EYES STRAINED DOWN TOWARD HIM

that represented New York by night. The boat had been late warping into its dock, and the bewildered woman had wandered from the pier and up and down streets with a conviction growing upon her momentarily that it would be more difficult to find Terry in this town than in a Killarney village. As she stood irresolute on a corner, a great, burly policeman swaggered up to her.

"Well, mother," he cried, grinning as he noted her bonnet, shawl and bundle, all so redolent of the Ould Sod, "where be ye afther goin' now?"

There was a jolly twinkle in his eye, so she plucked up heart and told him of Terence.

"Terence Dwyer, is it?" he queried, with interest. "Why, woman, his name's on all the hoardin's about the town."

She looked frightened, so he hastened to reassure her.

"Why, he's playin' tonight in a concert down to the Manhattan Operay House. Ye want to go there? Then, I'll put ye on this car an' ye tell the conductor to let ye off at Thirty-fourth Street. Good-night, mother. Good luck to ye!"

Wonderful it was for the lonely little woman to stand before the doors of the opera house and see her boy's name staring at her from the billboard! She hurried into the lobby and bought a ticket for the gallery. Her trembling legs threatened to fail her time and again as she toiled up the stairs. At last, she reached the gallery and made her way down to the front. Terence was playing, holding the huge audience under the spell of his magic touch. At the finish, he was accorded a veritable ovation—flowers were showered upon him as he stood facing the storm of applause with smiling serenity. And, with her tear-blinded eyes straining down toward him, his mother yearned for him and clasped her hands tightly lest she stretch them forth to him and cry out in her love and pride.

After the concert, she waited for him before the opera house. The carriages drove away, the crowds dispersed, the lights went out—still he did not come. A door opened, but again disappointment met her, for it was only one of the house attendants. He asked her if she was waiting for some one.

"Yis, sor; for me b'y Terence," she answered quickly.

"Does he work here?" asked the man.

She drew herself up proudly. "Shure, he's the great musician, Terence Dwyer," she answered.

"Terence Dwyer, the violinist?" The man was incredulous; he looked her over curiously. "He's gone long ago," he volunteered at last.

Then she told him how she had come a-seeking her boy across the water. The man was touched by her simplicity and her lonely state, and offered to conduct her to her son's home.

Their ring at the bell of a fashionable bachelor apartment was answered by a formidable man-servant. It required insistence on Mrs. Dwyer's part, and something akin to bullying from her escort, to gain an entrance. Finally, they succeeded in convincing the flunkey that the caller was Terence's mother. With a disapproving air, he departed with the message. A moment later, Terence, pale and flustered, rushed into the room and clasped his mother in his arms. But his first transport of surprise and affection over, he seemed ill at ease and groped about for some means of explaining that she couldn't remain.

"You see, mother, I have some friends to supper with me, and, of course, I couldn't ask you in."

"Supper! This time o' night, Terry!" exclaimed the unsophisticated Mrs. Dwyer. "An' why cant yer mother come in an' see yer frinds? Shure, Terry b'y, ye're not goin' to sen' me away!"

He was at his wits' end. He had not the courage to present his mother to his fashionable friends. He was inventing fresh excuses, when Ruth appeared in the doorway.

"Why, Terence, what's keeping you so long?" she asked. Then, seeing his visitor, she cried: "Is this your mother?"

Terence trembled. He had won Ruth's love and had her promise to become his wife. Now he feared that his humble origin, revived by the advent of his simple, ignorant mother, would form a barrier to their marriage. He looked, for a moment, at the forlorn little old woman, and then the pathos in her face and atti-

"THEY ROSE AND DRANK TO MR. FOSTER'S TOAST, 'TERENCE'S MOTHER'"

tude swept away all selfish considerations. He sprang forward, clasped her in his arms, and cried out, defiantly: "Yes, she is my mother!"

With a glad little laugh, Ruth put her arms about the older woman and kist her tenderly.

"Oh, Ruth, bless your heart!" cried Terence, quite overcome.

"Your mother is mine too, you know," she declared.

A mystified look came over Mrs. Dwyer's face, and she glanced from one to the other.

"Why, Mrs. Dwyer," explained Ruth, "Terence and I are to be married."

"Bless ye, me dear!" said the now happy woman; "shure, Terence is the lucky b'y!"

The young host hurried back to his guests to announce the unexpected arrival and to arrange a place at the table for her. When she entered the dining-room with Ruth, she was greeted as if by old friends, and, as she took her place at the table, they all rose and drank to Mr. Foster's toast, "Terence's Mother."

A Belated Santa Claus

By LILLIAN MAY

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all thru the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
But, alas! dear old Santa Claus never came there!

Was he murdered or robbed? you would all like to know.
Oh, no! he dropped in at a fine Photoshow,
The poor, empty stockings forgot all about,
And sat there entranced till the lights were turned out.

* * * * *

"A fool there was," quoth Santa, "I'd better get away;
I cant fill half the stockings before the break of day."
He hastened for his reindeers, but they were not in sight.
"They've bolted!" muttered Santa, "I'm sure it serves me right."

He hailed a passing airship and soon was safely home,
"Oh, Santa," cried his loving wife, "I am so glad you've come!
The reindeers and the sleigh are here, but everything's upset.
What will the darling children think? You've never failed them yet."

"Well, wife, I thought I'd rest a bit, and see a Photoplay;
I was so thrilled and entertained I couldn't get away.
I'll make my calls tomorrow eve, I have a treat in store,
I'll give those children something that they are not looking for."

* * * * *

'Twas the morning of Christmas, the homes were all drear,
There was weeping for Santa, who failed to appear;
Then the telephones rang and each young heart grew light:
"Unavoidably late, but will be there tonight."

'Twas the morn after Christmas, and in every home
There was mirth and rejoicing, for Santa had come.
The stockings were filled, and 'way down in each toe
Was a tiny, pink ticket to the Photoshow.

A Romance of the Cliff Dwellers

(Edison)

By CLARIBEL EGBERT

ONCE upon a time, long years before the Vandals of the East drove their keels, grating, upon America's shores, there dwelt, in the confines of the Great Divide, a simple, peace-loving people, known to us in these days as the Cliff Dwellers. Whence they came, whither they have gone, no man knows. Yet, along the slopes of the sources of the Rio Grande, in the haunts of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in the northwest reaches of the Sante Fé Railroad, even edging upon the Wasatch mountains, and beneath the shadow of Pike's Peak itself, there still remain evidences of this vanished people. In a past enshrouded in mystery, this simple folk was doubtless driven to these places of hiding and defense by nomadic tribes who built no houses, and of whom not a trace remains. To this day the ruined homes of these unhappy refugees, often hundreds of miles from the path of the red man's stealthy tread, or the sound of his white brother's voice, look out thru their desolate windows from great plateaus, from castellated mesas, from the toppling crags of well-nigh inaccessible cañons, or from the dizzy height of some mammoth rock, towering sheer and lonely above the plain. And wandering about amidst their ruins, unearthing from the dust of a dead past pieces of quaint pottery, bits of lovely basketry, here a dainty sandal of yucca leaves or a necklace of crudely strung turquoise, there a stone ax or an arrow-head, we are yet everywhere met with mystery. Something within us reaches out to these people of a forgotten past; we long to join hands with them, but we cannot as yet. We know instinctively that they lived and moved and had their being much as we do, tho in simpler wise, yet how and when are questions veiled in the impalpable mist of a prehistoric past. But, as we again turn our eyes upon the dainty sandal in our hand, and to the stone arrow-head beside it, across the Great Silence comes a breath:

"Here lovers walked and talked and wooed in a forgotten language!"

Above the plain the new sun peers and lights to burnished gold a many-storied, narrow-windowed, quaintly-towered structure, tucked away between the mid-strata of the vast cliff on the far side of Lone Water Cañon. In this habitation, hanging betwixt earth and heaven, secure from marauding foes, dwells the entire Manta tribe, with its chief, Paluha. Already the various families are astir, and there is the savory odor of brewing and baking.

"Latu!" calls Calteco, sifting pounded meat into a steaming bowl, "hast ground the meal?"

"Yea, mother, 'tis ready," and Latu rises from the stone corn-mill in the long outer hall, as Paluha, the chief, and Tajamé, son of Mu, meet at her door. "Greetings, Latu," and both pause an instant as the girl picks up her jar of meal.

"Greetings, O Paluha!—greetings, Tajamé," and the little yucca leaf sandals softly pad away over the stone floor, as Latu flashes a backward glance at Tajamé thru hair hanging a gold mist about her shoulders.

A deep frown gathers between Paluha's eyes, as he directs a sharp glance into Tajamé's inscrutable face, and the two men pass.

All thru the sunny hours Latu dreams with happy eyes, gathering fagots in the red-fir forest. Suddenly the hoot of an owl, followed quickly by the harrow of a wild goose, and she pauses with answer-

ing call, as Tajamé springs from the undergrowth.

"Tajamé!"

"My little golden eaglet!" and Latu's face lies buried deep in the soft skin of the gray wolf mantling Tajamé's broad shoulders.

"Methought ill had befallen thee, my eaglet, so long was I in getting thy return call," and Tajamé, laughing in gladness, draws her closer again. "Thou hast wandered far, little one!"

"If so, 'twere happy thoughts lured me, Tajamé."

"Art happy, then, my Latu?" And Tajamé, gathering up her fagots, takes her hand and guides her to the Secret Path leading to their common dwelling.

"Ah, more than happy, Tajamé," standing beside him on the summit of a great rock, a world of solemn grandeur about them. "And yet," she continues, with a sigh that cuts the silence, and looking furtively at their stronghold, far up on the face of the cliff, "and yet, at night there is a sob in the Great Silence, and I am afraid, Tajamé—afraid of—Paluha," she ends in a whisper of dread.

"Fear not, my Latu; Tajamé's arms shall shield thee," and into his eyes steals something primal, eternal, as he gathers his maid to his heart for a long moment.

Behind the white-headed monarch of the mountains drops the sun, and together once more the twain turn homeward.

"Latu," speaks Paluha at her side as she sits again grinding corn at the break of a new day, "I am come with this gift for thee," and he holds a necklace of turquoise before her upturned eyes.

"Thanks to thee, O Paluha, but I desire it not," and she grinds quietly at her corn, albeit her heart grips with foreboding.

"Dost refuse my gift, Latu, child of Calteco?" questions the chief, frowning upon her, his arms folded across the panther-skin on his breast.

"Yea, O Paluha," steadily answers the girl.

"Nay, then," cries Paluha, seizing her by the wrist, "know that ere the moon fulls again thou'lt be bringing to me my lighted pipe, and grinding at *my* corn-mill!"

"Tajamé!" cries Latu, fear whitening her face, and Tajamé springs into the hall.

"Latu, what wilt?" looking from her quivering lips to the chief, now standing quietly beside her.

"'Tis naught," answers the girl, bending once more over her corn; "I would be alone," and Tajamé, still perplexed, passes out, followed by Paluha with bitterness in his breast.

THE RIVALS

The slender moon slips quickly behind the Great Mountain, and the hush of a vast silence lies like fingertips on the lips of night, as Paluha glides into Latu's chamber, and, smothering her cry, springs from the open window with her and disappears down the Secret Path. Every movement is like the flash of a bird, and Latu is dragged in his hawk-like grip over the treacherous rocks, far down into the darkness of the Cañon of Lone Water.

The heavens are set thick with

stars as Tajamé stands beneath Latu's casement.

"Latu! Latu!" he calls softly.

A voice answers from the window —it is Calteco's—"Latu, she is not within, Tajamé."

"Not within? Where, then, Calteco?" questions Tajamé.

"I know not," murmurs Calteco. "When the young moon sank behind the Great Mountain, she was praying at her casement to the All Mother, but now, seeking her, I find her not,"

from a bow, Tajamé is down the Secret Path, his pounding heart guiding him straight and true to the maiden he loves. Far below, in a jungle of piñon and juniper, he finds her, weeping beside a fire. "Latu!" he cries, and, quickly kneeling, strains her to his heart. But, like a panther, Paluha springs upon him from a neighboring thicket, and lifts his stone hammer to kill.

"Shameless one, a woman is here!" cries Tajamé, grappling with his

"HER ARROW SWINGS THRU THE AIR"

and the mother voice is sharp with dread.

"Fear not, good Calteco," cheers Tajamé; "no doubt thy golden eaglet is even now winging homeward, along the Secret Path. Knowest thou if the chief is within?" continues Tajamé; "I would speak with him."

"Neither is Paluha within, Tajamé," and her voice is hoarse with fear.

"Paluha, too, is gone!" echoes Tajamé.

Then flashes the memory of Latu's fear of Paluha, of her sudden, sharp cry in the early day, and, as an arrow

chief, the hammer falling between them. Back and forth they reel, away from the fire, out of the forest, out, out to the cliff beneath the white light of the stars. Spellbound, Latu follows, terror-stricken, yet gripping her slender bow with its firmly fixed arrow. Nearer and nearer the precipice they edge—Tajamé is almost down—the chief looms above; then her arrow swings thru the air, and Paluha topples, and crashes into the abyss below. Latu and Tajamé sway toward each other. "Latu," groans Tajamé, "my golden eaglet!" crushing her to his heart, where she lies

TAJAME REFUSES TO SPEAK

sobbing, now and then drawing his face down to her own, tear-wet, breathing: "My Tajamé, my brave one!—thou art safe, thou art safe!"

And under the quiet night, in a silence broken only by their tender words, they await, they know not what. As the slow dawn whitens in the East, Lio, first of the guard, Natala, Fleet of Foot, and Telox, the magician, find the lovers sitting beneath a white fir on the cliff's edge, where far below, an hour agone, these searchers had stumbled over the dead body of their chief.

"Ye must come, my children," sorrowfully speaks the old magician, as the guard stands silently by. And, in the gathering light, they seek the Secret Path and pass on to the stronghold.

In the center of the Council Chamber, the men of the Manta tribe are gathered about the Council Fire. The blackened walls are not more silent than they who await the return of the unhappy lovers, for Natala, burning with their story, has out-distanced them, and also awaits their coming. As the East burns to daffodil and rose, Tajamé, standing in the outer hall, folds Latu to his heart a moment, then putting her, weeping, gently from him, enters the Council Chamber, followed by Lio and Telox.

"Greetings, friends," accosts Tajamé, simply.

"Greetings, Tajamé," solemnly responds the Council, with one voice.

And Latu, kneeling without the opening, listens with tense breath.

"We do believe, Tajamé, son of Mu," speaks the venerable voice of Homar, Head of the Council, "that thou hast sent an arrow into the heart of Paluha. What sayest thou?"

But Tajamé, gazing into the leaping flames, his arms crossed upon his breast, answers no word.

"Tajamé," again speaks Homar, in grave tones, "knowest thou the penalty for a life taken?"

"Yea, Homar," answers Tajamé, his eyes still on the fire.

"Say, then," repeats the old man, "didst send the arrow?"

The Council, as one man, waits his reply, and at the opening the agonized voice of a girl is heard pleading with the guard, yet Tajamé speaks not.

"Thou wilt not speak?" and Homar's voice is stern with defied authority. "Natala, Hodal, thrust into the flames the hand of him who holds this Council in contempt!" A murmur of pity stirs in this group of men, and a whisper of surprise, as Tajamé steps quietly to the edge of the pit and silently holds his right hand to the flames, while Natala and Hodal start back in amaze. Suddenly comes the ringing cry, "Tajamé! Tajamé!" and Latu springs thru the opening left a moment unguarded, and, flying to him, snatches the tortured hand from the flames. Softly, with hard sobs, she folds it in her bared breast, then, turning to the awed assembly, she cries, her body tense with her suffering love—"Cowards! carrion, all!—what! has he lived all his days in your midst blamelessly, and ye know him not? Is *this* the hand"—drawing Tajamé's throbbing hand a moment from her breast—"is *this* the hand to slay its chief? O fools!—all of ye! Know, then, that Latu's own right hand was the hand that sent the arrow into Paluha's craven heart!"

"Latu!" beseeches Tajamé, turning eyes of entreaty from her to the astounded Council—"Latu! I implore thee!"

"Gainsay me not!" cries Latu, slipping from Tajamé and standing a very queen in all the majesty of her self-renunciation. "Hark, ye men!" and she turned her eyes full upon the troubled faces about her. "Did not Paluha take me by violence from my chamber last night, knowing that I loved him not? And when Tajamé found me desolate, deep in the juniper forest, where Paluha had dragged me, did not Paluha break the law and seek to kill Tajamé in the presence of a woman, setting upon him with his hammer? And, oh!" she weeps, tears drenching her face, "when I saw them struggling on the cliff, when, by unforgivable craft, Paluha bent the body of my Tajamé over the cliff's edge, then arose all my love, and straightway I drove the arrow to Paluha's heart, and sent his body crashing on the rocks below!" And, looking appealingly a moment about her, Latu quietly kneels, slim and fair and alone, in the midst of the Council, and awaits her sentence.

The heads of the Council-men bend low—there is no sound but the crackling embers and the soft fall of Tajamé's sandals as he crosses to Latu and folds his arms about her in yearning despair.

Then Homar's voice breaks the silence: "A life for a life!—alas! that it should be thine, golden eaglet, whom we love! Tomorrow at dawn, in thy canoe, must thou brave the Great Waterfall. Shouldst thou live thereafter, 'twill be by the hand of the Great Spirit, and thou shalt go free—if not, thy doom be upon thee." And the voice of Homar dies away in the silent Council Chamber.

Night again holds the earth. Under the pitying stars, Tajamé and Latu sit heart to heart in a sheltered glade beside the Lone Water. They speak little—only of their great love. Now and then, Tajamé turns his haunted eyes to the East, searching it, but always Latu's bright head nestles to his heart, or over his hair and eyes stray her hands—her lips ever seeking his own, as a mother hushes her child, when a moan of despair surges in Tajamé's breast.

Suddenly a call floats across the Lone Water—"Oo-ra-hoo!" and echoing, dies away.

"It is the dawn," speaks Latu quietly; "let us go." Then all the pent-up burden of love and despair in the man bursts forth, and kneeling, Tajamé crushes his maid to his breast. "My Latu! my golden eaglet!" he sobs, with the hoarse, dry sob of the strong man.

"Sorrow not, belovéd," and Latu bends above him, with pitying palms about his face—"I but go on ahead for a little space."

"But to go alone, little one—alone!" and Tajamé buries his face against her tender knees, with a cry of despair.

"Not alone shall I go, Tajamé, my

"THOU MUST BRAVE THE GREAT WATERFALL"

own; hast thou not promised the companionship of thy spirit?" and Latu softly kisses his eyes, looking yearningly in hers.

"Even so, my Latu," and together they rise as again the warning call of "Oo-ra-hoo" echoes across the water, and with hands upraised to the coming dawn, the guard finds them. And Latu, lying a moment on Tajamé's breast, gently releases herself and passes away with the guard.

Down the stream, a little band of men, dark of brow, stand beside an empty canoe, awaiting the coming of the maid, Latu. But, suddenly, every knee bows, as a stately being, approaching, is glorified an instant, passing in the radiance of the beacon fire, burning at the water's edge. Her young body is transfigured in its loveliness, and about her face plays, in lambent glory, her halo of gold hair, tossed by the early wind. Quietly she stands among them, and beholding them awestruck, kneeling, she speaks, as a queen to her subjects, "Arise, men of Manta—I am ready," and steps into the canoe.

The girlish figure lies prone, face upturned to the brooding stars, and tender, clumsy hands cover her with boughs of fragrant pine. Then, silently, the little craft is launched on the dark stream, and slowly the current bears it toward the Great Waterfall.

And in the stronghold, far on the cliff, a wail goes up from a desolated hearth: Calteco mourning for her child and refusing to be comforted.

From crag to crag, along the edge of Lone Water, with one impulse, spring the men of Manta, eager to be at the Black Pool ere the frail craft plunges the Great Waterfall, longing to save, if the Spirit wills, this brave golden eaglet of their tribe. They reach the Pool, but Tajamé has outsped even Natala, the Fleet of Foot, and stands, a statue of stone, on

a boulder in the heart of the Black Pool. Dimly outlined in the faint light, a dark speck wavers on the high edge of the Waterfall, then slips over, sheer to the surging breast of the Black Pool. With the spring of an antelope, Tajamé dives into the seething waters as the canoe whirls toward him. Great Spirit! how he fights with the maelstrom seeking to swallow him!—but no! she is there! —her white face smiling softly, as in sleep. With his right hand he seizes the prow, and with mighty strokes makes for the shore with his left. The waters sing in his ears, the eddies tug at his breast, at his feet, but the shore comes nearer and nearer, and willing hands reach out to draw them both to safety. The little craft grates on the beach, and strong hands pull him to his feet as he releases his hold on the canoe.

"Tajamé, chief! Latu, our queen!" cry the men of Manta, pressing, with eager offers of fealty and loyalty, about Tajamé, and sweeping the pine-boughs from the canoe. But Tajamé heeds them not, and gently bending above Latu waking as from a dream, he takes her hands in his and draws her to her feet upon the glade.

"Tajamé, belovéd!" opening full upon him her wonder-bound eyes.

"Latu, my golden eaglet!"

And together they stand with faces turned toward the Morning Star burning in the crimson East.

Only a Picture

By MARIE E. LEFFERTS

It was only a picture, but clearly it painted
The lost and beautiful past to me,
Long ere my soul with grief was acquainted,
When we were happy, gay and free.

It pictured my errors, and how they pursued me,
It pictured your face so saddened with pain;
And old love awakened, and old love subdued me—
No more shall I rest till I find you again.

I'll seek for the heart I promised to treasure,
The heart you gave freely, not weighing the cost;
I laid it away, to use at my pleasure,
Not dreaming how dear was the treasure I lost.

I will climb o'er the hills of a bright tomorrow,
To seek, in the valley of yesterday,
For that which I thought so simple to borrow,
I could laugh when I broke it, and toss it away.

Once, I called it an old-fashioned jewel in my keeping,
And vowed I would hold it, never to part;
How little I cherished the love that lies sleeping,
But I kept just a fragment of that broken heart.

And that fragile portion has power to waken
The joys of the past, which I once held so dear;
It will lead me again to the paths long forsaken,
To list for a voice I nevermore hear.

True love, tho my soul was not fit to prize it,
From a picture I find the courage to seek
Forgiveness from you—oh! do not despise it!
Tho I lost, for a while, the heart I would keep.

Norma of Norway

(Kalem)

By LULIETTE BRYANT

From the Scenario of Geo. H. Melford

"Look, Norma, wife! Far across the sea is the great America. There will I go to make my fortune."

Norma, encircled by her husband's strong arm, trembled as her eyes sought the sea glowing like a green gem in the weird, pale-yellow light of the Far North. The shining waters, stretching away from the rocky shore into the far grayness of the horizon, were a lustrous, alluring highway of adventure to the man's eager vision, but the woman's troubled gaze saw only a shimmering, wraith-haunted barrier of separation.

"It is so far away, my beloved! How can I let you go?" she murmured.

"The time will be short," he promised, tenderly; "in the new country is gold for all who will toil. I will make a fine home ready for you, my wife, and," his deep voice dropping to a caressing whisper, "for our babe who is to come. In a year, I will send for you. There, in that free, rich land, we can rear our child and educate him as we never could do here. Think of what it will mean to our babe, Norma. Look up, and say that I may go."

He smiled confidently down into the trustful eyes, and the wife, catching the bright contagion of his hope, smiled back in unspoken assent. He drew her close, then, murmuring "My brave one," and, in that long embrace by the silent waterside, Norma's timid, girlish waverings crystallized into a woman's steadfast purpose.

"Yes, I will be brave," she said, quietly. "Let us go and tell my father now."

Hand in hand, they walked up the narrow street of the fishing village, which nestled by the mountain-rimmed basin of Fjord Bjornsund. Before them, the peaks of the mountains, capped with everlasting snow, glistened palely against the yellow sky. On the fresh breeze, the odor of the pines mingled with a salt tang caught from the Arctic seas. Valdamar drew a deep breath.

"Our Norway, our wild, wonderful country!" he said. "I love it—but America is the land of promise."

"IT IS FAR AWAY, MY BELOVED! HOW CAN I LET YOU GO?" SHE MURMURED

A week later, Norma stood by the water's edge, smiling bravely thru her tears, as Valdamar stepped into the tiny boat which bore him to the great steamer lying at anchor outside the fjord. As long as Valdamar could see, her kerchief fluttered gaily, but when the boat had dwindled to a mere speck against the sky, she fell sobbing into the arms of her white-haired father.

"Nay, my child; do not grieve so," he comforted. "Soon Valdamar will send for you, and all will be well. Have patience, daughter."

And, for the sake of the little life so soon to come, Norma dried her tears and spent her days in quiet, peaceful preparation, dreaming of her husband, her child, the beautiful home that was to be hers, across the sea. Bright messages of cheer came from Valdamar. He had found work; he was saving much money; every one was so kind in the new land.

So the summer slipped into winter, and, when winter yielded to spring again, Norma sat in her doorway holding a lusty, crowing infant, singing softly to him of his far-away father.

Hush, my little one, hush, my pretty one,
  Hush thy prattle and play;
Dream of the dear one over the sea,
  Longing for us today,
Sleep and dream of father today,
Over the seas and far away.

THE PARTING

She crooned the refrain over and over, while the babe's round eyes blinked drowsily until he slept, cuddled against Norma's longing heart. Then, as the mother sat watching the sweet, rosy face, her eyes dimmed.

"The time seems long," she sighed. "Today it is a year. Oh, my husband, I pray thou wilt send for us soon."

As if in answer to the tender prayer, her father's step sounded upon the path, and, in an instant, he

appeared with radiant face, holding out a letter.

"Your summons has come, my child," he cried; "you are to sail by the next boat!"

If the old man's heart bled at sending his only child and the little grandson away to the strange land, he allowed no hint of it to dim Norma's joy. "It will be a fine thing when your old father shall cross the sea to visit your fine home," he said, gaily, as she clung to him in parting. But, as he stood alone by the waterside, the vanishing boat was hidden by a mist of sudden tears.

"The land of promise," he sighed; "it calls to our strongest, our bravest and our best, and they go from us!"

Thru the blue waters, the great ship ploughed steadily, until, on a fair sunny morning, Norma leaned over the rail, gazing, with eager eyes, at the strange new land she was nearing.

"He is there," she whispered, joyously, to the child in her arms. "There, where the buildings reach into the sky, he waits for us. There is the tall goddess with her torch, as he told me. Now we shall reach the wharf, and he will be waiting."

Many an eye followed the little woman, with kindly interest, as she hurried down the gangplank with her eyes shining so eagerly.

"DO NOT GRIEVE SO; SOON VALDAMAR WILL SEND FOR YOU," HE COMFORTED

"We will stand right here," she murmured to the babe; "in a moment he will find us."

But the moments dragged by as she waited, first with confidence, then with anxiety which deepened into fear and dread as Valdamar did not come. The throngs of people, with their strange manners, strange dress and strange language, frightened and bewildered her. At last, when the wharf was almost deserted, she sank down upon the floor, mingling her tears with those of the babe.

There Larry Donovan, blue-coated

and kindhearted, found her and led her away to Mrs. Olsen, a Norwegian woman, who lived next door to his own home.

"Here," he said; "you can talk her language—cheer her up. Her man has got delayed, somehow. I'll be on the lookout for him and bring him here as soon as ever he shows up at the wharf."

"Poor darlin'," soothed the older woman, gathering Norma and the babe into her motherly arms, "it's glad I be to see home-faces. Just wait here with me—dont fret, now, dearie."

But day after day passed and Valdamar did not appear. Norma grew pale and thin, and great shadows lay beneath her wistful, anguished eyes. Many were the anxious consultations between Mrs. Olsen and Larry, who came every day with a cheering word for the heartbroken stranger.

"The lass 'll die, if her man dont come soon," declared Mrs. Olsen. "Her money's all gone, and she's begun to worry about that now. The Lord knows, I'm glad to do for her as long as I can, but it's little I've got, and she knows it, poor thing; she cant go out to work with the babe."

"If I hadn't six of me own, I'd take care of the babe myself," said Larry. "Here's a dollar, anyhow, and maybe something'll turn up."

Something did turn up that very afternoon in the shape of a newspaper advertisement which Mrs. Olsen read and reread, glancing doubtfully from the paper to Norma's pitiful face, as if wondering whether to speak to her. At last, she laid a gentle hand on the young mother's arm.

"Norma, dear," she said, gently, "do you mind that grand house by the park I showed you the other day?"

"Yes," answered Norma, listlessly.

"Well, the lady what lives there—Mrs. Mason's her name—has put in this paper for a little baby. She wants a child for her own."

She paused, waiting anxiously for some comment, but Norma only looked at her wonderingly. The words had suggested nothing to her mind.

DAY AFTER DAY PASSED AND THE FATHER DID NOT RETURN

"It would be a fine home for a baby," went on Mrs. Olsen. "He would have fine food and fine clothes and a fine carriage to ride in, and grow up to be a fine man."

Norma's eyes opened wide with dawning terror. She thrust out her hands as if to fight off this unwelcome suggestion.

"Oh, no!" she cried, piteously; "do not talk of such things. No mother would give away her baby."

"Not for the baby's own good?" questioned Mrs. Olsen, gently.

"Oh—no!" cried Norma, half sobbing, clasping the child closer. "How could it be for his good to leave me? Who could ask me to give up my child? What would Valdamar say? But Valdamar does not come—he must be dead—the babe will starve and die! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Think it over, Norma; we need not decide tonight," said Mrs. Olsen, as she left the room, weeping in sympathy with the distracted mother.

Left alone, Norma sat for a long time looking down at the sleeping

child. Presently, she laid him upon his bed and knelt beside him, examining his body and his tiny, frail limbs.

"He is growing so thin," she sobbed, despairingly. "The cunning dimples are gone, and his little hands are like bony claws. Shall I let him suffer and die because I am selfish? Oh, my husband—my husband!—where are you? Must I lose both my babe and you?"

She knelt there, praying and weeping, until darkness began to gather in the room. Then she arose, wrapped the child in a shawl, and, without a word to Mrs. Olsen, stepped out into the street and began running desperately toward the great house by the park.

While Norma was running thru the streets with her child, Larry Donovan was pacing up and down the wharf, thinking of her sad plight. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he failed to notice a tall Norwegian, who was coming hastily toward him, and he looked up with a start of surprise as the newcomer spoke.

"Were you here when the *Princess Anne* docked, on the twelfth of last month?" asked the Norwegian.

"I sure was," replied Larry, beginning to look sharply at the newcomer.

"Did you see a young Norwegian woman, with a little baby—" began the man, but he was interrupted by a joyous shout from Larry.

"Are you Valdamar? Speak quick, man."

The man turned suddenly white, and swayed forward. Larry put out a steadying hand. "There, there, lad," he soothed, "brace up—she's all right."

"Where is she?" gasped Valdamar. "Let me go to her, quick—is she well and safe?"

"Come right along with me," answered Larry; "I'll take you to her in a jiffy. It's right on my beat. She's safe, all right, with a Norwegian neighbor of mine, but she's sore grieved and distressed, sure, so you must expect to see her looking a bit bad. But when she sees your face, it will be all right again. But where have you been, man, and what made your hair so white? She told us your hair was black as a crow's wing."

"And it was, when I left her, a year ago," said Valdamar. "The day I expected Norma, I got leave from the boss to quit work early, so I could meet her. I was just about to leave the works, when a chain broke, a derrick-boom fell, and I was in the way. That's the last thing I remember. This morning I came to my senses, in the hospital. You can imagine how I felt when they told me I had been there a month. I was half crazy thinking of the poor girl, alone, without much money, not knowing hardly a word of English."

"There's the house, now," interrupted Larry, "and that's Mrs. Olsen looking out the door. Here's our man, Mrs. Olsen," he announced, as they went up the steps. "Where's Norma?"

"I think she's gone out to give the babe a bit of air," answered Mrs. Olsen, greeting Valdamar enthusiastically. "She'll be back any minute now."

As Valdamar looked about the poor, miserable room, which had been Norma's first home in America, his eyes filled. He thought of the pretty flat he had furnished for her, of the supper he had laid ready for her arrival: how different it had all been from his plans! His face grew so white and tense, as he waited, that Larry glanced anxiously at Mrs. Olsen, hoping, fervently, that Norma would soon come.

There was a light step heard, a hand upon the latch, the door opened, and Norma stood there, staring at her husband, with dark, incredulous eyes, unable to credit her senses.

"Is it you?" she breathed, half fearfully, taking a step forward.

"My Norma!" cried Valdamar, throwing out his arms, and, as Norma, with a low, glad cry, ran to his embrace, Mrs. Olsen and Larry stole softly from the room.

It was a long time before Norma

could compose herself enough to speak coherently. She laughed, sobbed, and clung to her husband, while he, scarcely less agitated, embraced her again and again. But all at once a thought came to Norma which sobered her with a sudden shock. She stepped back and raised her eyes appealingly to her husband's.

"But our baby," she faltered; "I gave him away!"

"Gave him away?" echoed Valdamar, mystified; "what——"

"Yes; do not be angry at me—I had no money—he was starving—it was for his sake that I did it. My heart was broken, but what could I do? Come, my husband, we will go for him—perhaps it's not too late—come!"

Seizing the bewildered Valdamar's hand, Norma ran with him to the great house by the park, where she had left her baby. They quickly pushed past the astonished butler, who would have refused them entrance, and entered a luxurious room, unannounced. Beside an open fire sat a pretty, fair-haired woman, with a face full of tender love, bending over the babe nestled in her arms. By her side stood a man, smiling with satisfaction at her happy face. They looked up, startled at the sudden appearance of Norma and Valdamar, then the woman sprang to her feet, fearfully, clasping the baby close to her breast.

"No," she cried, vehemently, anticipating Norma's appeal; "you gave him to me—he is legally mine—you shall not take him from me—go!"

Norma could not understand many of the words, but there was no mistaking the woman's manner. With a sob, the mother flung herself upon her knees, holding up pleading hands toward the woman who held her child, but the woman only shook her head the more firmly and clung closer to the babe.

Mr. Mason was plainly affected by the sight. While he realized the intensity of his wife's devotion to the newly-found babe, and was loath to be the means of depriving her of so much happiness, yet the appealing, sobbing, heartbroken woman there on the floor, and the wild-eyed, frightened husband bending over her, made him the hesitating victim of conflicting emotions. Mrs. Mason shrank back toward her husband, as if seeking protection from an impending danger; and Valdamar stared first at one, then at the other, his heart in his throat. Then Valdamar, recovering himself, took a quick step forward and placed his hand gently upon Norma's head.

"Oh, kind madam," he said, his voice trembling, "have pity on us; for God's sake, have pity. See this poor, frail wife at your feet—she cant speak in your language, but her heart is speaking, bleeding, begging you for her babe."

Valdamar paused a moment to blink back the tears that were welling to his eyes, and to regain his voice, which had become broken in the vehemence of his emotion.

Then, in brief, simple sentences that went straight to the heart, he told the story of their love, their separation, his dreadful accident, Norma's long, cruel anxiety and suffering. "It was her mother-love that gave up her child, when she could not care for him," he concluded; "now it is her mother-love that asks him back. Oh, madam, surely you will not keep her child from her, now that she has a chance of happiness? No, madam; I see it in your eyes—your heart will not let you keep our baby from us."

The woman stood immovable for a moment, holding the child, looking sadly down into its pretty face. Then her husband bent toward her.

"Think, dear," he said, gently, "if you were in this woman's place, how would you feel?"

"But, James, think of what we could do for the little fellow," she pleaded, still unwilling to surrender her new treasure. "Think how much happier and better his life would be with us. It is a kindness to the babe for us to keep him. Perhaps he will

suffer—be ragged and hungry and cold—if we give him back to them."

"Are you able to provide a comfortable home for your wife and child, now?" Mr. Mason questioned Valdamar.

"Yes, sir. I earn good wages, and I have a little flat furnished, all ready for them. I bought a cradle for the babe, and a carriage. Oh, sir, when I take my wife to our new home, would you have her face that little empty cradle, with no child to fill it?"

All unconsciously, Valdamar had touched the right chord at last. In this beautiful home, there was one room with closed doors and drawn curtains. The walls were softly tinted, the draperies were all of a white-and-rose daintiness,

The Wonderful,

By HELEN

Have you heard of the modern Photoplay?
They're showing grand pictures at night and day.
Do you know we love them, and they're here to stay,
This wonderful, innocent Photoplay?
It's all for a nickel, and music to boot,
With ushers, and fans, and stage settings to suit,
And only a nickel each time you go
To this innocent, wonderful Picture-show.

Do you know my husband has quit the saloon?
Do you know where I find him at eve or noon?
With Stanley and Lulu he goes, every day,
To his wonderful, innocent Photoplay.
Our tears are all dried and we nestle and coo,
He plays with the children as he used to do,
We're happy and joyful, no sickness or woe,
Since going to this innocent Picture-show.

and the rugs were thick and soft. And there, amid all the pretty paraphernalia with which the fond, expectant mother-heart bedecks her baby's room, a tiny white cradle stood, with its snowy pillows undented by any wee, round head.

With a rush of sudden tender understanding, Mrs. Mason bent and placed the child in the mother's outstretched arms. Norma's joyful gratitude burst forth in a strange tongue, but the woman understood, for the language of mother-love is universal.

Then, with faces full of radiant peace and contentment, Norma and Valdamar went out with the child, to begin their new life in the land of promise.

Innocent Photoplay

GOULD BARRATT

Last night I went with them—the pictures were grand;
The house was so crowded we all had to stand,
But the pictures we saw were all up-to-date,
With "Big-hearted Jim" and the "Primal Mate."
"Tho Your Sins Be as Scarlet" was the next seen,
With brightness and beauty it shone from the screen;
Both Indians and scouts, with eyes bright and keen,
Saw "The Rebel's Last Shot," 'twas a moonlight scene.

The groans of the ocean and black floating cloud,
The thunder's deep voice was raving aloud,
The lowering tempest and the lisping rain,
Then in a moment it was bright again—
The rainbow's belt and moon's white arc
Slipped over the hill, then all was dark.
The most beautiful pictures are shown, each day,
At this wonderful, innocent Photoplay.

The Courier of Lyons

(Pathé Frères)

By ROY MASON

ONE of the interesting things about this story is that it is true. One of the terrible things is that it could happen again today. The very photographs you see in these pages were taken over a century later, at the places where the drama was enacted. But what is a century to a country like France, whose palaces and cathedrals date far back into the middle ages?

Joseph Lesurques, an upright, sturdy and burly branch of that fine old French oak, Lesurques *père,* who had kept the inn of his name at Lieusaint for well-nigh the allotted threescore years and ten, took the tender slip Aimée, his daughter, to dine at the Restaurant du Plat d'Etain, on March 28, 1796. Just to look at her, one wondered how anything so delicate, tender and fair could have sprung from the loins of so stout, upstanding a man. But when Lesurques gazed upon his beautiful daughter, the tenderness which filled his eyes gave a hint of the loveliness of her mother which had been perpetuated in her. Upon this loveliness at the Restaurant du Plat d'Etain the villainous gaze of one Curriol rested, and he promptly forgot, for the moment, his habitual wickedness, and hastened to make himself known to her father. The big Frenchman's reception of his advances was downright and hearty, like everything about him. Lesurques was the one man in a hundred to whom the Chinese proverb would fitly apply. He spoke no evil, heard no evil, saw no evil. Even in the mincing manner of the emaciated little man with the bulging eyes, who executed a multitude of half-dancing steps in his insinuating approach, and indulged in an infinity of airs and graces, posturing in a grotesque manner, he saw naught but natural embarrassment at the beauty of his daughter. And for her he had no fears, since she was betrothed, and even now Didier, her fiancé, had joined them. In Didier's eyes, too, there was a noble gleam which told that Aimée's father had chosen wisely and well.

Chopard and Fouinard were the two ragged knaves who formed the retinue for Curriol which every Frenchman of that day with the slightest pretense to dignity considered a necessary part of his existence. Their appearance shed little luster upon his state, but he found the rascals useful when he was meditating some evil deed, which was generally the case. On the day and occasion with which this story commences, he dispatched them a hasty note bidding them come to the Restaurant du Plat d'Etain, but by no sign to recognize him. It was not until Lesurques took his departure with Didier and his lovely daughter that Curriol joined them at their table to see what wickedness the three could plot.

Enter upon the scene one Dubosc, who bore such an astonishing likeness to Lesurques that for the moment Curriol imagined that the latter had returned. It was only Dubosc's totally different manner that stayed the mincing little man from greeting him. The newcomer flung himself carelessly astride a chair, and called loudly for wine. He threw the waiter a piece of silver, and drained a glass in one huge gulp. Again he filled his glass and drained it, and then, this method apparently proving too slow, he tossed the glass carelessly over his shoulder and greedily drank from the bottle itself.

Curriol had been watching the ruffling toper with a fascinated stare as the germs of a scheme hatched slowly in his brain. Timidly he made his approach, and Dubosc received

PLANNING THE ROBBERY

him with condescending good-natured indifference. Presently Curriol had produced a paper, and was pointing eagerly to a certain item. Dubosc's eyes narrowed with interest as he listened to the knave's insinuating words.

"The mail-coach which passes Lieusaint tomorrow afternoon bears a precious burden. General Bonaparte has requisitioned seventy-five thousand pounds for the Army of Italy. Did you see Lesurques, who just went out? He is the image of yourself, except for the fact that he has not your honor's imposing manner. His father, the old Lesurques, keeps the inn at Lieusaint. Why not call upon the old man? Surely a man who can drink like you can see thru a millstone with a hole in it."

"Done!" said Dubosc, abruptly. "And these?"

"Are with you to the death," replied Curriol for his two ragged henchmen. They cringed and nodded ingratiatingly.

The following morning, Lesurques betook himself to the house of Chopard's wife. Madame Chopard gained a scant living by renting horses to occasional travelers, and thanked her stars devoutly each time the horse was returned. There could be no doubt of Lesurques' honesty, however. One glance was sufficient, and Madame Chopard gladly rented him a dark bay. One of Lesurques' pockets was heavy with a bag of gold, for he had heard that his father's affairs had not prospered, and he was setting out to relieve his distress. His heart was as light as his pocket was heavy, as he rode away thinking fondly of his father's joy at seeing him and the gratification he anticipated from the giving of the timely relief. He sang a hunting-song sturdily, as he set out on the road to Lieusaint.

If Lesurques had not taken his daughter to dine at the Restaurant du Plat d'Etain, the diabolic scheme never would have hatched in Curriol's cunning brain. If he had not broken his spur in his haste to see his old father, the whole course of his existence would have been changed, and this true story of it would never have been written. Ignorant of all this, he swung from his horse in front of the old inn whence hung the battered sign "Lesurques — Traiteur," and called loudly to those within. The horse-boy led away his mount, as the old man rushed out to greet his son, and kist him, tremulous with joy.

"Father," began Lesurques, without preamble, "they bring me sad tales of the hard times you are undergoing. I take it ill that you did not let me know. But, thanks to God, I am able to repair your fortunes without impairing your granddaughter's dot. I bring you this."

The old man thrust back the proffered bag of gold with a touch of pride.

"Good son! good son!" he cried, "I want but little at my time of life. The love you bring me is worth all that gold, and more. No, no. My boy and I make out a living. The mail-coach stops here twice a week: I sell my wines."

Urge as he would, Lesurques could not induce his aged father to accept the money as gift or loan. Secretly proud of the old man's sturdy independence, he finally arose to take his leave. After a last fond embrace, the old man hobbled hastily away to conceal the tears that contained as much of joy and gratitude for such a son as grief at his departure. When the

THE CRIME IS DISCOVERED

horse-boy led up his horse, Lesurques noticed his broken spur.

"I will repair it in a moment, sir," the boy cried, eagerly.

A pleasing thought occurred to Lesurques, as the boy hurried away with the spur.

"The old father is proud," he muttered, "but he has fallen upon hard times. I must not leave with my mission unfulfilled."

He re-entered the main room of the inn, and, after a hasty glance around, thrust the bag of gold into the sideboard drawer. When the boy returned with the mended spur, Lesurques mounted hastily and rode away, forgetting his hunting-crop in his eagerness to be off. Before him lay Paris and his daughter.

Galloping toward him on the road to Lieusaint were Dubosc, the bandit, Curriol, the eccentric, and those two ragged knaves, Chopard and Fouinard. They drew aside at the sound of hoofs, and he passed them unknowing and re-entered Paris. He duly returned the dark bay to Madame Chopard, who counted the hours on her fingers and punctiliously entered the whole transaction on her books, as both her husband and the law required. Lesurques had left in the morning and was back in Paris by seven at night.

While Madame Chopard was thus doing her duty, a far different scene was being enacted at the inn of the *père* Lesurques. The mail-coach had drawn up at the door, and the weary postillion had slid from the back of his horse. The passengers had descended to stretch themselves and one of them had passed within. From around the corner of the inn Dubosc and his followers appeared. The bandit had his horse-pistol in hand, and, in a twinkling, one man lay dead, another was stunned by a terrible blow, and the rest had scattered in flight.

"There is one within; there is one within," clamored Curriol, in a frenzy of excitement, as they rapidly rifled

the mail-bags and the travelers' portmanteaux.

"I'll attend to him presently," growled Dubosc, and was as good as his word.

When he emerged from the inn once more, the old *père* Lesurques confronted him.

"Joseph, my son," he quavered, anxiously, "what has happened? What do you here?"

The bandit cocked his pistol deliberately, and the bullet shattered the old man's arm. Lesurques staggered back, horror and incredulity in his eyes.

"You!" he gasped. "My son!"

Dubosc laughed fiendishly in his face, and the old man raised his well arm in anathema. Inside the house he found the boy just emerging thru a trap-door from the cellar. The latter cried out at the sight of the blood and the dying man who lay upon the floor. He dashed to the sideboard and pulled open the drawer in his search for bandaging.

"Look!" he cried. "They have left you gold!"

The old man seized the bag and dashed it to the floor at the feet of the startled boy.

"The price of my house's honor," he raged. Then he sank back in a faint.

Daumier was the name of the judge to whom was assigned the investigation of the bloody affair of the Lyons mail-coach. He heard the evidence with painstaking care, and conviction was gradually forced upon his reluctant mind. Incredible as it might seem that a son should attempt the life of his aged father, all the evidence pointed to Lesurques. Both Chopard and Fouinard had been caught, but Dubosc and Curriol had escaped. Not until the hunting-crop, with Lesurques' name and address upon the handle, had been found, not until he had heard the separate stories of the old man and the boy, was Judge Daumier willing to pro-

LESURQUES AND THE ECCENTRIQUE CURRIOL ARE ACCUSED

ceed in person, as the French custom is, with them as witnesses to the house of the old man's son.

Happily unconscious of the skein of evidence which had woven itself about him, Lesurques was that day holding a feast and signing the marriage settlement of the lovely Aimée. Friends were there to congratulate the happy pair, and even the recently acquired acquaintance, Curriol, had pranced upon the scene to wish them joy. Didier and Aimée had just signed the documents, Lesurques' hands were raised in benediction, when Judge Daumier appeared. With him was the boy who glanced eagerly from face to face.

"There! There!" exclaimed the latter suddenly, his countenance livid with terror and rage. "That's the man; that's the fiend who shot his father!"

"My boy, my boy, what are you saying?" asked Lesurques, with noble indulgence. "Surely," he added, "this boy is mad."

"One moment, sir," interrupted the judge. "The evidence is very strong."

He gave a signal, and old Lesurques stalked majestically into the room.

"Father!" exclaimed Lesurques, in delight. "I see! It is all a joke! It wanted your presence to complete my happiness."

He rushed forward, eagerly, but the old man repulsed him with a terrible glare.

"Away!" he cried. "Ingrate! Murderer! Parricide! How dare you look me in the face?"

As Lesurques tottered back in amazement and dismay, the judge gave the signal for his bailiffs to enter. The guests fell away to left and right as Lesurques was led forth, a prisoner accused of murder.

"My love," cried Aimée, "my intended husband, never, never will I be yours until you clear up this mystery!"

"Useless," groaned old Lesurques. "My son is a thief, a murderer, an attempted parricide!"

"Grandfather," Aimée well-nigh screamed, "that is a wicked, wicked lie!"

All that night they talked it over, torturing, twisting, searching the details, repeating themselves again and again. Dawn was breaking when Aimée saw a gleam of hope on the countenance of her fiancé.

"Oh, what is it?" she exclaimed. "Quick! Quick! Tell me, or I die!"

"Mother Chopard, keeps she no books?"

"Yes! Yes! And then?"

"Your father rented his horse from her—a dark bay. Surely, the hour of his return to Paris will be upon the books."

"Go! Go!" cried Aimée, eagerly. "Remember! it is my father's life!"

In the meanwhile, Lesurques had been confronted by the evidence against him and by the prisoner Chopard. The latter sullenly declined to identify him. But Curriol, who had tagged silently along, managed to catch Chopard's eye, and gave a single, barely perceptible nod.

"Yes," said Chopard, "that is the man."

Lesurques sank to his knees in despair.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "make these blind men aware of their error. Do not cut me off in my prime. Spare me to my sweet young daughter. Show thy infinite justice and mercy to a poor sinner such as I!"

The bailiffs hustled him back to the jail.

The following morning, at an early hour, Didier arrived like a whirlwind at the house of Madame Chopard. He burst into the office of that startled woman, clamoring: "Your books! Your books!"

"But, yes, monsieur, I keep my books in form," she replied. "What does monsieur require?"

But he had already seized upon her ledger, and was rapidly turning the leaves. Suddenly he gave a shout.

"Saved, madame, saved! He was back in Paris by seven o'clock!"

He tore the ledger from her unwilling grasp, and thrust a fistful of

gold into her hands. In another instant he was running like the wind toward the domicile of Lesurques.

Hardly had he taken his departure, when one Dubosc appeared. Madame Chopard thrust the gold in her pocket and turned to her new visitor. "Your books!" said Dubosc, curtly. "Your books!"

"But, monsieur, I have no books. Monsieur Didier just took them away."

The hour was late when the three happy hearts withdrew to their rooms, pending an answer from the judge. They locked the ledger in a cabinet in the salon, and sought the sleep which had deserted them since the hour of Lesurques' arrest. Hardly had their windows darkened when Dubosc was scaling the garden wall.

Can this be Lesurques, with a fiendish scowl, who is groping his way about the salon in the dim, filtering moonlight? Can this be he who wrenches open the cabinet in his feverish search? Can this be he who turns to the fatal page and scratches it feverishly with his knife? Dubosc silently replaced the ledger and vanished again into the night.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF LESURQUES

Dubosc struck her savagely.

"Fool, you may have cost me my life!"

There were happy tears in Lesurques' parlor as Aimée and her grandfather bent over the precious ledger, her raven locks mingling with his white hairs. Didier held them both in a fond embrace as he told them over and over again how he had secured the proof. He released them to dispatch a note to the judge, imploring him to stay the sentence until this new evidence should be adduced. Outside their garden wall the bandit, Dubosc, raved and cursed.

The judge seized eagerly upon the ledger which Didier presented with trembling hands. His moving finger stopped at the entry, and he turned to Didier with wrath on his countenance.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "This shows no hour. Is this a ruse to delay the sentence?"

Didier gazed at the ledger with in-

credulous despair. The hour of Lesurques' arrival in Paris had been erased!

"On August fifth," the judge said solemnly, "the criminal Lesurques dies by the guillotine."

Fate is fitful in her kindnesses, but it gave back to Lesurques his father's embrace and his daughter's arms. As often as the jailer would let them, they sought him and tried to lighten his despair. Something would happen, they said, at the eleventh hour. Perhaps Chopard would confess.

Her eyes, bright with tears, gazed straight into his, and Chopard lifted his sullen face.

"Dubosc is the murderer," he said. "He has taken a room in the Plat d'Etain to see the execution in the public square."

Eagerly, the judge wrote down the confession, and Chopard signed it proudly. For the moment, his manhood was restored. They made all speed to Dubosc's hiding-place.

Cringing and cowering, Lesurques was led forth. His honest face was

THE GREAT MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE IS DISCOVERED TOO LATE

It was on the morning of the day of execution, in the presence of the judge himself, that they made their last appeal to that sullen prisoner. Didier browbeat him, struck him, cursed him. The old man, Lesurques, implored him in vain. Aimée stood before him in her drooping beauty, and uttered her last appeal.

"If you ever loved, if you remember the faith and honor which were yours as a youth, if you have a single regret for your life that might have been, spare me this awful agony!"

covered with tears like those of a frightened and misunderstood child. The priest held the crucifix up before him, as they slowly led him toward the tumbril. For a brief uncomprehending instant, Lesurques' eyes rested upon the sacred symbol. Then a transformation took place. With that supreme courage of the Frenchman, which was making Bonaparte's armies a menace to the rest of Europe, Lesurques drew himself proudly erect. He walked to the tumbril with a steady step.

Inside the room where Dubosc had been alternately gloating and shivering with uncontrollable horror, the judge was gazing in dismay at a broken window and a dangling rope of sheets which told of the guilty man's escape. As the judge paused, in dismayed surprise, the roar of the crowd outside apprised him of the approach of the tumbril with Lesurques.

Leaning far out of the window, the judge called, shouted, gesticulated frantically, but his words were drowned by the clamor of the frenzied crowd. There stood Lesurques, that great noble heart, proudly erect in sublime dignity, waiting calmly for the blow.

"My God! Wait, listen, stay!" shrieked the horrified judge, in a last, desperate effort to attract attention. The next instant he staggered back.

The great knife had descended with a swift, keen rush!

Reflections from the Screen

By ANNA PHILLIPS SEE

If Bobbie Burns had ever beheld a Picture-play he would not have voiced the wish:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

He would have known that it was a superfluity. And, by the way, how Bobbie would have enjoyed the Picture-show, and how often he would have escorted Bonnie Jean and Highland Mary and all his other girls thither—just as often as he had the price of admission.

To see a Picture-play *is* to see ourselves as others see us. Here is the mirror of humanity. Are we cowardly? We behold how the coward is despised, and straightway we despise ourselves. Are we faint-hearted? Nowhere does faint heart so surely fail to win fair lady as in the Picture-play. We profit by the lesson. If we have been brave, generous, unselfish, and feel that somehow we are not appreciated, and that it hasn't been worth while, lo! on the screen we see how such conduct brings its own reward to the doer.

Again, the foibles and weaknesses of humanity are set forth, perhaps in an exaggerated form, and punctured with a laugh. The woman in the foolish extremes of the style, the conceited youth, the lovelorn maid, the mercenary parent, the infant terrible, the automobile fiend, the money-grabber, all receive their share of salutary ridicule, and the spectator his share of home truths. No one can see his pet vanity held up to derision and feel quite the same toward it afterward.

To see ourselves as we are in any mirror, we must look squarely into it and behold our reflection at a right angle. Receiving the lesson of the Picture-play means facing our faults, or even our virtues, as portrayed, not at an angle, not with a squint, but fairly and squarely, and, if we recognize our own selves, confessing: "Yes, that's like me."

It must be admitted that there are imperfect mirrors, and sometimes the Picture-play gives a faulty representation of life. We may see human nature distorted, as in the looking-glasses which delighted us as children when we were taken for a few blissful hours to some popular resort. The "thin mirror" elongated our childish figures like molasses candy in the pulling, and the "fat mirror" flattened us to enormous proportions. But we never thought that these were true reflections of *us*, and the Picture-play that is untrue to life does not influence the spectator.

And so we come round to Bobbie Burns again and his wish, which is perhaps being fulfilled. The "power" of science has, indeed, given us the "giftie" to see ourselves as others see us.

Photoplay Censorship

By JOHN S. GREY

THE National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures is just as necessary to the public welfare as are the Pure Food Inspectors, whose business it is to examine and pass judgment upon the various foods offered for sale. The only difference is that the censors of Motion Picture shows pass upon our mental and moral food rather than the physical edibles which we consume.

The Pure Food Inspectors are expected to know something about chemical analysis, a knowledge essential to the proper fulfillment of their duties. The National Board of Censors should be equally well equipped in knowledge of what best interests and pleases the Motion Picture patrons, without corrupting their morals or offending their modesty.

A Pure Food Inspector who showed any bias against an article or individual merely on personal grounds, or because his individual tastes or preferences were not satisfied, would be severely censured. He is not occupying his responsible position solely for his own benefit, but for the public good. He is there to see that the people are protected from buying impure or poisonous foodstuffs.

In like manner members of the National Board of Censorship cannot be guided solely by their personal likes and dislikes in approving or condemning picture plays. We are a great, and, it must be admitted, a many-sided people. What some of us decry, others enjoy, and vice versa. True, we have, or ought to have, a general code of morals, but there exists a remarkable elasticity of views on the question of individual morality. Too drastic prohibition of scenes representing crimes, such as assaults and robberies, seriously interferes with the proper presentation of a plot or coherent story.

No sane manufacturer of films would think of portraying any kind of vice as triumphant. If shown at all, and it is often vitally necessary to show it, the leading idea is to condemn vice and show both its vileness and its punishment. The greatest pulpit preachers of the world have always done this. Why? They could not emphasize the value of virtue without contrasting it with vice as something to be avoided.

Most of the successful playwrights of the past, including the immortal Shakespeare, wove their best and most absorbingly interesting plots around some heinous crime, generally a murder, and not a few of the old and favorite plays bristle with tragedies of all kinds. But the "moral" is there, too, the leaven of virtue triumphant characterizes all, and thus a powerful lesson is inculcated, and the audience warned of the dire consequences of crime.

If the Motion Picture play is to be a reflex of Nature, it must show its modicum of evil as well as its appreciation of virtue. It must be true to life, not to one side of life. A villainless melodrama would be a curio, and any play of a serious nature that pretends to be true to life, yet contains no hint of evil, is unreal.

Members of the National Board of Censors should be men of broad minds and they should have no narrow prejudices. There have been many picture plays in the past that were highly reprehensible and deserving of condemnation, but the strictures should not be too drastic, or the playgoing public, as well as the manufacturers and players, will suffer with the authors.

Notre Dame de Paris

(Pathé Frères)

Adapted from the Novel of Victor Hugo

By JOHN ELLERIDGE CHANDOS

HER voice was like her dancing, like her beauty. It possessed the indefinable harmony that thrilled the nerves with a power of suggestion. Dark-haired, with a skin of the golden tone of Andalusia, she danced with slender feet, swaying arms and supple body, whirling rapidly about on an old Persian rug, and each time her radiant face came within close view, her black eyes seemed to dart flashes of lightning. To the humming of a Basque tambourine, her rounded arms were kept constantly in motion, and the lines of her form revealed itself in them as in her pure shoulders above a corsage of gold embroidery; and in the gracefully formed limbs displayed by her flying petticoat, in every swing and sway of her trim waist, was voiced Nature's call. "I am made to be loved," was the song of her shapely and agile body, whatever the trilling verses from her lips:

"Mon père est oiseau,
"Ma mere est oiselle."

"Who is she?" asked Claude Frollo, imposing archdeacon, who had established himself in one of the two towers of Notre Dame to work sorcery when not occupied with religious duties. "Is she a nymph, or a goddess in disguise?"

Quasimodo, the humpbacked bell-ringer, who accompanied Frollo, did not at once reply. His eyes and mouth were as wide open as those of the rest of the group in front of Notre Dame, where the girl was dancing. "She is a Gypsy," he said, with a grimace—his whole person was a grimace—"but the most beautiful I have ever seen." Quasimodo was appreciative, tho not moulded to please others. His bristling head was set low between huge shoulders humped behind with a counterbalance in front, while his legs were so bent in at the knees that his feet were never on intimate terms with each other, but, in spite of his many deformities, including enormous feet and hands, there was a fearsome air of vigor and courage about the bell-ringer, and those who saw the couple together often remarked that tall and morose Frollo had all the deformity of soul. Be that as it may, there was nothing creditable in the regard of either, the gloomy archdeacon or the savage-looking bell-ringer, while their eyes were riveted on the lovely young dancer.

Spectators of all classes, numbering many hundreds, melted away when the dance was over, and the Gypsy went among them, passing her tambourine, but Frollo and Quasimodo remained, the former in absorbed revery, until the dancer approached, accompanied by a strange companion, her pet goat. She was not more than sixteen years of age, this ripe young beauty, with innocence in the windows of her soul and temptation on her pouting lips. Frollo stared hard at her and Quasimodo leered as she passed, the archdeacon, in spite of his reserve and austerity, the more ardent of the two. He had long shown the insatiable activity of high intelligence in all legitimate forms of human learning, and he had even penetrated the forbidden art of alchemy at his cloistered room in the tower of Notre Dame, only to grow weary of the tree of knowledge at a time of life when his baser senses, long slumbering, were at fever heat. With head bent on his breast and scowling eyes burning with passion, he watched the graceful girl until she passed thru the crowd and disappeared up a narrow street.

"Let us follow," Quasimodo sug-

ESMERALDA DANCES BEFORE NOTRE DAME

gested, as if reading his master's mood the better because it was in conformity to his own.

"Follow on," the archdeacon replied, gloomily; "I have just caught her name from a passer-by. It is Esmeralda."

The physical monster moved along with the moral one into a series of dark and deserted streets, encountering few people in their progress, until they caught sight of the girl ahead of them. All unconscious of their distant pursuit, she led them thru a labyrinth of alleys and small squares with the confidence of one who knew the route, until she became aware that a solitary gallant was following her closely. The poet, Gringoire, his head bent as if counting the paving-stones, was close at her heels. She stopped suddenly to survey him in a gleam of light from a shop window, but he dodged aside when he perceived that two others were coming up, the face of the taller one covered by a black cloak and the other easily recognized as formidable Quasimodo. The powerful hunchback pushed the poet aside, threw his arms around the girl and attempted to stifle her cries, while his tall companion menaced Gringoire. Suddenly the struggling Gypsy's voice broke the stillness of the night.

"Help! Men of the watch!" she cried.

Quasimodo plunged rapidly into the gloom, bearing the young girl folded across his arm with as little effort as if he had been carrying a child.

"Murder!" Esmeralda exclaimed, faintly.

"Halt and yield!" came a new voice down the street, and a mounted captain of the King's Archers rode up, sword in hand, with a band of his men close behind. He tore the girl from the arms of dazed Quasimodo, threw her across his saddle, and when the hunchback, recovering his composure, attempted to regain his prey, he was set upon by the archers and overpowered. Struggling and foaming at the mouth, the powerful hunchback was bound and garroted, while Frollo disappeared in the darkness.

"What is your name?" Esmeralda asked, raising herself upright upon the officer's saddle; "I will remember it and you as long as I live."

"Captain Phœbus," he said, answering her fond glance with one of warm admiration.

"Thank you a thousand times," she murmured. Then she slipped down like a spent arrow falling to earth and vanished in a neighboring alley.

The sublime edifice of Notre Dame de Paris, that has looked down upon centuries of violence with impartial grandeur, never witnessed, even during the devastating revolutions, a more brutal sight than the punishment given to the bell-ringer for his attempted abduction. It occurred directly in front of the majestic cathedral. On a cube of masonry about six feet high, and hollow within for the accommodation of rude machinery, he was bound in a kneeling position, with his hands behind his back, to a horizontal wheel, so that his face could be turned to all quarters by a capstan concealed within the structure.

He was there flogged on his bare hump, in the sight of a vast multitude. The torment of the unfortunate man, writhing in his bonds, was a hideous sight, and became a sickening one when the blood began to flow, but the crowd only jeered and exchanged amusing comments on his appearance. After the whipping, he was subjected to every conceivable insult from those near him, and stoned by those far enough away not to be within reach of his vision. "Drink," said a spectator, flinging a broken jug into the deformed man's face—his parched tongue was now hanging out—but this act of inhumanity brought swift reaction when a merciful woman dared mount the steps and go to his aid. She approached him with splendid indifference to danger of injury, detached a gourd from her girdle and pressed the mouth of it to the famished lips of the sufferer. He looked up in amazement and tried, in mute gratitude, to kiss her hand. The only one who had dared to help him was Esmeralda.

The coarse brutality of that age, contrasting somewhat with the refined

CLAUDE FROLLO CAUSES ESMERALDA'S ARREST

cruelty of our own, was utterly lacking in effect on the real criminal, the archdeacon, whilst he stood among the spectators. His mind seemed entirely centered on the girl who had added new charms to her beautiful character, those of generosity and courage—the nobility of her mercy inflamed him the more. He even glared jealously at the pilloried victim as if he would have forsworn priesthood to have received a moment of consideration at her hands. He watched her, with the flame of high passion in his eyes, until she left the scene, then he followed her, with no fixed purpose other than one entertained by a man completely fascinated.

Night was falling when Esmeralda reached a wine-shop, known as "Eve's Apple," and entered with a smile of anticipation on her face that foreshadowed an agreeable appointment. Frollo paced back and forth before the building, occasionally peering in, but always concealing his face in his black cape. What he saw gradually infuriated him, until he drew forth a long knife that had been concealed in his breast. He stood off and surveyed the old building, glanced up and down the deserted street, then climbed up to a window opening into a point of junction between the roof and supporting walls. Into this hole he crawled, knife in hand, and peered thru the cracks of a rickety door into a lighted chamber beyond. He watched and waited until an opportune moment arrived to open the door, and entered softly. There was Esmeralda, blushing and palpitating, in the arms of the man she had grown to love—Captain Phœbus, of the Archers. He was gallantly clad in the elegance of that day, and was pouring out protestations of eternal devotion, while the lovely girl listened with parted lips and crimson face, an ardent soul shining in her eyes.

The priest used his thumb to test the point of his poniard.

Esmeralda, completely enthralled by the old, old story, was encircled by the arms of her lover and was looking up into his face, when she saw a hand grasping a knife. She seemed to become frozen with horror when the weapon was plunged into the captain's body, and she fainted when his arms relaxed and he fell lifeless on the floor. When she recovered consciousness, she was surrounded by soldiers of the watch and was accused of murdering the man she loved.

An impartial glance at the Ancient Magistracy might reveal conditions not unlike those obtaining today. When a helpless creature is accused of a crime, denial and protestation of innocence are usually followed by torture. Esmeralda dared assert that she did not kill the man found stabbed in her company, and the sitting of the trial court was suspended, the magistrate and procurator supping together, while the prisoner was taken to a chamber of horrors more primitive than those now in use. It was a vaulted and windowless room, lighted principally by the crimson glow of a furnace in which tongs and pincers were heated. In the center was a leather cot on which the terror-stricken girl was placed, while a clerk took a seat at a table in readiness to transcribe her confession, and Frollo, as priest of the officiality, stood looking on. The girl was partially disrobed after persisting in her denial of guilt, and her bare feet—those delicate members which had served to charm all who saw her in the dance—were encased in iron plates. Coarse hands fastened her slender waist to a strap that hung from the ceiling; a torturer turned the handle of the screw-jack; the iron boot contracted, and Esmeralda uttered a series of horrible cries interjected with shrieks for mercy. In her agony of mind and body, she satisfied the enlightened instruments of law and order, reversing her denial and admitting all they desired to effect a speedy execution of justice, and her legs were unbooted before her feet were destroyed. One of the officials, of gay turn of mind, remarked, by way of

consolation, that she could still dance before she was hung. She was then accorded the lawful and civilized relief of languishing a while in jail.

Frollo, in the guise of a possible confessor, was admitted to her cell and permitted to gloat over the scantily clad child crushed with chains upon damp straw near the jug and loaf that constituted her daily meal. He appeared before her with his black cloak wrapped about his face, a horrible specter, and renewed his protestations of love. She rejected them with spirit and replied that he only inspired her with horror. He attempted to embrace her, even to kiss her lacerated feet, and besought her to have some consideration for his suffering soul, but she repulsed him with all the strength remaining in her enfeebled body, and dismissed him with loathing, preferring death to his favor.

The condemned girl, having refused a religious confessor, was next taken in a tumbril to the doors of Notre Dame and insulted by much the same rabble that had gathered around Quasimodo on the pillory. She was there transferred temporarily, as was the custom with unshriven condemned, from the custody of constituted authority to that of the organic body professing allegiance to Christianity. Stumbling barefoot from the tumbril to the doors, the hangman's rope about her neck, she was at the entrance of the cathedral, when Quasimodo raised a cry, "Sanctuary!"

ESMERALDA IS TORTURED

seized the condemned girl and bore her away in his arms before the eyes of the astonished gathering, they, too, taking up the cry, "Sanctuary!" "Sanctuary!" Within the bounds of Notre Dame, the condemned creature could not be touched by the executioners, all temporal jurisdiction expiring on the threshold.

Quasimodo, having obtained a brief respite from the gallows for the sole creature who had befriended him in torture, carried her to his own den in the tower of the church, gave her food, rest, and even flowers, armed himself with a long knife and lay

down before the door as guard. He thus protected her for several days, but was circumvented by Frollo while he slept. One night Esmeralda was awakened by the entrance of Frollo—he had succeeded in passing over sleeping Quasimodo at the door and in forcing admission—and the archdeacon made his last morbid appeal. He encircled the girl in his arms when she rose to repel him, and the ensuing struggle or her cries for help brought Quasimodo. The infuriated hunchback was on the point of using his knife on the priest, when Esmeralda saved him from adding the crime of murder to that of attempted abduction, by interceding for the man bent on her destruction, and he was allowed to leave, breathing vengeance.

The vindictive spirit of the disappointed priest found its satisfaction in the delivery of Esmeralda to the legally appointed executioners, and a vast assemblage before Notre Dame saw the unhappy child make atonement for a crime she had not even contemplated.

While the Place below was studded with thousands of inflamed eyes watching an executioner carry a woman in white up the steps of the gallows, a noose about her neck, a second tragedy was preparing where Frollo was peering forth upon the scene from a high balustrade on one of the cathedral towers. Quasimodo, enraged by the treachery of the archdeacon, crept up behind him, hurled himself upon the priest and thrust him over the balustrade.

Below, the hangman kicked a ladder from beneath the feet of the dancer, the suffering creature fell, and her body dangled in convulsions at the end of a rope.

From the tower of Notre Dame a black form was projected into the air, and came fluttering down, to be crushed on the stone steps.

Archdeacon and Gypsy crossed the threshold of death together.

A Moving Christmas Sermon

By ANNA PHILLIPS SEE

'Twas lonely in the city street,
Tho throngs were passing to and fro
On Christmas eve, when a country lad
Looked for some homelike place to go.

A Picture Theater drew him in,
And he gazed, surprised, on a well-known scene,
A Christmas gathering at the farm,
For a country play was on the screen,
Where the absent son, returned at last,
Filled his gray-haired father's heart with joy,
While his loving mother laughed and cried
As she clasped once more her long-lost boy.

Tears dimmed the eyes of the country lad,
Yet he had a vision of far away,
Of the little home where he was reared,
And his father and mother, old and gray,
Who longed to have some word from him,
Who longed to see his well-loved face;
The boy felt a pang of real remorse,
And rising quickly left the place.

When rose the sun on Christmas day,
It brighter shone than e'er before
On the little cottage at the farm,
For the lad stood at his father's door.

Art versus Music

(Lubin)

By PETER WADE

The three Fates, those weird and busybody sisters, spinning the destinies of this pair of lovers; now drawing out, now twisting adroitly the thread of their lives, can sometimes be rated as bad or careless artisans. Over their humming wheel, from distaff to spindle, the strands of being passed smoothly, without tangle, tear, or snarl; while she of the shears snipped lengths to please her fancy. At times, tho—as is given to all fateful implements—the flax came clumsily from its holder; snarls were made, and knots or splicings marred an even thread. Then it would seem that temper got the upper hand of the inscrutable workers, and the very deuce was played with unoffending lives. Such a yarn is mine, spun by their ceaseless fingers.

THE little town of Dosebury boasted of one street, mentioned others, and, if one were painstaking enough, shady lanes leading to it could be recalled by its wiseacres. Midway in the town, under ancient trees, the one street broadened into a greensward square. Surrounding this chosen place were white houses with gambrel roofs, each contained in tidy garden. Here, from father to son, the elect of Dosebury had led their sheltered lives.

The house of the Vernons fronted it from the north, and here lived Ethel, an only child, with her fond father. Across the common, the Whittler dwelling stood, quite as well tended, with flankings of boxwood hedge and flowering shrubs. Herein dwelt John with his doting mother.

Now, I might hint of a course of love between these two old and slender families, and of hands clasped and vows whispered under the trees, in the days of our great-grandsires; for this would seem a part of the leafy and quaint setting. But they—tho God alone knows what hands and eyes had said—had never intermarried. Ethel Vernon was the last young blood of her family; John Whittler of his. When Dosebury had linked their names together, and a little path, worn by John, had seemed to connect the two opposite houses, the father of one had smiled jovially, and John's mother had looked across the common with beaming eyes. Thru the open French-windows, the notes from Ethel's piano took on a gladful and a deeper tone; John's easel and brushes had lain in the hallway, untouched for many days. The colors on his palette had caked and cracked; but who, with a fine eye for light, can blame him as he studied the fleeting pinks and creams of her cheeks?—they were a formula for summer skies, that he could not hope to capture with his brush.

Things might have gone on in this idyllic way—for music is an entertaining art and the canvas is a solitary inspiration at best—had not John, in some contrition at his neglected tools, attempted to block out subjects on fresh canvas in the temple of the euphonic muse. Each deft touch of the keyboard by Ethel brought forth its artistic mate in charcoal strokes. The thing would seem a very heaven-blend of tone and touch, guided by hearts too that beat in unison, were not love a master art that requires the undivided use of eyes, ardent or trifling, as the case may be. Another speck in their custard sea was that Ethel would sometimes play sadly out of tune. John's loving ears were unfortunately tone-perfect. Certain notes from under soft fingers would make his crayon twitch painfully. Therefore, patient reader, do not censure me, if the little winged god, now hovering over ivory keys, again fluttering to light on easel-top, felt these cool passages, and flew sadly away.

For so it came about. One golden day, when all nature called out-of-doors, the devotees sat cheek by jowl, each intent upon his pleasure. It was then that Ethel, with a soft prelude of tempered semitones, sought to woo him from his easel. As the freed notes floated above them, it would seem to her that a vista of fair hopes and dreamlike fancies was thus opened for them both; but John, alas! worked methodically on. He, too, would create such a wreath of clouds over his shining landscape, as would lead low eyes upward in contemplation above the tree-tops.

LOVE VERSUS ART

As she stole back of him and looked at the streaky charcoal lines, she thought of that fixed sun and the unchanging cloud effect, which must hang in some one's parlor, or lie grinning in an attic; immutable as the color of the district schoolhouse. How different from the brightening or darkening tones of music, shifting hither and yon, and finally fading away like the sunset's glow itself!

In this pother of jarring ideals, their eyes met, and Ethel told him just what she thought about things. "'I wish you would fold up that silly old easel," she said, "and if you cant play at being an audience, let's just sit and talk comfortable-like. When I look at you I feel as if the decorator, with his pots and papers, had descended upon us."

This was good sensible talk, such as I like to hear in a spirited loved one, but John was not used to having his mane so rudely combed, especially the decorator remark.

"It's a pity I cant work," he retorted, "when the humor is on me. I've got to get accustomed to all sorts of places, and all sorts of noises, it seems."

He, too, hit the right word to stir up trouble.

"Noises!" she said, with a rising voice; "I take it that you are referring to my music; tho how any one could play anything but painful sounds while looking at your nature cartoons, I can't imagine."

Her diminutive nose tilted in air like a duellist's weapon. John's crossed foot came to the floor as if it had been shot from its rest. His expression was unutterably stern, and somewhat sad, too, like a just judge pronouncing a sentence in his family.

"I thought you had a soul," he said slowly, "or at least a heart to feel things, but now I know that you are one of those Swiss music-boxes that my grandfather used to play on; take out the shiny cylinder and you have an empty box. I wish you the most musical of days," he added, gathering up his things.

"And good-day to you, too," she said, with snapping blue eyes. "I *was* going to speak to papa about having our barn done over, but painters and putty make me sickish."

A hand-slammed door between them cut off further intercourse in the temple of the muses; showing that high art has its drawbacks, and that it is but a petty gamut from love to scorn.

Weeds and pig-grass began to sprout in the little path across the common; for its only traveler had gone away. It had gone the rounds of Dosebury that John Whittler had been called to the city on matters of great pictorial importance; that his

fame had found him out, and that the big, city men who knew things artistic, were undoubtedly in consultation with him. That Ethel had been left all forlorn was the necessary part of a career. Some day—who knows—he would come whirling back into town, and share his greatness with her.

Now as our sight is a bit keener than Dosebury folk's—tho we must confess inferiority in other things—we can state authoritatively that we have seen John Whittler alight from the incoming metropolitan train, and that no committee of first citizens stood ready to welcome him. Instead, John, quite alone, took a street-car to the district where many tall studio buildings proclaimed the hiving quarters of students and the good judgment of landlords in obtaining menagerie rentals for a rabbit-warren of space.

Into one of these tiny rooms, the young artist stowed his easel, his formidable box of colors, and some clean canvases; and then the problem came up as to whether a maulstick or himself should occupy the remaining space. In the course of time, having compromised this difficulty, John, in regulation velveteen blouse, sat before his easel and listened for the faint voice of inspiration. That fickle goddess must have been in the shopping district; for the hideous wall-paper flowers kept filling his eyes.

For several days John and his belongings haunted the doorway, while the decorators changed his paper to a simpler one, less competitive with his muse. Having reinstalled his outfit like the blocks of a puzzle-picture, the hope of Dosebury softly closed his door, and sat to his belated work, with a businesslike flourish.

From the walls of his partition, thin as a drop-curtain, the sharp arpeggio notes of a piano struck rapidly about him. For a suffering moment, he imagined that he had been thrust head first into this instrument of torture; then he located the source of the disturbing element. An upright piano must have its décolletée back against his very walls.

The movement passed to andante with surprising swiftness, and thence jumped to allegro with equal ferocity. John's maulstick trembled like an excited director's baton.

"Pitiful heavens!" he exclaimed, "this may be food for a draughtsman in a boiler factory, or it might encourage a marine artist, with shattered sound-waves; but I am surely going crazy."

He pushed his easel against the wall, and stood listening for new developments, with the solemnity of a

ADJOINING STUDIOS

secretary-bird. A false chord, repeated deliberately, followed by a drilling, furioso movement, caused him to clutch at his collar.

"Ye gods! she's calling out the bucket-brigade, or some such imitation!"

So saying, his feelings got the better of him, and he dashed his slipper-heel against the wall with imperative thuddings.

A sudden silence, followed by a faint scream, demonstrated the result of his ironic applause, and he turned toward his door with the smile of one who has delivered a blow in the cause of righteousness. His neighbor's door had opened, too, and a very flushed and indignant young face met his in the hallway. They stared at each other for a long time, incredulously.

"Why, Ethel!" he at last exclaimed, "by all that's marvelous, what brings you here?"

She did not know whether to be very indignant, or very perfunctory, and finally took the latter pose. "I have decided to study in the city," she said; "Dosebury offers such limited opportunities."

"I meant to write to you," he explained, "when I had settled—everything is so strange and big here."

"Yes, it *is* very noisy," she concurred. "Wont you look in at my place?"

John stepped into her dainty, box-like room, thinking that if the divine muse had separated them, she had at least brought them abruptly together again. Maybe it was foreordained that Ethel should thus get the uninspired strains out of her system, even at the expense of his feelings.

Her table was littered with fragments of compositions, neat bits of mechanical craft, at best, and John knew that she had stolen a march on him, when it came to getting down to work. He had better, he thought, turn off a painting, hang it on some dealer's walls, and then, with the weight of its authority, lead her back to safe and sane pastures.

Thus the little weed-grown path was figuratively trod again; this time, if less ardently, at least, magnanimously.

One day, as John, bent over his palette, was mixing sienna, indigo, and brown pink for an impossible foliage, she sat on a box, in the friendliest manner, and watched the grewsome outcome. She was convinced that he would never make an artist; but pity, the poor relation of love, had come to her, mixed with policy, too; for she knew that if she ever married him, their home would be a gallery of jaundiced or bilious landscapes too invalided to be accepted by healthy eyes. Thus her golden top-knot, while nodding pleasantly to his sallies, was planning deeply on ways and means.

The next morning found her, very subdued, in the gallery of a famous dealer, where, under the soft light thrown on the high walls, she told him of her plan.

"Mr. Whittler's 'Sun-bath of the Woods' will be finished in a few days," she said, in parting; "as we have agreed, you will please hang it, and if purchasers dont flock around, of course, I will buy it—for your trouble."

The connoisseur ushered her to his door, with the most indulgent of smiles.

In the meantime, the "Sun-bath" progressed famously in the making; the heavenly light filtering thru the trees with the exactness of a shower-bath. Not so fast, tho, that John could not mature his little scheme to poultice Ethel's "failing," as he thought it.

"Hang it!" he said, with a hungry brush hovering over the tree-tops; "I've got to get her out of this—decently, you know. If we ever marry—and I'll subpœna every critic to testify that she's the sweetest little thing that ever warmed high-heeled slippers—I cant be turning out to musical fire-alarms every minute of the day. Something has got to be done to curb the origin of those formidable sound-waves."

Just as the painted sunlight broke thru the forest gloom, so a brilliant idea came to him.

"Sell something for her—that's it; then persuade her to go home and wait for the royalties to come hopping in."

He became quite elated. "Sir Bath," he said, bowing grandly to the canvas, "kindly lave in the modesty of your leafy bower until I return triumphant."

So saying, he clapped on his hat jauntily, and, tucking one of her scores under his overcoat, sallied forth in quest of a market.

P. Sauerbien, the well-known publisher himself, told him frankly that his house was not looking for anything new. How much would it cost to set it in type and print a few copies? Ja wohl! that depended—did it need editing, or critique, or re-

view? On no account could the name of P. Sauerbien be connected with it—leave it for a day; he would see.

John trod the space back to the studio building with the stride of one who has successfully hoodwinked the custodian of the symphonic art. The "Sun-bath" and Ethel were awaiting a continuance of his presence, and he fell to, in an effort to treat them impartially. Now that, unknown to each other, they had made their separate journeys into Samaria, a third invisible something might have been seen gliding out of the open door—it was that poor relation, pity, who had decited to quit this opinionated place.

On the following morning, so bright that the finished "Sun-bath" looked quite unnatural, and so early that John still lay composed upon his couch, a peremptory knocking fell upon his door. With many openings of doors, other tenants urged the red-faced applicant to redouble his tattoo, or else go away; but P. Sauerbien continued his knuckle serenade, with the cadence of a music-master. Ethel, thru the chink of her door, watched his efforts, with much amusement.

John's first sleep-folded thought was that she had started, betimes, a major assault on the bass; but the noise continuing, he opened his door, to be confronted by the irate publisher.

"Got im Himmel!" he panted, "are you *daub,* as well as tone-deaf? Are you the agent for the author of 'The Battle of the Flowers'?"

John confessed that he was. "Well, here it is!" P. Sauerbien shouted. "It is impossible for even my printer to read it without much sickness."

John reminded him of his willingness to pay for it.

"Pay for it?" the apoplectic Teuton continued; "I will not have these libels on the pianoforte coming into my house. Was the authoress serious? Did she contemplate a 'Massacre of the Cabbages,' next?"

The luckless artist was too dumbfounded to maintain a dignified attitude longer. He received the score from the publisher's hands as a duellist receives the point of his opponent's weapon—in a very awkward, not to say pained, manner. P. Sauerbien, like a superheated stove, turned away from him, and waddled down the hallway.

As for Ethel, when she softly closed her door, her little card house tumbled about her with unheroic discords, and the loud pedal lashed to the floor. Could that insufferable, fat little man be Sauerbien, the well-known publisher? And had her "Battle of the Flowers" so stirred up his martial spirit? She saw it all now in pure drab shadings—her frailty,

THEY LOOK IN VAIN FOR JOHN'S MASTERPIECE

and John's knightship of it; her immaturity, and the giant buffet of the world.

Like a sensible little girl at heart, she resolved to forget it all and to go home with colors flying. But she would do her good deed, too, in partial compensation.

Late in the day, when John had gone to a framer, the genteel black wagon of the art dealer had called, and the scarce-dry "Sun-bath" had been swaddled tenderly in cloths and borne to it. On his return, her story would run, that the dealer, in making the rounds of the studio, had chanced upon his picture, and asked to exhibit it in his gallery. On the morrow, they, with admiring fellow-workers in the building, would call at the gallery to inspect it.

John listened to the recountal of this great event, and its probable consequences, with illy concealed pride. "Poor little girl," he thought, "this triumph will repay her some for the lost 'Battle.' When the impression has sunk home, I will take up the matter of her non-artistic future, with her."

So, under the sun that was going down on her defeat, and would come up again serene on his victory, the door stood open to the rich relation of pity, love, to enter at her pleasure.

How prosperous and friendly the world seemed, as their little party, piloted by John and Ethel, walked down Fifth Avenue to the art gallery! How his constituents in art were prepared to center round the "Sun-bath," and drink of its deep subleties!

A functionary, in livery of broadcloth and silk, unfastened the crimson cords that guarded the entrance to the gallery, and sternly bowed them into its precincts. A hurried walk around the place did not discover John's masterpiece. In vain they explored the treasured walls for its evidence. Each group of visitors brought our friends hurrying to their side, lest they should not be the first discoverers of its qualities. Alas, poor discoverers! the picture was not there. You, as you are walking sadly homeward, must be content with its creator's second-hand description, and try to catch some of his untamable spirit, if not the art therein contained.

They had separated at the lips, or entrance, to their huge dwelling, and Ethel had gone in ahead, leaving John on the steps with his few new disciples.

As he left the elevator and neared his room, Ethel stood by his door with a tall gentleman, and a small black boy holding a picture. The elegant stranger was the master of the conversation, which he carried on in a voice high-pitched with impatience.

"When I consented to exhibit your friend's picture," he resumed, in John's hearing, "I was under the impression that it was the work of a young person who had seriously studied art—at least, you gave me to understand this."

"Yes, he has been very serious about it," Ethel ventured.

"He can consider himself very fortunate that it has not passed in review before genuine brushmen," he continued.

"What seems to be the matter with it?" she asked, pitilessly.

"Everything: defective drawing, poor foreshortening, little or no chiaroscuro. But this is not the worst—his color scheme is a mess. If I had hung this picture on my walls I would have been mobbed by insulted artists."

"Dont you like even its title?" she queried, innocently.

"What? 'Bath-tub of the Woods,' or some such rubbish. No, to tell you frankly, it did not even hint of the effect he was trying to convey."

"And what would you advise the artist to do with it?"

"It has only one possibility, in my estimation—cover it over with a thick, opaque lampblack and ultramarine, and call it 'Night in the Lumberlost,' or something like that."

Ethel laughed merrily. "I must not forget to thank you," she said, "for your frankness, and trust that you will remember that I stood ready to buy it in, in the face of collectors."

"Collectors of what?" he said, smiling and turning away. "It can hardly be classified except as raw material."

John saw Ethel's door shut discreetly and the "Sun-bath of the Woods" leaning dejectedly against his door-frame. He took it into his room with him, and set it up carefully, as if it had feelings which were as deeply hurt as his own.

For a long time, from Ethel's room there was silence, tho she longed so to run over the score of "The Battle," and hear what was the matter with it. When it had grown quite late, she walked with it in her hands, to John's door, and gently rapped for admission. It was a little tapping done with finger-tips, that they had

used on either side—call and answer—of the great door at Dosebury. John let her in, and she could see that he had been sitting with his painting in his lap.

"Forgive me, John, wont you?" said the humble composer, gazing up at him; "and you never have told me what luck you had with 'The Battle.'"

"Didn't I, little General?" he said, with a poor attempt to be merry. "Well, I had meant to tell you in a very different way—it's a long, long story with a sad, sad ending."

"John, you needn't tell me—I know all about it, you stupid moralist; and," she added, slowly, "I think I'm going to sell my piano, before I go back to Dosebury."

John's face became truly happy. "Are you doing this thing," he questioned, "because of your hurt esteem, or for another, the dearest of reasons?"

THEY BID FAREWELL TO ART AND MUSIC

"Principally for that last one," she laughed demurely.

"Good-by, 'Sun-bath,'" he said, quite impulsively, and the toe of his shoe trod thru that virgin woods, where nobody else had wanted to wander.

She made a quick motion, and a shower of huge paper leaves fell about them. "And you, too, 'Battle,'" she said, "farewell, forever!"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

—*Keats.*

The Three Bears

(Essanay)

By RUTH BREWSTER

IF I'm going to write a story, I may as well tell you right away that my real name is Georgiana Elizabeth Mainwaring. But I'd never know it if it wasn't printed out on my silver mug and my napkin ring, for everyone calls me just Goldilocks.

The other day, my mama went to the city, and she promised to bring me a new fairy book if I'd be good and stay with nurse. So that night, about six o'clock, I curled up in the big chair by the fire to wait for mama. In a little while she came.

"Here's a book about a little girl called Goldilocks, just like you," she said.

I was so happy when I saw the book. There was a funny picture on the cover, of three bears, eating porridge. But the author's name (papa always makes me tell him the author's name when I read a book) wasn't there, so I cant tell you who wrote it.

I read it all thru, and then I fell asleep there by the fire, and dreamed I was the little girl in the book, and had all those funny adventures. I was running away from the bears and crying in my sleep, when mama came and woke me.

I was glad my dream wasn't true, but it was a very interesting story, and I've copied it all out for you.

Once upon a time, there lived in a far-off country a very pretty little girl, and they called her Goldilocks.

Perhaps you think this is rather a strange name for a little girl, but you would not have thought so if you had lived in those days and had seen her; for her hair was like fine-spun gold, and glittered and sparkled in the sun.

Goldilocks was generally a very happy little maid, altho she had no little brothers and sisters to play with her; but one day her mother had to go out and leave her all alone, and then she began to feel very dull and to wonder what she could do to amuse herself.

She went out into the garden and began to pick flowers, then she trotted away into the woods behind her mother's house, and it was such a warm, pleasant day that she wandered on and on until she came into a part of the woods where she had never been before. Now, in this wood there lived a family of three Bears. The first was a GREAT BIG BEAR, the second a MIDDLING-SIZED BEAR, and a third was a little teeny tiny bear, and they all lived together in a funny little house, and very, very happy they were.

THE BEARS ARRIVE HOME

Goldilocks stopped when she came to the Bears' house and began to wonder who lived there.

"I'll just look in and see," she said, and so she did; but there was no one there.

GOLDILOCKS DREAMS

It was dinner-time, it is true; but when Mrs. Bear had called them in to dinner they found the soup was too hot to eat, and so they had left it to cool whilst they went for a walk in the woods to get an appetite.

Goldilocks was rather hungry after her walk, and the soup smelt so good that she began to wish the people of the house would come home and invite her to have some.

But, altho she looked everywhere, under the table and into the cupboards, she could find no one, and at last she could resist no longer, but made up her mind to take just a little sip to see how the soup tasted.

The soup had been put into three bowls—a GREAT BIG BOWL for the Great Big Bear, a MIDDLING-SIZED BOWL for the Middling-sized Bear, and a teeny tiny bowl for the Teeny Tiny Bear—and beside each bowl lay a spoon, and Goldilocks took one and helped herself to a spoonful of soup from the Great Big Bowl.

Ugh! how it burnt her mouth. It was so hot with pepper that she did not like it at all; still, she was very hungry, so she thought she would try again.

This time she took a sip of the MIDDLING-SIZED BEAR'S SOUP, but she liked that no better, for it was too salt. But when she tasted the teeny tiny bear's soup it was just as she liked it; so she ate it up every drop, without thinking twice about it.

When she had finished her dinner she noticed three chairs standing by the wall.

One was a GREAT BIG CHAIR, and she climbed up on that and sat down. Oh, dear! how hard it was!

She was sure she could not sit there for long, so she climbed up onto the next, which was only a MIDDLING-SIZED CHAIR, but that was too soft for her taste; she went on to the last, which was a teeny tiny chair and suited her exactly.

It was so comfortable that she sat on and on until, if you'll believe it, she actually sat the bottom out. Then, of course, she was comfortable no

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

longer, so she got up and began to wonder what she should do next.

There was a staircase in the Bears' house, and Goldilocks thought she would go up it and see where it led to.

So up she went, and when she reached the top she laughed outright, for the Bears' bedroom was the funniest she had ever seen. In the middle of the room stood a GREAT BIG BED; on one side of it there was a MIDDLING-SIZED BED; and on the other side there was a teeny tiny bed.

Goldilocks was sleepy, so she thought she would lie down and have a little nap.

First she got up on the GREAT BIG BED, but it was just as hard as the Great Big Chair had been; so she jumped off and tried the MIDDLING-SIZED BED, but it was so soft that she sank right down into the feather cushions and was nearly smothered.

"I will try the teeny tiny bed," she said, and so she did, and it was so comfortable that she soon fell fast asleep.

Whilst she lay there, dreaming of all sorts of pleasant things, the three Bears came home, very hungry and quite ready for their dinners.

But, oh, dear me! how cross the Great Big Bear looked when he saw his spoon had been used and thrown under the table.

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MY SOUP?" he cried, in a Great Big Voice.

GOLDILOCKS MAKES HER ESCAPE

"AND WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MINE?" cried the Middling-sized Bear, in a Middling-sized voice.

"But who has been tasting mine and tasted it all up?" cried the poor little Teeny Tiny Bear, in a Teeny Tiny Voice, with the tears running down his Teeny Tiny Face.

When the Great Big Bear went to sit down in his Great Big Chair, he cried out, in his Great Big Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON MY CHAIR?"

And the Middling-sized Bear cried, in a Middling-sized Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON MY CHAIR?"

But the Teeny Tiny Bear cried out, in a Teeny Tiny Voice of anger:

"Who has been sitting on my chair and sat the bottom out?"

By this time the Bears were sure that some one had been in their house quite lately; so they looked about to see if some one were not there still.

There was certainly no one downstairs, so they went upstairs to their bedroom. On the way the little Bear slipped and fell, and Goldilocks dreamt she heard thunder.

As soon as the Great Big Bear looked at his bed, he cried out, in his Great Big Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

And the Middling-sized Bear, seeing that the coverlet of his middling-sized bed was all rumpled, followed the example of the Great Big Bear, and cried out, in a Middling-sized Voice:

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

But the Teeny Tiny Bear cried out, in a Teeny Tiny Voice of astonishment:

"Who has been lying on my bed and lies there still?"

Now, when the Great Big Bear began to speak, Goldilocks dreamt that the storm had ceased, and a big bumble-bee was buzzing in the room, and when the Middling-sized Bear began to speak she dreamt that it was flying out of the window, but when the Teeny Tiny Bear began to speak she dreamt that the bee had come back and stung her on the ear, and up she jumped.

THE BEARS PURSUE GOLDILOCKS

Oh! how frightened she was when she saw the three Bears standing beside her.

She hopped out of bed and in a second was out thru the open window. The Bears looked after her; but Bears are not good jumpers, so they had to go downstairs and out at the door, and Goldilocks had a good start.

When they found they could not catch her, they went home and talked the matter over; but Goldilocks ran on and on until she fell down in a heap on the ground, because she was too tired to run any more.

And what do you think? It was her own mother who picked her up, because in her fright she had run straight home without knowing it.

Jack Spratt adored the opera, his wife preferred the play,
And so they fought and quarreled for many a weary day.
"I hate the actors' voices," cried Jack; "they make me sick!"
"I hate your silly, mushy songs," his wife retorted, quick.
But now there's harmony and peace, they neither quarrel nor fight,
You'll see them at the Photoshow, both smiling, every night.

The Good Fellows' Christmas Eve

(Essanay)

By LULU MONTANYE

HURRY, bustle, noise and confusion! A smooth, shining pavement, swept clean and dry by the east wind. On one side, the history-haunted Common, where bare-branched elms swayed, shivering, toward each other, as if exchanging confidences—perhaps comparing the gaily-dressed throngs who hurried up and down the intersecting walks, with the red-coated, stern-visaged Britishers, whom they had seen patrolling the same paths so many years ago. On the other side, a row of smart shops — florists, confectioners, tea-rooms, ultra-fashionable milliners—vied with each other in bright display, until they merged into the brighter dazzle of the theater district.

Tremont Street is always thronged at eight o'clock, on a crisp clear evening, but tonight the throng was a jam. This was not the ordinary dinner and theater crowd, but a jostling, pushing throng of humanity, laden with bundles and boxes and great wreaths of Christmas greens. Sweet-faced women wrapped in costly furs; tall, spectacled, college youths; portly, prosperous business men; school-girls, chattering and giggling in a fashion far removed from the famous Boston repose of manner; and, everywhere, in everybody's way, the ever-present small boy, as irrepressible in Boston as in New York or Chicago.

"It's a confounded nuisance!" growled Kenneth Crocker; "what a fool I was to try to walk down thru here tonight. I wont get to Copley Square in four hours at this rate."

He looked strangely out of place in the bustling, good-natured throng. Tall and lean, his hair showing gray at the temples, a gray moustache drooping over straight, thin lips, two scowling lines between deep-set eyes which looked out on the pleasure-seeking multitude with a gleam of scornful disgust, he was anything but the personification of the Christmas spirit. With another growl, he turned the fur-lined collar of his ulster about his face, and worked his way to the edge of the sidewalk, where he beckoned a disengaged taxi.

"Merry Christmas, sir! Paper, sir?" chirped an urchin who was almost eclipsed by a great armful of *Globes*.

"No; get out!" he snapped, sharply, and the youngster fled, bumping into a vendor of greens, who approached Crocker with a cheerful grin.

"Merry Christmas, sir! Have a holly wreath, or a bunch of mistletoe for the young lady?" inquired the vendor, cheerily.

"Get away!" thundered Crocker. "Cant a man have a minute's peace? Where's that chauffeur? Here, what are you so long about?"

A traveling-toy came toward him, at this inopportune moment—one of those gaily-painted tin soldiers which seem to lead charmed existences in the midst of thousands of pedestrians. With a vicious kick, Crocker landed it in the middle of the street. It represented the profit of a dozen sales to its owner, who rushed anxiously forward, but the delayed taxi had come up, and Crocker stepped in with a curt order to the chauffeur to "get out of this mob, and take me down to Copley Square."

"Good night; merry Christmas, sir!" said the chauffeur, a few moments later, waiting expectantly while his passenger alighted. But Crocker, with a deeper scowl, counted the exact fare into the outstretched hand, and hastened up the steps of the club-house. As he waited an instant at the door, the bells of Old Trinity

rang out the hour in a clear Christmas strain.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he muttered. "How glad I'll be when it's over for another year!"

The dignified quiet of the Commonwealth Club was not broken by any holiday festivities, tho wreaths of holly hung in every window and trimmed the gleaming chandeliers. With a sigh of relief, Crocker flung himself into a chair before a blazing fire and ordered a bottle of wine and a newspaper.

"What's doing on State Street today?" he wondered, turning toward the sixth page. But, instead of the familiar list of quotations, his eyes fell upon a glaring headline:

WANTED—10,000 Good Fellows, to bring Christmas joy to 10,000 cheerless families!

The paper was flung to the floor in disgust, just as the door opened, letting in a whiff of frosty air and a half-dozen men. Crocker knew them all well. Ordinarily, they were dignified and conservative citizens, conducting themselves like true Bostonians. Tonight, they danced across the room, with clasped hands, carolling gaily,

> God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing ye dismay!

until they stopped with a low bow before the disgusted Crocker.

CROCKER REFUSES TO BE ONE OF THE TEN THOUSAND

"Hello, old man!" they chorused; "come, get off your grouch. Dont you know it's Christmas eve? Seen the paper? We're off to be jolly good fellows. Come along."

"I'm not a lunatic," returned Crocker. "Come on and have a game of whist."

"On Christmas eve? Not much! What ails you? Were you never a kid? Didn't Santa Claus come down your chimney? Come along and celebrate."

"I'm not such a fool," declared Crocker, with warmth.

"Listen to the man, will you?" laughed Peabody, the oldest and jolliest one of the group. "'Didn't you ever give a Christmas present in your life?"

"Oh, go on," was the impatient answer, "and give a fellow some peace."

"Peace is what he is looking for, my friends," explained Peabody to the others; "highly appropriate to the season, you know. Peace on earth, goodwill to men—but he doesn't look it!"

They went out again, and Crocker sat gazing into the fire, burned to a glowing bank of coals. It was very warm and quiet in the room now. The lights seemed dimmer, too. He laid his hand comfortably on the leather-cushioned chair-back and continued to gaze at the coals.

What was that Peabody had said? "Were you never a kid? Didn't Santa Claus ever come down your chimney?"

A picture seemed to rise out of the coals in response to the query: an old, New England farmhouse kitchen, straight-backed chairs, braided rugs, an old clock ticking solemnly in the corner; a gentle woman sitting in the firelight's glow, a tiny, white-robed boy cuddled in her arms. She pointed to the clock and then to the chimney, where a red stocking hung. The child slipped from her lap, and knelt with folded hands, as they said a little prayer together. Then, his round, wondering eyes looking back over her shoulder at the stocking, she carried him from the room.

A servant came in and replenished the fire. Fresh flames curled upward, and Crocker saw, in the old kitchen, the boy on the braided rug before the fire, rapturously emptying his toy-filled stocking.

He straightened up, rubbing his eyes. "Just a foolish dream," he murmured, "but how natural it all looked! What a long time ago it was!"

He glanced about the room. It was empty, and he sank comfortably into his chair again.

"Didn't you ever give a Christmas present in your life?" The laughing question seemed to float thru the room again, and in the flames there was another picture. A New England parlor, this time, with quaint family portraits hung stiffly on the walls, and black haircloth furniture, placed at prim angles. There was a young girl with neatly parted hair, and a sweet, modest face. A boy, rather poorly clad, was fitting a ring to her finger, while she blushed and dimpled. Then, as their lips met, a door opened and a stern-faced old man came in, followed by a well-dressed chap who looked sneeringly at the boy. With fierce gestures, the old man compelled the sobbing girl to return the ring, and, as the boy turned at the door for a look at his sweetheart, he saw her father placing her hand in the grasp of the evil-eyed stranger.

"Another dream!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. "That ring was the last Christmas gift I ever made. She was a pretty little sweetheart, and I never saw her again. Forty years ago! No wonder I'm a grouchy old bachelor! No wonder I hate Christmas!"

He put on his coat, slowly. "I wonder where the fellows went," he said. "Of course, it's all foolishness, and I wont join them—but I wonder where they went?"

Outside, he started homeward, walking briskly up Commonwealth Avenue, until, as the chimes rang out again, he turned, with sudden impulse, into a side street, then another and another, until he was in the midst of that complex tangle of mean alleys that fringes the Back Bay section.

"I wonder where they are," he repeated, and in answer came a chorus of ringing voices:

> God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing ye dismay!

There they came, capering hilariously along, laden with baskets, bun-

dles, and garlands of Christmas greens. When they saw Crocker, they formed a ring and danced around him with uncontrolled joy.

"Hail to the ranks of Good Fellows!" they shouted. "You're just in time. This is our last call; we have made five. Come on in!"

"But I have no presents to give," demurred Crocker.

"Money, my boy, money. That's the most welcome thing of all. Hurry up, so we can hie us home with calm consciences," urged Peabody.

CROCKER OPENS HIS HEART—ALSO HIS WALLET

Half ashamed, yet strangely interested, Crocker followed the group up a rickety stairway, thru a dark, ill-smelling hall, into a tiny kitchen, lighted by a sputtering lamp.

A quick silence fell upon the noisy group, as their eyes took in the pitiful scene. So far, their evening of good fellowship had been a merry lark, but jests died away in the face of such suffering as they saw here. As they entered, a wan-faced woman lifted her head, but, as she tried to speak, a paroxysm of coughing stopped her words. Four children clustered about her, the oldest girl trying to soothe a sobbing child who was shaking with the cold. The child had just come in from the street, where she had been begging. Her little hands, which still clasped the tin cup she had held out for pennies, were chapped and blue, but the cup was empty. The obvious distress of this family was so pitiable that the good cheer of the visitors was, for a moment, checked.

No one spoke. The children stared in awe-struck surprise at the men, who began quietly to put down their bundles. But, when a great turkey was produced, his yellow legs bursting from their wrappings, the smallest child broke the tension by rushing forward with a happy cry.

"Look, look, mamma!" she cried; "it's a truly turkey; it ain't a dream!" Every one laughed then, and while the rest of the gifts were distributed, Crocker stepped over to the child who held the tin cup.

"Here's some pennies," he said,

CROCKER JOINS IN THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

dropping a number of coins into the cup. Then, as the starved little face beamed at him, his eyes grew misty and he made a sudden rush for the stairs.

"Oh, mamma, look what nice, shiny pennies!" cried the child, and the men, filing out after Crocker without waiting for thanks, heard the mother's glad cry:

"Pennies! Why, child, they're *gold!*"

"Where next, my merry gentlemen?" queried Peabody, when they reached the street again.

It was unanimously decided to escort Crocker home. So it came to pass that seven staid and respectable citizens walked up Commonwealth Avenue at eleven o'clock on Christmas eve, hilariously singing old Christmas carols, interspersed with choruses of "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

They reached the steps of the brown-stone apartment that was Crocker's home, and paused for a last chorus.

"Now for a final round," said the irrepressible Peabody. But the round was never sung, for a faint, plaintive wail broke upon the air.

"What's that?" they all yelled.

"It's a baby!" cried Hale, the youngest of the merrymakers, as the wail swelled into a lusty roar. "I know a baby when I hear it. Have two of my own that begin about this time of night!"

"But where is it?" said Crocker, bewildered.

"I believe it's here, in the vestibule," declared Peabody.

He ran up the steps and came back, bearing a huge basket, from which issued a series of piercing wails as they all crowded around.

"Take it out, somebody, it must be smothering," suggested some one.

"Smothering—with a roar like that!" ejaculated Hale, with withering contempt, as Peabody cautiously lifted the squirming bundle. "Here, give it to me. You're holding it wrong side up. What do you know about babies? I'll very quickly show you!"

The baby was transferred to Hale's

A MERRY CHRISTMAS INDEED

fatherly arms, where, to the delight of his unsympathetic friends, it continued to howl vigorously.

"Watch the father manage it—see the expert do it—guess mamma tends to his babies all right," were the heartless comments.

Meanwhile, Crocker was examining a card which was attached to the basket. On it was written, in a fine, feminine hand, "This little girl is a Christmas gift to some lonely home."

"Look here," he exclaimed, suddenly; "that's my Christmas gift. Give her to me. Do you see this card?" He held it up into the glare of the overhanging light, where they all could read it. "Where's a lonelier home than mine?" he demanded.

Something in his earnest tone sobered the joking men. Hale handed the baby to Crocker, and, with one of those unexplainable freaks of infancy, she promptly ceased her wails and snuggled contentedly against his rough coat, putting up a tiny hand to pull at the gray moustache.

"There!" said Crocker, "that settles it."

"But, man alive," expostulated Peabody, "what can you do with a baby girl? You cant take care of her."

"I have a big house—I have servants—I have money," replied Crocker, firmly. "Money will buy care and attention for her, as it does for me. But money cant buy love for me, nor for her. Perhaps, if I accept my Christmas gift, it will mean love both for the little girl and for myself."

"What's happened to Crocker?" breathed Peabody, under his breath, as the men stood in silent wonderment. But Hale, who knew the witchery of baby fingers, understood.

"Three cheers for Crocker and his Christmas gift!" he shouted. "Come on home, and let him put her to bed. It's bad for her to be out so late."

So they said good-night to Crocker, while the babe, snuggled cozily against his shoulder, shook a tiny hand at them. Then they marched away down the avenue, singing lustily:

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And he's got his Christmas gift!

Crocker stood on the steps, listening, and looking down at the babe, her long lashes drooping drowsily now.

"IT'S A BABY!" CRIED HALE

As the voices grew fainter, they drifted again into the old carol:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing ye dismay!
God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing ye dismay!

Then, as their notes trailed away into silence, the midnight bells pealed out, and thru the still, frosty air, Old Trinity's chimes came sweetly.

It was Christmas morning, and in Kenneth Crocker's heart there was peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

Do you see him here, sitting by his fireside, the babe on his knee? Note the smile of contentment upon his countenance. There are four things that have made him so happy—his pipe, the fire on the hearth, the babe, and last—and most important of all—the thought that he had helped to make a Merry Christmas in many a joyless home.

CROCKER ENJOYS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AT LAST

MORAL:

Human happiness is impossible without love and sympathy for others. A flea thinks itself very happy when it has a stomach full, but it is a small kind of happiness compared to the delightful sensation that comes from the thought of having made somebody happy. Crocker thought he was happy before, but now he sees that it was but the happiness of a flea.

Reality

By NARENA BROOKS EASTERLING

A little darkened room, the changing screen,
The breathing crowd, and you and I;
And somewhere a Force that shifts the scenes.
See the Shadows laugh; some Shadows die.
How quick it ran, that man's life reel!
Put your hand in mine, love, 'tis all that I can *feel.*

A darkened world, a shadowy crowd unreal,
I, sobbing alone! Why did the Force that drives
The world's *cino sprocket,* split our reel?
He lets the Shadows move, still they play their lives.
Love, must I wait? I can know but this when I die,
That once upon this shadow world *lived* you and I.

As in a Looking-Glass

(Biograph)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

ROBERT JENKINS, if his opinion of himself were asked, would undoubtedly have replied that he was a "good fellow." To him and such as he consorted with at Max's bar, that term of ambiguous distinction smacked of the plaudits of an interested world. But to the wife who waited at home, the dinner drying up on the stove, "good fellow" was synonymous with the one great trial of her life.

Robert Jenkins had been a conscientious husband and father until the occasional nips he took as "bracers" after a hard business day insidiously created an appetite for strong drink. His home made less and less of an appeal to him, and he took the independent stand that a man must live a man's life and not be restricted by a woman and kids. He found gratifying support of his liberal platform at Max's, where the insurgent attitude toward duty and decency flaunted itself in sordid conviviality.

After one of these sociable little occasions at the sloppy bar, a couple of friends, a little less chaotic as to mind and less erratic as to footing, convoyed the resisting Jenkins to his gate. Here he was cast adrift, and, mechanically, he reeled into the house.

His stumbling entrance had been unheard, owing to the loud and emphatic protests that ten-year-old

JENKINS, INTOXICATED, QUARRELS WITH HIS WIFE

MRS. JENKINS PLEADS WITH HER DRUNKEN HUSBAND TO GO HOME

Trixie was forcing from the piano. Her music teacher, with earnest and long-suffering expression, stood over her pupil, beating time. This picture of his child, straining with every nerve in her tense little body toward the acquisition of a pleasing accomplishment, checked the father in his staggering course. After a moment's contemplation, the monotony of the performance irritated him.

"Shurrup!" he shouted.

Teacher and pupil jumped. Pleased at the sensation he had caused, he stood teetering before them, a fatuous smile on his bloated face. Then, as it filtered thru his sodden brain that the woman was almost paralyzed with fear, the primal instinct for the demonstration of power over the helpless inspired him to turn savagely upon little Trixie.

"Get out o' yere!" he snarled.

She slipped from the piano-stool and rushed, terrified, from the room. With a lunging step, he reached the shrinking woman. He threw his arms about her and was struggling to kiss her, when Mrs. Jenkins, with Trixie and Bobbie, ran into the room. Resenting the intrusion, he turned from the frightened and indignant music teacher to vent his anger on his wife. This much-enduring woman, seeing that he was not in a mood to receive, without coarse retaliation, the reproofs that his conduct called for, confined herself to apologizing to the scandalized teacher and attempting to pacify the balked assailant. She persuaded him finally to sit down to the delayed dinner. But nothing tasted right, everything annoyed him. Dashing the food to the floor, he rose from the table in a maudlin rage, and, disdaining the pleadings and expostulations of his wife, made a zigzagging rush from the house.

Mrs. Jenkins was of the crushed and patient type of woman, but, after an outburst of tears, she felt that there was a crisis at hand. It was high time that Robert pulled up. He had already reached the point of ir-

THE SALOONKEEPER EJECTS JENKINS FROM THE SALOON

responsibility, and she knew that he would return to Max's and feed the fever that was corroding his moral nature. Repugnant as the idea was to her, she left the house to follow him and bring him back. Little Bobbie, who understood but vaguely his mother's grief and the significance of the scenes he had witnessed, had been rather amused than otherwise at his father's queer antics. So, divining his mother's intention and curious as to further developments, he ran after her and joined her outside the saloon, where she hesitated to push open the swinging doors.

"Oh, Bobbie, this is terrible!" cried the unhappy woman. "But we must go in to get father!"

"Dont be afraid, mother; I'll take care of you," promised Bobbie, throwing his arms protectingly about her.

They pushed open the doors. Robert Jenkins was boastfully recounting over a drained glass how he played the tyrant in his home. At his wife's touch upon his arm, he turned and glared upon her with eyes of hatred. She pleaded with him to come away; he flung her from him. In desperation, she clung to him and tried to draw him away from his associates. He raised his fist and struck her in the face. She had expected rebuffs and insults and jeering refusals, but a blow from Robert's fist had been an unthought-of indignity. She could never have foreseen the moral degradation that made of the once respectable man an unfeeling ruffian. Cowering and stunned, with her arms about the now frightened Bobbie, she tottered toward the door. Max came hurriedly from behind the bar. After assisting the humiliated woman to the street, he returned to the boastful Jenkins.

"Hein! so das is de kind of pig-dog you are!" he said, with infinite contempt. "You haf a good wife und nice leedle children und you make vun big bum of yourself, und you strike dat good voman! Ach, Himmel! you ged oud of here—und you stay oud!"

This indignant summing up was being delivered in conjunction with Max's efforts to eject Jenkins from the saloon. With "you stay oud!" he gave the drunken man a final shove that landed him in the gutter.

Furious that his wife and child should have brought upon him the ignominy of that expulsion, he decided

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER AWAITS HER HUSBAND'S RETURN

not to return home at all. He reeled about the streets for a time, his voice raised in a continuous hoarse declaration of dire and dreadful things to befall his meddling family. Gradually, his excitement was succeeded by a drowsiness that made perambulating an impossibility, and when a dark space beneath some steps seemed to invite him out of the bothering moonlight, he sank down in the shadows and slept heavily and long.

He awakened feeling chilled and altogether wretched. He was sober, but filled with rancor. It was a pity that a man couldn't have a good time and do as he pleased without suffering like this for it! Anyway, he would go home and take a nap with some comfort.

Mrs. Jenkins had spent a sleepless night, conjuring up a hundred desperate possibilities to account for her husband's absence. When she heard him come in the door, she hastened to him.

"Oh, Robert!" she began.

He cut her short. "Keep those kids quiet," he said roughly. "I'm going to take a nap."

He stretched himself on the couch and dozed off. Mrs. Jenkins, her grief somewhat ameliorated by the knowledge of his whereabouts, took up her market basket, and, with a spiritless admonition to the children to be quiet, started off to make her purchases.

Bobbie and Trixie were very careful not to disturb the sleeping ogre, until two little girl neighbors came bounding in.

"Goody!" cried Bobbie. "Now we can have a play! I'll tell you how to act."

"I want to be a fairy!" exclaimed one of the little visitors, in high glee.

"There ain't no fairies in this play," announced Bobbie. "You sit down here. This chair is a piano; you play on it; and, Trixie, you are the music teacher and I'm daddy."

They entered into the game with such enthusiasm that the angry voice in the next room smote the noise-filled air. The fun went on, and Robert Jenkins finally arose and started for the field of operations. He stopped in the doorway and looked thru the heavy portières. In spite of himself he was amused, and he watched the progress of the play. Little by little, he realized that Bobbie was imitating him and going over in mimicry the disgraceful scenes of the previous day. There was the episode of the music teacher; the father, looking on, smiled rather foolishly. There was the episode of the dinner table, the throwing about of the food, the smashing of dishes; the father, looking on, began to get a clearer view of his actions and their effect on others. Then came the episode of the saloon: the wife, played by Trixie, pleading with the staggering drink-crazed man and recoiling from his blow. Bobbie imitated the bestiality and the brutality of his father in a way to make the man shudder and flush with shame. He was seeing himself as in a looking-glass, and the mirrored image sent a moral nausea thru his soul. This was how his children saw him! If he should die, this would be the memory he bequeathed to them!

He went back to the couch and buried his face in the cushions. Out of the shaking-up he had received, his thoughts collected in broken bits, and, piece by piece, like the colored fragments in a kaleidoscope, they fell into place and formed the perfect design of a great resolve.

THE PLAY

JENKINS SEES HIMSELF AS HIS CHILDREN SEE HIM

Mrs. Jenkins returned from market, weary and hopeless. The children had gone out to play, and the house seemed oppressively quiet, and suggestive of the void that had been wrought in her life. The sudden parting of the portières cut short her gloomy reflections. Robert Jenkins, a drooping and contrite man, approached her. She regarded him wonderingly.

"Madge," he said, "I have been an awful brute! But it really wasn't I, dear; it was the drink. I swear to you that I shall never touch another drop! Will you forgive me and help me start all over again? Dont reproach me, for God's sake! My shame is almost more than I can bear!"

She went to him with a fervent cry of joy on her lips. Then, with the generosity of the woman who forgives wholly, she exclaimed:

"Robert, I knew you would come to yourself some day!"

"It might have been much longer coming, if it hadn't been for Bobbie," he admitted.

"Why, what did he do?" she asked.

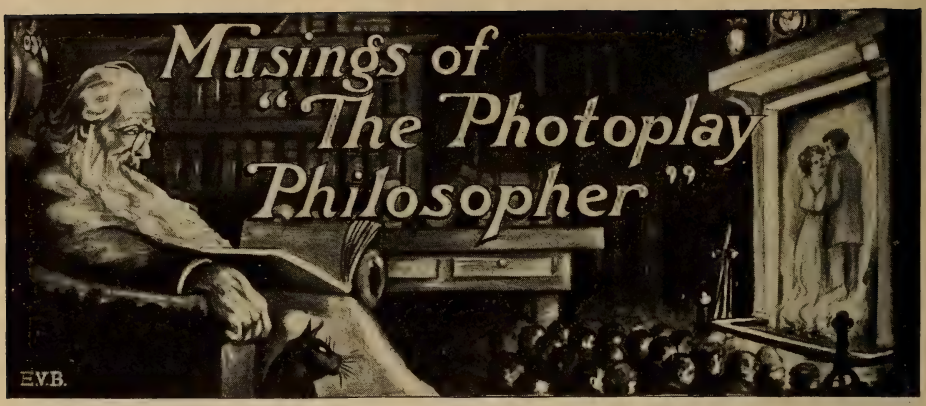
"He showed me myself in a looking-glass," he said.

"Did he?" she laughed, taking him literally.

Robert Jenkins carried out his resolve unswervingly.

Long after, when he could bear to refer to that murky period of his life, he explained to his contented and devoted wife what he had meant by seeing himself "as in a looking-glass."

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous mean,
He railed against the Photoshow, which he had never seen.
Until one night his clever wife persuaded him to go,
And now he praises, day and night, the wondrous Photoshow.



A friend from the Far West writes me as follows:

"I notice in the Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher that he says that no satisfactory arrangement had been made as to boxes and higher scale of prices at Photoplay theaters, and I want to put him right as to this fact. Here in Portland, we have two picture theaters where there are boxes: The Majestic, showing independent pictures and seating twelve hundred people, and The People's, showing licensed films seating fourteen hundred people.

"These two houses have both been opened during the past few months and were built to be used exclusively for Motion Pictures and high-class singing and musical acts. They each have a large pipe organ, besides a piano and drum and various devices for producing effects during the action of the picture on the screen. The acoustic property of both houses is perfect and they have every modern convenience.

"The boxes, about twelve in number, each seating six people, are situated in the front rows of the balcony and have a separate entrance and stairway leading to the lobby. They are fitted with comfortable chairs, and are partitioned off somewhat similar to the loges in other theaters, there being a narrow aisle between the first row of ten-cent seats and the boxes. These box seats are sold at twenty-five cents each, and boxes may be 'phoned for and reserved at any time of the day for a certain hour. The price of all the other seats in both houses is ten cents. Each house changes its program Sundays and Wednesdays, and we get four 1000-foot reels at each change."

For all of which I am duly thankful; but the paragraph to which our friend takes exception referred to the one-floor theaters in and about New York City. We are far behind the West and the South, and we must admit that Portland can give us cards and spades.

Man has tamed, subdued and conquered the animals, the elements and the world; woman has done more—she has tamed, subdued and conquered man.

I am informed that Will Carleton, the celebrated poet, is engaged in reducing some of his poems to scenario form. This is good news, for, who would not love to see the characters in "Betsy and I are Out," and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and other familiar persons *move,* as we once tried to imagine we saw them, when we read those popular ballads years ago? I hope that each film will begin by showing a Motion Picture of Mr. Carleton as he is today; because, in years to come, when the name of Will Carleton is but a memory, as those of Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier are now, our children may know just how he was in real life.

There is one little word which accounts for all human sympathy, which is the explanation of all martyrdom, which is the definition of every good work, and which is the master of all human emotions; that word is LOVE.

Some years ago one or two Motion Picture manufacturers made films of certain industries and of their products, showing the name of the brand, and these films were given a large circulation thru the film exchanges. One of these showed how a certain brand of chewing gum was made, and it was plainly an advertisement for the manufacturer of that product. This practice was soon discontinued, and it has been a rule ever since that no advertisement shall appear on a licensed film at any price. This is as it should be. Advertising on the screen, or on the film itself, is not fair to the audience. They come to see Photoplays, not advertising signs. The only kind of advertising that should be allowed is that pertains to Motion Pictures, or announcements of coming films. It is natural that exhibitors should seek to increase their income by showing slides of butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, but what they gain in this way will be lost in decreased attendance, as has been proved time and time again. There are three legitimate reasons why exhibitors announce where this magazine is on sale: first, because it is of interest to the patrons; second, because it increases interest in a publication that helps to uplift business; third, because it makes new patrons and hence increases attendance.

You have seen those immense brick and stone buildings in our large cities which we call armories, have you not? They cost a mint of money, and are unoccupied a large part of the time. They may be necessary, for all I know, but why not utilize them for free public education and amusement when they are not needed by the soldiers? Why not throw them open evenings—also the public schools—for free Motion Picture shows of an educational nature? This would be a good thing all around. It would help the manufacturers by giving them an increased demand for films; it would help the public by giving them education combined with pleasure; it would help the regular exhibitors by making thousands of converts to the Photoplay, many of whom would become regular patrons; and it would tend to popularize and uplift the whole business.

There seems to be a popular misconception that Motion Picture shows are attended mostly by children. The statistics are that there are about 10,000 Motion Picture theaters in this country, with an average attendance of 4,500,000, which is about five times that of other theaters. Of these 4,500,000 between five and six hundred thousand are children between five and sixteen years of age. Hence the average daily attendance of adults at the Photoshows is about 3,500,000 in this country, and over three times that elsewhere. All told, the average daily attendance within and without the United States is said to be 15,000,000.

If a fond mother who has never attended a Photoshow chances to read this, and if she is in doubt as to the moral influence of Moving Pictures upon her children, I want to make this suggestion: Dont believe all you read in the newspapers, nor all you hear from prudish gossips, but just ask your preacher, or the teacher, or the Sunday School superintendent, to do you the kindness to take your children to the nearest good Photoshow House just once and tell you their opinion. Any exhibitor, doubtless, will gladly admit these censors free of charge, perfectly confident of the result, and I am sure that this experiment will well repay everybody concerned.

Make a queen of your mother, and Nature will make a prince of you. You can have only one mother—see that you make the best of her. You owe everything to her—see that you pay at least a part of the debt before it is too late.

As near as we can compute, there are about 100,000 readers of this magazine who did not formerly attend the Motion Picture theaters. The natural presumption is that these readers buy this magazine because of its excellent fiction and unsurpassed illustrations. These readers buy the magazine from the news dealers, who are supplied by the American News Company. It has been proved hundreds of times that many of these readers finally become interested in Motion Pictures by reading the magazine, and, prompted by a desire to see the characters move, these readers are attracted to the Photoplay Houses. That is one reason why the proprietors of the theaters take such an interest in this magazine. Another reason is that their patrons demand the magazine. All up-to-date exhibitors now display the magazine in the lobbies of their theaters, and many send boys thru the house offering it for sale.

Brain and brawn have won man his victories, love and loveliness have won woman hers.

God made one sex strong, and the other sex weak. The greater work He assigned to the weaker sex, and it is a work that cannot be shifted to the stronger. Tell me, oh ye women who are nightly filling our halls, who are parading the streets, who are holding political meetings, who are campaigning from the tail-end of carts, who are traveling from City Hall to Capitol petitioning "Votes for Women," tell me (if all women join you) who is going to rear our young and keep the fire on the hearth burning brightly?

Before granting suffrage to the ladies, let us first make sure that we are not imposing a burden upon the many at the request of a few.

What word shall we use instead of *audience?* At the regular theater, and at the opera and meeting house, we speak of the *audience* being large, or attentive or enthusiastic. But *audience* means an assembly of *hearers.* At the Motion Picture theaters, we go to *see,* not to *hear. Audience* comes from the Latin *audio, auditum,* meaning to hear. What word may we properly use? Shall it be *assembly, spectators, observers, seers, patrons, lookers, beholders, lookers-on,* or what?

A man was recently arrested on Broadway, New York, for throwing money to the poor. New York is a wonderful city. If you throw money to the poor you are a lunatic; if you take money from the poor, you are a financier.

There are now films to be had on such subjects as Agriculture, Milk, Poultry, Mining, Cotton, Wool, Water, Surgery, Microscopy, Botany, Silk, Gardening, Machinery, Uses of Bamboo, Coal, Carpentry, Fish, historical subjects, and almost every conceivable industry, art and science. A boy or girl who has thoroly learnt how to read and write can almost complete his education at a Motion Picture theater that shows all the educational films, and it could be done in a few months, with the assistance of a competent instructor, and in conjunction with text books. Educating our boys and girls in this way would be combining work with pleasure.

If you have something to say, say it; if you are wrong, *you* should know it; if you are right, the *world* should know it.

The other day I asked a manufacturer why he did not make a film entitled "The Wonders of New York," and he told me that it would not pay because nobody would care to see it. The fact is, that there is too much of a sameness to the pictures one usually sees. Perhaps we shall never tire of being carried thru the beautiful ranches of California with their plum and orange groves, and over the mountains of Colorado with their narrow passes and steep cliffs, or over the deserts of Nevada and Arizona with their rude mining camps, or along the river banks of the sunny South amid the darkies, and thru the cotton and tobacco fields, or over the plains of the Middle West with its miles of waving corn and wheat, or around the lumber camps and log cabins of the cold North, or to the Indian reservations where real Indians mingle with painted ones, and where real squaws with their papooses strut around their wigwams in the picturesque hunting grounds for the benefit of the man with a camera. All these things are ever interesting, but why not show the slums of New York, the great East Side, the new Grand Central depot, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Aquarium, Chinatown, Wall Street, the great libraries, Fifth Avenue, the wharves, Broadway, the shopping, banking, drygoods, market and residential districts, the parks, the schools, the public buildings, the reservoirs, and hundreds of other things of interest? Even we who live in New York would like to see such pictures, because, strange as it may seem, the people who live in New York know very little about it.

The use of Motion Pictures in teaching medicine, surgery, carpentry, engineering, machinery, mining, and various other arts, sciences and trades is getting very common. In Philadelphia recently the College of Physicians gave an exhibition of food in the various processes of digestion, and other Moving Pictures of a similar nature have been exhibited in various hospitals and colleges. Thanks are due the Lubin Company for many of these very useful films.

I do not believe in betting, and I do not want to act as referee to decide wagers, as I am frequently asked to do. Whether the Essanay people or the Méliès people have the best cowboys, whether the Kalem Company or the Pathé Frères Company have the most realistic Indians, whether Florence Turner, Alice Joyce, Florence Lawrence or Mabel Trunelle is the most popular actress, whether the Biograph or the Vitagraph does the best work, and whether the Edison Company or the Lubin Company produces the funniest comedies, I must decline to say, for the simple reason that I do not know.

According to *Puck,* Germany does not like us, France is suspicious of us, Japan is actually preparing to fight us, Canada thinks we are trying to kidnap her, Mexico feels that we want to mortgage her resources and then foreclose the mortgage, Spain positively detests us, Cuba thinks we are a fresh lot of Alecks, China secretly buys battleships and sells them to other nations who want to lick us, Russia thinks we are an ungrateful lot, and so on *ad infinitum.* "Will the muckrakers kindly advise us," asks *Puck,* "does anybody love us?" This is supposed to be good humor, and perhaps it is; but there is a good lesson to be drawn from it. Did the "muckrakers" know the dangers of printing so much unfounded news about the likelihood of war, they would have a care. History is not much more than a list of the cruel, barbarous, wasteful wars that men have made upon one another, and many of these wars were caused by some mere trifle, such as a groundless newspaper article. But, the city editors must have news, and even if that news should involve the country in war, or ruin a whole industry, such as the Motion Picture industry, still the city editors must have news.

Once more let me say to all manufacturers that you cannot be too careful in editing your films. One little act of carelessness may cause incalculable harm to the whole industry; one immoral play may bring down the restrictions of the law upon innocent parties; one blunder may make a thousand newcomers look lightly upon all future pictures; one misstep may be the last straw that enlists the clergy against the whole business; and one poorly enacted Photoplay may lose thousands of patrons, never to return.

It was good news that recently came from Paris: Sarah Bernhardt has at last consented to appear in Motion Pictures. The news is important for more than one reason. Not only shall we all have an opportunity to see this great actress, and not only will it be possible for our children's children to see her, but we are recording and perpetuating the dramatic art. Long after the voices of Caruso, Melba, Sembrich, Bonci, and of other great artists have been hushed, we shall continue hearing the phonographic records of them, and future teachers and artists will long continue to use these records as models for phrasing, interpretation and tone production. The only regret is that we have no records of the oratory of Demosthenes, Mirabeau, Burke, Pitt, Webster, Wendell Phillips, Clay, Lincoln and others. And, if we were also fortunate enough to possess Motion Pictures of all the great historic characters, as well as records of their voices, history would not only be more realistic and accurate, but we would be able to understand it better. Possibly the entrance of Bernhardt into the Motion Picture field will mark the beginning of a new era. Perhaps all public persons will soon realize that it is their duty not only to make history, but to record it in permanent form.

Rev. Herbert A. Jump asks, "Why may not the Motion Picture be used deliberately for moral education? Why may not preachers preach from Motion Picture parables of contemporary life, even as Jesus preached from parables of contemporary life two thousand years ago?" I do not know why they should not; do you?

Herbert Spencer says, people read what amuses them rather than what instructs them. That might have been true, in Spencer's time, but now, people read these musings because they *instruct* them in an *amusing* way. Are you not amused even now, O gracious reader, at our humility and modesty?

Miss Leals Mermey of Eugene, Ore., contributes:

THE BACHELOR MAID'S OPINION

All the girls rave about "Dimples,"
  The fellows are strong for "Miss Flo,"
And the questions regarding "Sweet Alice,"
  Seems to me she must be the whole show.
There's "Edith," the peerless girl puncher,
  And "Bertie"—oh, my! what a treat!
Francis X. B., and Miss Phillips—
  Get wise?—pretty work—sure, neat!
The general favorite, Miss Turner,
  Seen only in Vitagraph reels,
Is one we are always willing to see.
  Likewise, pretty Miss Gladys Fields.
But there's one who makes you thrill and
  Sit up and take notice—Say,
That one is G. M. Anderson,
  Of the classy Essanay.

When asked for advice as to the best New Year's resolutions to make, I always reply, Subscribe to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE and resolve to read it. Could we afford it, I would present each person with an umbrella with this advice engraved upon the handle, for then it would be sure to be taken.

Why will forty or fifty thousand men and women pay several dollars each to witness two teams play baseball? And why did those inter-league contests interest the whole nation? And why did the fistic encounter between Jeffries and the negro, Johnson, intensely interest the whole civilized world? The answer to these and to many similar questions may be stated in one word—*Contest.* The spirit of rivalry and contest is inherent in the human race, and even in the lower animal kingdom and in the vegetable kingdom. We are all engaged in a struggle, and we all love a struggle. There is hardly a successful novel, short story, play or Photoplay, that does not contain a struggle. A Photoplay containing a long chase is always popular, not only because it presents the important element of suspense, but because it represents a struggle.

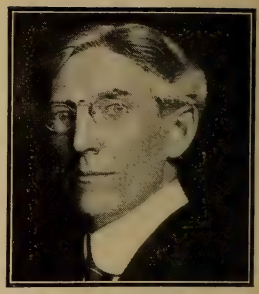
Recently, the licensed manufacturers sent letters practically to all the theaters, asking what kind of pictures were popular in their districts. Out of 1,153 answers, 754 asked for educational pictures. Does not that speak volumes as to the kind of people who patronize the Photoshow?

Which is of the greater value, an arm or a reputation? You say the latter? Then why is it that when a person breaks or loses an arm, all men have pity, and when he breaks or loses his reputation, he has so few sympathizers? As somebody has said, a wicked rumor is like a snowball that rolls down hill, gathering all the dirt and filth in its path, becoming the bigger as it rolls. A soiled reputation is like a broken cup: it may be mended, but it always shows the crack.

"The Awakening of John Bond," the story of which film we are publishing in this issue, is the latest of a series of "Educationals" which the Edison Company has produced. While the Edison Company is perfectly able to put out these important films at a loss, if necessary, there are many who think that any company that accomplished so much good should be subsidized by the State. Various societies use these films, and all exhibitors show them to their audiences in the regular way, so that there is perhaps enough demand for these "Educationals" to pay the manufacturer a fair profit; yet, the work is a public work, and it should interest the State just as much as any other form of education.

The time seems to have arrived when the Motion Picture manufacturers must offer such inducements as will attract writers of a higher standard. Nearly every manufacturer has on his staff one or more writers whose business it is to collect plots and to write scenarios by the yard. Sometimes these experienced scenario writers produce creditable work, but more often their productions are slipshod and ordinary. To attract the great writers, two things must be done: first, offer a better price; second, agree to use the author's name upon the film and also to give him credit when the film is reduced to story form. This magazine is only too willing to give the scenario writers credit, and it does so whenever the name of the author is known.

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS



HOWARD MISSIMER, OF THE ESSANAY CO.

WHEN I was assigned to an interview with Howard Missimer, of the Essanay Company, I was delighted. "If he's half as funny off the stage as on it, I'll have a good time," I thought.

I did not know just where he lived, but I knew the locality, so I rang a doorbell at random. An exceedingly thin female with a sharp, sour face opened the door and fixed a suspicious eye upon me, when I asked if Mr. Howard Missimer lived there.

"No," she snapped. "Have you any idea where he does live?" I inquired, meekly.

"No, and I know everybody in this neighborhood, except a man on the second floor next door. Maybe that's him."

I caught eagerly at this suggestion, and asked whether she knew the man's business.

"I dont exactly *know*," she said, "but the neighbors all think he is a gambler, and I presume they are right. He's all the time prowling in and out at unearthly hours. Good-by."

The inhospitable door slammed shut, and I looked up dubiously at the "second floor next door." I decided to try it. Perhaps the neighbors were mistaken. Neighbors often are mistaken. So I climbed the stairs and rapped vigorously upon the door.

"Come in," shouted a cheerful voice.

I opened the door and stepped into the coldest atmosphere it has ever been my fate to encounter, indoors. Icy blasts from the wide open windows were howling thru that room just like I've heard the North wind howl down the chimneys of my grandfather's house in Vermont. An icy film formed on my glasses, and I was obliged to remove them before I could see anything. Then I saw that in the middle of the floor was a great white bearskin rug. The bear's head looked vicious, but the man who was seated cross-legged on the rug didn't look vicious at all. He was eating a long, tallow candle, with evident relish, and he seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

"Is this Mr. Missimer?" I asked—my teeth were chattering so I could hardly speak.

"Sure; who are you?" he queried.

"I'm from THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE," I replied.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you. Your magazine's a comer. Come, sit down and have a candle. I'm just breakfasting."

"Thank you, I've just had breakfast," I stammered, trying hard to conceal my amazement, but it must have shown in my face, for Mr. Missimer chuckled.

"You're just like all the rest of 'em," he declared, "you dont like my candles, and you're cold. Well, shut the windows, then, and we'll smoke, instead."

I obeyed, gladly, and seated myself close to the radiator, surreptitiously turning on the steam, a little at a time, while we talked and puffed our cigars.

"You see, it's in my blood," he explained; "the candles and the liking for the cold, I mean. My father was an Esquimau, my mother a Scandinavian."

"Then you were born up in the Arctic regions, I suppose."

"Oh, no, in Millersburg, Pennsylvania. My parents came over for the Philadelphia Centennial. They were both on the Midway. They met, fell in love, married and settled down in Pennsylvania to live happy ever after."

"And are you married?" I asked, prepared to hear that his wife was an Egyptian priestess, or a Zulu queen. But he thought, then answered, slowly, "I think I am."

Delicacy forbade further questions on this point. Perhaps a separation was pending; this would account for the uncertainty.

"Do you like your work?" I asked, to change the painful subject.

"Yes, yes; I love to rehearse, and I adore seeing my own pictures on the screen."

"When do you think your best work is done?"

"After dark!" was the prompt reply, and my mind reverted, uneasily, to the suspicions of the neighbors.

"I have been interested in theatricals from childhood," Mr. Missimer continued, "When I was very young I played a Turk in a Jubilee, and many times I was in the anvil chorus. Then, when I was older, I was on the real stage, in Red Bank, N. J."

"For how long?" I inquired.

"From 7:30 to 10:45 P. M.," he replied, rather sadly. "However," he added, brightening up again, "that's a place my ancestry helped out. My hardy constitution was all that enabled me to stand the frost!"

"How much time do you spend posing for pictures?" was my next question.

"Very little," he sighed, "most of the time is spent waiting for props."

"Are you fond of reading?"

"Very, when the ball season is on. Other times the papers are full of politics, and I dont care for them. But I always read the *War Cry*.

"Have you no favorite party, then?"

"Favorite party? Oh, yes. Mixed ale and four aces."

I was beginning to feel dizzy, but I kept on with my questions, mentally vowing to importune the managing editor for extra space for this remarkable interview.

"Do you do much walking or swimming?"

"No, I always go about, everywhere, on roller skates. It's so much more graceful."

"Have you performed any very difficult tasks, or heroic feats?"

"A great many," he answered, modestly. "For instance, when I was playing as a strong man, I held up a train, and once I was thrown thru a skylight and landed in a bathtub full of water."

"Do you attend the regular theater much?"

"Whenever the managers will extend the courtesies."

"What really interests you most of anything?"

"Pay-day!" he declared, emphatically, and with that my questions ceased.

I was convinced that when I turned in my story the Chief would accuse me of fabrication. And I was not mistaken. I was obliged to make solemn affidavit that I was reporting the interview truthfully. If any reader doubts these statements, let him ask Mr. Missimer. He will testify that I have quoted him accurately.

MISS MIRIAM NESBITT, OF THE EDISON CO.

BEING rather a bold and prying person, and believing myself to be within my rights to be inquisitive, I set off to find and to interview Miss Miriam Nesbitt, of the Edison Players. That she would instantly "warm up" to my interesting personality and methods, I had not the slightest doubt of, and when I was introduced to her, at the end of a studio rehearsal, I presumed that the usual "tea and tittering" method would instantly engage her.

Right there, I was sadly mistaken. She is tall enough to look one straight in the eyes with her deep, blue ones, and my first feeling was that such a shapely head would seldom have to look down upon, or up to, the average citizen.

Having delivered my customary sugary prelude on the beautiful posing I had seen her do (which it was, in fact) and the craving therefrom that had fixed upon me to meet her, officially, of course, I expected that the answers to my personal questions would come about me like Mardi Gras confetti. I can assure you, tho, that Miss Nesbitt is too modest, or too unassuming, to give free access to her charming atmosphere at a first sitting. She is a convent-bred girl, hers being Notre Dame, of Indianapolis, and the dignity of its cloistered walks and high-walled park has become a part of her personality.

When I inquired about her theatrical experience, a slight lifting of her well-turned chin seemed an apt answer. Then she told me that she had been associated with Frohman, Liebler, Savage, and Shurbet, as managers, for over a dozen years.

"Young man," I thought to myself, "you are in pretty good company. Linger as long as you will officially be permitted to."

After gazing calmly thru me for a minute or so, Miss Nesbitt informed me that George Eliot is her favorite author.

"Oh! Is he?" I said; and thereby eternally tarnished my literary reputation.

Her dainty nose wrinkled perceptibly and I could not tell whether she was starting a frown or a sneeze.

"Is *she*," she corrected, and her little wrinkle melted into a most delightful smile. If I hadn't seen it forming frankly in front of her snowy white teeth, I could have sworn she had borrowed it.

Thereat, we fell into a heated discussion on grand opera. She had seen and heard all the great divas and artists many times—couldn't keep away from their voices; and if I came out second best, it is because she is a heart-felt lover of music, and can sing well, too, if I am judge of voice modulation.

Miss Nesbitt must be amiable as well as modest, for she does not miss the applause from in front of the footlights, takes a persistent interest in her present method of character representation, and is very painstaking at rehearsals. She often drops into an audience to be a stern critic to her pictured self; tho, why severe to such a fine art as hers, I have yet to learn. THE TATTLER.

Answers to Inquiries

This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. *Questions concerning the marriages of players will be completely ignored.* Addresses of companies will not be furnished in this column. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Give your name and address as evidence of good faith. It will not be used. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

M. P. Fiend, Quebec.—Miss Leonard is the lady you mean. (2) There is small chance that you will see Mr. Costello and Miss Joyce play opposites. (3) Miss Lawrence is playing regularly.

Lancashire Lass, Elton Bury.—Edwin August played the hero in "The Big Scoop." We understand he is with the Biograph now. The Edison company produced the Scoop. (2) "The Corporation and the Ranch Girl" is an Essanay. Gilbert M. Anderson and Gladys Fields had the leads. (3) "Bertie's Bandit" is an American. Warren Kerrigan is their leading man. (4) "The Job and the Girl" is an American. Mr. Kerrigan again. (5) "The Border Rangers" is an Essanay. (6) Jack Clark played opposite Miss Gauntier in the Kalem. Glad to welcome one of our English friends to the department. Drop in any time.

H. H. R., Buffalo.—The O'Kalems returned October 7th. The dinner to them was on Oct. 7th and Mr. Brewster made the speech of welcome. Several companies accept war stories of varying sorts, but we cannot suggest a market. See the list of companies in the October issue or send a stamped envelope for a list of addresses. Other questions will be answered later.

A. N. W., Brooklyn.—Miss Kate Price (not Rice), of the Vitagraph company, is an experienced actress.

G. V. B., Syracuse.—Miss Gene Gauntier played the lead. (2) She is an American.

H. M., San Marcos.—The picture is that of Gilbert M. Anderson.

L. M. C., Hattiesburg.—Miss Kathleen Williams is the "pretty blonde" in "Captain Kate."

Mrs. N——, New York.—We thought every one knew Miss Florence Lawrence.

Motion Picture Fiend No. 2.—Portraits of Mr. Costello and Miss Turner may be found in the March issue.

C. P. D., Providence.—No particular stock company. She is a member of the Vitagraph staff.

A Constant Reader, Albany.—The story was not in scenario form. Scenario is merely the action divided into scenes.

H. B., New Haven.—Any one can submit a story plot to the various manufacturers and be assured of courteous treatment. Send stamped envelope for list of addresses. (2) We are not interested in manuscripts until they have been produced.

G. W. T., Wilmington.—Mr. Costello has been with the Vitagraph for a number of years.

A. V. C., Beaumont.—Miss Greenwood was the girl in "The New Cook," and a valuable member of the Kalem comedy company, generally.

O. T. R., New York City.—We have no knowledge of any company working in the grotesque make-up you suggest. Black and blue, instead of the usual red, have been suggested for make-up under electric light, and some companies experimented extensively along these lines, but to no particular result. Most Photoplayers use a modified stage make-up and get very good results.

"Ther," Hartford.—There have been at least two full real subjects played in a single setting, and there have been two or three plays with but a single character. Novelty was gained, but the results put a check to similar novelties until the first had been forgotten. A vaudeville audience will regard a sketch setting for twenty minutes, and in dramatic performances an act may run an hour in a single scene, but the Photoplay is different.

L. O. E., Montreal.—The age of players, particularly the feminine members of the companies, is purely a matter between themselves and the Vital Statistics Bureau.

E. M. L., Brooklyn.—Miss Laura Sawyer was the player in Edison's "A Sailor's Love Letter," to whom you make reference.

H. C. J., Ottawa.—Miss Kathlyn Williams was Henriette in the Selig "The Two Orphans."

A. A., Harlem.—We're afraid we'll have to confess we do not know.

Helen, New York.—The actor marked with a cross in the picture sent is not Carlyle Blackwell, but Jack J. Clarke.

MISS R. A., M. H. B., MISS B. L. G., M. P. BUG, IVY, G. W., C. R. W., "ROSE," "KITTY," EFFIE FAY, A. B. G., DAISY J., ADMIRER, W. G. F., W. H. S., M. A. C., S. J. C., C. L., E. M. K., HOPE, V. K. E., L. M. W., AND OTHERS are advised that their inquiries are not answered, either because they have been replied to before, have reference to Biograph players, ask concerning personal matters or matters not of general interest. So long as space permitted, we replied to all legitimate inquiries, but we have outgrown the space we can afford and in future answers will be confined to matters of general interest which will engage the attention of all our readers.

MARION LEONARD.—We promised to answer the oft-repeated Marion Leonard question when she should have made some connection. Miss Leonard is now posing for Photoplays, which are soon to be released, under a new trade name, THE GEM, and under the independent banner. At the time this is written the name of the company is not fully decided. Information as to how her photographs may be obtained will probably be given in the next issue, so save your postage by not writing in to ask.

SOME CHANGES.—To avoid a flood of inquiries, we announce these changes before they become apparent in the pictures. John R. Cumpson, from Edison to I. M. P. Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunelle, from Edison to Majestic. Grace Lewis, Vitagraph to I. M. P. Make a note, please, and do not repeat these questions.

MISS E. S., BRIDGEPORT.—T. J. Carrigan played Happy Jack in Selig's "The Pony Express."

R. G., SYRACUSE.—Miss Betty Harte was the girl in Selig's "Thru Fire and Smoke."

J. R. O., DETROIT.—Miss Isabel Rae played the sister in the Imp's "The Queen's Honor."

MRS. M. S., CHICAGO.—King Baggot played the father in the Imp's "By Registered Mail." (2) We cannot place "Dead Shot," sorry.

H. H. R., BUFFALO.—Frank Crane and Miss Gibson had the leads in "The Señorita's Conquest" (Lubin). The company does not place the second girl. (2) Mildred Bracken was the girl in Méliès' "The Stolen Grey." (3) In Lubin's "Her Inspiration" the men were Mr. Holiday and Jack Ridgney.

I. M. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—Albert McGovern was the nephew in "A Rebellious Blossom." He is still with the Lubin company.

VALERIA, DENISON.—The leads in Lubin's "The Easterner's Sacrifice" are Jack Standing and Miss Cleo Ridgley. (2) Maurice Costello is of French descent. (3) No.

A. B. W., BROOKLYN.—Ryan Sherwood was the son in the Essanay "The Ranchman's Son." (2) Miss Mary Pickford is with the new Majestic Company, but was lately with the Imp. (3) Nothing has happened to Mr. Anderson that we have heard of. He is appearing weekly. You dont see the right films. (4) William Duncan and True Boardman had the leading parts in Selig's "Two Lives." (5) Answered elsewhere.

A. G., LOS ANGELES.—You are mistaken in your supposed identification. Miss Joyce does not come from the dramatic stage.

NICK, WASHINGTON.—Mr. Johnson is with the Lubin company. The Reliance picture was made before he left them to go to Philadelphia. Your trouble in locating Mr. Johnson in the Lubin films is probably due to the fact that they release four a week and he cannot be in all of them.

"VERY MUCH INTERESTED."—The desired photographs are not for sale.

J. B., MONTGOMERY.—We are sorry, but we do not place the story you mention. If you can recall the name of the maker we might be able to get a line on it, but there are some 50 stories released every week and we cannot remember them all.

G. M. D., NEW YORK.—Edwin August had the part in "The Big Scoop." (2) Space is too limited for the full roster of the company. Write the company for it. (3) Not in our line. See notice at head of this department. (4) Mr. Anderson has been with Essanay since its formation. He was previously connected with Vitagraph and Lubin. (5) The company is permanently located at Los Angeles. (6) Mr. Spohr does not pose for pictures.

E. H. H., KANSAS CITY.—Owen Moore was formerly with the Biograph. He is now with the Majestic. (2) The cost of a film production runs all the way from $500 to $50,000. From $1,500 to $2,000 is about the average, counting in the overhead charges.

H. L. J., SAN FRANCISCO.—We cannot advise you as to the Selig inquiry. I studies of bird life the camera is concealed in a screen. The operator may wait hour or even days for the chance to get what he is after.

S. M. P., LOS ANGELES.—A trade secret.

HILIARY, PLAQUEMINE.—Mr. Johnson and Miss Lawrence are admittedly the sta members of the Lubin company. They are still with the company, as this is written and there is no evidence of any intention of making a change.

H. H. H., TAUNTON.—Pierre, in Selig's "The Two Orphans," was James O. Burrel Glad you like the magazine as well as the film.

MISS E. V. W., CHICAGO.—Harry C. Myers was young Calvin in "The Life Saver." (2) The price of back numbers includes postage.

ANXIOUS, SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Mabel Normand has left the Vitagraph and some one who looks like her is with the Biograph.

J. E. H., DES MOINES.—A slight deformity in the dental department does not necessarily bar you from working in the pictures, but it is certain that you will not be able to get a chance unless you've had experience. Better give up the idea. (2) Send stamps if you wish, but a money order is more safe and is inexpensive.

MISS M. L., CALAIS.—Mr. Richard Neill was with the Edison company in Cuba last winter.

M. H. B., NEW YORK.—Answered elsewhere. (2) Miss Evangeline Blasdale was the wife and Miss Helen Gardner the Elfie in Vitagraph's "Regeneration." (3) Even Biograph blondes have no names. What has she played with Lubin?

N. M. M.—The pictures you send are of Owen Moore.

FRED S., NEW ORLEANS.—The Irish contingent of the Kalem company is back in America. (2) Why should they be?

A. L. B., CLEVELAND.—Miss Mary Fuller was not cast for Edison's "The Lighthouse by the Sea." The two girls are Misses Sawyer and Trunelle.

B. F. C., ATLANTA.—What manager do you mean, stage or business? Mr. Ira D. Lowery is business manager of the Lubin company, and Mr. Giles R. Warren the editor. There are five or six stage managers. (2) Answered before. (3) We do not know where Mr. Johnson was born, nor when.

DOLLY.—The lady is Miss Marion Leonard—see elsewhere.

IAMCURIOUS.—We cannot locate the film by its story. It seems to be an old Biograph.

R. E. P., AMSTERDAM.—The player is Arthur Johnson. His picture was in the August issue. Write the Lubin company, Philadelphia, about the photograph. The three pictures mentioned were made by as many of the Lubin directors. The players interchange, but about the same people generally work under some one director.

K. C. B., PHILADELPHIA.—First question answered elsewhere. (2) "Captain Kate" was made in Florida.

E. R., ROSLINDALE.—We do not know as Mr. Phillips, of the Vitagraph, ever played with the Bowdoin Stock company. (2) We do not recognize the player.

R. B., NEW YORK.—The Vitagraph studio is in Brooklyn at East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue. It is on the Brighton Beach line, just this side of Elm Avenue. (2) Mr. Costello is occasionally the guest of some Photoplay theater, but only occasionally. Possibly the company can inform you of some coming reception. Enclose an envelope for reply.

M. A. C., WASHINGTON.—Reeva Greenwood was the stenographer in "The Kid from the Klondike"—which is an Edison, and not a Vitagraph. Other questions already answered.

BETTY, BROOKLYN.—Previously answered. (2) Miss Fuller, of the Edison company, is an experienced dramatic player.

MRS. G. K., BROOKLYN.—Answered elsewhere. (2) Something more than prettiness is demanded of a Motion Picture baby actress. You might apply to the various companies, if the child has had stage training, otherwise it is of little use.

C. E. R., MORRISTOWN.—Mr. Lanning is not an Indian. We do not know Mr. Delaney's nationality, but we imagine that he is of Irish descent.

M. A. Y., SYRACUSE.—Your question is answered elsewhere. Mr. Anderson's picture was printed in the April number. It will cost you fifteen cents.

MISS INQUISITIVE, LANCASTER.—Mr. Conness has returned to the dramatic stage and is no longer with the Edison company.

R. H. F., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Shea was not cast in "My Old Dutch." The storekeeper is not programmed.

VIVIAN, OAKLAND.—Leo Delaney was the Captain in the Vitagraph "The Cabin Boy."

G. H. W., WEST END.—Send stamped and addressed envelope for the information you want.

L. B., SMITH CENTRE.—The Photoplays of three years ago are bobbing up now and then from the junk heap, but we do not know where you can locate the reel you desire. Your Photoplay theater manager will query his exchange, if you ask him. That seems to be about the only way of getting hold of it.

G. W., PITTSFIELD.—Better give up the idea of getting with a picture company. They have all the scenarios they want and that would be no inducement. It has been our experience that fourteen-year-old-boys do not write scenarios that will induce the companies to give them jobs, and stage experience is required, even of scenario writers. Better keep on going to school for a few years and by that time you'll probably come to the conclusion that it's more fun being a bank president or driving a grocery wagon. Joking aside, you haven't a chance in the world, so save your postage.

D. M. P., BERKELEY.—Guy Coombs is no longer with the Edison company, but has returned to the dramatic stage.

INTERESTED.—We are sorry we have not the information you request. Back numbers are fifteen cents each, except the first, which is out of print. March to July inclusive will cost seventy-five cents, postpaid.

THEIR ADMIRER.—Three lost idols is a serious thing, so we hasten to find them for you. King Baggot is leading man with Imp, as he has been for some time. James Kirkwood has been with Reliance right along, but he is too busy producing to do much acting. Owen Moore is with the Majestic.

L. W., CLEVELAND.—Miss Joyce is not with the Biograph company. (2) We think you mean Elsie Glynn, who went from Thanhouser to Lubin.

FRANK S., HILL CITY, is advised that we cannot tell him where he can get full information of the Moving Picture life. The *Green Book* for September has an article on the picture players that might help satisfy his curiosity.

A READER, MIDDLEBORO.—Marion Leonard was the Gypsy in Reliance's "Tangled Lives."

F. V. J., ATLANTA.—In the Pathé "The Power of Love" Pearl White was the Margaret and Crane Wilbur the Benham.

SUNNY SOUTH.—Carlyle Blackwell was Jim in Kalem's "Peggy, the Moonshiner's Daughter."

ANXIOUS FLORENCE will have to stay anxious. We are not going to name "the sweetest girl in Moving Pictures" until we are ready to go to the foolish house, because that is where the indignant protests from admirers of other sweetest girls would put us.

M. P. FAN.—And this goes for the most beautiful, too.

REX.—There is no company in Texas at this writing, and none likely to be that we know of. Something more than an ability to ride is required of a picture player Miss Turner has always been a Vitagrapher.

MISS S. M., EUGENE.—Photoplayers speak when they are playing to increase the illusion. Some merely mumble words, some speak sentences more or less germane to the subject and others just talk. It depends on the player and just how frisky he is feeling at the moment, tho now and then important speeches are so carefully enunciated that the audience may read the lips of the speaker. The old practice of "kidding the scene" has been abandoned in deference to the habitual lip readers.

MISS M., CORRY.—We did not publish "The Actress and the Singer," or "Her Child's Honor" in story form. (2) Miss Lawrence's portrait was in the March and August issues. We think she would be glad to receive your letter of appreciation, but do not expect an answer.

L. M. G., MINNEAPOLIS.—We know of no picture made in your town, but it is not improbable that there may have been some made.

J. B. T., PHILADELPHIA.—Send your scenarios to the manufacturers, not to us. We use only produced Photoplays.

DEVOTED ADMIRER.—Tom Powers was the brother in "The Sheriff's Friend." Write the Vitagraph about his photograph.

F. H. B., BROOKLYN.—You seem to be confounding Arling and Arliss. The latter played in "The Devil," and is now playing "Disraeli."

INQUISITIVE, BUFFALO.—The cast is too long to print. Write the company for a printed cast.

P. H.—The bound volume is the first six issues handsomely bound in full morocco. Red Wing is a real Indian and the wife of Young Deer, the Pathé Western director. You may be interested in knowing that she is a large land-owner.

Z. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—See elsewhere. (2) The reason the companies prefer Los Angeles as a headquarters is to be found in your fogs. (That noise is the crowing from Los Angeles.)

CELIA R., SAN FRANCISCO.—You can get Mr. Johnson's picture from the Lubin company. He is acting with them six days a week. Sorry you dont get the films he's in.

L. E. H., EAST BOSTON.—Robert Gaillord had the title rôle in Vitagraph's "The Fighting Schoolmaster." (2) Miss Lawrence's pictures have been in the March and August galleries.

READY CHANGE.—Marc McDermott was the rival in Edison's "The Girl and the Motorboat." (2) Not known.

MACEY.—We know of no company looking for a partner.

E. E. B., ELWOOD.—Richard Niel played Tom in Edison's "A Test of Friendship."

O. S. and F.—There is a Méliès release every Thursday. It is the only one. (2) We cannot place films from their stories.

H. F. B., NEW HAVEN.—Selig's "Thru Fire and Smoke" was taken in Los Angeles by arrangement with the fire department of that city. Thomas Santschi was the fireman hero. It was a very complete fire according to the insurance companies, the building being Byrne Brothers' store.

M. S., ATLANTA.—Answered before. (2) Rose E. Tapley was the lead in "Foraging." Your other subject we do not place.

INQUISITIVE, BROOKLYN.—If you will write to the Simplified Spelling Board, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, you will be supplied with some excellent reasons why Theodore Roosevelt, THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE and others avoid unnecessary letters in the words you mention and many others.

ENTHUSIAST.—Robert Burns was the Karl of the Vitagraph's "Her Cowboy Lover."

H. B., B. Z., D. C., L. G., etc., WILMINGTON.—We do not know the southern plans of the Vitagraph, but you'll know the answer before this gets in print. Takes a lot of people to ask one question in South Carolina, doesn't it?

C. B., ATLANTA, complains that too many gruesome films are shown and cites one program in which three out of the five films were unpleasant. He cites "The Black Arrow," the spectacular Edison version of the Stevenson novel of the same title, and here his point does not seem to hold good, but in his complaint is well founded, and he voices the opinions of hosts of others. The manager of the Photoplay theater must take what his renting exchange gives him and he is powerless. The exchange must take what is offered and has but a limited voice in the matter of selection. The manufacturers are partly to blame in their choice of subjects, but they simply cannot obtain the light stuff they want, because it is not written, and there you are. The supply of good comedy is very limited, and the men who write humorous stuff are not among those who declare that there is no money in scenario writing. If more good comedy pictures were written there would be more good comedies played, but the manufacturers suffer from a dearth of good scripts and must produce some of these "shockers" in excess of the real demand. C. B. touches on one of the unsolved problems of the Photoplay producer.

MISS EUNICE H.—Miss Joyce and Mr. Blackwell are both Kalem players of leading parts, but there are four Kalem companies, so naturally they are not the only leads. (2) Our subscription price is $1.50 a year.

T. M., NEW JERSEY.—Edna May was the Helen in the Vitagraph's "Forgotten."

OLGA B., BROOKLYN.—Earl Williams was the fiancé in "The Wager," and also played in "The Thumb Print."

F. E. F., PITTSBURG.—The player's name is Arthur Mackley. The other spelling was one of those typographical errors that occasionally will pass the most argus-eyed proof-reader.

SERIOUS and BROWNE, DAYTON.—In writing a Photoplay divide it into scenes as the action changes. This is the scenario proper. For the convenience of the scenario editor condense the scenario into a half-page synopsis, giving only the bare plot. The editor is able to judge from the synopsis whether the story is in line with his company's style of production. If it is he reads the scenario. (2) There is no exact information at hand as to the number of persons employed in the various stock companies, but we presume the Vitagraph has the greater number since it makes five productions each week against two to four from other companies.

M. A. S., TAUNTON.—We do not place the film. (2) Frank Crane was the Sheriff in Lubin's "The Señorita's Conquest," if that is what you mean. We do not find your title listed.

M. I. G., PASADENA.—Interior fire scenes are matters of clever stage management. Their method of production is too varied to be fully explained. Slow-burning material or steam furnishes the smoke and the flames may be actual fire or gauze blown by an electric fan. In at least one production—Edison's "His Misjudgment"—the scenery was actually set afire. (2) The Biograph lead? She is Miss ———— ————. (3) Mr. Bosworth has not left Selig. (4) More about the Biograph? Sometimes the company is divided and sometimes it isn't.

MISS I. W., MILWAUKEE.—Elise McLeod was the Mae of Edison's "Mae's Suitors." (2) The studio is 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bedford Park, The Bronx, New York City. (3) Miss Joyce is still with Kalem.

MISSES E. S. and A. M., BROOKLYN.—Mr. Costello is a particularly lively corpse. (2) He is of French descent.

MISS G. M. B., NEW YORK.—It is probable that the manuscript called the leading character Dora, but the players, not knowing this, called Miss Lawrence Florence. Letters for insertion in the film are prepared by a separate department, hence the failure of the letter to correspond with the name by which the character was addressed. It is seldom that the players know the names by which they are supposed to be called, because they seldom see the script and never see the letters until they are inserted in the film. The matter would escape any but a close observer.

DIXIE, DECATUR.—We'll probably print pictures of all the Photoplayers before we get thru, but we haven't come to Mr. Neill's yet, tho we agree with you as to his cleverness.

J. M. H., NEW YORK.—Miss Mabel Normand played in "A Dead Man's Honor" (Vitagraph).

C. L. A.—The four principal players in Lubin's "A Rebellious Blossom" are Miss Florence Lawrence, Miss Julia Stuart, Arthur V. Johnson and Albert McGovern.

C. S. W., Brooklyn.—It's delving into ancient history, but since she is no longer with the Biograph, it was Miss Mary Pickford who played in "All on Account of the Milk."

A. B. C.—In Lubin's "The Matchmaker" the son was Harry Myers and the sister Miss Ethel Elder.

R. H. M., San Diego.—Miss Agnes Hollister played Ann Chute in the Kalem production of "The Colleen Bawn." (2) Jack J. Clarke was the Myles. (3) Tommy Young was the Tommy in Méliès' "Tommy's Rocking Horse."

Curious, Cohoes.—Miss Lillian Walker was the Ambassador's daughter in Vitagraph's "Cherry Blossoms." (2) Miss Mildred Bracken played opposite to Mr. Clifford in "The Mission Waif," by Méliès.

Inquisitive, Memphis.—Earl Williams is the player in Vitagraph's "A Friendly Marriage." (2) Will be answered later. (3) We understand so. (4) Miss Lawrence has not been connected with the Kalem company. No apology needed for only four questions. Come again.

C. I. S., Ossining.—Miss Caines and Miss Davis are no longer with Lubin. We understand that they are with dramatic stock companies. (2) Your identification of Mr. Bosworth is correct. (3) It is the same Arthur Donaldson who was with the Daly company for two years. He is not now with the Kalem company, having been released by them that he might accept an important operatic engagement in Stockholm, Sweden. (4) You are right as to Mr. Kent. (5) Mr. Dayton followed Henry Miller in the part of Col. West in "Shenandoah." Several others have played the rôle. (6) Previously answered.

C. F. P., Pittsburg.—Miss Florence Lawrence and Arthur V. Johnson are the Lubin players. (2) Miss Gene Gauntier played Eily in the Kalem production of "Colleen Bawn." ((3) Donald Maynard in Méliès' "The Stolen Grey" was William Clifford. Write these companies in regard to the pictures. See the advertising pages for the Kalem players.

A. M., Brooklyn.—Mr. Blackwell was formerly a Vitagraph player. (2) Already answered.

Interested, Boonton.—Miss Lamp, Jack Standing, Guy Oliver and Miss Dorothy Gibson are the Lubin players in "Good for Evil." (2) Mr. Cooksey is not now with the Essanay company. (3) Miss Miriam Hutchings was Bertie's wife in the Kalem "Making Mother Over." We have no advice as to her connection with other companies. (4) Dick Storey is not a regular member of the Vitagraph company. He is Miss Edith Storey's brother.

V. M. G., Austin.—See elsewhere. (2) Miss Helen Gardner was the coquette in the Vitagraph "The Inherited Taint." (3) Miss Wolfe has been a member of the Kalem company for something more than two years.

The Twins, Beardstown, and J. L. W., San Francisco.—Miss Lottie Pickford, of the Vitagraph, is Miss Mary Pickford's sister. (2) Miss Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are with the Majestic. (3) The Majestic is a new independent company, and its first release is dated November 26.

Admirer, Sacramento.—One of the September releases of the Vitagraph lists Mrs. Maurice Costello, so we presume that she does act with her husband. The release is "Her Crowning Glory." (2) Miss Turner has been loyal in her adherence to the Vitagraph. (3) There are several leading men and women in stock companies. (4) Generally the editor of the company decides the plays.

M. R., Cincinnati.—You've got us stumped three ways. We have no trace of the player who used to be with Essanay. The second question refers to Biograph players, and Biograph players have no names. We do not place the Photoplay by the title you give.

Interested, Brooklyn.—You probably have reference to Miss Mary Pickford. See elsewhere. (2) The two titles mentioned are those of Biograph plays and only the plays have names. The players are nameless. (3) Mr. Johnson, Mr. McGovern and Miss Lawrence are with the Lubin company. (4) Francis X. Bushman was the Essanay player.

W. S. P., Springfield.—"State rights" merely means that instead of the Photoplay being leased to all the exchanges for general showing, the sole right to exhibit the picture is sold to some one person. It is customary to use the state boundaries to define the territory purchased, hence the state right or the right to that film in a specified state. This is done only with special productions, such as the "Dante Inferno." (2) Previously answered.

C. W. W., North Troy.—We cannot give you dates, but *Motography*, Chicago, has occasional articles on trick pictures, and the *Scientific American* has printed many articles on this subject, but there's a fresh explanation every time a trick effect is introduced, and you will have to keep on the move to catch up.

Betty, Philadelphia.—We do not place Sara Higgins or Sarah Louis. There is a William Louis in the Lubin company.

Miss G. B.—Leo Delaney is with the Vitagraph and not Essanay. (2) The pretty, light-haired Biograph player has no name. None of the Biograph players have. You ask that, and then tell us that you are a constant reader! (3) Lubin Manufacturing Company, Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Biograph, 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. Essanay Studio, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill.

H. M., Ritzville.—The Vitagraph savages are "culled pussons" and they think they are actors. They are not regularly employed, but are hired as occasion demands. (2) The Méliès company practically confines itself to Western subjects, since it maintains only one studio. Pathé Frères do not confine their American studios to Western dramas, tho they make a great many.

L. S. T., New London.—See "Admirer."

The School Girls, San Francisco.—It is probable that you mean Miss Mary Pickford. See reply to "The Twins" in this issue. (2) We do not give out matrimonial information, but you're wrong. (3) The Selig company has a studio in Los Angeles, but plays all along the Coast. (4) You probably mean Jack Standing, but if you want definite answers you've got to be more descriptive than "the good actor who plays in the same company with a light-haired girl." (5) We give it up on "the dark-haired girl," but it's not Harry Myers' sister.

L. M., Williamsport.—Miss Joyce is playing in the West. (2) She does not appear in any specified number of films per week or month. No company has a schedule of release by players, but puts out the films as circumstances determine. We have used her picture in the March, June, August and October issues.

J. N. W., Toledo.—Address the Vitagraph at East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn.

Ray M., Jersey City.—Edna Payne is right, but the name was given us Tayne by the company, so we plead not guilty.

L. H. R., Sommerville.—We do not place Mr. Pollard. Write the company for information.

Anxious.—See answer to "The Twins," above. (2) Ushers and other attachés of the Photoplay theaters have a bad habit of telling patrons that this or that player is dead, as the quickest explanation of why the familiar faces are not seen on the screen, or with the even slighted excuse that they want something sensational to talk about.

M. G. R., Coshocton, wants to know about the matrimonial status of one player, and asks Biograph questions. Miss Dorothy Phillips plays opposite Francis Bushman.

Two Admirers, Palmyra.—Edwin Clarke is the "adorable young man" in both of the Edison pictures you mention.

M. H. T., Jersey City.—The Essanay company announces that it will soon be ready to furnish photos of its players, possibly by the time this is in print. G. M. Anderson and Arthur Mackley are the two men in our August cover cut of "The Two Gun Men," the former on the left.

J., Nashville.—G. M. Anderson is Tom in Essanay's "A Western Redemption."

E. G. S.—Harry V. Goerner played the dapper Mexican lover in "The Sheriff's Decision" (Essanay).

L. M. G.—Jack Standing is the country boy in "The Gambler's Influence."

Susie Gee.—It is not an Imp picture. (2) George Gebhart, Jr., is the Bison leading man. (3) Previously answered.

E. M. O., Wakefield.—Miss Helen Gardner and Miss Florence Turner were the show girl and wife in Vitagraph's "The Show Girl."

Mary G., Seattle.—Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush are the American's leading man and woman.

Constant Reader, Washington.—The American company knows no Paul McAlester. (2) Mona Darkfeather is with Selig.

J. O. H.—Previously answered. (2) Pearl White was the lead in Pathé's "Memories of the Past."

M. H., Brunswick.—Miss Marion Leonard was the novice in the Reliance "The Conflict." (2) Miss Mary Pickford had the lead in Imp's "The Sultan's Garden." (3) The tourist in "The Piece of String," by the same company, was George L. Tucker.

Inquisitive.—Crane Wilbur was Tom in Pathé's "A Western Memory."

Miss V. R., San Francisco.—Marc McDermott and Miss Miriam Nesbitt were the leads in Edison's "An Island Comedy." Other questions answered before.

Dont forget to vote for your favorite Picture Player, but the letter containing your choice must be written on a separate sheet of paper. A coupon will be found elsewhere in this issue which is equal to ten votes.

WHY MAN OF TODAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER GRIFFITH

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves, or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because:

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it

distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says, "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says, "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice, which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Personally I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed of this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

Editorial Announcements

THE result of the prize contest announced in the November issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE resulted in the receipt of thousands of helpful letters, and the judges have had difficulty in making judicious selections of the best letters. Among the clever letters received was one from Marion E. Russell, of 31 Plaza Street, Brooklyn, who is seven years old. While Miss Marion's letter was interesting, the judges are sorry it did not win a prize. One of the prize winners, however, is from a young gentleman who is only eleven years old, Master Edward Wagenknecht, whose long and carefully prepared letter has exceptional merit.

The full list of prize winners is as follows:

1st Prize—Samuel Ray, 867 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

2nd Prize—Rev. Benjamin Franklin, Oakland City, Ind.

3rd Prize—Mrs. Amy Marshall Bradshaw, 3540 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

4th Prize—Miss Lillie O'Connor, 4007 Grand Blv'd, Chicago, Ill.

5th Prize—Edward Wagenknecht, 819 So. California Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Before this appears in print, the foregoing winners will have received their prizes.

The most popular story proved to be "The Colleen Bawn."

The contest will be continued for another month.

To the person who sends in the best letter in answer to the questions given below we will give five dollars in gold; to the person sending in the second best we will give a handsome volume of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, bound in morocco; to the person sending in the third best letter, we will give two yearly subscriptions to this magazine; to the persons sending in the fourth and fifth best letters we will give one yearly subscription each to this magazine. In case of a tie, the prize will be awarded to each. No letter will be considered if received later than January 25, 1912. Anybody is eligible, whether a subscriber or not. The managing editor of this magazine will be the judge.

THESE ARE THE THINGS WE WANT YOUR OPINION ON:

1. **Which of our writers is your favorite, and why?**
2. **What kind of story do you like best?**
3. **Do you like the longer or shorter stories best?**
4. **Do you prefer to read the story in this magazine before seeing it on the screen, or vice versa?**
5. **Which of the stories in this number do you like best, and why?**

THE EDITORS.

Popular Player Contest

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE PICTURE PLAYER?

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE wishes to present five handsome presents to the five most popular Photoplayers, and it wants its readers to determine who those favorites are.

You are therefore invited to cast your vote in our ballot box, for the most popular player (male or female), in the following manner:

On a separate sheet of paper, write the name of your favorite Photoplayer, place it in an envelope and mail it to "Editor Player Contest, M. P. S. MAGAZINE, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y." You may also add a few lines of appreciation in prose or verse, if you wish; and in future numbers we may publish some of these. Each letter will count as one vote, but it must be signed by the writer, and his or her address must be given.

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THE PRIZES

The awards will be made within a few months, and the next issue of this magazine will contain a complete record of the contest up to the date of going to press. The player finally receiving the largest number of votes will be declared the most popular Photoplayer; the player receiving the next largest number will be declared the second most popular player, etc. The prizes will be elaborate and unique, a full description of which will appear later, together with the date of closing.

SEND IN YOUR VOTE AT ONCE!

That is the least you can do for your favorite player. You can applaud them, but they wont hear; you can vote, and they will see the result!

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References: The editor of this publication, or almost anybody in the M. P. business.

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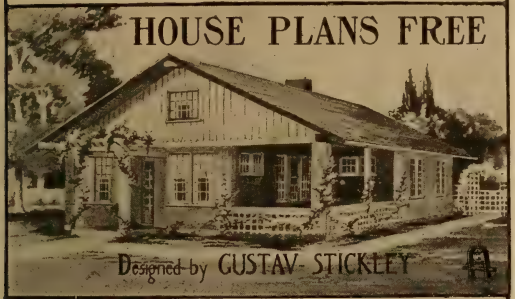

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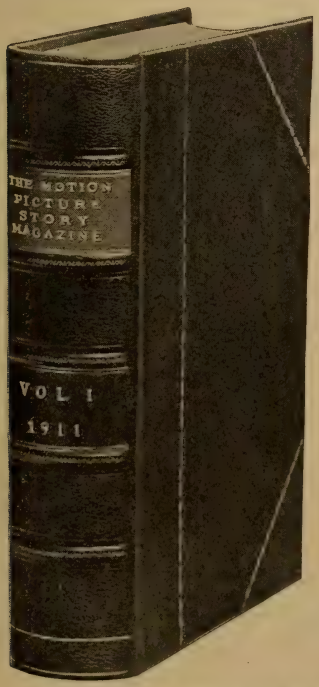

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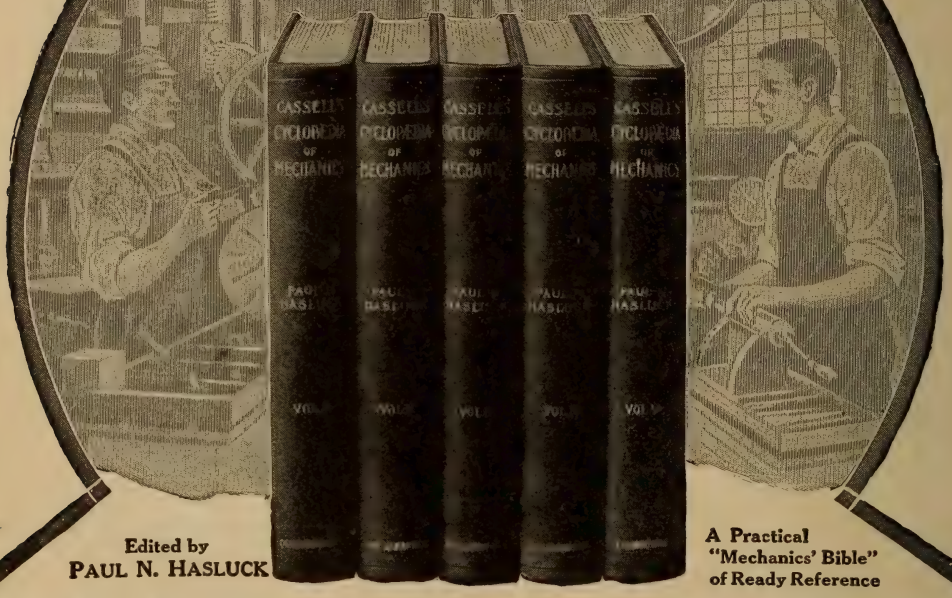

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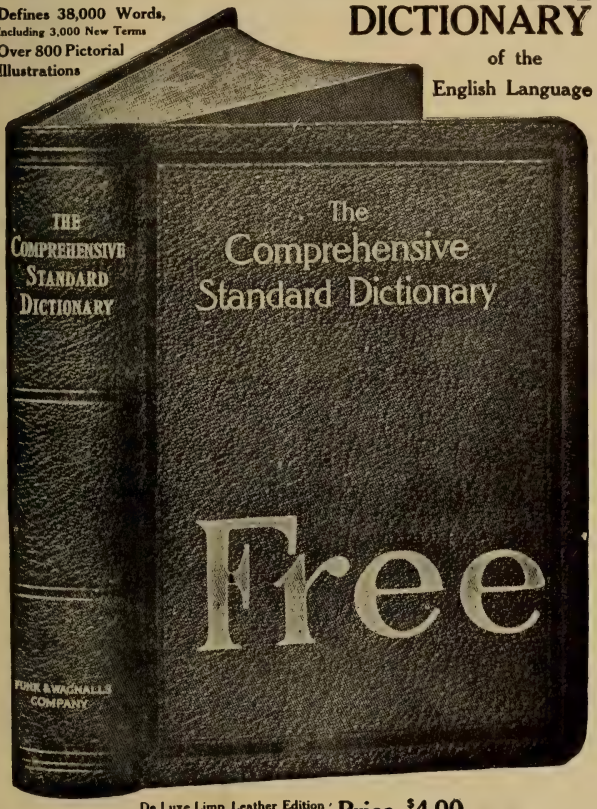

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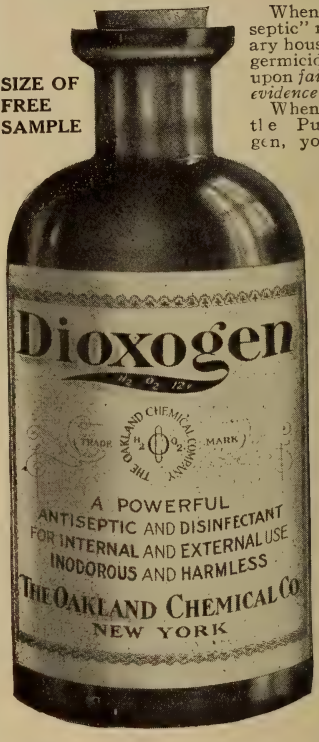

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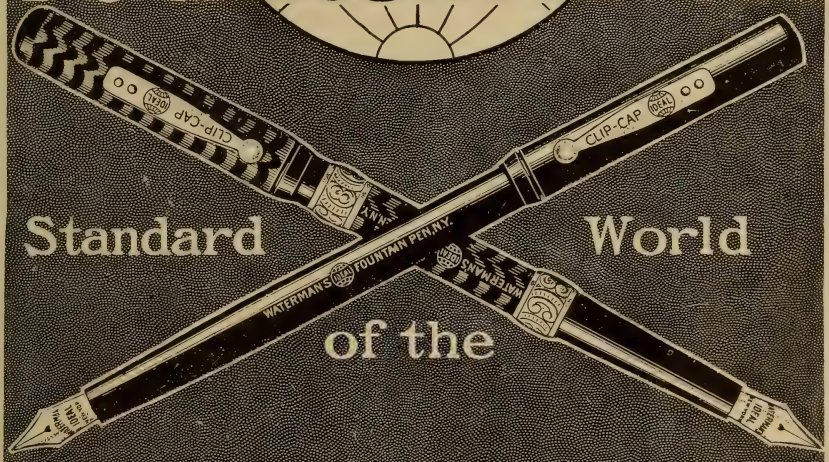

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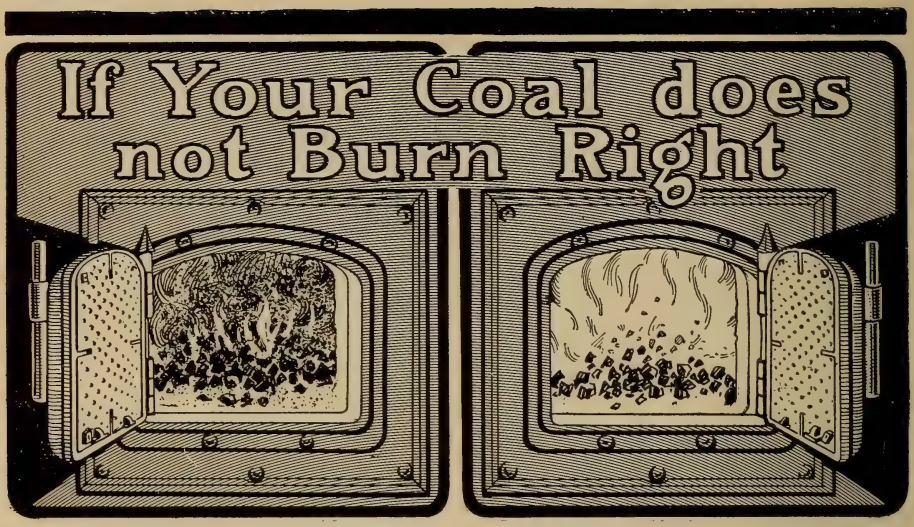

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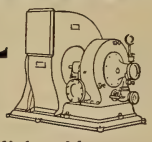

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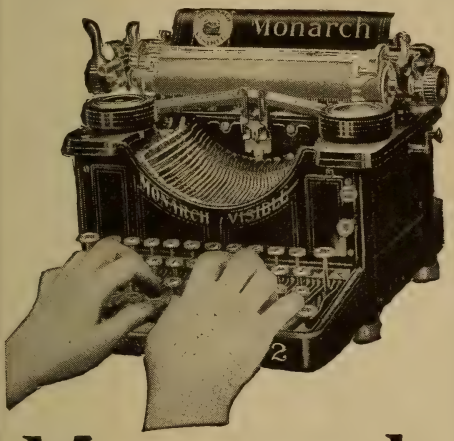

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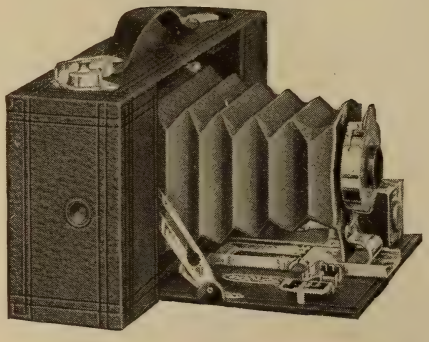

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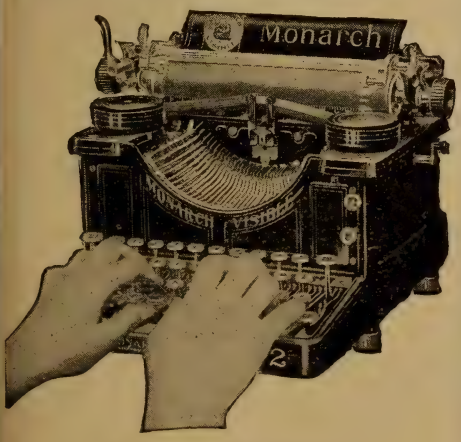

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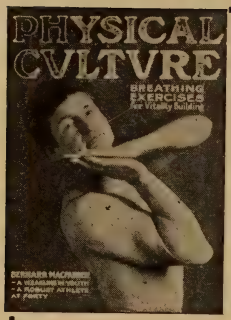

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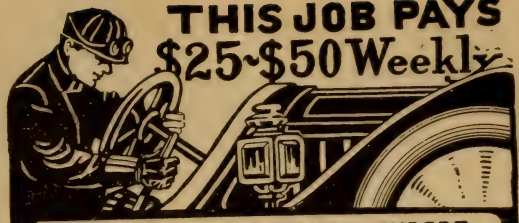

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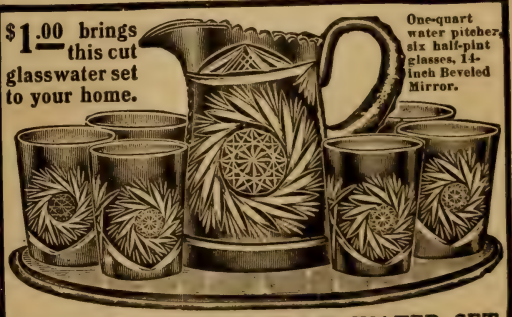

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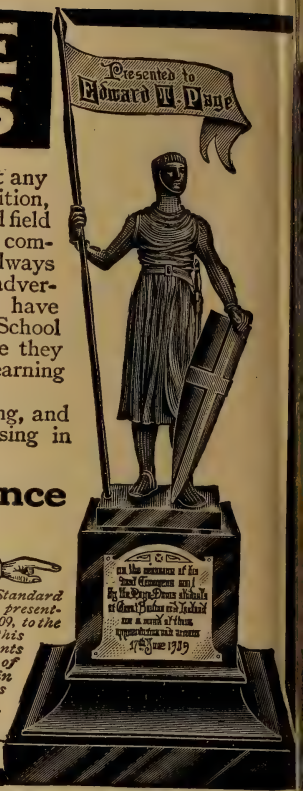

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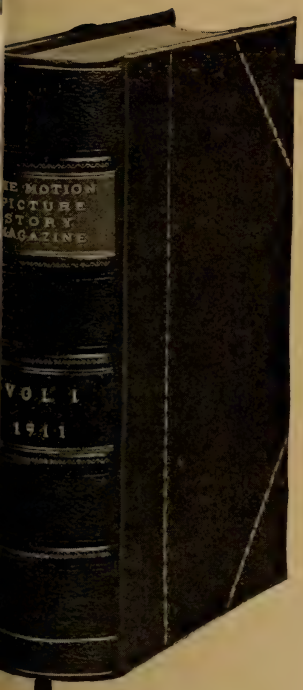

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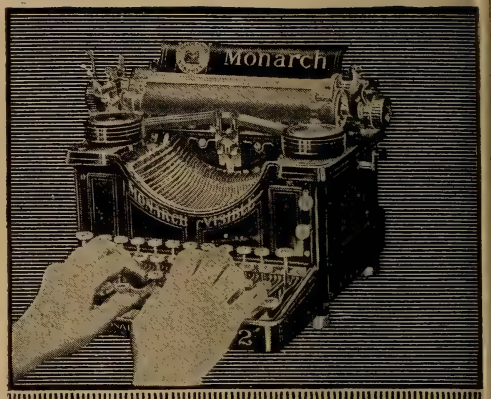

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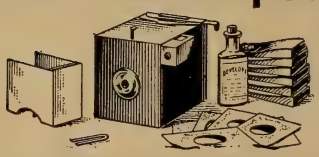

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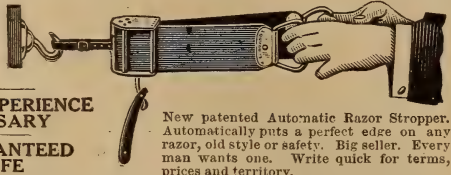

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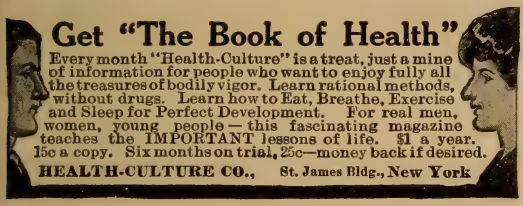

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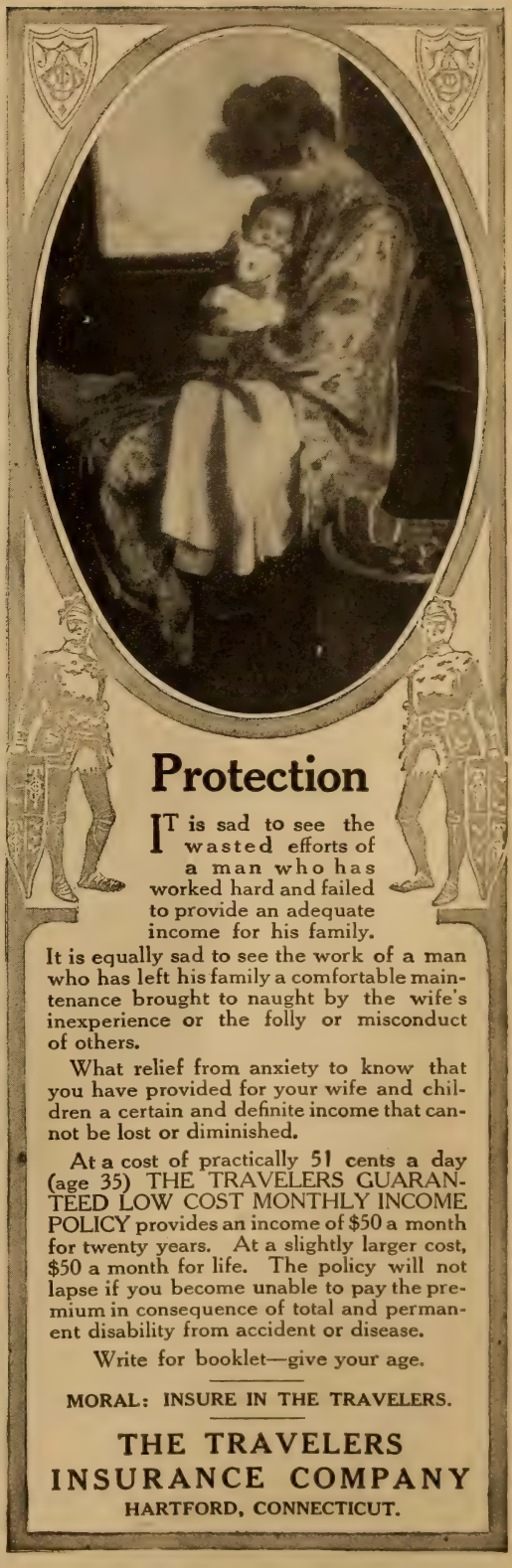

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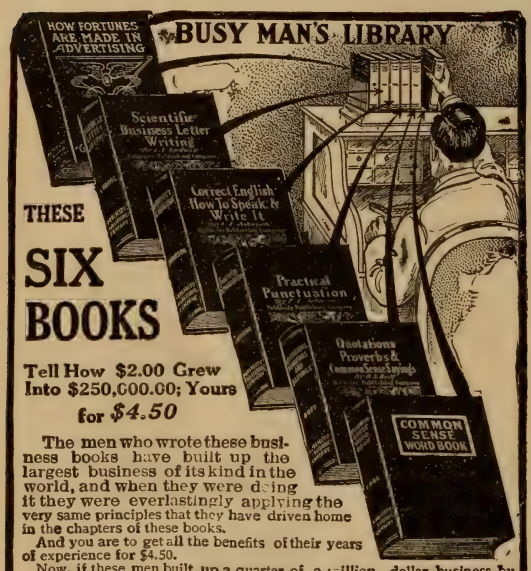
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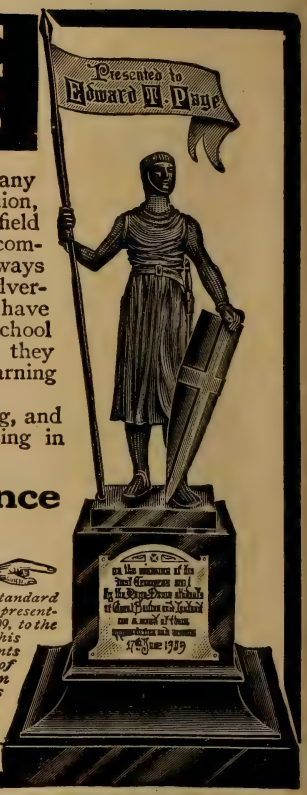

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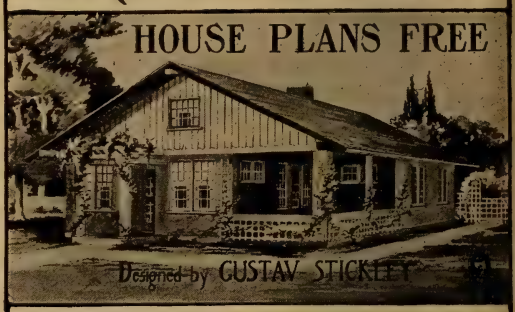

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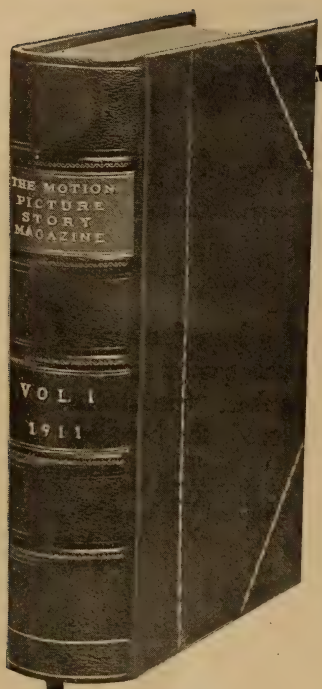

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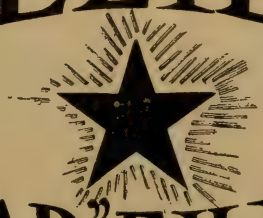

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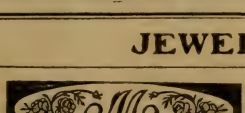

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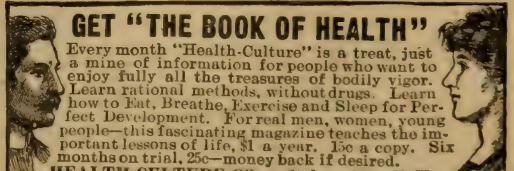

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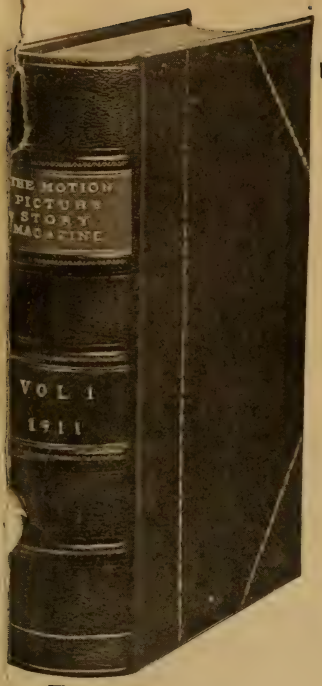

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